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THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
IN TWELVE VOLUMES

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THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME ELEVEN



LONDON
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CONTENTS.

VOL. XI.

Tragedies. After 1600.

KING LEAR.

MACBETH.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERICLES.

KING LEAR.

First printed in Quarto in 1608, when two quartos were published.

The Play contains 5 Acts, 25 Scenes, 860 lines of prose, and 2,242 of verse.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR, *son to Gloucester.*

EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloucester.*

Fool.

CURAN, *a courtier.*

Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.

Doctor.

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*

A captain employed by Edmund.

Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,	}	<i>daughters to Lear.</i>
REGAN,		
CORDELIA,		

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers and Attendants.*

SCENE :—Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—KING LEAR'S *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent.

I THOUGHT the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord? 7

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it. 10

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault? 15

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

King Lear.
I. 1.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for ; yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord. 25

Glo. My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving. 30

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. [*Sennet within.*] The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend my lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*]

Lear. Meantime we will express our darker purpose.
The map there.—Know we have divided
In three our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age ;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we 39
Unburthened crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife King Lear.
May be prevented now. The princes, France and I. 1.

Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, 45
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answered.—Tell me, my daughters,
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most? 50
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—
Goneril, our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I do love you more than words can wield
the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty, 55
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much as child e'er loved or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you. 60

Cor. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be
silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shady forests and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue 65
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. Sir, I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart

King Lear. I find she names my very deed of love ; 70
1. 1. Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [Aside.] Then poor Cordelia ! 75
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure, 80
Than that conferred on Goneril.—But now, our joy,
Although our last and least ; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd ; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak. 85

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth ; I love your majesty
According to my bond ; no more, nor less. 90

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a
little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me—
I return those duties back as are right fit,

Obeÿ you, love you, and most honour you.

95 King Lear
I. I.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say

They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

100

To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Well, let it be so : thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;

105

The mysteries of Hecate and the night ;

By all the operation of the orbs,

From whom we do exist and cease to be ;

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

110

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighboured, pitied and relieved,

115

As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight !—

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

121

King Lear. Her father's heart from her!—Call France. Who stirs?
I. I. Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. 125
I do invest you jointly in my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode 130
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royal Lear, 135
Whom I have ever honoured as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade 140
The region of my heart! Be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state, 145
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

King Lear
I. I.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn 151
To wage against thy enemies,—nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye. 155

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift; 160
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
That thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strained pride, 165
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world; 170
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom. If, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,

King Lear. The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
I. I. This shall not be revoked. 175

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*

That justly think'st and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve, 180

[*To Regan and Goneril.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu :
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOUCESTER with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. —My lord of Burgundy, 185

We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivalled for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offered, 190
Nor will you tender less.

Lear.

Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands.
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced, 195
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,

She's there, and she is yours.

King Lear.
I. 1.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse and strangered with our oath,
Take her or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir, 201
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France.*] For you, great
king,

I would not from your love make such a stray, 205
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she that even but now was your best object, 210
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree, 215
That monsters it, or your fore-vouched affection
Fallen into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
If for I want that glib and oily art, 220

King Lear. To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I. 1. I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour : 225
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou 229

Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in nature,
That often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards that stands 235
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father 241
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being
poor ; 245

Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.— 250
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind : 255
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine,
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.— 260
Come, noble Burgundy.

*[Flourish. Exeunt all but France, Goneril,
Regan and Cordelia.]*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call 265
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father.
To your professed bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both. 270

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon.

Let your study

King Lear. Be to content your lord ; who hath received you
I. 1. At fortune's arms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what pleated cunning hides ;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides. 276
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most
nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will
hence to-night. 280

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the
observation we have made of it hath not been little : he
always loved our sister most ; and with what poor judg-
ment he hath now cast her off appears too gross. 286

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age : yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash : then must we look from his age to receive not
alone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but
therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and
choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of Kent's banishment. 295

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking
between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together :
if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he
bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think on 't.

300 King Lear.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

I. 2.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the* EARL OF GLOUCESTER'S
Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines 5
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? 10
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then, 15
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word, "legitimate!"
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 20
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:

King Lear. Now, gods, stand up for bastards!
I. 2.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Kent banished thus! and France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done 25

Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading? 30

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles. 35

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir. 40

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue. 45

Glo. *[Reads.] This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps*

our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny ; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar. King Lear. I. 2.

Hum ! conspiracy ? 55

Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue,

My son Edgar ! Had he a hand to write this ? a heart and brain to breed it in ? When came this to you ? who brought it ? 59

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord ; there's the cunning of it : I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's ?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his ; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord ; but I hope his heart is not in the contents. 69

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business ?

Edm. Never, my lord : but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage the revenue. 75

Glo. O villain, villain ! His very opinion in the letter !

King Lear. Abhorred villain ! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain !
I. 2. worse than brutish !—Go, sirrah, seek him ; I'll apprehend him : abominable villain ! Where is he ? 79

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course ; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so ? 89

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction ; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster——

Edm. Nor is not, sure. 95

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth ! Edmund, seek him out ; wind me into him, I pray you ; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution. 100

Edm. I shall seek him, sir, presently ; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us : though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects : love cools, friendship falls off, brothers

divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange! *[Exit.]*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa major: so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

132

Enter EDGAR.

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom

King Lear.
I. 2.

o' Bedlam. Oh, these eclipses do portend these divisions!
fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses. 140

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what. 148

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together

Edm. Parted you in good terms? found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance? 155

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarce allay. 161

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as

I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will
fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; I. 3.
there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother? 168

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed:
I am no honest man if there be any good meaning
towards you. I have told you what I have seen and
heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror
of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? 174

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [*Exit Edgar.*]
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: 180
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The DUKE OF ALBANY's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and OSWALD, her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding
of his fool?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other, 5
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting

King Lear. I will not speak with him; say, I am sick.
1. 3. If you come slack of former services, 10
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.
Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question :
If he distaste it, let him to my sister, 15
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used 20
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.
Remember what I tell you.

Osw. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among
you; what grows of it no matter; advise your fellows
so. I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
that I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister, to
hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banished Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned, King Lear
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest, 6 l. 4.
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir. 10

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish. 17

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou? 22

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You. 25

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority. 30

Lear. What services canst do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a

King Lear. curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message
I. 4. bluntly ; that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence. 35

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight. 39

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter? 44

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. How now! where's that mongrel? 48

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not. 53

Lear. 'A would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter. 60

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

King Lear.

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged. 64

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days. 70

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.— 75

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father. 77

Lear. "My lady's father!" my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? 82

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player!

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee. 86

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences;

King Lear. away, away ! If you will measure your lubber's length
I. 4. again, tarry : but away : go to ; have you wisdom ? so.

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : there's
earnest of thy service. 91

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him, too.—Here's my coxcomb.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave ! How dost thou ?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool ?

95

Fool. Why ? For taking one's part that's out of
favour. Nay, and thou canst not smile as the wind
sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my cox-
comb : why, this fellow hath banished two on's daughters
and done the third a blessing against his will ; if thou
follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—
How now, nuncle ? Would I had two coxcombs and two
daughters.

103

Lear. Why, my boy ?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my
coxcombs myself. There's mine ; beg another of thy
daughters.

107

Lear. Take heed, sirrah ; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel ; he must be
whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the
fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

112

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

King Lear.
I. 4.

*Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest, 117
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest ;
Leave thy drink and thy whore, 122
And keep in a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.*

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer :
you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of
nothing, nuncle? 129

Lear. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of
nothing.

Fool. Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land
comes to ; he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*

Lear. A bitter fool! 134

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between
a bitter fool, and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad ; teach me. 137

Fool. That lord that counselled thee to give away thy
land,

Come place him here by me, do thou for him stand :
The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear ;
The one in motley here,—the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy? 142

King Lear.
I. 4.

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns. 150

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg in the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so. [Singing.

*"Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish."* 160

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches, 167

*"Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fool among."* [Singing. 170

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie. King Lear.
I. 4.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped. 174

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings. 181

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum:—

189

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, 193

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth

In rank and not to be endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

King Lear. By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
I. 4. That you protect this course and put it on 200
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity 205
Will call discreet proceeding.
Fool. For you know, nuncle,

*The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.*

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling. 210

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of your
good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions which of late transport you
From what you rightly are. 215

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the
horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings 220
Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

Fool. Lear's shadow.—

Lear. I would learn that; for by the marks of sove-
reignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false per-
suaded I had daughters— 226

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

King Lear.
I. 4.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir, this admiration is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you 230

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disordered, so deboshed and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners, 235

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,

Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy. Be then desired

By her that else will take the thing she begs, 240

A little to disquantity your train;

And the remainder, that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your age,

And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together!— 245

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee.

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disordered
rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you
come? 250

Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

King Lear. Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
I. 4. More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest : [To Goneril.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts, 256

That all particulars of duty know :

And in the most exact regard support

The worships of their name.—O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show ! 260

Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature

From the fixed place ; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people. 265

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord,—

Hear, nature, hear ; dear goddess, hear !

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful ! 270

Into her womb convey sterility !

Dry up in her the organs of increase ;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen, that it may live, 275

And be a thwart disnatured torment to her !

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel King Lear.
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 280 I. 4.
 To have a thankless child.—Away, away ! [Exit.
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this ?
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause—
 But let his disposition have that scope 285
 As dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap !
 Within a fortnight ?

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I'll tell thee.—Life and death ! I am ashamed
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus : 290
 That these hot tears, that break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon
 thee !

The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee ! Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out ; 295
 And cast you with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this ?
 Let it be so. I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails 300
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever. Thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.]

King Lear.
I. 4.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you—— 305

Gon. Pray you content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool
with thee.

A fox when one has caught her, 310
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel! A hundred
knights! 315

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!— 320

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights, 325
When I have showed the unfitness—How now,
Oswald?

Enter OSWALD.

King Lear.
I. 5.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear ; 330

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone ;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my
lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours,

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon, 335

You are much more at task for want of wisdom,

Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell ;

to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then,——

Alb. Well, well ; the event. 340
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.

Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you

know, than comes from her demand out of the letter.

If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you. 5

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered
your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not
in danger of kibes?

King Lear.
l. 5.

Lear. Ay, boy.

10

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha !

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly ; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

16

Lear. What canst tell, boy ?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands in the middle of one's face ?

20

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong :—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

25

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why ?

29

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father !—
Be my horses ready ?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight ?

36

Fool. Yes, indeed : thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce !—Monster of ingratitude !

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee King Lear.
beaten for being old before thy time. 41 I. 5.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old till thou
hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven !
Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad ! 46

Enter Gentleman.

How now ! are the horses ready ?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now and laughs at my
departure, 50

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The* EARL OF GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, *meeting*.

Edmund.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that? 5

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments?

Edm. Not I. Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany? 11

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best! This weaves itself perforce into my business! 15
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,

Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word; descend! Brother, I say!

King Lear.
II. 1.

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches. O sir, fly this place, 20
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him. Have you nothing said 25
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming! Pardon me:
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:— 29
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield! come before my father!—Light, here, here!—
Fly, brother!—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[Exit Edgar.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! 35
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand's auspicious mistress.

King Lear.
II. 1.

Glo.

But where is he? 40

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]—“By no means,”—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
But that I told him, the revenging gods 45
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion 50
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarumed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made, 55
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo.

Let him fly far ;

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught :
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it, 60
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous caitiff to the stake ;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech 65
I threatened to discover him : he replied,

“Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, could the reposeure
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faithed ? No : what I should deny,
As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce 71
My very character, I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned pretence :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death 75
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.”

King Lear.
II. 1.

Glo. Strong and fastened villain !
Would he deny his letter ? I never got him.
[*Tucket within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes :
All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ; 80
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him ; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable. 85

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ? since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is cracked ; it's cracked !

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life ?
He whom my father named ? your Edgar ?

King Lear.
II. 1.

Glo. Ay ; lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father ? 95

Glo. I know not, madam : 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues. 100
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father 105
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more 110
Be feared of doing harm. Make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours :
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ; 115
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,— King Lear.

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night. II. 2.

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise, 120

Wherein we must have use of your advice.

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home ; the several messengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend, 125

Lay comforts to your bosom and bestow

Your needful counsel to our business,

Which craves the instant use.

Glo.

I serve you, madam :

Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before* GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend : art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou love me, tell me. 5

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee. 11

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

King Lear.
II. 2.

Kent. A knave ; a rascal ; an eater of broken meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch, whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least syllable of thy addition. 22

Osw. What a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that's neither known of thee nor knows thee !

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king ? Draw, you rogue, for, though it be night, the moon shines ; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger. Draw. [Drawing his sword.]

Osw. Away ; I have nothing to do with thee. 31

Kent. Draw, you rascal. You come with letters against the king, and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks ! Draw, you rascal : come your ways. 36

Osw. Help, ho ! murder ! help !

Kent. Strike, you slave ; stand, rogue ; stand, you neat slave ; strike. [Beating him.]

Osw. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL, King Lear.
REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants. II. 2.

Edm. How now? what's the matter? [*Parting them.*]

Kent. With you, goodman boy, and you please; come,
I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives! He dies that
strikes again! What's the matter? 46

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What's your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord. 49

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor
made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a
man? 54

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter
could not have made him so ill, though he had been but
two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
spared, at suit of his gray beard,— 60

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!
—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this
unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a
jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah! You beastly knave, 65
You have no reverence.

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

King Lear.
II. 2.

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain 71
Which are too intrinse t' unloose : smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks 75
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage !
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, 80
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave. 85

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ? What is his
fault ?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain ;
I have seen better faces in my time, 90
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature : he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth

And they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

Than twenty silly ducking observants,

100

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

Under the allowance of your great aspect,

Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire

104

On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn.

What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer : he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave : which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

110

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any.

It pleased the king his master very late,

To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;

When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,

115

Tripped me behind : being down, insulted, railed,

And put upon him such a deal of man,

That worthied him, got praises of the king

For him attempting who was self-subdued ;

And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,

120

Drew on me here again.

Kent.

None of these rogues and cowards

But Ajax is their fool.

Corn.

Fetch forth the stocks !

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,

King Lear. We'll teach you—

II. 2.

Kent. I am too old to learn :

Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king ; 125

On whose employment I was sent to you :

You shall do small respect, show too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master,

Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon. 130

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord, and all night
too !

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour

Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks ! 135

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :

His fault is much, and the good king his master

Will check him for't. Your purposed low correction

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches,

For pilferings and most common trespasses, 140

Are punished with : the king must take it ill,

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,

Should have him thus restrained.

Corn.

I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted, 145
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord ; away.

King Lear.

[*Exeunt all except Gloucester and Kent.* II. 2.

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows, 149
Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and travelled
hard ;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :

Give you good morrow !

154

Glo. The duke's to blame in this ; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

160

Peruse this letter ! Nothing almost sees miracles

But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia ;

Who hath most fortunately been informed

Of my obscured course ; and shall find time

From this enormous state,—seeking to give

165

Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watched,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

| This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night ;

| Smile once more ; turn thy wheel !

[*He sleeps.*

King Lear.
II. 3.

SCENE III.—*A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaimed;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape 5
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots; 10
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms 15
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom! 20
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before GLOUCESTER's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from
home,

And not send back my messenger.

King Lear.
11. 4.

Gent. As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! 4

Lear. How, mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; he wears cruel garters! Horses are
tied by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkeys
by the loins; and men by the legs: when a man's over-
lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks. 9

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no! 15

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay!

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me with all modest haste which way

Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage, 20

Coming from us.

King Lear.
II. 4.

Kent.

My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth 25
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow and attend 30
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks.
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine,—
Being the very fellow that of late
Displayed so saucily against your highness,— 35
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
that way.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind; 41
But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to the
poor,—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for
thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year. 45

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, within.

King Lear.

Lear. Follow me not ; stay here.

[*Exit.* II. 4.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

51

How chance the king comes with so small a number?

Fool. And thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

55

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men ; and there's not a nose among a hundred but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it. But the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again : I would have none but knaves follow it, since a Fool gives it.

65

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,

70

And let the wise man fly :

The knave turns fool that runs away ;

The Fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, Fool ?

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travelled all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke; 80
How unremoveable and fixed he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
"Fiery?" what "quality?" Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife. 84

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

Lear. "Informed them!" Dost thou understand
me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear
father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.
Are they "informed" of this? My breath and blood!
"Fiery!" "the fiery duke!"—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well: 92

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature being oppressed commands the mind 95
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore

King Lear.
II. 4.

[*Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, 100
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum, 105
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels
when she put 'em up i' the paste alive; she rapped 'em
o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons,
down." 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his
horse, buttered his hay. 113

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with CORNWALL, REGAN,
and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness. 115

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb
Sepulchring an adultress.—Yea, are you free? [*To Kent.*
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, 120
Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied

King Lear. Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here !—
II. 4. I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,

Of how depraved a quality—O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope 125
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to slack her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that ?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
She have restrained the riots of your followers, 130
'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, sir, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. You should be ruled and led 135
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return :
Say you have wronged her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house ? 140
“ Dear daughter, I confess that I am old :
Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg [*Kneeling.*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.”

Reg. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan. 145
She hath abated me of half my train ;
Looked black upon me ; strook me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones, 150
You taking airs, with lameness !

King Lear.
II. 4.

Corn. Fie, sir, fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods ! 155
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee 160
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood, 165
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. What trumpet 's that ?

King Lear.

II. 4.

Enter OSWALD.

Reg. I know 't, my sister's. This approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come? 171

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have
good hope 175
Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here? O,
heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?— 180
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough; 184
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister, 190

Dismissing half your train, come then to me ;
I am now from home and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

King Lear.
II. 4.

Lear. Return to her ? and fifty men dismissed ?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose 195
To wage against the enmity of the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch ! Return with her ?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought 200
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad. 205
I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
Or rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a boil, 210
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove : 215
Mend when thou canst ; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so ;

King Lear.
II. 4.

I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister ; 220
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more? 225
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house,
Should many people under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine? 231

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to
slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more 235
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you 240
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favoured!

When others are more wicked; not being the worst

Stands in some rank of praise. I'll go with thee; 245 King Lear.
[*To Goneril.* II. 4.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one? 250

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is as cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady ;

If only to go warm were gorgeous, 255

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age ; wretched in both. 260

If it be you that stir's these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks ! —No, you unnatural hags, 265

I will have such revenges on you both

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

What they are yet I know not ; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;

No, I'll not weep : I have full cause of weeping ; 270

[*Storm and tempest.*

King Lear.
II. 4.

But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O Fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his
people

Cannot be well bestowed.

275

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; ' hath put himself from
rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

280

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Corn. Followed the old man forth: he is returned.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going.

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay. 285

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors: 290
He is attended with a desperate train;

And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

King Lear.
II. 4.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild
night:

My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm. 295
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath. Storm still.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent.

WHAT'S here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, 5
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease: tears his white
hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn 10
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs, 14
And bids what will take all.

Kent.

But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Fool ; who labours to outjest
His heart-strook injuries.

King Lear.
III. 1.

Kent. Sir, I do know you ;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be covered 20
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high ? servants,—who seem no less ;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen, 25
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings ;
But true it is, from France there comes a power 30
Into this scattered kingdom ; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you :
If on my credit you dare build so far 35
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ; 40
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

King Lear. For confirmation that I am much more
 III. 1. Than my out wall, open this purse and take 45
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
 As fear not but you shall, show her this ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king. 50
Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to
 say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That when we have found the king,—in which your
 pain 55
 That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Heath. Storm still.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
 blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts, 5
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
 That make ingrateful man! 9
Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is

better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, King Lear.
in; ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities III. 2.
neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters. 15
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man. 20
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high-engendered battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a
good head-piece. 26

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.* 30

*The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

For there was never yet fair woman but she made
mouths in a glass. 36

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience.
I will say nothing.

King Lear.
III. 2.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece : that's a
wise man and a fool. 41

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love
night

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves : since I was man, 45
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear.

Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads, 50
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake, 55
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life ! Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man 59
More sinned against than sinning.

Kent.

Alack, bare-headed !
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest :
Repose you there : while I to this hard house,—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised :

Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,—return and force
Their scantred courtesy.

65 King Lear.
III. 2.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy : how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange, 70
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That sorrows yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing.*]

*He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain, 75
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go. 80

*When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors ;
When every case in law is right ; 85
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues ;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;*

King Lear.
III. 2.

*When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
And bawds and whores do churches build ; 90
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet. 94*

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his
time. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Room in GLOUCESTER's Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him. 6

Edm. Most savage and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing. There 's a division betwixt the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ; 'tis dangerous to be spoken ; I have locked the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there 's part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : if he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. Though I die for 't, as no less is threatened me,

the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. King Lear.
III. 4.

[*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know ; and of that letter too. 20
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Heath. Before a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord,
enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord,
enter. 5

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea, 10
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's
free

King Lear.
III. 4.

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand, 15
For lifting food to 't ? But I will punish sure.
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out ? Pour on ; I will endure.
In such a night as this ? O Regan, Goneril !
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—
O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ; 21
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself ; seek thine own ease ;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in. 25
In, boy ; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless
poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless night,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, 30
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them, 35
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half !
Poor Tom ! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me! King Lear.
40 III. 4.

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds. Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee. 47

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his pottage; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. [Storm still.]

Lear. What,—his daughters brought him to this pass?— 62

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed. 65

King Lear.
III. 4.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, fall on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued
nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. 70

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill, 75

A, lo, lo, lo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents;
keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with
man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud
array. Tom's a-cold. 82

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that
curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust
of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with
her. Swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke
them in the sweet face of heaven. One that slept in the
contriving of lust and waked to do it. Wine loved I
deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the
Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand;
hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in
madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes,
nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women.

Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind : says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, sessa ! let him trot by. King Lear.
III. 4.
[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more but this ? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha ? here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings ! Come ; unbutton here.—
[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented ; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire. 112

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet : he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Swithold footed thrice the 'old ;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;
 Bid her alight,
 And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee.*

120

Kent. How fares your grace ?

King Lear.
III. 4.

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is 't you seek? 125

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body. 134

*Horse to ride and weapon to wear :
But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company? 139

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's called and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold,

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer 145
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands;
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready. 150

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder ?

King Lear
III. 4.

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

154

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban :—
What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord ;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ? 160

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent !

He said it would be thus ; poor banished man !

Thou say'st the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,

Now outlawed from my blood : he sought my life, 165

But lately, very late ; I loved him, friend,

No father his son dearer : truth to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this !

I do beseech your grace,

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company. 170

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel : keep thee
warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

King Lear.
III. 4.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow. 175

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words! Hush.

*Edg. Childe Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, "Fie, foh, and fum," 180
I smell the blood of a British man."* [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—GLOUCESTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself. 7

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand. 15

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension. King Lear.
III. 6.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood. 22

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee ; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air ; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness ! 5
[*Exit Gloucester.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me ; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman ? 10

Lear. A king, a king !

Fool. No ; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son ; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

King Lear.
III. 6.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits 15
Come hissing in upon 'em :—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,
a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justice ;— 21

[*To Edgar.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, you
she-foxes !—

Edg. Look where he stands and glares !—Wantest
thou eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessie, to me :— 25

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.*

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of
a nightingale. Hoppedance cries in Tom's belly for
two white herring. Croak not, black angel ; I have no
food for thee. 32

Kent. How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amazed.
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in their evi-
dence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;— 36

[*To Edgar.*

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side. You are o' the commission, sit you
too. [*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

40 King Lear.
III. 6.

*Sleepest or wakest thou jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is grey.

45

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it. 50

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape? 55

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, 59
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—

*Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white, 65
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,*

King Lear.
III. 6.

*Hound or spaniel, brach or lym ;
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail ;
Tom will make them weep and wail : 70
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.*

Do de, de, de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs
and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry. 74

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan ; see what
breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature
that makes this hardness ?—You, sir, I entertain for one
of my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of
your garments : you will say they are Persian ; but let
them be changed. [To Edgar.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the cur-
tains : so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend : where is the king my
master ? 85

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are
gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms ;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready ; lay him in 't, 89
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master ;
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

King Lear.
III. 6.

95

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. *[To the Fool.]*

Glo. Come, come away. 100

*[Exeunt Kent, Gloucester, and the Fool, bearing
off the King.]*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things and happy shows behind :
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip, 105
When grief hath mates, and bearing, fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow ;
He childed as I fathered !—Tom, away !
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray, 110
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !
Lurk, lurk. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.—GLOUCESTER'S *Castle*.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and
Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ; show him this letter : the army of France is landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

5

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company. The revenge we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation : we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister ;—farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now ? Where's the king ?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence :
Some five or six and thirty of his knights, 15
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover ; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

20

[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloucester,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us :

King Lear.

[*Exeunt other Servants.* III. 7.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men 25
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
 traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOUCESTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What means your graces? Good my friends,
 consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends. 30

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chair bind him :—Villain, thou shalt
 find—

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughtly lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host ;

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do? 40

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
 France?

Reg. Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak. 45

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning. *And false.*
Reg.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged
at peril— 50

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the
course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister 55
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain. 60
If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the
key;"

All cruels else subscribed.—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shalt thou never!—Fellows, hold the chair :— King Lear.
65 III. 7.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old

Give me some help : O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord ! 70

I have served you ever since I was a child ;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog ?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean ? 75

Corn. My villain ! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of
anger.

[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Servant.*] A
peasant stand up thus !

[*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*]

Serv. O, I am slain !—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh ! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly !
Where is thy lustre now ? 82

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son
Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit this horrid act !

Reg. Out, treacherous villain ! 85

King Lear.
III. 7.

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us :
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies ! then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him. 90

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord ? How look
you ?

Corn. I have received a hurt.—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace : 95
Untimely comes this hurt : give me your arm.

*[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan ;—servants unbind
Gloucester, and lead him out.]*

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters. 100

1 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

2 Serv. Go thou ; I'll fetch some flax and whites of
eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him !
[Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
The lamentable change is from the best ; 5
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here ?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *led by an Old Man.*

My father, poorly led ?—World, world, O world ! 10
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone : 15
Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;

King Lear. Thee they may hurt.

IV. 1.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen 20

Our means secure us, and our mere defects

Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath,

Might I but live to see thee in my touch, 24

I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man.

How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at
the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man.

'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is
not

As long as we can say "This is the worst." 29

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo.

Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

In the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,

Which made me think a man a worm. My son

Came then into my mind, and yet my mind 35

Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more
since.

[As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;

They kill us for their sport.

Edg.

How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,

Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master !

40 King Lear.
IV. 1.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man.

Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

45

Old Man.

Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the
blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

49

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have.
Come on 't what will.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further.

[*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes,
they bleed.

55

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless
thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend ! Five fiends
have been in poor Tom at once : of lust, as *Obidicut* ;
Hobbididence, prince of dumbness ; *Mahu*, of stealing ;
Modo, of murder ; *Stibertigibbet*, of mopping and mow-
ing ; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-
women. So, bless thee, master !

King Lear.
IV. 1.

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens'
 plagues 65

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly; 70
So distribution should undo excess
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep: 75
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the DUKE OF ALBANY's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where's your master?

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it. I told him you were coming; 5

His answer was, " the worse : " of Gloucester's treachery, *King Lear.*
And of the loyal service of his son *IV. 2.*

When I informed him, then he called me " sot " ;
And told me I had turned the wrong side out :
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him ; 10
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To Edmund.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ; 15
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;
[*Giving a favour.*

Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death. 24

Gon. My most dear Gloucester ! [Exit Edmund.
O, the difference of man and man !
To thee a woman's services are due.
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[Exit Oswald.

King Lear.
IV. 2.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind 30
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be bordered certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither, 35
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed ? 40
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited ? 45
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come :
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon.

Milk-livered man ! 50

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punished 54
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and criest
" Alack ! why does he so ? "

King Lear.
IV. 2.

Alb. See thyself, devil !
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend 60
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-covered thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear 65
Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
dead : 70

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who, thereat enraged, 75
Flew on him and amongst them felled him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath plucked him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,

King Lear.
IV. 2.

You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O, poor Gloucester! 80
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her, 85
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed against
him; 93

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone
back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state which since his coming forth is thought of ; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary. 6

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general ?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief ? 10

Gent. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my presence : And now and then an ample tear trilled down Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen Over her passion, who most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her. 15

Gent. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears Were like a better way : those happy smilets, That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know 20 What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved, If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question ?

Gent. Faith, once, or twice, she heaved the name of "father" 25

Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart ; Cried "Sisters ; sisters !—shame of ladies ! sisters ! Kent ! father ! sisters ? What ? i' the storm ? i' the night ? Let pity not be believed !" — There she shook

King Lear. The holy water from her heavenly eyes, 30
IV. 3. And clamour moistened : then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No. 35

Kent. Was this before the king returned ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear is i' the
town ;

Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir ? 40

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him : his own
unkindness,

That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters ; these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame 45
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
not ?

Gent. 'Tis so ; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause 50
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile ;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

King Lear.
IV. 4.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, CORDELIA, Physician, and
Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he. Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea : singing aloud ;
Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow 5
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom
[*Exit an Officer.*]

In the restoring his bereaved sense ?
He that helps him take all my outward worth. 10

Phy. There is means, madam :
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets, 15
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's distress ! Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life

King Lear. That wants the means to lead it.
IV. 4.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam : 20
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
—Therefore great France 25
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right :
Soon may I hear and see him ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—GLOUCESTER'S *Castle.*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there ?
Osw. Madam, with much ado.
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
home ?
Osw. No, madam. 5
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him ?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live ; where he arrives he moves 10

All hearts against us ; Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

King Lear.
IV. 5.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter. 14

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam ;
My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not
you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike, 20
Something,—I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband ;
I am sure of that : and at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads and most speaking looks 25
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talked ; 30
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's : you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. 35
So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

King Lear. Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

IV. 5. *Osw.* Would I could meet him, madam ! I would
show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Fields near Dover.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now : look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect 5
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed :
Methinks thy voice is altered, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived ; in nothing am I
changed, 9
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir ; here's the place !—stand still.—
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadful trade !

15 King Lear.
IV. 6.

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark

Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge 20

That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glo.

Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand. You are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo.

Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse ; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods,

Prosper it with thee ! Go thou farther off ; 30

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo.

With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,

Is done to cure it.

Glo.

O you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce ; and, in your sights, 35

Shake patiently my great affliction off ;

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !— 40

King Lear.
IV. 6.

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg.

Gone, sir. Farewell.—

[Gloucester leaps, and falls along.]

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past. Alive or dead? 45

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir? speak!

Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives:

What are you, sir?

Glo.

Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
air,

So many fathom down precipitating, 50

Thou hadst shivered like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again. 55

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. 60

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg.

Give me your arm: 64

Up: so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand

Glo. Too well, too well.

King Lear.

Edg.

This is above all strangeness. IV. 6.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo.

A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes

Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses, 70

Horns whelked and waved like the enridged sea.

It was some fiend : therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear 75

Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,

I took it for a man ; often 't would say,

"The fiend, the fiend : " he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here ? 80

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining ; I am
the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight ! 85

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a
crow-keeper : draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look,
a mouse ! Peace, peace ;—this piece of toasted cheese
will do't.—There's my gauntlet ; I'll prove it on a

King Lear.
IV. 6.

giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!
—i' the clout, i' the clout : hewgh !—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

95

Lear. Ha ! Goneril !—with a white beard !—They flattered me like a dog ; and told me I had the white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say “ay,” and “no,” to everything I said.—“Ay” and “no” too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding ; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words : they told me I was everything ; 't is a lie ; I am not ague-proof.

105

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember.

Is 't not the king ?

Lear.

Ay, every inch a king.

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause ?—

Adultery ?

110

Thou shalt not die : die for adultery ! No :

The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive ; for Gloucester's bastard son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters

115

Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell ! for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon simpering dame, whose face between her forks presageth snow ; that minces virtue and does

shake the head to hear of pleasure's name; the fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't with a more riotous appetite. King Lear.
IV. 6.

122

Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that hand! 130

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruined piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it. 140

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light. Yet you see how this world goes. 146

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see

King Lear.
IV. 6.

how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark,
in thine ear : change places, and, handy-dandy, which is
the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a
farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

154

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There
thou might'st behold the great image of authority : a
dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand ! Why
dost thou lash that whore ? strip thine own back ; thou
hotly lust'st to use her in that kind for which thou
whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener. Through
tattered rags small vices do appear ; robes and furred
gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, and the strong
lance of justice hurtless breaks ; arm it in rags, a pigmy's
straw does pierce it. None does offend, none, I say,
none ; I'll able 'em : take that of me, my friend, who
have the power to seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass
eyes ; and, like a scurvy politician, seem to see the
things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now : pull off
my boots : harder, harder ; so.

170

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixed !

Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloucester.

Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.

175

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee ; mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools. This 'a good block!— King Lear.
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe 181 IV. 6.
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir, 185
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeoons.
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything. 190

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom.
What! 195

I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in 't. Come, and you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. 200

[Exit running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,—
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse

King Lear.
[V. 6.]

Which twain have brought her to.

204

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you; what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army? 209

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again 215
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, 220
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, to boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaimed prize! Most happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh 225 King Lear.
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor, IV. 6.
Briefly thyself remember : the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. [*Edgar opposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence; 230
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest. 234

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk pass. An chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life,
'twould not ha' been zo long as 't is by a vortnight.
Nay, come not near th' old man ; keep out, che vor'ye,
or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the
harder : chill be plain with you. 240

Osw. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir : come ; no matter
vor your foins. [*They fight.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me : Villain, take my purse ;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ; 245
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester ; seek him out
Upon the British party. O, untimely death ! [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well : a serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress, 250
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead ?

King Lear.

IV. 6.

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—

Let's see these pockets : the letters that he speaks of,
May be my friends. He's dead ; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see :— 255
Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not.
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] “ *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off ; if your will
want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There
is nothing done, if he return the conqueror ; then am I the
prisoner, and his bed my gaol ; from the loathed warmth
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

“ *Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,* 265

“ *GONERIL.*”

O indistinguished space of woman's will !—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;
And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified 270
Of murd'rous lechers ; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke. For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell. 274

Glo. The king is mad. How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs ;
And woes, by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves. 280

Edg. Give me your hand : King Lear.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum. IV. 7.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A tent in the French Camp.* LEAR *on a bed, asleep* ; Physician, Gentlemen, *and others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, *and* Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth ; 5
Nor more nor clipped, but so.

Cor. Be better suited :
These weeds are memories of those worser hours ;
I prithee put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam ;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it that you know me not, 10
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the
king ? [*To the Doctor.*]

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up, 15
Of this child-changed father !

King Lear.
IV. 7.

Doſt.

So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Doſt. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep, 20
We put fresh garments on him.

Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor.

Very well.

Doſt. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music
there.

Cor. O my dear father. Restoration hang 25
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent.

Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face 30
To be opposed against the jarring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder;
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch, poor perdu!
With this thine helm? Mine enemy's dog, 35
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once 40
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doſt. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your King Lear.
majesty? IV. 7.

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound 45
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Doct. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile. 50

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair
daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured 55
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish, fond, old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less: 60
—And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have 65
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

King Lear. For, as I am a man, I think this lady
IV 7. To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am: I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not
If you have poison for me, I will drink it. 71
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. 76

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is killed in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more, 80
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Doctor, and Attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Cornwall
was so slain? 85

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the
Earl of Kent in Germany. 90

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about;
the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you King Lear.
well, sir. [*Exit.* IV. 7.]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edmund.

KNOW of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving. Bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried. 5

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honoured love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way 10
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

King Lear

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord, 15
Be not familiar with her.

V. 1.

Edm. Fear me not.
She, and the duke her husband,——

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and
Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met— 20
For, this I hear: the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land, 25
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reasoned?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils 30
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you go with us. 35

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle: I will go.

King Lear.
V. 1.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound 40
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: if you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you! 45

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. *[Exit.]*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces 51
By diligent discovery: but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. *[Exit.]*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung 55
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive. To take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;

And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

60 King Lear.
V. 2.

65

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR,
CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

Alarums and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away! 5
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure 10
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

King Lear.
V. 3.

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND;
LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers,
Soldiers.*

Edm. Some officers take them away : good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down; 5
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison ;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, 10
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out, 15
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;

King Lear.
V. 3.

[*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark. 27

Take thou this note ; go follow them to prison.

One step I have advanced thee : if thou dost

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way 30

To noble fortunes : know thou this, that men

Are as the time is : to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword: thy great employment

Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do 't,

Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do 't, my lord. 35

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,

As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ; 39

If it be man's work I will do 't. [Exit Officer.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers,
and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well: you have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife.

I do require them of you, so to use them

As we shall find their merits and our safety 45

May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king

King Lear.
V. 3.

To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side, 50
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow or at further space to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time 55
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience, 60
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person; 65
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best. 70

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

| *Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon.

Holla, holla !

That eye that told you so looked but a-squint.

King Lear.
V. 3.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General, 75
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will. 80

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[To Edmund.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thine attain

[Pointing to Goneril.]

This gilded serpent. For your claim, fair sister, 85

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,

My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude! 90

Alb. Thou art armed, Gloucester: let the trumpet
sound.

If none appear to prove upon thy person,

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge. I'll make it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less 95

Than I have here proclaimed thee

King Lear.
V. 3.

Reg.

Sick, O, sick !

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange. What in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach, 100
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald !

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name 105
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me !

Alb. She is not well. Convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald;—let the trumpet sound,— 108
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet ! [*A trumpet sounds.*
Herald reads.

*If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the
army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of
Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear
by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his
defence.*

114

Edm. Sound ! [*First Trumpet.*

Her. Again ! [*Second Trumpet.*

Her. Again ! [*Third Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, with a trumpet before him.

King Lear.
V. 3.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer 120
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary? 124

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of
Gloucester?

Edm. Himself. What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of my tongue,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,— 130
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince; 135
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140
Thou liest.

King Lear.
V. 3.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood I disdain and spurn : 145
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak. 150
[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him !

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester :
By the law of war thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir :— 155
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
Nay, no tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine.
Who can arraign me for't ? [Exit *Goneril*.]

Alb. Most monstrous ! Oh !
Know'st thou this paper ?

Edm. Ask me not what I know. 160

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I
done,
And more, much more : the time will bring it out.

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou King Lear.
That hast this fortune on me? If thou beest noble 165 V. 3.
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wronged me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices 170
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy 175
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father? 180

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That followed me so near, O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die, 185
Rather than die at once! taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, 190

King Lear. Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair;
V. 3. Never, O fault! revealed myself unto him,
 Until some half-hour past, when I was armed:
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I asked his blessing, and from first to last 195
 Told him our pilgrimage: but his flawed heart,
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall, perchance do good: but speak you on; 200
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seemed a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another, 205
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunned my abhorred society; but then, finding 210
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear received: which in recounting 215
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sounded.
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this? 218 King Lear

Edg. Kent, sir, the banished Kent; who in disguise V. 3.
Followed his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? speak, man. 225

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead! 230
This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night; 235
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!

King Lear. Speak, Edmund, where 's the king; and where 's
V. 3. Cordelia?—

Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:

The one the other poisoned for my sake, 240

And after slew herself.

Alb. Ever so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:— 245
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword, 249
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself. 254

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR,
Officer, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of
stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack! She's gone for ever!— King Lear.
V. 3.

I know when one is dead, and when one lives:
She's dead as earth! Lend me a looking-glass; 260
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives!

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs! she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows 265
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha! 270

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

I killed the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion 275

I would have made them skip. I am old now,

And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold. 280

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

King Lear.
V. 3.

Kent.

The same;

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;— 285

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves, 290
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords and noble friends, know our intent: 295

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty, 298

To him our absolute power.—You, to your rights;

[*To Edgar and Kent.*

With boot and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

King Lear.

Lear. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life! V. 3.

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, 305

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,—

Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints! My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates
him

That would upon the rack of this tough world 312

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so long: 315

He but usurped his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To Kent and Edgar.*]

Rule in this realm and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; 320
My master calls me,—I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. 325

The oldest hath borne most. We that are young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

NOTES.

[The two Quartos of 1608 are distinguished as Q₁, and Q₂, but it is difficult to say which is the earlier : the various extant copies of Q₂ differ from one another ; it is necessary sometimes to distinguish them, *e.g.*, Q₂ (Bodl₂) means one of the two Bodleian copies in which the title page is wanting.]

Act I. Sc. 1, 144. As in Johnson. Line ends *bows*, and rest goes with 146, Qq. Two lines, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 162, 163. Hear me——hear me!—]
As in Capell. One line, Qq., Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 130. Tut] Jennings. *Fut* Q₁, Q₂.
But Q₃. Omitted Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 110. Lady, the brach] Steevens. *Ladie oth'e brach* Qq. *the Lady Brach* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 208, 209. The——young.] As in Pope. Prose Qq. Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 248, 249. As in Rowe. Prose Qq. Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 95. tend upon] Theobald. *tends upon* Qq. *tended upon* Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 116, 117. I shall——else] As in Pope.
One line Qq, Ff.

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Act II. Sc. 2, 72. —too intrinse] Malone. *to in-*
trench Qq, *t'intrince* Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 139. contemned'st] Capell. *temnest*
Qq. Not in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 139-141. As in Camb. Lines end
pilfrings punisht with, and *The king must take it ill*
forms the first half of a line ending *slightly valued*
Qq.

Act III. Sc. 1, 31-35. Into this—far] As in
Pope. Four lines, ending *negligence*, *Ports*, *banner*,
farre, Qq. Omitted Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 41, 42. As in Steevens. First line
ends *assurance*, Qq. Omitted Ff.

Act III. Sc. 4, 75, 76. As in Johnson. One line
Qq. Ff.

Act III. Sc. 6, 25. bourn] Capell. broome Qq.

Act III. Sc. 6, 68. lym] Hanmer. *Him* or *Hym*
Qq, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 7, 43, 44. As in Rowe. Prose Qq., Ff.

Act III. Sc. 7, 98-100. If she—monsters. As in
Theobald. Prose Qq.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 2. flattered. To] Pope. *flatter'd*
to Qq., *flattered to* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 9, 10. But—world !] As in Capell.
Two lines, first ending *led?* Ff. One line, viz., *Who's*
heere poorely led, world, world, O world! Q₁, Q₃, (*poorlie,*
led, Q₂, *parti, eyd*, Q₂. (Bodl.).

Act IV. Sc. 1, 62. mopping and mowing ;] Theobald.
Mobing, and mohing, Qq. (*mohing* is in italics in the
Qq).

- A& IV. Sc. 2, 47, 48. As in Camb. One line, Qq. King Lear.
 A& IV. Sc. 2, 49, 50. Humanity——deep] As in Notes.
 Pope. One line Qq.
 A& IV. Sc. 2, 53. that——land] As in Theobald.
 Lines end *pitty, mischiefe, land, Q₂*; and *pitty, mischiefe, noiselesse, Q₁, Q₃*.
 A& IV. Sc. 3, 13-15. Her delicate——o'er her] As in Pope. Two lines ending *passion, ore her. Qq*.
 A& IV. Sc. 3, 16. strove] Pope. *streme Qq*.
 A& IV. Sc. 3, 20. seemed] Pope. *seeme Qq*.
 A& IV. Sc. 3, 31. moistened :] Capell. *moistened her Qq*.
 A& IV. Sc. 3, 32. It is——conditions] As in Theobald. One line Qq.
 A& IV. Sc. 3, 53, 54. As by Steevens. One line Qq.
 A& IV. Sc. 4, 24, 25. As in Johnson. One line Qq., Ff.
 A& IV. Sc. 6, 49. gossamer] Camb. *gosmore Qq*., *gosemore Ff*.
 A& IV. Sc. 6, 110-117. Adultery?——soldiers.] As in Johnson. Six lines ending *Adultery? Fly thrive: Father, sheets. Souldiers. Ff. Prose Qq*.
 A& IV. Sc. 6, 164. Plate] Theobald. *Place Ff*.
 A& IV. Sc. 6, 195-199. As in Steevens. The passage is confused in Qq, Ff.
 A& IV. Sc. 7, 20-23. Ay, madam——temperance] as in Pope. 22, 23 to *Gent, Qq. All to Gent, Ff*.
 A& V. Sc. 1, 16-17. Fear——husband,] As in Capell. One line Qq, Ff.

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Act V. Sc. 1, 18, 19. As in Theobald. Prose Q₂
two lines, first ending *battell* Q₁, Q₃. Omitted Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 55-60. At this time——fitter place.]
As in Theobald. Lines end *bleed, quarrels sharpness,*
father place. Qq. Omitted Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 159, 160. Most monstrous!—paper?]
As in Capell. One line Qq, Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 204-208. This—extremity.] As in
Theobald. Lines end *such much, extremitie* Qq.

Act V. Sc. 3, 214. —him] Theobald. *me* Qq.

Act V. Sc. 3, 223, 224. 'Tis hot——dead.] As in
Capell. One line ending *of*—Qq. Prose Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 283, 284. The same;—Caius] As in
Capell. One line Qq. Two, first ending *Kent*, Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 301-303. All friends—see!] As in
Pope. Prose Qq. Lines end *shall Foes see.* Ff.

GLOSSARY.

'*A*, he, i. 4, 54.

Abated — of, deprived, ii. 4, 146.

Able (vb. trans.), uphold, iv. 6, 166.

Abused, to be abused, *i.e.*, deceived, i. 3, 21.

Action-taking, one who is prone to bring legal actions against his opponents, ii. 2, 16.

Addition, title of distinction, i. 1, 132; ii. 2, 22; v. 3, 300.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment, i. 4, 229.

Advise yourself, consider, ii. 1, 27.

Affliction [infliction], iii. 2, 49.

After, afterwards, v. 3, 241.

Ajax is their fool, *i.e.*, Ajax, although a typical boaster, is a fool compared with them, ii. 2, 122.

All (adv.), to the exclusion of every one else, i. 1, 101.

Allay, be allayed, become calm, i. 2, 161.

Allow, approve of, ii. 4, 178.

Allowance, permission, i. 4, 201.

Alteration, change of purpose v. 1, 3.

Ancient of war, *i.e.*, the ancient men of war; those experienced in war, v. 1, 32.

And, if, ii. 2, 42, 97; ii. 4, 53.

Angering, causing displeasure to, iv. 1, 40.

Approve, prove, ii. 2, 156; iii. 5, 10.

Approves, confirms, ii. 4, 170.

Arch (sb.), chief, ii. 1, 59.

Argument, theme, ii. 1, 8.

Aroint, apparently means "avoid," *i.e.*, "get thee hence," iii. 4, 122.

As, as if, ii. 2, 79; iii. 4, 15.

At task, liable to blame, i. 4, 336.

Attend, await, ii. 1, 125; ii. 3, 5.

Avert, turn, i. 1, 207.

Back again, on his way back again, iv. 2, 91.

Ballow, beam, iv. 6, 239.

Bar, close entirely, ii. 1, 80; exclude, v. 3, 86.

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Barber-monger, possibly has a double meaning (1), a fop, one who deals much with barbers (2), a contemptuous extension of "barber," ii. 2, 30.

Bearing, enduring, suffering, iii. 6, 106.

Benefits, i.e., the mother's kind and beneficent attentions, i. 4, 279.

Besort, besit, i. 4, 243.

Best (adv.), in the best way, hence thoroughly, ii. 1, 53.

Bethought, am; have decided, ii. 3, 6.

Bide, abide, endure, iii. 4, 29.

Bit, bitten, iv. 7, 36.

Blame, fault, ii. 4, 276.

Blank, the white mark in the centre of a butt, i. 1, 155.

Bolds, emboldens, encourages, v. 1, 26.

Boot, reward, v. 3, 300.

Boot, to; to the good, over and above, iv. 6, 224.

Bootless, useless, v. 3, 293.

Bosom, affection, v. 3, 50.

Bound, ready, prepared, iii. 7, 10.

Brach, female hunting dog, i. 4, 110; iii. 6, 68.

Brazed [brazened], hardened, i. 1, 10.

Bring away, bring forth, ii. 2, 135.

Britishman, the use of this word instead of "Englishman" is an indication that the play was

written after the accession of Jas. I., iii. 4, 181.

Buoyed up, lifted itself up, iii. 7, 58.

But, only, iv. 6, 124.

Cadent, falling, i. 4, 278.

Caitiff, wretch, ii. 1, 62.

Camelot, at one time Camelot seems to have been identified with Winchester, and that is probably the case in this passage: "Winchester goose" meant a low, lewd person, so called because the public stewards in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, ii. 2, 81.

Can, can avail, iv. 4, 8.

Capable, capable of inheriting, ii. 1, 85.

Carbonado (vb. trans.), cut across like a piece of meat for broiling, ii. 2, 35.

Censure, judge, iii. 5, 2; v. 3, 3.

Centaurs, half human beings, half horses, iv. 6, 123.

Century, troop of one hundred men, iv. 4, 6.

Challenge, claim as due, i. 1, 52; iv. 7, 30.

Chance, does it happen, ii. 4, 52.

Character, hand-writing, i. 2, 63; ii. 1, 72.

Charge, expense, cost, ii. 4, 226.

Child-changed, changed by his children's conduct, iv. 7, 16.

- Childed*, being possessed of children (notice the formation of the verb), iii. 6, 109.
- Child Rowland*, i.e., Knight Rowland. The story is told in Child's "English and Scottish Ballads," iii. 4, 179.
- Clipped*, cut short, curtailed, iv. 7, 6.
- Clothier's yard*, probably a reference to the "arrow of a cloth yard long" in *Chevy-Chace*, iv. 6, 88.
- Clotpoll*, blockhead, i. 4, 46.
- Clout*, the mark, originally made by a nail or pin, in the centre of the butts, iv. 6, 92.
- Cock*, i.e., cock-boat, iv. 6, 19.
- Cockney*; has double meaning: (1) cook, (2) a term of abuse, ii. 4, 109.
- Cod-piece*, a baggy appendage to the front of the close-fitting breeches worn by men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, iii. 2, 27, 40.
- Comfortable*, able to comfort, i. 4, 299; comforting, ii. 2, 160.
- Comforting*, supporting, helping (a legal usage), iii. 5, 19.
- Compact* (vb. trans.), put together, i. 2, 7; give consistency or firmness to, i. 4, 332.
- Conceit*, imagination, iv. 6, 42.
- Conceive*, understand, iv. 2, 24.
- Condition*, habits of mind confirmed by long habit, i. 1, 291.
- Conditions*, temper, disposition, King Lear. Glossary. iv. 3, 33.
- Conjunct*, in concert with, ii. 2, 115; closely joined, v. 1, 12.
- Consort* (sb.), fellowship, company, ii. 1, 97.
- Constant*, fixed, determined, v. 1, 4.
- Continent*, restrained, i. 2, 163.
- Continents*, what contains or encloses, iii. 2, 58.
- Convey*, manage secretly, i. 2, 101.
- Corky*, dry, withered, iii. 7, 28.
- Costard*, head: literally the name of an apple, humourously applied to the head, iv. 6, 239.
- Court holy-water*, fair words, flattering speeches, iii. 2, 10.
- Coxcomb*, fool's headgear, i. 4, 92, 94, 98, 101, 102 (with play on another meaning, viz., "head"), 106; heads, ii. 4, 111.
- Cozened*, cheated, v. 3, 154.
- Crab*, crab-apple, i. 5, 18.
- Cruel*, a play on "crewel," of which garters were made, and the adjective "cruel," ii. 4, 6.
- Cruels*: "all cruels else subscribed," this is the reading of the Qq.; the Ff. read "subscribe." The probable meaning of the Qq. reading is "all feelings that would be cruel under normal conditions having subscribed or yielded" (to the terrors of the storm). The Ff. reading is best interpreted

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as Furness does by making the words part of the speech to the porter, iii. 7, 63.

Cry—to death, destroy, ii. 4, 106.

Cuckoo-flowers, ragged robin, iv. 4, 4.

Cullionly, degraded, ii. 2, 29.

Cunning, crafty pretence, ii. 1, 29.

Curiosity, minute scrutiny, i. 1, 6 ;

exacting practice, i. 2, 4 ; ex-

acting expectation, i. 4, 67.

Curious, fine, elegant, i. 4, 33.

Curst, shrewish, ii. 1, 65.

Darker, more secret, i. 1, 35.

Darkling, in the dark, i. 4, 210.

Daub, disguise, iv. 1, 53.

Death-practised, the—duke ; i.e., the duke whose death is plotted, iv. 6, 273.

Deboshed [debauched], i. 4, 234.

Deed of love, names my very ; exactly describes my love in a formal fashion, i. 1, 70.

Defuse, disguise, i. 4, 2.

Demanding, enquiring, iii. 2, 65.

Deny, refuse, ii. 4, 76.

Depart, depart from, iii. 5, 1.

Depend, remain, i. 4, 242.

Deprive, disinherit, i. 2, 4.

Derogate, degraded, i. 4, 273.

Deserving (sb.), desert, iii. 3, 22.

Diffidences, distrust of others, i. 2, 146.

Disclaims in, disowns, ii. 2, 51.

Discommend, disapprove, ii. 2, 106, 7.

Discover, make known, ii. 1, 66.

Discovery, reconnoitring, v. 1, 52.

Diseases, discomforts, i. 1, 170.

Disnured, wanting in natural affection, i. 4, 276.

Dispatch, make away with, ii. 1, 58.

Dispositions, humours, i. 4, 214.

Disquantity, reduce the number of, i. 4, 241.

Disquietly, in an unquiet manner, i. 2, 113.

Distaste it, find it distasteful, i. 3, 15.

Distract [distracted], iv. 6, 277.

Doubted, feared, v. 1, 6.

Doubtful, fearful, v. 1, 12.

Ear-bussing, ear-kissing, ii. 1, 8.

Earnest, pledge, i. 4, 91.

Effect, to ; with a view to effect, iii. 1, 52.

Effects, prove ; be realized, iv. 2, 15.

Elf, tangle, ii. 3, 10.

Embossed, swollen, ii. 4, 211.

Endure her, suffer her (to be intimate with you), v. 1, 15.

Engine, engine of torture, i. 4, 261.

Enguard, guard, i. 4, 319.

Enormous, abnormal, ii. 2, 165.

Equalities, equal shares and conditions, i. 1, 5.

Essay, trial, i. 2, 45.

Even o'er, account for in his memory, iv. 7, 79.

Event, result, i. 4, 341.

Exhibition, allowance, i. 2, 25.

Fa, sol, la, mi, the sequence in Shakespeare's time : probably used here as suggesting a deep sigh, i. 2, 136.

Fain, gladly, i. 4, 173 ; glad, iv. 7, 37.

Faint, slight, i. 4, 66.

Faithed, believed, ii. 1, 70.

Fast, firm, fixed, i. 1, 37.

Fastened, determined, ii. 1, 77.

Fathered : "he childed as I fathered," *i.e.*, he possessed of children of like nature to my father," iii. 6, 109.

Favours, features, iii. 7, 39.

Festinate, speedy, iii. 7, 10.

Fetch, bring, ii. 4, 79.

Fetches, excuses, ii. 4, 77.

Fish, eat no ; *i.e.*, be a Protestant, i. 4, 17.

Fitchew, polecat : also a term of abuse for a low woman, iv. 6, 120.

Fleshment, in the ; in the first act of service : cf. "to flesh a sword," *i.e.*, to draw blood for the first time, ii. 2, 120.

Flibbertigibbet, the name of a fiend (see Harsnet's "Declaration," 1603, which is the source of most of the fiends' names in this play), iii. 4, 113

Foins, thrusts, iv. 6, 243.

Fond, foolish, i. 2, 49 ; iv. 7, 59.

Fool, poor ; is a term of endearment and refers to Cordelia, Glossary.

although the word may serve to indicate the wandering thoughts of the king, v. 3, 304.

Footed, landed, iii. 3, 13.

Fopperry, folly, capability of being duped, i. 2, 118.

Foppish, foolish, i. 4, 160.

Fops, fools, i. 2, 14.

Forbid [forbidden], iii. 3, 20 ; v. 1, 46.

Fordo, destroy, v. 3, 254 ; v. 3, 290.

Forfended, forbidden, v. 1, 11.

Forgot [forgotten], v. 3, 236.

Frontlet, frown, i. 4, 182.

Fumiter, fumitory, iv. 4, 3.

Furnishings, appendages, external pretences, iii. 1, 29.

Gad, upon the ; suddenly, on the spur of the moment, i. 2, 26.

Gallow, terrify (a West of England word), iii. 2, 44.

Garb, outward address, manner, ii. 2, 94.

Gasted, frightened, ii. 1, 55.

Gate, at, i.e., at the gate, iii. 7, 16.

Generation, offspring, i. 1, 113.

Generous, noble, i. 2, 8.

Germens, seeds, iii. 2, 8.

Grace, i.e., the king's grace, iii. 2, 40.

Graced, dignified, i. 4, 238.

Halcyon, i.e., the king - fisher.

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There was a popular belief that "this bird, if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means show from what point it blew," ii. 2, 75.

Handy-dandy, "a play among children, in which something is shaken between the hands, and then a guess is made in which hand it is retained," iv. 6, 151.

Haply, perchance, probably, i. 1, 97.

Hardocks, probably the "hoardock," the dock with whitish, woolly leaves, iv. 4, 4.

Hath, i.e., he hath, ii. 4, 276.

Headier, more impetuous, headstrong, ii. 4, 97.

Head-lugged, lead by the head, iv. 2, 42.

Heart-struck, that have struck the heart, iii. 1, 17.

Hir [its], ii. 2, 95.

Hir, agree, i. 1, 297.

Help, helped, iii. 7, 60.

Holy cords, i.e., the holy bonds between parent and child, ii. 2, 71.

Honoured, honourable, v. 1, 9.

Hundred-pound, used contemptuously, ii. 2, 14-15.

Hurricanes, water-spouts, iii. 2, 7.

Idle, foolish, i. 3, 17; wear, i. 2, 49; worthless, iv. 4, 5; barren, iv. 6, 21.

Immediacy, supremacy in immediate authority, v. 3, 66.

Impertinency, something not belonging to the subject, iv. 6, 171.

Important, importunate, iv. 4, 26.

Impressed, pressed into service, v. 3, 51.

Indistinguished, boundless, iv. 6, 266.

Ingenious, conscious, iv. 6, 278.

Ingrateful, ungrateful, ii. 4, 150; iii. 2, 9.

Instant, immediate, ii. i. 128; v. 3, 149.

Intelligent (of), giving intelligence (of); iii. 1, 25; iii. 7, 11; "intelligent—to," helpful to, iii. 5, 10.

Intent, intention, i. 1, 37; iv. 7, 9.

Interested, linked, interested, i. 1, 84.

Intrinsc, tightly drawn, ii. 2, 72.

It [its], i. 4, 209; iv. 2, 32.

Jakes, privy, ii. 2, 64.

Joint-stool, "I cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool" (cf. Lilly, "Mother Bombré," iv. 2); the meaning of the saying has not been explained, iii. 6, 48.

Judicious, judicial, iii. 4, 73.

Justicer, justice, iii. 6, 55; iv. 2, 79.

Knee, kneel down before, ii. 4, 201.

Lanced [lanced], ii. 1, 52.
Late, lately, recently, i. 4, 214 ;
 ii. 2, 113.
Least, "in the least," i.e., at the
 least, i. 1, 187.
Leave, by your leave, iv. 6, 258.
Like, likely, i. 1, 294.
Lipsbury pinfold, no satisfactory ex-
 planation has yet been given to
 this. Nares writes : "It may
 be a coined name, and it is
 just possible that it means the
 teeth, as being the pinfold
 within the lips," ii. 2, 8.
Looped, full of holes, iii. 4, 31.
Lym, a dog of the chase, so called
 from the *leam* or *leash* in which
 he was held, iii. 6, 68.

Madded, maddened, iv. 2, 43.
Mainly, entirely, iv. 7, 64.
Make nothing of, scatter or dis-
 perse to nothing, iii. 1, 9.
Makes-up, comes to a decision, i.
 1, 202.
Material, giving substance, iv. 2, 35.
Maugre, in spite of, v. 3, 131.
Me (ethic dative), i. 2, 98.
Means, resources, iv. 1, 21.
Measure ; "every measure fail me,"
 i.e., every means of measuring
 goodness will disappoint my
 hopes of having matched thy
 goodness, iv. 7, 3.
Meiny, household, retinue, ii. 4, 29.
Merit, *with* ; in conjunction with
 merit, i.e., deservedly, i. 1, 52.

Metbinks, it seems to me, iv. 6, 3, King Lear.
 7, 16, 69 ; iv. 7, 63 ; v. 3, Glossary.
 175, etc.
Misbief, harm, injury, i. 2, 160.
Misconstruction, misunderstanding,
 ii. 2, 114.
Mistook [mistaken], ii. 4, 10.
Modest, becoming, satisfactory,
 iv. 7, 5 ; ii. 4, 19.
Monsters, makes monstrous, i. 1,
 216.
Mopping and mowing, making
 grimaces, iv. 1, 62.
Mortified, deadened, insensible,
 ii. 3, 15.
Mother, i.e., hysteria, ii. 4, 46.
Motion, thrust, ii. 1, 50.
My, of me, ii. 3, 5.

Natural, has two meanings (1),
 illegitimate ; (2) opposite of
 unnatural, ii. 1, 84.
Naught, wicked, ii. 4, 121.
Naughty, evil, iii. 4, 109.
Neat, pure, mere, ii. 2, 39.
Nether, earthly, iv. 2, 79.
Nether-stocks, short stockings, ii.
 4, 9.
News (pl.), ii. 1, 6.
Nicely, exactly, ii. 2, 101 ; punc-
 tiliously, v. 3, 144.
Nighted, darkened, iv. 5, 13.
Notice, attention, ii. 4, 236.
Notion, intellect, i. 4, 220.
Nuncle, the customary appella-
 tion of the licensed fool to his
 superiors, i. 4, 102 ; iii. 2, 10, 11.

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Nursery, nursing, i. 1, 120.

Observants, cringing courtiers, ii. 2, 100.

Occasions, events, ii. 1, 120.

Oeillades, glances of the eye, iv. 5, 25.

Of, concerning, i. 2, 104; for, ii. 1, 111.

Offend, injure, i. 1, 299.

Oldness, old age, i. 2, 48.

On, by, i. 2, 121.

One-trunk-inheriting, inheriting one coffer or box, ii. 2, 17.

On's, of his, i. 4, 99.

On't, of it, i. 4, 147.

Ope, open, v. 1, 39.

Opinion, belief, ii. 1, 33.

Oppose, make; compel to oppose, v. 1, 27.

Opposed against, placed himself in opposition to, iv. 2, 74.

Opposeless, irresistible, iv. 6, 38.

Out, i.e., of it, i. 4, 147.

Owes, possesses, i. 1, 198.

Owest, possessest, i. 4, 118.

Pack, make off, ii. 4, 68.

Packings, contrivings, plottings, iii. 1, 26.

Packs, confederacies, leagues, v. 3, 18.

Particular, "for his particular," as regards him personally, ii. 4, 278; personal, v. 1, 30.

Party, side, ii. 1, 26.

Pass upon, pass sentence upon, iii. 7, 23.

Pawn down, pledge, i. 2, 86.

Pelting, paltry, ii. 3, 18.

Perdu, lost one, iv. 7, 34.

Perdy, i.e., par dieu, ii. 4, 73.

Pight, fixed, determined, ii. 1, 65.

Plackets, the opening in a woman's dress, iii. 4, 95.

Plague of custom, evil caused by custom, i. 2, 3.

Pleated, folded, i. 1, 2, 275.

Point, at, equipped, ready, i. 4, 317; iii. 1, 33.

Poise, moment, import, ii. 1, 120.

Policy and reverence, policy of showing reverence, i. 2, 46.

Powers, armed force, i. 4, 319; armed forces, iv. 7, 93; v. 1, 50; v. 3, 64.

Practice, stratagem, ii. 1, 107; v. 3, 151.

Practised on, plotted against, iii. 2, 57.

Prefer, recommend, i. 1, 269.

Pregnant, ready, manifest, ii. 1, 76.

Presently, immediately, i. 2, 101; i. 4, 140; ii. 4, 28, etc.

Pretence, design or purpose, i. 2, 88; ii. 1, 73.

Pricks, wooden, i.e., skewers, ii. 3, 16.

Proper, handsome, i. 1, 17.

Provoking, stimulating, iii. 5, 5.

Puppet's, wanton's, ii. 2, 33.

Put—on, incite, i. 4, 200.

Qualified, modified, i. 2, 159.

Quality, natural character, ii. 4, 80, 84.

Queasy, delicate, ticklish, ii. 1, 17.

Questrists, searchers, iii. 7, 16.

Quit, revenge, iii. 7, 85.

Rake up, cover up, iv. 6, 270.

Remorse, pity, iv. 2, 73.

Remotion, removal, ii. 4, 101.

Remove, removal, ii. 4, 4.

Renegé, deny, ii. 2, 75.

Reposure, act of reposing, ii. 1, 68.

Resolution, conviction, assurance, i. 2, 100.

Resolve me, tell me, satisfy me, ii. 4, 19.

Respect, "upon respect," after consideration, deliberately, ii. 4, 18.

Retention, custody, v. 3, 48.

Reverbs, re-echoes, i. 1, 150.

Sallets, salads, iii. 4, 130.

Sampire, i.e., herbe de St. Pierre; sea-fennel, iv. 6, 15.

Savour but, have a relish only for, iv. 2, 39.

Scarce [scarcely], i. 2, 161.

Scattered, disunited, iii. 1, 31.

Secure, make careless, iv. 1, 21.

Seeming, "little seeming," i.e., seemingly little, i. 1, 194.

Seeming, hypocrisy, iii. 2, 56.

Sees, experiences, ii. 2, 161.

Self-covered, having covered or disguised thyself, iv. 2, 62.

Sequent, following, i. 2, 106.

Set my rest, the metaphor is from King Lear. cards, where "set my rest" = Glossary.

stake one's all, i. 1, 119.

Shealed, shelled, i. 4, 192.

Side, party, hence "game" or plan, v. 1, 60.

Simular, counterfeiter, iii. 2, 54.

Sith [since], i. 1, 176; ii. 4, 226.

Sizes, allowance, ii. 4, 162.

Slack (vb. trans.), neglect, ii. 4, 127.

Shver, tear off like a branch, iv. 2, 34.

Smile, smile at, ii. 2, 79.

Smilets, smiles, iv. 3, 19.

Smooth, flatter, ii. 2, 72.

Snuffs, huffs, quarrels, iii. 1, 26.

Soiled, worn out, iv. 6, 121.

Some, about, i. 1, 18.

Something (adv.), somewhat, i. 1, 20; iii. 5, 3.

Sometime (adj.), of former times, i. 1, 116.

Sometime, sometimes, ii. 3, 19.

Sop o' the moonshine, probably means "that he would lay Oswald upon his back on the earth, like a 'sop' in a dripping pan, for the moonbeams to baste him": there is also an allusion to a dish called "eggs in moonshine," ii. 2, 29.

Speculations, speculators, i.e., ex-aminers, spies, iii. 1, 24.

Spill, destroy, iii. 2, 8.

Spoke [spoken], i. 4, 199.

Square of sense, sensitive part ;

King Lear.
Glossary.

"most precious square of sense," *i.e.*, the most sensitive parts, i. 1, 73.
Squiny, squint, iv. 6, 135.
Stelled, starry, iii. 7, 59.
Still, constantly, i. 1, 227; continually, iii. 4, 97.
Stocking, putting in the stocks, ii. 2, 129.
Stomach, anger, v. 3, 75.
Straight, immediately, i. 3, 26; ii. 4, 29; v. 3, 278, 286.
Struck [struck], ii. 4, 147.
Subscribed, surrendered, i. 2, 24.
Subscription, submission, iii. 2, 18.
Succeed, follow, i. 2, 142.
Suggestion, prompting, ii. 1, 73.
Sumpter, pack-horse, ii. 4, 203.
Superflux, superfluity, iii. 4, 35.
Superserviceable (1), over-officious; (2), one who was above his work, ii. 2, 16.
Surfeit, excess, i. 2, 119.
Swear't (vb. trans.), i. 1, 157.
Swithold, *i.e.*, Saint Withold, who was supposed to protect from nightmare, iii. 4, 118.
Taking, blasting, ii. 4, 151.
Taking (sb.), bewitchment, iii. 4, 58; (sb.), capture, ii. 3, 5.
Taste, test, i. 2, 45.
Tell, count, ii. 4, 45.
Temperance, moderation, iv. 7, 23.
Tender-bested, tenderly framed, ii. 4, 158.
Terrible, frightened, i. 2, 32.

That, at which, ii. 3, 4.
That, *i.e.*, that it, ii. 2, 118.
This, *i.e.*, this is, iv. 6, 180.
Thought, do think, ii. 1, 75.
Three-suited, having three suits a year, apparently a usual allowance for servants, ii. 2, 14.
Thwart (adj.), crossing, i. 4, 276.
Tike, common dog, iii. 6, 69.
Time, life, i. 1, 289.
Times, *best of our*; best part of our lives, i. 2, 47.
Top, overtop, i. 2, 21.
Toward, at hand, ii. 1, 10; iii. 3, 19; iv. 6, 206.
Towara [towards], ii. 4, 46.
Treachers, traitors, i. 2, 123.
Trundle-tail, iii. 6, 69.
Unaccommodated, unfurnished with what is necessary, iii. 4, 105-6.
Unbolted, unsifted, coarse, ii. 2, 63.
Unkind, unnatural, i. 1, 255.
Unpossessing, incapable of inheriting, ii. 1, 67.
Unprized, unvalued, unappreciated, i. 1, 254.
Unremovable, immovable, ii. 4, 81.
Unstate, give up rank and fortune, i. 2, 99.
Untented, too deep to be probed, and therefore incurable, i. 4, 293.
Use, administration, ii. 1, 128.
Vanity, one of the figures in the old moralities, ii. 2, 33.

Vantage, opportunity, ii. 2, 167.
Vary (sb.), change, ii. 2, 76.
Vaunt-couriers, forerunners, iii.
 2, 5.
Very, *my*; the same as mine, i. 3,
 27.
Wage against, wage war against,
 i. 1, 152.
Washed, "washed eyes," eyes
 washed with tears, i. 1, 263.
Water, water-newt, iii. 4, 128.
Wawl, wail, iv. 6, 177.
Where [whereas], i. 2, 83.
Which, and it, ii. 1, 123.

Whiles [whilst], ii. 3, 5. King Lear
White herring, pickled herring, Glossary.
 iii. 6, 31.
Who, which, i. 2, 50.
Wisdom, knowledge, i. 2, 104.
Wit, wisdom, ii. 4, 36.
Worser; notice double compara-
 tive, iv. 7, 7.
Worships, dignity, i. 4, 259.
Worth are; are worthy, deserve;
 i. 1, 274.
Worthied him, won him reputa-
 tion, ii. 2, 118.
Would, should, ii. 1, 68.
Writ [written], ii. 1, 122.

MACBETH.

First printed in the Folio of 1623.

The Play contains 5 Acts, 27 Scenes, 140 lines of prose,
and 1,945 of verse.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, } *his sons.*

DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } *generals of the King's army.*

BANQUO, }

MACDUFF,

LENOX,

ROSS,

MENTEITH, } *noblemen of Scotland*

ANGUS,

CAITHNESS,

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

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

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.*

SCENE : Scotland ; England.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A desert place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

I Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun. 5

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath:

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—"anon!"

Fair is foul, and foul is fair: 10

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Macbeth.
I. 2.

SCENE II.—*A camp near Forres.*

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding
Soldier.*

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

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! 5
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel; for to that, 10
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak; 15
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
Till he faced the slave; 20
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As, whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders breaking;
So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Macbeth
I. 2.
25

Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes:
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

35

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.
Who comes here? *[Exit Soldier, attended.]*

40

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross. 45

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Macbeth.

I. 2.

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky, 50

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof, 55

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition; 60

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth. 66

Ross. I'll see it done.

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

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

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

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou? Macbeth.
 1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, I. 3.
 And mounched, and mounched, and mounched. 5
 "Give me," quoth I:
 "Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail, 10
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
 2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
 1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.
 3 *Witch.* And I another.
 1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other; 15
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card.
 I'll drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall neither night nor day 20
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost, 25
 Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
 Look what I have.
 2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
 1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wracked, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]
 3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum: 31
 Macbeth doth come.

Macbeth.
I. 3.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about ; 35
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace ! the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't called to Forres ?—What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire ; 41
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't ? Live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying 45
Upon her skinny lips : you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speak, if you can ; what are you ?

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

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of
Cawdor ! 50

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king here-
after.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner 55
You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: Macbeth.
If you can look into the seeds of time, I. 3.
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not, 60
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

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

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier. 65

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

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

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis; 70
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why 75
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air: and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed! 81

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root,

Macbeth.
I. 3.

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king. 85

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, 90

His wonders and his praises do contend,

Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,

In viewing all the rest o' the self-same day,

He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, 95

Strange images of death. As thick as tale

Came post with post, and every one did bear

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,

And poured them down before him.

Ang.

We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks; 100

Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,

He bad me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true? 105

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
dress me

In borrowed robes?

Macbeth.

Ang.

Who was the thane, lives yet;

I. 3.

But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combined with those of Norway; 110

Or did line the rebel with hidden help

And vantage, or that with both he laboured

In his country's wrack, I know not;

But treasons capital, confessed and proved,

Have overthrown him.

Macb.

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor: 115

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,

Promised no less to them?

Ban.

That, trusted home,

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, 120

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange ·

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;

Win us with honest trifles, to betray us

In deepest consequence.— 125

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb.

Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

—This supernatural soliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good: 130

If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;

Macbeth. If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
I. 3. Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, 135
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise ; and nothing is 140
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

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

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him

Like our strange garments ; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may, 145
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour :—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered 150
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanced ; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly. 155

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

SCENE IV.—*Forres. The Palace.*

Macbeth.

I. 4.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons; 5
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed, 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

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

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin !

The sin of my ingratitude even now 15
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth.
I. 4.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ; 25
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes, 35
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful 45
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step Macbeth
 On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.* I. 5.
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! 50
 Let not light see my black and deep desires:
 The eye wink at the hand: yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
 And in his commendations I am fed; 55
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
 It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Inverness.* MACBETH'S Castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and
 I have learned by the perfect'st report, they have more
 in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in
 desire to question them further, they made themselves
 air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in
 the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-
 hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before,
 these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the
 coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!'
 This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
 partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the
 dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is
 promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell." 13
 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

Macbeth.
I. 5.

What thou art promised : yet do I fear thy nature : 15
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false, 20
And yet wouldst wrongly win.
Thou'dst have, great Glamis, that which cries,
" Thus thou must do, if thou have it :
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither, 25
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—What is your tidings ?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so, 32
Would have informed for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true ; our thane is coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him ; 35
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse
[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits 40 Macbeth.
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ; I. 5.
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature 45
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night, 50
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, " Hold, hold ! "——

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor !
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter ! 55
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never 60

Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Macbeth. Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
 I. 5. Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
 flower,
 But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming 66
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. 70
 Macb. We will speak further.
 Lady M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favour ever is to fear:
 Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Hautboys and torches. Servants of MACBETH attending.

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

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat;
 The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath 5
 Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Macbeth
I. 6.

Dun. See, see! our honoured hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double, 15
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

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

Lady M. Your servants ever 25
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

Macbeth,
I. 7.

SCENE VII.—MACBETH'S *Castle*.

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a
Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service.
Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5
But here, upon this bank and school of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice 10
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off: 20
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur 25 Macbeth.
To prick the sides of my intent, but only I. 7.
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now, what news?

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you left
the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk, 35
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour, 40
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting "I dare not" wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace: 45
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Macbeth
l. 7.

Lady M.

What beast was't then,

That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: 55
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn,
As you have done to this.

Macb.

If we should fail,——

Lady M.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place, 60
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain, 65
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb.

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two 75 *Macbeth.*
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers, *I. 7.*
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court of MACBETH's Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE with a torch.

Banquo.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too. 5

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.
Who's there?

Macb. A friend. 10

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure,
And sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macbeth.
15 II. 1.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them. 20
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—
When 'tis, it shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none, 25
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! 29

[*Exit Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible 35
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

Macbeth.
II. 1.

A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. 40
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, 45
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: witchcraft celebrates 50
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth, 55
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. 60
[*A bell rings*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Macbeth.
II. 2.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold :

What hath quenched them hath given me fire :—
Hark ! Peace ! It was the owl that shrieked,
The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good night.
He is about it : The doors are open ; 5
And the surfeited grocums do mock their charge
With snores : I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

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

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, 10
And 'tis not done : the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband !

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a
noise ? 15

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry
Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macbeth,
II. 2.

Macb. Hark !—Who lies i' the second chamber;

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb.

This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. 20

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep,

And one cried, "Murder!" that they did wake each other;
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
And addressed them again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together. 25

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen,"
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, "amen,"

When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M.

Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, "amen?"

I had most need of blessing, and amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M.

These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep; 35

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady M.

What do you mean?

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

“ Glamis hath murdered sleep : and therefore Cawdor Macbeth.
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more ! ” II. 2.

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

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water, 45
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more ;
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose ! 50
Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine, 60
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*]

Macbeth.
II. 2.

I hear a knocking at the south entry :—

Retire we to our chamber: a little water clears us of
this deed :

How easy is it then ! Your constancy 65

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark ! more
knocking :

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers : be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts. [*Knocking.*

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. [*Knock*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed ! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there, i' the
name of Belzebub ? Here's a farmer, that hanged him-
self on the expectation of plenty : come in time ; have
napkins enow about you ; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock-*
ing.] Knock, knock ! who's there, i' the other devil's
name ? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in
both the scales against either scale ; who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate
to heaven : O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock, knock ! Who's there ? 'Faith, here's
an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French

hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. Macbeth.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Never at quiet! What II. 3.
are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-
porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some
of all professions, that go the primrose way to the ever-
lasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you,
remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late? 22

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

Macd. What three things does drink especially pro-
voke? 25

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

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night. 35

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but I
requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong
for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I
made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

40

Macbeth.
II. 3.

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; 46
But yet 'tis one.

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

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service. [*Exit Macduff.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay, 52
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
death:

And prophesying with accents terrible, 55
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatched to the woful time; the obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel 60
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macbeth,
II. 3.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !

Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Macb. Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece ! 65
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ; 71
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason !
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, 75
And look on death itself ! up, up, and see
The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror ! Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M.—What's the business, 80
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !

Macd. O, gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :

The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.— 85

Macbeth.
II. 3.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's murdered!

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

Ban. Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX, and ROSS.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance, 90
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. 95

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't,
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had don't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood, 101
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows: they stared and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury, 105
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious, *Macbeth*
II. 3.

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan, 110
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore : who could refrain 115
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

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

Don. What should be spoken here, 120
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us ?—Let 's away,
Our tears are not yet brewed.

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

Ban. Look to the lady :—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid, 125
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight 130

Macbeth
II. 3.

Of treasonous malice.

Macd.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

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

All.

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them :

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office 135
Which the false man does easy : I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way 141
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father, *Macbeth.*
5 II. 4.
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, a thing most strange
and certain,
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, 15
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

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

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not? 21

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

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned:

Macbeth. Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, 25
 II. 4. Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
 Thriftless ambition, that wilt raven up
 Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone,
 To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
 Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone? 35

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

Ross. Well, I will thither.

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

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross.—Farewell, father. 39

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

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *The Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo.

THOU hast it now ; king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised ; and I fear
Thou playedst most foully for 't : yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root and father 5
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more. 10

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King ; LADY
MACBETH, as Queen ; LENOX, ROSS, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macbeth.
III. 1.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness 15
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice—
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous— 21
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
—Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better, 25
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing 30
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you? 35

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

[*Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time

40

Till seven at night ; to make society

Macbeth.

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

III. 1.

Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, etc.*]

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men our pleasure?

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

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Attend.*] To

be thus, is nothing; 46

But to be safely thus : our fears in Banquo

Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be feared : 'tis much he dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, 50

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear : and under him

My genius is rebuked ; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters, 55

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bad them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,

They hailed him father to a line of kings :

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, 60

Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered :

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace, 65

Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings !

Macbeth. Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, 69
III. 1. And champion me to the utterance !—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.
Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you 75
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instru-
ments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion crazed, 81
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature, 85
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; 90
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
 All by the name of dogs : the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed ; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike : and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't ;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms
 Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Macbeth.
 III. 1.

95

100

105

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

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

110

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

Sec. Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life : and though I could
 With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,

115

Macbeth.
III. 1.

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall 120
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

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

First Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought 130
That I require a clearness: and with him,—
To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate 135
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Sec. Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

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

SCENE II.—*The palace.*

Macbeth.
III 2.

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content : 5
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making ?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10
With them they think on ? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard : what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it ;
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. 15
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;

Macbeth.
III. 2.

Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 25
Can touch him further !

Lady M.

Come on ;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ; 30
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :

Unsafe the while, that we must lave
Our honours in these flattering streams ;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M.

You must leave this. 35

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

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

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloistered flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M.

What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night, 46
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens ; and the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood ;
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill : 55
 So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

51 Macbeth.
 III. 3.

SCENE III.—*A Park near the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

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

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

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

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day : 5

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

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

2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he ; the rest

That are within the note of expectation, 10

Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
 So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Macbeth.
III. 3.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

15

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[Assaults Banquo.]

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

[Dies. Fleance escapes.]

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

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

3 *Mur.* There 's but one down ; the son is fled. 20

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

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

[Exeunt.]

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

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENOX,
Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down : at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state ; but in best time, 5
We will require her welcome.

Lady Macb. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends ;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macbeth.
III. 4.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst : 10
Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There's
blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatched ? 15

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

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet he's
good,
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is scaped. 20

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been
perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock :
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ? 25

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30

Macbeth.
III. 4.

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at home ; 35
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May 't please your highness sit ?

Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MACBETH's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present ; 41
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance !

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company ? 45

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that
moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

50

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Macbeth.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,

III. 4.

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him, 55

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear: 60

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself! 65

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send 70

Those that we bury, back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time.

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal; 75

Ay, and since too, murders have been performed

Macbeth.
III. 4.

Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end : but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, 80
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget :—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing 85
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
all ;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full :—

Re-enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all and him we thirst, 90
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth
hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ; 96
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! 105

Macbeth,
100 III. 4.

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

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud, 110
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, 114
When mine is blanced with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

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

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going:
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all! 120

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macbeth.
III. 4.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have
blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night? 125

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house 130
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood 135
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned. 139

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-
abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :—
We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Macbeth.
III. 5.

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

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

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death; 5
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done, 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone.
And at the pit of Acheron 15
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it comes to ground: 25
And that, distilled by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,

Macbeth.
III. 5.

As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion :
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a Song* : "Come away, come away."
Hark, I am called; my little spirit, see, 35
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

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

SCENE VI.--Forres. *The Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead :
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late ; 5
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep :
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 't would have angered any heart alive 15

To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, and 't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance. 20
But, peace ! for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, 25
Lives in the English court ; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward :
That, by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, 35
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;—
All which we pine for now : and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, " Sir, not I," 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, " You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Macbeth.
III. 6.

Len.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45

Fly to the court of England, and unfold

His message ere he come; that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accursed!

Lord.

I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

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

Enter the three Witches.

I Witch.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mewed.

2 Witch. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.

3 Witch. Harpier cries “ ’Tis time, ’tis time.”

1 Witch. Round about the caldron go ;

In the poisoned entrails throw. 5

Toad, that under cold stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Sweltered venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ; 10

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake :

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog, 15

Adder’s fork and blind-worm’s sting,

Lizard’s leg and howlet’s wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble ;

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Macbeth.
IV. 1.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

20

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat and slips of yew,
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cawdron.

25

30

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

35

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains,
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

40

[*Music and a Song, "Black Spirits," etc.*

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

45

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags!

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me : 50

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;

Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ; 55

Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
Of nature's germen tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken ; answer me

To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths, 61

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw 65
Into the flame.

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

Macbeth.
IV. 1.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head arises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

I Witch. He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Mac-
duff; 70

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me : enough.

[*Descends.*

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

Thou hast harped my fear aright : but one word more:—

I Witch. He will not be commanded : here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! 75

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

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

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

But yet I'll make assurance double sure, 81

And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

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

That rises like the issue of a king ;

85

And wears upon his baby-brow the round

And top of sovereignty ?

Macbeth.
IV. 1.

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until 90
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood 95
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever 100
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know :—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

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

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ; 106
Come like shadows, so depart.

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

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,

Macbeth.
IV. 1.

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first. 110

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass 115

Which shows me many more; and some I see,

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. What, is this so? 120

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound, 125

While you perform your antic round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

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

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

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!— 130

Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord. *Macbeth.*

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ; *IV. 2.*

And damned all those that trust them ! I did hear 135
The galloping of horse : who was't came by ?

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

Macb. Fled to England !

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits : 140
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done : 145

The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool : 150
But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. *MACDUFF'S Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

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

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Macbeth.
IV. 2.

L. Macd.

He had none :

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross.

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear. 5

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

His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross.

My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself : but, for your husband, 15
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further :
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
From what we fear yet know not what we fear ; 20
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move. I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin, 25
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort : Macbeth.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Ross. IV. 2.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ; 31
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime, 35

The pit-fall nor the gin.

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

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a
father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ? 40

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

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

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

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ? 45

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

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

Son. And be all traitors that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged. 51

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

L. Macd. Every one.

Macbeth.
IV. 2.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men. 55

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

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect. 66
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; 70
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you!

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm, 75
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: why, then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Macbeth.

Mur. Where is your husband?

80 IV. 3.

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain.

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

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder," and
pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men,
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows 5
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

Macbeth.
IV. 3.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young, but some-
thing

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom 15
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil, 19
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts. 25

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy
wrongs;

The title is affeered. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st

35

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Macbeth.
IV. 3.

Mal. Be not offended ;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to our wounds : I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands : but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, 45
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions 55
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,

Macbeth.
IV. 3.

Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth, 65
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves, 75
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house : 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root 85
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will

Of your mere own : all these are portable,
With other graces weighed. Macbeth
90 IV. 3.

Mal. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound 95
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland ! 100

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

Macd. Fit to govern !
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ? 105
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king : the queen that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland. O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul 115

Macbeth.
IV. 3.

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste : but God above 120
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life : my first false-speaking 130
Was this upon myself : what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth : 135
Now we'll together : and the chance of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon. Comes the king forth, I
pray you ? 140

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure : their malady convinces

The great assay of art ; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Macbeth.
144 IV. 3.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil ;
A most miraculous work in this good king :
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people, 150
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves 155
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not. 160

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

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

Ross. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross. Alas, poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot 165

Be called our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made not marked ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell 170
Is there scarce asked for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What's the newest grief?

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

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

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

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes
it? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot : 185
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort, Macbeth.
We are coming thither : gracious England hath IV. 3.
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ; 190
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief, 196
Due to some single breast ?

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

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

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

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes,
Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner, 205
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break. 210

Macbeth.
IV. 3.

Macd. — My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife killed too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal.

Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge, 215
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O, hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop? 220

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd.

I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, 225
They were all strook for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it. 230

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape, 235
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above 239
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.* Macbeth.
IV. 3.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor.

I HAVE two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 8

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

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her. 14

Doct. You may, to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

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

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Macbeth.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, V. 1.
upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doñ. How came she by that light? 21

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually; 'tis her command.

Doñ. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut. 25

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

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem
thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in
this a quarter of an hour. 30

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doñ. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two:
why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard! What need we fear who
knows it, when none can call our power to account?—
Yet who would have thought the old man to have had
so much blood in him! 40

Doñ. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she
now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more
o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this
starting. 45

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

Macbeth.
V. 1.

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

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! 52

Doñ. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

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

Doñ. Well, well, well,——

Gent. 'Pray God it be, sir. 58

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

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown ; look not so pale : I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doñ. Even so ? 65

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

[*Exit Lady Macbeth.*]

Doñ. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly. 70

Doñ. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ; 75
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night: Macbeth.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight: 78 V. 2.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The country near Dunsinane.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

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

Ang. Near Birnam wood 5
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause 15
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;

Macbeth. Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
V. 2. Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

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

Caith. Well, march we on, 25
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus : 5
“ Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.” Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear. Macbeth.
10 V. 3.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon;
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch? 15
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

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

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, 25

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more? 30

Macbeth.
V. 3.

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round; 35

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

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct.

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Macb.

Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased: 40

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct.

Therein the patient 45

Must minister to himself.

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

Come put mine armour on; give me my staff:

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

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

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

What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug, 55

Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

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

Macbeth.
V. 4.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane, 59
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doſt. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Birnam.*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and
his SON, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,
LENOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

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

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow 5
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

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

Mal. 'Tis his main hope: 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;

Macbeth.
V. 4.

And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd.

Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership. 15

Siw.

The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate : 20
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

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

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

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, “ They come : ” our castle’s strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forced with those that should be ours, 5
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

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

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cooled 10
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Macbeth.
V. 5.

15

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

20

To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

25

And then is heard no more: it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,

30

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I looked toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,

The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

35

[*Striking him.*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;

Macbeth.
V. 5.

I say, a moving grove.

Macb.

If thou speak'st false
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood 45
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.— 50
Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Dunsinane. *Before the Castle.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MAC-
DUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do, 5
According to our order.

Siw.

Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,

Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macbeth.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. 5

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Mac. No, nor more fearful.

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

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

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

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

Macbeth.
V. 7.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, 15
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; 25
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

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

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die 30
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged

With blood of thine already.

Macbeth.

Macd.

I have no words,

35

V. 7.

My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain

Than terms can give thee out!

[*They fight.*

Macb.

Thou lovest labour:

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

40

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield

To one of woman born.

Macd.

Despair thy charm;

And let the angel whom thou still hast served

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ripped.

Macb.

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,

For it hath cowed my better part of man!

46

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,

That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee. 50

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,

“Here may you see the tyrant.”

Macb.

I will not yield,

55

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou opposed, being of no woman born,

Macbeth.
V. 7.

Yet I will try the last : before my body 60
I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours,
MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, LENOX, ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought. 65

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed,
In the unshrinking station where he fought, 70
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

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

Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he! 75
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knolled.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more ; Macbeth.
They say he parted well, and paid his score : 80 V. 7.
And so God be with him ! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold, where
stands

The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ; 85
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine :—
Hail, king of Scotland !

All. Hail, king of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland 91
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny, 95
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, 100
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Act I. Sc. 1, 9. Paddock . . . is fair] As in Pope.
One line Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 9. —calls:—"anon!"] Ed. *calls anon* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 33, 34. Dismayed——Banquo?] As
in Pope. Prose Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 34, 35. Yes; . . . lion] As in Pope.
Two lines, ending *Eagles*; *Lyon*: Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 41, 42. —tell: . . . faint] Rowe.
One line, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 57. —point rebellious,] Theobald.
point, rebellious Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 59, 60. That now—composition;] Ed.
Two lines, ending *King, composition*: Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 39. Forres] Camb. Soris Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 80, 81. As in Capell. Three lines,
ending *corporall, Winde. stay'd*. Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 96. Came] Rowe. *Can* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 106, 7. —why—robes?] As in Capell.
One line Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 139—141. —shakes—not] As in Pope.
Three lines, ending *Man, surmise, not*. Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 142. Two lines, Ff.

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Act I. Sc. 3, 152, 153. As in Knight. Lines end
upon time, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 1 As in Capell. Line ends *Cawdor*
Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 2—8. My liege —— died] As in
Pope. Seven lines, ending *back. die: hee Pardon, Re-*
pentance: him, dyde, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 23—27. Your—honour] As in Pope.
Five lines, ending *Duties: state, should, Loue, Honor*. Ff.

Act I. Sc. 5, 7. —weird] Theobald. *weyward*, Ff.
Cf. III. 1, 2 : III. 4, 133 : and IV. 1, 132. Ff. *weyard :*
weyward: wizard and wizards. F. 24.

Act I. Sc. 6, 4. Martlet] Rowe. *Barlet* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 6, 9. —most] Rowe. *must* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 6, 17—20. Against——hermits] As in
Pope. Lines end, *broad, House: Dignities, Ermites*. Ff.

Act I. Sc. 7, 6. —end-all here,] Hanmer. *end all.*
Heere, Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 7—10. As in Rowe. Lines end
sleepe: thoughts repose. there? Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 15, 16. As in Pope. Line 15 ends
Hostesse, Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 55. —sure.] Pope. *sowre* (*sowr* or
sour) Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 31, 32. I——throat] As in Pope. One
line Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 23, 24. Prose by Johnson. Two lines
ending *Cock: things*. Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 52—54. As in Rowe. Four lines
ending *unruly: downe, Ayre Death*, Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 57—59. As in Hanmer. Four lines ending *time*. *Night fevorous shake*. Ff. Macbeth. Notes.

Act II. Sc. 3, 136—140. Which—bloody] As in Rowe. Six lines, ending *ease*. *England. I: safer: smiles; bloody*. Ff.

Act II. Sc. 4, 19, 20. As in Pope. Two lines, ending *so: upon't* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 34, 35. Adieu—you?] As in Pope. Two lines, ending *night. you?* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 42, 43. As in Rowe. Three lines, ending *welcome: alone: you*. Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 46—49. To be—dares;] As in Rowe. Four lines, ending *thus: deepe, that dares*, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 74—80. Know—might.] As in Rowe. Eight lines, ending *past, fortune, selfe. conference, you: crost: them: might* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 13. —scotched] Theobald. *scorch'd* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 6, 24. Son] Theobald. *Sonnes or sons* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 57. —germen] *germaine* or *germain* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 126. —antic] Theobald. [*antick*] *antique* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 3, 4. —down-fallen] Johnson. *down-fall* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 3, 236. —tune] Rowe. *time* Ff.

Act V. Sc. 1, 25. —is] Rowe. *are* Ff.

Act V. Sc. 3, 21. —dis-seat] Capell. *dis-eate* F,
disease F₂₋₄.

GLOSSARY.

A; "a bed," *i.e.*, in bed; literally "on bed," a contraction of the O. E. "an" = on, ii. 1, 11.

Absolute, decided, iii. 6, 40.

Abuse (sb.), deception, iii. 4, 141; "self-abuse."

Abuse (vb.), make ill use of, ii. 1, 49.

Access, means of approach, i. 5, 44.

Accustomed, customary, v. 1, 28.

Addition, a title, i. 3, 104; epithet, iii. 1, 98.

Addressed them, applied (themselves), ii. 2, 24.

Adhere, were in accordance, i. 7, 52.

Admired, causing wonderment, iii. 4, 109.

Advise, make known to, iii. 1, 127.

Affection, disposition, iv. 3, 77.

Affected, confirmed, iv. 3, 34.

After, according to, ii. 2, 33.

Aim, the place at which it is aimed, ii. 3, 142.

Aleppo, for an account of a ship called the Tiger, that went to Trepolis, and then disembarked its passengers for Aleppo, see Hakluyt's "Voyages," i. 3, 8.

All, any, iii. 2, 11.

All-thing, altogether, completely, iii. 1, 13.

Amazed, astounded, ii. 3, 107.

And't, contraction of "and it," *i.e.*, if it; from its association with "if" in the phrase "and if" (contracted "an if"), and (an) often is used alone in place of "if," iii. 6, 19.

Anon, immediately, i. 1, 9; ii. 3, 19; iii. 1, 137; v. 5, 34.

Annoyance, harm, v. 1, 76.

Antic, grotesque, iv. 1, 126.

Anticipat'st, dost prevent, iv. 1, 140.

Approve, prove, i. 6, 4.

Argument, subject, ii. 3, 119.

Aroint thee, get thee hence, i. 3, 7.

Artificial, made by art, iii. 5, 27.

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As, as if, ii. 4, 17.

Assay, effort, attempt, iv. 3, 143.

At a point, i.e., armed at a point, fully equipped, iv. 3, 135.

Attend, await, iii. 1, 44; iii. 2, 3; v. 4, 15.

Augur-hole, i.e., any obscure place: specially it means the bore of a pistol, ii. 3, 121.

Augurs, auguries, iii. 4, 123.

Authorized by, given on the authority of, iii. 4, 65.

Vouch, take the responsibility of, iii. 1, 118.

Baby of a girl, i.e., child of an immature mother, hence feeble, iii. 4, 105.

Badged, marked as with a badge, ii. 3, 101.

Battle, battalion, v. 6, 4.

Before, in front, v. 7, 74.

Beguile, deceive, i. 5, 63.

Beside us; from our side, v. 7, 29.

Bestowed, are; have taken refuge in, iii. 1, 29.

Bestows himself, takes refuge, iii. 6, 24.

Birthdom, mother-country, birth-right, iv. 3, 4.

Blind-worm, slow-worm, iv. 1, 16.

Blood-boltered, blood-bedaubed ("bolter" is a Warwickshire word), iv. 1, 119.

Bloody, blood-stained, i. 2, 1.

Borne, conducted, iii. 6, 3.

Bosom interest, closest trust; bosom = close, intimate; i. 2, 65.

Botches, flaws, iii. 1, 132.

Brainsickly, as with unsound brain, ii. 2, 45.

Breeched, covered as with breeches, ii. 3, 115.

Brimed, streaked, iv. 1, 1.

Broil, quarrel, i. 2, 6.

But, only, i. 7, 6; except, iii. 1, 47; iii. 1, 52.

Call; "our time does call upon's," our time makes demands upon us, iii. 1, 36.

Careless, uncared for, i. 4, 11.

Cat; "like the poor cat i' the adage;" "The cate would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete" (Heywood's "Proverbs"), i. 7, 45.

Cause of, reason for, v. 7, 72.

Causes, concerns, interests, iii. 4, 135.

Censures, judgments, v. 4, 14.

Charge, that which is intrusted, ii. 2, 6.

Charged, burdened, v. 1, 54.

Chaudron, entrails, iv. 1, 33.

Cherubin, plur. of cherub, i. 7, 22.

Choppy, full of cracks, chapped, i. 3, 45.

Clearness, exemption from suspicion, iii. 1, 131.

Clept, called, iii. 1, 92.

Cling, dry up, shrivel up, v. 5, 40.

Colmes' inch, i.e., Inchcolm, i. 2, 62.

Colme-kill, i.e., Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba, ii. 4, 33.

Command upon, "let...command upon," iii. 1, 16.

Commends, offers, i. 7, 11.

Compt, in; in reckoning, i. 6, 26.

Compunctious, conscience-pricking, i. 5, 45.

Confineless, boundless, iv. 3, 55.

Confounds, ruins; "the attempt, and not the deed confounds us," i.e., to attempt and fail is ruin, ii. 2, 12.

Consequence, importance, i. 3, 125.

Consequences, mortal; succession of events among mortals, v. 3, 5.

Consort with, be in company with, ii. 3, 134.

Constancy, courage, ii. 2, 65.

Continent, restraining, iv. 3, 64.

Contriver, plotter, iii. 5, 7.

Convincés, withstands, overcomes, iv. 3, 142.

Corporal, bodily, i. 7, 80.

Countenance (vb.), to gaze upon, ii. 3, 79.

Counterfeit, image, ii. 3, 75.

Coursed, chased, i. 6, 21.

Cracks, charges, i. 2, 37.

Dainty of, particular about, ii. 3, 143.

Defect, defectiveness, ii. 1, 17.

Defily, fitly, iv. 1, 67.

Direness, that which is terrible, *Macbeth*.
v. 5, 14.

Dispute it, contend with it, iv. 3, 221.

Distance, bloody; dangerously close distance, iii. 1, 114.

Doff, put off, iv. 3, 188.

Drenched, drunken, i. 7, 68.

Dudgeon, handle of a dagger, ii. 1, 45.

Dunnest, darkest, i. 5, 51.

Ecstasy, passion, iv. 3, 170.

Effect (sb.), act, i. 5, 47; v. 1, 10.

Eminence, "present him eminence," do him honour, iii. 2, 31.

Enkindle, incite, i. 3, 120.

Enow, enough, ii. 3, 6; iv. 2, 57.

Entreat, enjoy, ii. 1, 21.

Establish, settle, i. 4, 37.

Estate, rank, position, i. 4, 37.

Eternal jewel, eternal salvation, iii. 1, 66.

Exasperate [exasperated], iii. 6, 38.

Expectation. note of; list of expected guests, iii. 3, 10.

Faculties, powers, i. 7, 17.

Fantastical, made of the imagination, i. 3, 54; i. 3, 138.

Fatal, fated, i. 5, 39; boding fate, ii. 2, 4.

Feat, deed, i. 7, 80.

Fee-grief, a peculiar grief: a grief

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that hath a single owner, iv. 3, 196.
Fell, skin, scalp, v. 5, 11.
Fenny, fen-haunting, iv. 1, 12.
Filed, defiled, iii. 1, 63.
First; "at first and last," *i.e.*, once for all, iii., iv., 1 and 2.
Fits, what befits, iv. 2, 17.
Flaws, commotions of the mind, iii. 4, 62.
Foisons, plenty, iv. 3, 88.
For; "for that," because that, iv. 3, 185; "for who," for whom, iv. 3, 171; "for to that," because, i. 2, 10.
Forbid, as under an interdiction, i. 3, 22.
Forced, reinforced, v. 5, 5.
Founded, firmly fixed, iii. 4, 22.
Frame of things, universe, iii. 2, 16.
Free, remove, iii. 6, 35.
Fright (vb.), frighten, iv. 2, 70.
From, in consequence of, iii. 6, 21; differently from, iii. 1, 98.
Gallow-glasses, heavy armed cavalry, i. 2, 13.
General, free to range, iii. 4, 23.
Germen, nature's; nature's kindred, iv. 1, 58.
Gild (notice the play on "gild" and "guilt"), ii. 2, 55.
God 'ild us, *i.e.*, God yield us: God pay us, i. 6, 13.
Go off, perish, die, v. 7, 64.

Gospelled, so; of that degree of precise virtue, iii. 1, 86.
Gouts, drops, ii. 1, 45.
Graymalkin, a grey cat (the familiar of the First Witch), i. 1, 8.
Gripe, grasp, iii. 1, 60.
Groom, menial servant of any kind, ii. 2, 6.
Hand, borne in; deluded by fair prospects being held out, iii. 1, 79.
Having, fortune, i. 3, 57.
Hedge-pig, hedge-hog, iv. 1, 2.
Here-approach, approach hither, iv. 3, 133.
Here-remain, remaining here, iv. 3, 148.
Hermits, beadsmen; men who pray regularly for others, i. 6, 20.
His, its, i. 7, 4; i. 7, 57; ii. 4, 6.
Hold rumour, interpret rumour, iv. 2, 19.
Help (p.p.), helped, i. 6, 23.
Home, trusted; trusted to the utmost, i. 3, 119.
Howlet's, owl's, iv. 1, 17.
Husbandry, economy, ii. 1, 4.
Hyrcan, Hyrcanian, iii. 4, 100.
'Ild, pay, i. 6, 13.
Impress, force into his service, iv. 1, 93.
In, concerning, iv. 2, 66.

Incarnadine, encrimson, ii. 2, 60.
Informed (used absolutely), given information, i. 5, 33.

Informs thus to mine eyes, creates images thus to mine eyes, ii. 1, 47.

Instant, present moment, i. 5, 58; ii. 3, 91.

Instruments, those who are agents of divine will, iv. 3, 240.

Intent, intention, i. 7, 26.

Intrenchant, inclosing, v. 7, 38.

Invention, false stories, iii. 1, 32.

Inventor, deviser, i. 7, 10.

Kernes, Irish soldiers, light-armed infantry, i. 2, 13, 30; v. 7, 17.

Kindness, kinship, i. 5, 16.

Knowings, former; what has been known before, ii. 4, 4.

Knowledge: "the knowledge," the knowledge you possess, i. 2, 6.

Laced, crossed as with a tracery, ii. 3, 111.

Lapped, wrapped, i. 2, 55.

Largest, bounty, ii. 1, 13.

Lated, belated, iii. 3, 6.

Limbec, a still, i. 7, 67.

Lime, bird-lime, iv. 2, 35.

Limited, appointed, ii. 3, 50.

Line, strengthen, i. 3, 111.

List, lists, boundaries, iii. 1, 69.

Listening (trans. vb.), ii. 2, 28.

Luxurious, lascivious, iv. 3, 58.

Mansionry, habitation, i. 6, 5.

Martlet, the martin, i. 6, 4.

Mated, bewildered, v. 1, 78.

May, can, iii. 1, 120.

Me, on me, iii. 6, 41.

Medicine, physic, v. 2, 27.

Memorize, make memorable, i. 2, 40.

Mere; "of your mere own," of what is entirely your own, iv. 3, 89.

Metaphysical, supernatural, i. 5, 29.

Methinks, it seems to me, iv. 2, 70.

Methought, it seemed to me, ii. 2, 34; v. 5, 34.

Milk, essence, i. 5, 16.

Modern, common, iv. 3, 170.

Moe, more, v. 3, 35.

More, no; i.e., no longer, i. 7, 47.

Mortal, human, i. 5, 3; v. 3, 5; dealing death, iv. 3, 3.

Mortality, death, ii. 3, 92.

Mortified, dead, insensible, v. 2, 5.

Mouth-honour, honour which proceeds no deeper than from the mouth, not from the heart, v. 3, 27.

Natural touch, touch of nature, iv. 2, 9.

Near'st of life, most vital parts iii. 1, 116.

Nice, exact, iv. 3, 174.

Macbeth.
Glossary.

Macbeth.
Glossary.

Nightgown, dressing-gown, night wrapper, v. 1, 5.

Norwegian, Norwegian, i. 2, 31, 50.

Occasion, events, ii. 2, 67.

O'erfraught, over-burdened, iv. 3, 210.

Offices, servants' quarters, ii. 1, 13.

Ope, open, ii. 3, 66.

Outrun, outran, ii. 3, 110.

Owe = have, own, i. 3, 75; iii. 4, 112; = have in debt to another, i. 4, 22; v. 4, 18.

Owed, possessed, i. 4, 10.

Paddock, toad (familiar spirit of Witch 2), i. 1, 9.

Pain, trouble, ii. 3, 48.

Passed in probation, proved, iii. 1, 78.

Passion, excited condition, iii. 4, 56.

Pauser, that which restrains, ii. 3, 110.

Perfect (in), perfectly acquainted with, iv. 2, 66.

Physic, acts as an antidote to, ii. 3, 48.

Portable, bearable, endurable, iv. 3, 89.

Possets, drinks (mixture of milk, ale, sugar, and eggs), ii. 2, 7.

Power, army, iv. 3, 237; v. 2, 1.

Present, immediate, i. 2, 65; "present grace," grace which is his now, i. 3, 56; "present

horror," horror which is now present, ii. 1, 58.

Presently, immediately, iv. 3, 145.

Pretend, intend, ii. 4, 24.

Proper, fine (ironical), iii. 4, 59.

Proportion, due proportion, i. 4, 19.

Prosperous, followed by a prosperous issue, iii. 1, 21.

Put on, urge on, incite, iv. 3, 240.

Quarry, slaughtered game, iv. 3, 206.

Quell, murder, i. 7, 72.

Quenched, stopped their activity, ii. 2, 2.

Rapt, caught up in spirit from the present, i. 3, 58, 141; i. 5, 5.

Raven up, devour, ii. 4, 28.

Ravined, glutted with prey, iv. 1, 24.

Rawness, unprepared condition, iv. 3, 26.

Remembrance, memory, ii. 3, 60.

Remembrancer, one who reminds, iii. 4, 37.

Remorse, relenting, pity, i. 5, 44.

Rent, rend, iv. 3, 168.

Resolve yourselves, decide, iii. 1, 136.

Resolved, are, are decided, iii. 1, 137.

Revenge, desire for revenge, v. 2, 3.

Ronyon (a term of contempt), *i.e.*,
mangy one, i. 3, 7.

Round, circlet, crown, i. 5, 28;
iv. 1, 86.

Rubs, hindrances, iii. 1, 132.

Rump-fed, pampered, i. 3, 7.

Sag, sink down, v. 3, 10.

Satisfy, corroborate, v. 1, 33.

Saucy, pungent, sharp, iii. 4, 25.

Scanned, thought out and ex-
plained, iii. 4, 139.

School, shoal, shallow ford, i. 7, 6.

Scotched, cut without dividing,
notched, iii. 2, 13.

Seat, site, i. 6, 1.

Security, carelessness, iii. 5, 32.

Self, her own, v. 7, 98.

Self-comparisons, equal arms, equal
valour, i. 2, 56.

Sensible, obvious to sense, ii. 1,
35.

Settled, determined, i. 7, 79.

Several, individual, v. 7, 89.

Sewer, server, i. 7, st. dir. be-
fore 1.

Ship-wracking, ship-wrecking, i.
2, 26.

Shoughs, shocks, iii. 1, 92.

Show, appear, i. 3, 55.

Sightless, invisible, i. 5, 49.

Skirr, scour, v. 3, 35.

Slab, thick, slimy, iv. 1, 32.

Slave, raw or coarse silk, ii. 2,
36.

Sleek (vb.), smooth, iii. 2, 27.

Sleights, artifices, iii. 5, 26.

Slipped, missed, ii. 3, 45.

Slivered, cleft, sliced off, iv. 1, 28.

Slumbery, belonging to sleep, v.
1, 11.

So, as, i. 2, 43; or else, ii. 2, 33.

Sole, mere, iv. 3, 12.

Solemn, state, ceremonious, iii.
1, 14.

Soliciting, incitement, i. 3, 129.

Sometime, sometimes, i. 6, 11;
ii. 3, 38; iv. 2, 76.

Something, somewhat, iii. 1, 130.

Sooth, truth, v. 5, 40.

Speculation, power of vision, iii.
4, 94.

Speculative, of speculation, v. 4,
19.

Speed, had the...of, outstripped,
i. 5, 35.

Sprites, spirits, iv. 1, 123; ii. 3,
78.

Spy, advanced guard, iii. 1, 128.

Stableness, steadfastness, iv. 3, 92.

Stay upon, wait, i. 3, 147.

Sticking-place, a metaphor from
the screwing up the cords to
their proper tension, i. 7, 60.

Still, always, iii. 1, 21.

Stir, motion, i. 3, 143.

Straight, straightway, presently,
iii. 1, 138; iii. 6, 11.

Strook, struck, iv. 3, 226.

Succeeding, that which succeeds,
iv. 3, 155.

Sudden, passionate, hasty, iv. 3,
59.

Macbeth.
Glossary.

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Surcease, cessation, i. 7, 4.
Sweltered, moistened with its own exudation, iv. 1, 8.

Taking-off, murder, i. 7, 20.
Tale, "as thick as tale," as fast as counting, i. 3, 96.

Tending, care, i. 5, 37.

That, so that, i. 2, 59; ii. 2, 22; in i. 3, 92, refers to the contention, etc., in l. 91.

Thence, from; away from home, iii. 4, 36.

Therewithal, with that (viz., what has just been mentioned), iii. 1, 33.

Thick, fast, i. 3, 96.

Thought, always; always borne in mind, iii. 1, 130.

Timely, in good time, early, ii. 3, 44; to gain the timely inn, to gain the inn in good time, iii. 3, 7.

Tiger, name of a ship, i. 3, 8. See *Aleppo*.

Top, o'er-top, iv. 3, 57.

Toward, towards, in the direction of, ii. 1, 33; v. 5, 46; "let us toward," let us go towards, i. 3, 152; as regards, i. 4, 27.

Trains, artifices, iv. 3, 118.

Trammel up, entangle, i. 7, 3.

Treasonous, treacherous, ii. 3, 131.

Trifled, caused to appear trifling, ii. 4, 4.

Two-fold balls and treble sceptres;

reference to King James I., who united two islands and three kingdoms, iv. 1, 117.

Unattended, left; deserted, ii. 2, 66.

Undeeds, having performed nothing, v. 7, 20.

Unfix, up-raise, i. 3, 134.

Unlineal, not of direct line (from Macbeth), iii. 1, 61.

Use (sb.), custom, i. 3, 136.

Used, spent, i. 4, 44.

Using, cherishing, iii. 2, 10.

Utterance, à l'outrance, to the uttermost, iii. 1, 70.

Valued file, list or scale of values, iii. 1, 93.

Vantage, advantage, i. 3, 112; i. 6, 7; "surveying vantage," surveying a favourable opportunity, i. 2, 31.

Verities, truths, iii. 1, 8.

Want, "who cannot want," who can be without, iii. 6, 8; lacks, iv. 2, 9.

Warrant in, excuse for, ii. 3, 144.

Warranted, justified, iv. 3, 137.

Wassel, revelry, i. 7, 64.

Watching, being awake, v. 1, 10.

Which, and he (Macbeth), i. 2, 21.

While, till, iii. 1, 43.

Whiles, while, ii. 1, 59; v. 7, 31.

Whereabout, whereabouts, ii. 1, 57.

Wink, close the eyes, i. 4, 52.

With, by, iii. 1, 61.

Withal, with, i. 5, 30; ii. 1, 14; used absolutely—with [the blood], ii. 2, 54; moreover, iv. 3, 41.

Wrack, wreck, ruin, i. 3, 113.

Wracked, wrecked, i. 3, 30.

Wrought with, at work upon, i. 3, 149; acted, ii. 1, 18.

Yesty, yeasty, frothy, iv. 1, 52.

Yours, those who are yours, your families, iii. 1, 89.

Macbeth.
Glossary.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

First printed in the Folio of 1623.

The Play contains 5 Acts, 17 Scenes, and 2,335 lines.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS, }
LUCULLUS, }
SEMPRONIUS, } *Lords, and flatterers of*
 Timon.

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

APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian general.*

FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, }
SERVILIUS, } *Timon's servants.*

CAPHIS,

PHILOTUS,

TITUS, *servants to Timon's creditors.*

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIIUS,]

Two servants of Varro, and the servant of Isidore, two of Timon's creditors.

Poet.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Merchant.

An old Athenian.

A Page.

A Fool.

Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Cupid and *Amazons in the Mask.*

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and attendants.

SCENE :—Athens; and the woods adjoining.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

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

Poet.

GOOD day, sir.

Pain.

I am glad you're well.

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

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet.

Ay, that 's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches ? See,

5

Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

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

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord !

Jew.

Nay, that 's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continueate goodness :

11

He passes.

Timon of
Athens.
I. 1.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

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

Poet. [*Repeating to himself.*] "When we for recom-
pense have praised the vile,

16

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good."

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel.*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

20

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedica-
tion

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint

Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame

25

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

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

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

30

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

35

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch : is't good ?

Poet.

I will say of it,

It tutors nature : artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Timon of
Athens.
I. I.

40

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens : happy man !

Pain. Look, moe !

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

45

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment : my free drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice

50

Infects one comma in the course I hold ;

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet.

I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,

55

As well of glib and slippery creatures as

Of grave and austere quality, tender down

Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance

60

All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better

Than to abhor himself : even he drops down

Timon of
Athens.
I. 1.

The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain.

I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill 66
Feign'd Fortune to be throned : the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states : amongst them all, 70
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory wand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain.

'Tis conceived to scope.

75

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet.

Nay, sir, but hear me on

80

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him 85
Drink the free air.

Pain.

Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, 90 Timon of
Not one accompanying his declining foot. Athens.
I. 1.

Pain. 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well 95
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor ; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him ; LUCILIUS and others follow.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Mess. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires 100
To those have shut him up ; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help, 105
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me :
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, 110
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour ! [Exit.

Timon of
Athens.
I. 1.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : what of him? 115

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

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man 120

That from my first have been inclined to thrift,

And my estate deserves an heir more raised

Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got : 125

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort ; 130

Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :

His honesty rewards him in itself ;

It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt : 135

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Timon of
Athens.
I. 1.

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

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

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose 140
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

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

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

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long :
To build his fortune I will strain a little, 146
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 150

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

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lord-
ship! 155

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

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

Tim. Painting is welcome.

Timon of
Athens.
I. 1.

The painting is almost the natural man ; 160
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel 167
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ! dispraise ?

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

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated 170
As those which sell would give : but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters : believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it. 175

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here : will you be chid ?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer.

He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus ! 181

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

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

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not. I. 1.

Apem. Are they not Athenians? 185

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Few. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus. 190

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

Tim. Whither art going?

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

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for. 195

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

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work. 201

Pain. You're a dog.

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

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus? 205

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.

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

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension. 210

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

Timon of
Athens.
I. 1.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

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

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth? 215

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes. 220

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow. 225

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

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

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus? 230

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore? 235

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

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

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

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it. 240

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

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Timon of
Athens.
I. 1.

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence 246
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! 250
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves

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

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time 256
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.]

Enter two Lords.

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

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still. 260

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

Timon of
Athens.
I. I.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast ?

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

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

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

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus ?

266

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

First Lord. Hang thyself.

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

271

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

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

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

275

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

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

280

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

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

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

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.* Timon of Athens.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in ; I. 2.

FLAVIUS *and others attending ; then enter* LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Athenian Senators, *with* VENTIDIUS, *and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,

It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound 5

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius ; you mistake my love :

I gave it freely ever ; and there's none 10

Can truly say he gives, if he receives :

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them : faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit !

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at
first 15

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes 19

Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

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

Timon of
Athens.
I. 2.

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

Tim. O, Apemantus! You are welcome.

Apem.

No;

You shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. 25

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, "ira furor brevis est;" but yond
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by him-
self; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit
for 't, indeed. 31

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon :

I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:
prithee, let my meat make thee silent. 36

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of
men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to
see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all
the madness is, he cheers them up too. 41

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :

Methinks they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for 't; the fellow that sits next
him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of
him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill
him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I
should fear to drink at meals; 49

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :

Great men should drink with harness on their throats. Timon of Athens.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round. I. 2.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord. 53

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:

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

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods. 60

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond;

Or a harlot for her weeping; 65

Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to 't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root. 70

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

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

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

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends. 75

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no

Timon of
Athens.
I. 2.

meat like 'em : I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em ! 81

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 85

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks ; to forget their faults, I drink to you. 105

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

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

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

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me
much. 110

Apem. Much. [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

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

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills? 115

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

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses 120
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind ad-
mittance. 125

Music, make their welcome. [Exit Cupid.

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample y' are be-
loved.

Timon of
Athens.
I. 2.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life, 130

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again

With poisonous spite and envy. 135

Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now

Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done: 140

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto 't and lustre, 145

And entertain'd me with mine own device:

I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not
hold taking, I doubt me. 150 Timon of
Athens.
I. 2.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you :
please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. *[Aside.]* More jewels yet! 156

There is no crossing him in 's humour;

Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—

When all 's spent he 'ld be crossed then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind, 160

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. *[Exit.]*

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends, 165

I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you honour me so much

As to advance this jewél; accept it and wear it,

Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,— 170

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted and come to visit you.

Timon of
Athens,
I. 2.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word ;
it does concern you near. 176

Tim. Near? why, then, another time I'll hear thee :
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you 181
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news? 184

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-
morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour
two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? 190
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good: 195
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now

Pays interest for 't ; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out !

Timon of
Athens.
I. 2.
200

Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[Exit.

Tim.

You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

206

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

212

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord ; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect : I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ; I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give :
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

220

225

Timon of
Athens.
I. 2.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so am I to you.

230

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem.

What a coil's here! 235

Serving of becks and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, 241
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly. What needs these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories? 248

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

254

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Senator.

AND late five thousand : to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog 5
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty mo'e
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon ;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses : no porter at his gate, 10
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !
Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir : what is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon ;

Timon of Athens. II. 1.	<p>Importune him for my moneys ; be not ceased With slight denial ; nor then silenced, when— “Commend me to your master”—and the cap Plays in the right hand, thus : but tell him, My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn Out of mine own ; his days and times are past, And my reliances on his fracted dates Have smit my credit : I love and honour him, But must not break my back to heal his finger : Immediate are my needs ; and my relief Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words, But find supply immediate. Get you gone : Put on a most importunate aspect, A visage of demand ; for, I do fear, When every feather sticks in his own wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.</p> <p><i>Caph.</i> I go, sir.</p> <p><i>Sen.</i> Ay, go, sir. Take the bonds along with you, And have the dates in compt.</p> <p><i>Caph.</i> I will, sir.</p> <p><i>Sen.</i> Go. [<i>Exeunt.</i>]</p>	<p>16</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p>
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SCENE II.—*A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot : takes no account

How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done ? he will not hear till feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie !

Timon of
5 Athens.
II. 2.

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro : what, you come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ? 11

Caph. It is ; and yours too, Isidore ?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged !

Var. Serv. I fear it. 15

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me ? what is your will ?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues ! whence are you ?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord

Tim. Go to my steward. 21

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month :

My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you 25
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Tim.

Mine honest friend,

I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim.

Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

32

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward put me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

37

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither : pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

41

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

Flav.

Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business :

45

Your importunacy cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near.

[*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em. 52

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool? 55

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool.*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already. 60

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where 's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! 65

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool. 70

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth! 75

Apem. Good! Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus? 80

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read? 85

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd. 90

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there? 95

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this? 107

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-
master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt
be no less esteemed. 111

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee.
'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime
like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two
stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a
knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up
and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks
in. 119

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come. 125

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and
woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this
time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me, 130
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisuress I proposed.

Tim. Go to :
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back ; 135
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty. 140
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept ;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have 145
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late !—yet now 's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth 152
Of present dues : the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word ;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath, 158

How quickly were it gone !

Tim.

You tell me true.

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors 161
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room 165
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim.

Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord !

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants 170
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's ?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !

Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made : 175
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim.

Come, sermon me no further :

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ; 181
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are
crown'd, 186

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminus! Servilius! 190

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will despatch you severally. You to Lord
Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his
honour to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to
their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions
have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money:
let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord. 198

Flav. [*Aside.*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Servant.*] to the
senators—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name, 205
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim.

Is 't true? can 't be?

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not— 211
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis pity:—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions, 215
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim.

You gods, reward them!

Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows; 220
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To a Servant.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flavius.*] Prithee,
be not sad;

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak, 225
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Servant.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity 231
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Servant.*

[*To Flavius.*] That had, give't these fellows

Timon of
Athens.
II. 2.

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. 235

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is
bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in LUCULLUS's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

Servant.

I HAVE told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, 4
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver
bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius;
you are very respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some
wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable,
complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very
bountiful good lord and master? 11

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir:
and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty
Flaminius? 15

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which,

Timon of
Athens.
III. 1.

in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 20

Lucul. La, la, la, la! "nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine. 30

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To the Servant.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Servant.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no *time to lend money*, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, Timon of
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, Athens.
To him that worships thee! [*Throwing back the money.* III. 2.

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy
master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald
thee! 51

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, 55
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turned to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't! 60
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we
are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing,
my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now
Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his
estate shrinks from him. 7

Timon of
Athens.
III. 2.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How !

15

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that ! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man ! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his ; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

24

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord ; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord !

Luc. Servilius ! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well : commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

29

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha ! what has he sent ? I am so much endeared to that lord ; he's ever sending : how shall I thank him, think'st thou ? And what has he sent now ?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my

lord ; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents. Timon of
Athens.
III. 2.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me ;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous, 40
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable ! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say :—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness ; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind : and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him ?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.— 60

[Exit Servilius.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed ;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. *[Exit.]*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

Timon of
Athens.
III. 2.

Sec. Stran.

Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why this is the world's soul ;

And just of the same piece

65

¶ Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him his friend

That dips in the same dish ? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse ;

Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money

70

Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;

And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !—

He does deny him, in respect of his,

75

What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran.

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,

80

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have return'd to him,

85

So much I love his heart : but, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;

For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in SEMPRONIUS's House.*

Timon of
Athens.

III. 3.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't—hum!—'bove
all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, 5
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three?—hum!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him: 10
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first; 15
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,

Timon of
Athens.
III. 3.

And with their faint reply this answer join ; 25
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic ; he crossed himself by't : and I cannot think
but in the end the villainies of man will set him clear.
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ! takes vir-
tuous copies to be wicked ; like those that under hot
ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire : of such a
nature in his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled, 35
Save only the gods : now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows ; 40
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in TIMON'S House.*

Enter Two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of
LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Ser-
vants to TIMON'S creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met ; good morrow, Titus and
Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor.

Lucius !

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv.

Ay, and I think

One business doth command us all ; for mine
Is money.

Timon of
Athens.
5 III. 4.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother :
What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with
him : 11

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse ; 15
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, 20
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon of
Athens.
III. 4.

Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em. 25

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness :
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns :
what's yours ?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. 30

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem
by the sum

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius ! Sir, a word : pray, is my lord
ready to come forth ? 36

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows you are too
diligent. [*Exit.*]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him. 42

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend ? 45

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting,
 'Twere sure enough.
 Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
 When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? 50
 Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
 And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.
 You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
 Let me pass quietly:
 Believe't, my lord and I have made an end; 55
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve 'tis not so base as you;
 For you serve knaves. [Exit.

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd
 worship mutter? 60

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and
 that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than
 he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail
 against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some
 answer. 66

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
 some other hour, I should derive much from't: for,
 take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to dis-
 content; his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's
 much out of health and keeps his chamber. 71

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

Timon of
Athens.
III. 4.

And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods ! 75

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help ! My lord ! My lord !

Enter TIMON, in a rage ; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol ? 80
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart ?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine. 85

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,— 90

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. 95
What yours ?—and yours ?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you ! *Timon of Athens.*
[*Exit.* III. 4.

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Excunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves :

Creditors?—devils!

Flav. My dear lord,— 105

Tim. What if it should be so ?

Flam. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward !

Flam. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again, 110
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all :
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care ; go, 115
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Excunt.*

Timon of
Athens.
III. 5.

SCENE V.—*The Senate House.*

The Senate Sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it;
The fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him. 5

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly. 10

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside, 15
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, 20
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, 25

Timon of
Athens.
III. 5.

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world 30
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe,
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly, 35
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord,— 40

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle, 45
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the beating, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant 50
That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good : 55

Timon of
Athens.
III. 5.

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;

But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

To be in anger is impiety ;

But who is man that is not angry ?

60

Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib.

In vain ! His service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that ?

Alcib.

I say, my lords, has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies :

66

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;

He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin

70

That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner :

If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him : in that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages

And cherish factions : 'tis inferr'd to us,

75

His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib.

Hard fate ! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him—

Though his right arm might purchase his own time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,

80

Take my deserts to his and join 'em both :

And, for I know your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

Timon of
Athens.
III. 5.
85

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another. 90

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What! 95

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect; 100
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If, after two days shine, Athens contain
thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit, 105
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you
may live

Timon of
Athens.
III. 5.

Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out 110
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment !
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ; 115
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ; 119
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A banqueting-room in TIMON's House.*

Music. Tables set out : Servants attending.

Enter divers Lords, and Senators, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered : I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends. 6

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so : he hath sent me an

earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear. Timon of Athens.
III. 6.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out. 12
16

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you? 16

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both : and how fare you? 26

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship. 30

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay : feast your ears with the music a while, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound ; we shall to't presently. 35

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Timon of
Athens.
III. 6.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer? 40

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir. 44

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*]

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it. 51

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it. 55

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward. 60

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive. 64

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the

meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. Timon of
The gods require our thanks. 69 Athens.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap. 85

[*The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
is your perfection. This is Timon's last; 90
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears, 95

Timon of
Athens.
III. 6.

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go? 99
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
[*Throws the dishes at them and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink Athens! henceforth hated be 104
Of Timon, man and all humanity. [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords and Senators.

First Lord. How now, my lords?

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's
fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown. 110

Third Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day,
and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see
my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap? 115

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Timon.

LET me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench, 5
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, 11
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear, 15
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,

Timon of	Degrees, observances, customs and laws,	
Athens.	Decline to your confounding contraries,	20
IV. 1.	And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,	
	Your potent and infectious fevers heap	
	On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,	
	Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt	
	As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty	25
	Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,	
	That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,	
	And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,	
	Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop	
	Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,	30
	That their society, as their friendship, may	
	Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee	
	But nakedness, thou detestable town!	
	Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!	
	Timon will to the woods, where he shall find	35
	The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.	
	The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—	
	The Athenians both within and out that wall!	
	And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow	
	To the whole race of mankind, high and low!	40
	Amen.	[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Athens.* TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Timon of
Athena.
IV. 2.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke! 5
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows. 15

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say, 25
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 2.

“We have seen better days.” Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us ! 30

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?

Who would be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?

To have his pomp and all what state compounds 35
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who then dares to be half so kind again ? 40

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat 45
Of monstrous friends ;

Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.

I'll follow and inquire him out :

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ; 50
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The Woods, a cave in view.*

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes; 5
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer"? if one be, 15
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd 20
All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here? 25
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

I am no idle votarist : roots, you clear heavens !
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods ! why this ? what this, you gods ? Why,
this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions ; bless the accursed ;
Make the hoar leprosy adored ; place thieves, 35
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench : this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha ! a drum ?
Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee : thou'lt go, strong thief, 45
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand :
Nay, say thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike
manner* ; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there ? Speak !

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man !

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, Timon of
That art thyself a man? 51 Athens.
IV. 3.

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange. 55

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know
thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword, 61
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again. 64

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion. 70

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for
thou art a man! 75

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Thou art Timandra? 81

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not that use
thee ;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves 85

For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90

The want thereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band : I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost
trouble? 98

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well :
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap— Timon of Athens.

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause. IV. 3.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains

Thou wast born to conquer my country. 106

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one: 110

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;

He's an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes, 116

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard whom the oracle 120

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,

Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding, 125

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
givest me,
Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon :
hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : you are not oathable ; 135
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you ; spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, 140
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats : yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd, 145
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whores
still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold ; what then ?
Believe't that we'll do anything for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,

Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen 155 Timon of
 That scolds against the quality of flesh Athens.
 And not believes himself : down with the nose, IV. 3.
 Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians
 bald ; 160

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you : plague all ;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold :
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you, 165
 And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money,
 bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given
 you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens ! Farewell,
 Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
 Thy beagles with thee

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike !

[Drum beats. *Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and
 Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou, 177
[Digging.]

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, 180
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, 185
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face 190
Hath to the marble mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root! Dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, 195
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee! 201

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung

From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place? Timon of
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care? 205 Athens.
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft, IV. 3.

Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just 216
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st 221
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste, 226
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed, 230
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee:
O! thou shalt find—

Tim.

A fool of thee: depart

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem.

Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff. 235

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem.

To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim.

What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou 240

Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete,

The other at high wish : best state, contentless, 245

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself

In general riot, melted down thy youth 256

In different beds of lust, and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment ;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare 265
 For every storm that blows ; I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden :
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given ? 270
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject, who, in spite put stuff
 To some she beggar and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men, 275
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. 280
 That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.
 [*Offering him something.*

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Tim. First mend my company ; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ; 285
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest ;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 291

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that 's above me. Where feed'st thou
o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,
where I eat it. 296

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my
mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes. 300

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends : when thou wast in thy
gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much
curiosity ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but are de-
spised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee ;
eat it. 306

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee. 309

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou

shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man
didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his
means ?

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know beloved ? 315

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to
keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy flatterers ? 320

Tim. Women nearest ; but men, men are the things
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world,
Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion
of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ? 326

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee
t' attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would
beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat
thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee,
when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass : if thou
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee ; and still
thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf : if thou wert
the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou
shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner : wert thou the
unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make
thine own self the conquest of thy fury : wert thou a
bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse : wert thou a
horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard : wert thou

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life : all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation? 346

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here : the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city? 351

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 355

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive. 359

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands. 365

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

370

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee. *[Throws a stone at him.* *Timon of Athens.*

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

375

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

380

Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !

385

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

389

And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !

Think thy slave man-rebels ; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire !

Apem.

Would 'twere so !

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast gold :

395

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim.

Throng'd to ?

Apem.

Ay.

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem.

Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die ! [*Exit Apemantus.*]

I am quit.

Woe things like men ? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter BANDITTI.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold ? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy. 403

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for 't, he will supply us easily : if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ? 407

Sec. Ban. True ; for he bears it not about him ; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he ?

Banditti. Where ?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description. 412

Third Ban. He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons. 417

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs : 422

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want? 425

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and
fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not 430
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician; 435
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction 440
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen 445
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go, 450
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen.

Third Ban. He has almost charmed me from my
profession by persuading me to it. 456

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he
thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade. 460

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is
no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument 465

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth than friends

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends! 470

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those that do!

Has caught me in his eye: I will present 475

My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? Timon of Athens.

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; IV. 3.
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours. 481

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I never had honest man about me, I ; all
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness, 485

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I
love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give 490
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weep-
ing !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still. 495

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

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind, 505

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

And thou redeem'st thyself! But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service: 510
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one? 516

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast;
Suspect still comes where an estate is least. 520
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me, 525
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery, 530
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs 535

Timon of
Athens.
IV. 3.

O, let me stay

Tim.

If thou hatest curses

541

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The woods before TIMON's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Painter.

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

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

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

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends. 10

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and a true report that goes of his having. 17

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation : only I will promise him an excellent piece. Timon of
Athens.
20 V. I.

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

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time : it opens the eyes of expectation : performance is ever the duller for his act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable : performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. 30

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

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

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

Poet. Nay, let's seek him : 40

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True ;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. 45
Come.

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

Timon of
Athens.
V. 1.

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed !

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave : 51

To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
Fit I meet them. [Advancing.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master !

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits ! 60

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What ! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude 65
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts, 70
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

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

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

Can you eat roots and drink cold water? no. 74 Timon of Athens.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service. V. 1.

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

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

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men ! thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens : thou'rt indeed the best ; 81
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art. 85
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault :
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

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

Tim. You'll take it ill. 90

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, 96
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain.

Timon of
Athens.
V. 1.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet.

Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies : 101
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them. 105

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

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside 110
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack ! there's gold ; you came for gold, ye
slaves :

You have work for me, there's payment : hence !
You are an alchemist, make gold of that :
Out, rascal dogs ! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and Two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;
For he is set so only to himself 117
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part and promise to the Athenians 120
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen.

At all times alike

Men are not still the same : 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Timon of
Athens.
V. 1.

Flav. Here is his cave. 126
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends : the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon. 130

Enter TIMON from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and
be hang'd :
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

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

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague, 137
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love 140
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess

Timon of
Athens.
V. I.

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross :
Which now the public body, which doth seldom 145
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon ;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful 150
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ; 155
Surprise me in it to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take 160
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority : so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up 165
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ; thus :
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, 170

That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;
Then, let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it, 175
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp, 180
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not ; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ; 185
It will be seen to-morrow : my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

First Sen. We speak in vain. 190

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass thorough them. 195

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

Timon of
Athens.
V. 1.

Timon of
Athens.
V. 1.

In their applauding gates.

Tim.

Commend me to them ;

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes 200
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

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

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close, 205
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste, 210
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself : I pray you, do my greeting.

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

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion 215
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end : 220
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Timon of
Athens.
225 V. 2.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead ; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Walls of Athens.*

Enter Two Senators and a Messenger.

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

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

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon. 5

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends : this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here comes our brothers.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring 15

Timon of
Athens.
V. 2.

Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare :
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Woods. TIMON's Cave, and a rude
tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span;
Some beast read this: there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax: 6
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such 5

As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself "No more;" now breathless wrong 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

Timon of
Athens.
V. 4.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, 15
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

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

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

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread : 30

Timon of
Athens.
V. 4.

By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature lothes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended ; 35
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile 45
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

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

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else, 50
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports : 55

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

Timon of
Athens.
V. 4.

Both Sen. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the gates]

Enter Soldier.

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

*Alcib. [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left !*

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

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

Timon of
Athens.
V. 4.

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon : of whose memory 80
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Act I. Sc. 1, 16. —vile] Pope. In Folio *vild*

Act I. Sc. 1, 23. —gum which oozes] Johnson, substantially. In Folio, *gowne which uses*

Act I. Sc. 1. 27. —chafes] Theobald. In Folio, *chases*

Act I. Sc. 1, 73. —wand] Edd. (Ryley conj.). In Folio, *hand*

Act I. Sc. 1, 90. —slip] Rowe. In Folio, *sit*

Act I. Sc. 1, 207. —an] Capell. In Folio, *and*

Act I. Sc. 1, 249, 250. —there! Aches] Capell. In Folio, *their Aches*

Act I. Sc. 2, 29. —ever] Rowe. In Folio, *verie*

Act I. Sc. 2, 39. —eat] Rowe. In Folio, *eats*

Act I. Sc. 2, 102. —joy] Rowe. In Folio, *joyes*

Act I. Sc. 2, 119. Hail . . . eyes] The reading we have adopted is substantially Theobald's, to whom it was suggested by Warburton. Theobald printed the lines thus :

“Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taste! the five best Senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to congratulate thy plenteous bosom :

Timon of
Athens,
Notes.

Th' ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table
rise,

These only now come but to feast thine eyes."

Rann placed *th' ear* at the end of the fourth line, and introduced *and* in the fifth.

In the Folio the passage reads:

"Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious bosome.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies."

Act I. Sc. 2, 148. *First Lady*] Steevens. In Folio,
1. *Lord*

Act I. Sc. 2, 159. —an] Capell. In Folio, *and*

Act I. Sc. 2, 164. *Re-enter . . . casket*] Cambridge Editors. Omitted in the Folio.

Act I. Sc. 2, 213. *Third Lord*] suggested by Capell.
In Folio, 1. *Lord*

Act I. Sc. 2, 228. —Ay, defiled] Malone. In Folio,
I, defil'd

Act II. Sc. 1, 9, 10. —straight, and able horses:]
Edd. In Folio, *straight and able horses*:

Act II. Sc. 1, 13. —found] Hanmer. In Folio, *sound*

Act II. Sc. 1, 34. —Ay,] Pope. In Folio, *I*

Act II. Sc. 1, 35. —in compt.] Theobald. In Folio,
in. Come.

Act II. Sc. 2, 42. —date-broke] Steevens. In Folio,
debt, broken

Act II. Sc. 2, 73. —mistress'] Theobald. (mistress's) Timon of
in Folio, *masters* Athens.

Act II. Sc. 2, 190. —Flaminius] Rowe. In Folio,
Flavius Notes.

Act III. Sc. 1, 56, 57. —slave, Unto his honour,]
Steevens. In Folio, *Slave unto his Honor*

Act III. Sc. 2, 66. —spirit] Theobald. In Folio,
sport

Act III. Sc. 4, 86. —*Hor.*] Capell. In Folio,
1. *Var.*

Act III. Sc. 5, 18. —an] Theobald. In Folio, *and*

Act III. Sc. 5, 23. —behave] Rowe. In Folio,
behoove

Act III. Sc. 5, 52. —felon] suggested by Johnson.
In Folio, *fellow*

Act III. Sc. 5, 65. —I say . . . has] Pope,
substantially. In Folio, *Why say my Lords ha's*

Act III. Sc. 6, 80. —lag] Rowe. In Folio, *legge*

Act IV. Sc. 1, 21. —let] Hanmer. In Folio, *yet*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 12. —pasture] Rowe. In Folio,
Pastour

Act IV. Sc. 3, 12. , —rother's] Singer. In Folio,
Brothers

Act IV. Sc. 3, 18. —all is oblique] Pope. In Folio,
All's oblique

Act IV. Sc. 3, 87. —tub-fast] Theobald. In Folio,
Fubfast

Act IV. Sc. 3, 116. —window-bars] Steevens. In
Folio, *Window Barne*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 121. thy] Pope. In Folio, *the*

Timon of
Athens.
Notes.

Act IV. Sc. 3, 185. —thy human] Pope. In Folio,
the humane

Act IV. Sc. 3, 185. —doth] Capell. In Folio, *do*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 204. —fortune] Rowe. In Folio,
future

Act IV. Sc. 3, 223. —moss'd] Hanmer. In Folio,
moyst

Act IV. Sc. 3, 233. —e'er] Rowe. In Folio, *ere*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 283. —my] Rowe. In Folio, *thy*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 384. —son and sire] Rowe. In Folio,
sunne and fire

Act IV. Sc. 3, 399. —Moe . . . them] Given to
Timon by Hanmer; in the Folio to Apemantus.

Act IV. Sc. 3, 399. —them] Rowe. In Folio, *then*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 452. —not] Rowe. Omitted in
Folio.

Act IV. Sc. 3, 480. —grant'st] Capell. In Folio,
grunt'st

Act IV. Sc. 3, 498. —mild] Hanmer. In Folio, *wilde*

Act V. Sc. 1, 133. —cauterizing] Rowe. In Folio,
cantherizing.

Act V. Sc. 1, 147. —sense] Rowe (sence). In Folio,
since

Act V. Sc. 1, 148. —its] Rowe (it's). In Folio, *it*

Act V. Sc. 1, 148. —fail] Capell. In Folio, *fall*

Act V. Sc. 1, 220. —sour] Rowe. In Folio, *foure*

Act V. Sc. 2, 6. —courrier] Rowe. In Folio,
currier

Act V. Sc. 4, 62. —render'd] Dyce. In Folio,
remedied

GLOSSARY.

The words given are those which are now obsolete or which occur in some special meaning.

Abbreviations:—*adj.*, adjective; *al.*, other editions; *cf.*, compare; *Fr.*, French; *ib.*, in the same place; *It.*, Italian; *l.*, line; *lit.*, literally; *metaph.*, metaphorically; *p.p.*, past participle; *S.*, Shakespeare; *sb.*, noun; *vb.*, verb; =, is equivalent to.

References:—*Abbott's S. G.*, "A Shakespeare Grammar," by Dr. Abbott.

Schmidt, "Shakespeare Lexicon," by Dr. A. Schmidt.

Skeat, "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," by Dr. Skeat.

A, often prep. = on.

Advance (vb.), confer honour on, show, i. 2, 168.

Affect, care for, desire, i. 2, 30; *ib.* 216.

All = altogether, i. 1, 142.

Allow'd, invested, intrusted, v. 1, 162.

Amazons, a martial tribe of women in Scythia, and a favourite character in sixteenth century masks, i. 2, *stage direction*.

An (and) = if. The d dropped to differentiate it from "and" conj., but often "and if" ap-

pears, as the rarer use of "and" was forgotten, and "if" inserted redundantly. *Skeat*; but cf. *Abbott's S. G.*, § 101.

Answer (vb.), to be ready for combat (with the double sense of "offer to the knife"), v. 1, 179.

Answer (sb.), account for a crime, and so, punishment, v. 4, 63.

Apperil = peril, i. 2, 32.

Apprehension, conception, imagination, i. 1, 210.

April (adj.), of youth and passion, iv. 3, 41.

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Argument, proof, ii. 2, 185; subject, iii. 3, 20.
Arrant (arrand), cowardly, knavish, iv. 3, 441.
Assay (sb.), attempt, iv. 3, 405.
Atone, to make accord with, v. 4, 58.
Attempt (vb.), to try to win, i. 1, 129.
Bawd, procurer, but in iv. 3, 114, strumpet.
Beast, animal, always in contrast with man.
Beck (sb.), sign, nod, i. 2, 236.
Behave, govern (? = behoove = become), iii. 5, 23.
Bill, (1) account, (2) halbert, iii. 4, 88.
Black-corner'd, hiding in dark corners, obscuring, v. 1, 44.
Blood, temper, disposition, iv. 2, 38.
Botch'd, cobbled clumsily, iv. 3, 285.
Bound, limit (same as *bound*), i. 1, 27; v. 4, 61.
Brace (sb.), couple (*the two arms*), i. 2, 188.
Breath, life, i. 2, 46.
Breathe, spend breath in talking, iii. 5, 62.
Breatbed, long-winded, in full course of, i. 1, 10. (Metaph. from sport, as in L. L. L., v. 2, 646, etc.)
Bruit (sb.), rumour, v. 1, 193.
By, according to, i. 1, 174.

Caitiff (sb.), mean wretch (lit. prisoner), iv. 3, 235; v. 4, 71.
Call (vb.), to make demand of money, ii. 2, 25.
Gandied, crystallized, hardened, iv. 3, 226.
Canons, rules, iv. 3, 59.
Cast the gorge, to vomit, iv. 3, 40. (*Cast*, lit. = to raise, heap up.)
Caudle (vb.), to make a warm drink, iv. 3, 226.
Chafes (vb.), rubs against, wears away, i. 1, 27.
Character (sb.), engraven signs (never the modern use in S.), v. 3, 6.
Close (sb.), garden, v. 1, 205.
Cog (vb.), to deceive, v. 1, 95.
Coil (sb.), bustle, confusion, i. 2, 235.
Come off, to acquit one's self, i. 1, 32.
Comfort (sb.), source of strength, i. 2, 101.
Commend, to carry good wishes (*c. me to...* = carry my good wishes to .), i. 1, 108.
Companionship (all of the same), mess, i. 1, 244. (*Company*, lit. = those victualled together.)
Compt (sb.), reckoning, ii. 1, 35.
Con (vb.), to try to know (*c. thanks* = to be thankful), iv. 3, 429.
Conceit (sb.), idea, v. 4, 14; fancy, *ib.* 77.
Condition (sb.), rank, and so = men

- of any rank whatever, i. 1, 55.
In iv. 3, 139, there is a play on the two meanings, (1) promises, (2) state of life.
- Confessionary*, place for sweetmeats (or perhaps = place for composition of drugs; cf. *drugs*), iv. 3, 260.
- Confess'd*, acknowledged, i. 2, 21; referring to the practice of hearing confession before execution, *ib.* 22.
- Conjured*, invoked, compelled, i. 1, 7.
- Contain*, to restrain, ii. 2, 29.
- Corinth*, a brothel, ii. 2, 75.
- Couch* (vb.), to lie hid, ii. 2, 177.
- Courage*, disposition, iii. 3, 24.
- Creature*, servant, i. 1, 119.
- Crisp* (adj.), curled with clouds, iv. 3, 183.
- Cross* (vb.), to thwart, hinder, i. 2, 157. In *ib.* 159 is a play on the word from "cross" (sb.) = a piece of money (stamped with that figure); hence "cross" (vb.), to furnish with money.
- Cunning* (sb.), knowledge, v. 4, 28.
- Curiosity*, nicety, iv. 3, 304.
- Dear*, heartfelt, whether of pleasurable or painful feeling, iv. 3, 192; v. 1, 228.
- Dedicated*, committed to, iv. 2, 13.
- Device*, anything fancifully designed, i. 2, 146.
- Dich* (vb.), corruption for "may it do," i. 2, 71.
- Discharged*, acquitted of a duty, paid, ii. 2, 14.
- Discover*, to unfold, report, v. 2, 1.
- Disfurnish*, to deprive of means, iii. 2, 44.
- Dividant*, separated, iv. 3, 5.
- Doit*, a small Dutch coin, i. 1, 214.
- Drift* (sb.), unfettered movement—"the free movement of my verse stops not to point to any special instance, but runs at large in my writing; no malice aimed at anyone in special taints even a comma," etc., i. 1, 48.
- Dropping*, lagging behind, i. 2, stage direction.
- Drugs* (sb.), drudges, iv. 3, 254. (But ? = things serving passively for good or bad purposes—cordials and poisons. Cf. *Confessionary*.)
- Earnest* (sb.), pledge, security, iv. 3, 47.
- Embossed*, beaded, with bubbles, v. 1, 217.
- Embrace* (vb.), to accept, iii. 1, 26.
- Enfranchised*, set free, i. 1, 109.
- Ensear*, to dry up, iv. 3, 187.
- Timon of Athens.
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Entertainment, kindness, i. 1, 48.
Exhaust, to draw off, obtain, iv.
3, 119.

Fall (sb.), ebb, ii. 2, 209; destruction (with a play on *fall* = part of a trap), v. 2, 17.

Fashion (sb.), shape, appearance, i. 2, 143.

Feast-won, fast-lost, won in feasting, lost in fasting, ii. 2, 176.

Files (sb.), ranks, v. 2, 1.

Fixed, sure, determined, i. 1, 9.

Flamen, a sacrificing priest of ancient Rome, iv. 3, 155.

Flow (sb.), increase, as of the tide, ii. 2, 147; tears (with a possible remembrance of the former meaning), v. 4, 76.

Flush (adj.), having reached its top, complete, v. 4, 8. (Metaph. from floods ?.)

Fond, foolish, i. 2, 63.

Foresee, to provide for, iv. 3, 159.

Fractions, broken sentences, ii. 2, 215.

Framed, fashioned, made, v. 1, 123; *frame*, plan, iv. 3, 262.

General (adj.), affecting all men, iv. 3, 501; *g.-part* = although, as a whole, the sides we took were opposed, v. 2, 7; thorough, v. 1, 144. (Al. *general-gross*.)

German, kin to, iv. 3, 341.

Glass-faced, with face like a mirror, i. 1, 61.

Glib, smooth-tongued, i. 1, 56.

Gorge, throat, iv. 3, 40.

Gramercy = grand merci = much thanks, ii. 2, 76.

Grize (sb.), step, iv. 3, 16.

Guise, way, habit, wise, iv. 3, 471.

Gules (sb.), throat-colour; heraldic term for red, iv. 3, 58.

Gull (sb.), (1) sea-bird, (2) dupe, ii. 1, 31.

Gust, taste, idea, iii. 5, 57.

Habit, deportment, iv. 3, 113; dress, *ib.* 205.

Half-caps, slight salutations, ii. 2, 216.

Hang on, to be attached to, i. 1, 59.

Harness (sb.), armour (lit. iron), i. 2, 51.

Hautboy, the oboe, a wooden (*bois*) musical instrument of high (*haut*) pitch, i. 2, *stage direction*.

Health, welfare, ii. 2, 201; state of body, or mind, whether good or bad, iii. 1, 12; and perhaps thus in v. 1, 187, which, however, may be a paradox and mean: "my long sickness, that is, my living in health."

His, the regular neuter possessive in early English, i. 1, 34. "Its" does not occur in any

play of S., printed before his death, and never in the A. V. or Spenser.

His, used objectively, i. 1, 60; "his love" = love for him.

Horrid, dreadful, (or perhaps as lit. = with hair bristling, panic struck), v. 4, 13.

Humour (sb.), disposition, i. 2, 26. (In old medicine the four temperaments—choleric, melancholy, phlegmatic, and sanguine—were severally due to predominance of one of the four moistures or humours in the body.)

Husbandry, thrift, ii. 2, 160.

Hyperion, Apollo as Sun-God, iv. 3, 184.

Idle, trifling, insignificant, i. 2, 151.

Infest, to affect unpleasantly, to taint, i. 1, 51.

Infested, got from someone else, like a disease, iv. 3, 202.

Influence (sb.), an astrallogical term = power (flowing from heavenly bodies), v. 1, 63.

Ingenuously, as often = ingenuously, ii. 2, 225.

Instant (adj.), urgent, iii. 1, 18.

Intend, to give attention to, ii. 2, 214.

Interim (sb.), the time between two dates, ii. 2, 154.

Ira furor brevis est, anger is a moment's madness, i. 2, 28. Timon of Athens. Glossary.

Lag (sb.), the common herd (lit. that which comes later), iii. 6, 80.

Lards (vb.), fattens (metaph.), iv. 3, 12.

Leave (sb.), allowance, *i.e.*, as my means allowed, ii. 2, 132.

Leech, physician, v. 4, 84.

Legs (sb.), bows, obeisances, i. 2, 237.

Leisures, fit times, ii. 2, 133.

Levelled, aimed, i. 1, 50.

Limited [professions], imposing restrictions (on those belonging to them), iv. 3, 432. Cf. *Abbott's S. G.*, § 374.

Marble (adj.), shining, bright as marble, iv. 3, 191.

Marrow, manly power, v. 4, 9.

Mask (sb.), a revel in which the actors wore costumes and masks, i. 2, *stage direction*.

Mast, acorns, fruit of forest trees in general, iv. 3, 423.

Matches (vb.), equals, mates, i. 1, 5.

Me, often dative case, *e.g.*, "me-thinks," and ii. 1, 9, "foals me..."

Meed, merit, reward of desert, i. 1, 279.

Mere (adj.), absolute, simple,

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i. 1, 169; iv. 3, 231; *ib.* 378;
ib. 402; v. 4, 14.
Mess (sb.), food (lit. that set for
eating), iv. 3, 425.
Mettle [metal], material, nature,
iv. 3, 179.
Mind (sb.), disposition, i. 2, 161;
iii. 3, 23.
Minion, darling, favourite, iv. 3,
80.
Minister (vb.), to do the duty of
any office, iv. 1, 6.
Minister (sb.), instrument, ii. 2,
136.
Minute-jacks, perhaps is the same
as Jacks-o'-the-clock, *i.e.*,
figures striking the hours on a
clock; hence, anyone in as-
siduous, mechanical attend-
ance, iii. 6, 97. (*Schmidt*,
"always changing.")
Mocking (sb.), imitation, i. 1,
38.
Mo'e, additional, more in number,
ii. 1, 7. (*Mo'e* of number,
more of size, both comparative
forms. *Skeat.*)
Mountant, high, iv. 3, 135.
Mysteries, callings, trades, handi-
crafts, iv. 1, 18; iv. 3, 458.
(Better spelt *misteries*, as not
being connected with "mys-
tery," but derived from *minis-
terium* = employment.)

Notes (sb.), marked spots, i. 2,
50.

Occasion, need, ii. 2, 195; iii. 2,
24, etc.

Odds, variance, discord, iii. 5,
119; iv. 3, 42.

Ort, remnant, iv. 3, 401.

Outstretch'd, drawn out to the
full, v. 3, 3. (Only as p.p.
in S.)

Pack (vb.), to be gone in a hurry,
v. 1, 112.

Particular (sb.), private interest,
iv. 3, 159.

Particular (adj.), of its own, v.
2, 8.

Parts (vb.), shares, breaks, i. 2,
46.

Parts (sb.), powers of mind, iii.
1, 37.

Patchery, either = knavishness,
villainy, v. 1, 96. (It., *pazzo*)
or, bungling hypocrisy (*patch*,
a piece of cloth sewn on to
hide a rent).

Pelf, spoil, booty, gain, i. 2, 61

Personate, to fashion the character
of... (in a poem), i. 1, 72.

Persuasion, inducement (= as his
feasting induces us to believe),
iii. 6, 7.

Phoenix, the fabulous Arabian
bird that rose to new life from
its own ashes, ii. 1, 32. The
name means "bright as Phœ-
nician dye;" so here =
"flashes as the brightest of
birds."

Pill (vb.), to plunder, iv. 1, 12.

Pitch'd (of a field), set with stakes to receive cavalry, so, ordered for battle, i. 2, 227. A play on words in l. 228, referring to a well-known proverb.

Planetary, coming from the heavenly bodies. iv. 3, 108.

Poesy, poetry, i. 1, 23.

Politic, versed in public affairs, and so, subtle, iii. 3, 29.

Pomp, show, i. 2, 131.

Ports, gates, v. 4, 55.

Prefer, carry to, iii. 4, 49; iii. 5, 36.

Pregnantly, concisely, i. 1, 95.

Present (adj.), "whose favour of presence (*i.e.*, access to the sovereign) translates his rivals instantly to...", i. 1, 74.

Presentment, gift, i. 1, 29. (*Upon the heels of my p.* = my book will appear shortly after my gift of my dedication to its patron.)

Prevent, to anticipate, v. 1, 203.

Prithee = I pray thee.

Prized, valued, priced, i. 1, 174.

Promise (vb.), to assure, i. 2, 110.

Proof, test applied, hence, of armour, etc., impenetrability, iv. 3, 124.

Propagate, to improve, i. 1, 70.

Properties (vb.), makes a means of..., i. 1, 60.

Protest (vb.), to bear public witness, acknowledge, iv. 3, 438.

Provokes, calls forth, i. 1, 26.

Purchase (vb.), to make a bargain, iii. 2, 47.

Pursy, short-winded, v. 4, 12.

Quillets, chicanery, subtleties, iv. 3, 155.

Quittance, interest on money, repayment, i. 1, 282.

Rampired, barricaded, v. 4, 47.

Ranked, placed in order of dignity, i. 1, 68.

Rapt, carried away, lost in wonder, etc., i. 1, 21; v. 1, 64.

Rate (vb.), to compute, ii. 2, 131.

Recanting, retracting, annulling, i. 2, 17.

Record (sb.), history, account, i. 1, 5.

Render (sb.), account, v. 1, 149; *sorrowed r.* = confession of sorrow.

Reproof, punishment, v. 4, 57.

Resolves (vb.), dissolves, melts, iv. 3, 443.

Resort (sb.), visits to (lit. re-obtaining, appeal, recourse to), i. 1, 130.

Respectively, regardfully, iii. 1, 8.

Resumes, takes, ii. 2, 4.

Rother, an ox, iv. 3, 12.

Round, plainspoken, ii. 2, 8.

Rout (sb.), crowd, disorderly troop, iv. 3, 43.

Salt (adj.), lecherous, iv. 3, 85.

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Save, often a contraction of "God save."

Saved, hindered from being spent, made superfluous, i. 1, 254.

Scald (vb.), *sensu obsceno*: *medicamine uti quod in lue venerea curanda olim habitum*, ii. 2, 74.

Scope, aim, intention, i. 1, 75.

Scouring (sb.), swift motion (of troops), v. 2, 15.

Secure (vb.), to make without care, ii. 2, 181.

Semblable (sb.), equal, iv. 3, 22.

Sights, the plural, as often in S., is used distributively, = the sight of each of you, i. 1, 248.

Smells (vb.), used of sense in general, iv. 3, 160. The passage = of him who, to provide for his private enjoyment, takes his pleasure without consideration for the good of the community.

Solidares, small copper coins, iii. 1, 43; Fr., *sou*.

Span (sb.), space of life, v. 3, 3.

Spilth, effusion, ii. 2, 165. (For the form, cf. *Stealth*.)

Spirits, disposition, feelings, v. 4, 74.

Spital-house, hospital, iv. 3, 39. (A form used contemptuously.)

Spotted, (1) marked with spots; (2) tainted with guilt, or, marked for death, as in a pro-scription list. v. 4, 34, 35.

Square (adj.), fitting with justice, v. 4, 36.

Starve, to benumb, disable (lit. to die, especially of cold or hunger), i. 1, 250.

State (sb.), often rank of life, fortune.

Stealth, theft, iii. 4, 28.

Steepy, precipitous, i. 1, 78.

Stint (vb.), to limit, v. 4, 83.

Stone (sb.), *artificial st.* = the philosopher's stone, believed to change base metals into gold, ii. 2, 116. Also here *sensu obsceno*.

Strait (adj.), rigid (doublet of *Striſt*), i. 1, 99.

Striſt, narrow, nice, iii. 5, 25.

Suffer, to lose what is due, i. 1, 168.

Sufferance, misery, iv. 3, 268; v. 4, 8.

Swath (sb.), swaddling-clothes, iv. 3, 252.

Tell, to count (as in *Toll* and *Tale*), iii. 4, 93.

Tendance, attendance on a court, hence, those who offer it, courtiers, i. 1, 83.

Tiring (vb.), eagerly busy, iii. 6, 4. (*Tire*, of birds of prey, to devour ravenously.)

Titbed, taking a tenth, v. 4, 31. Cf. *Limited*, and *Abbott's S. G.*, § 374.

Touch (vb.), to go as far as, i. 1, 15.

Touch (sb.), test, iv. 3, 391; brush-mark, painting, i. 1, 39.

Towardly, docile, amenable to influence, iii. 1, 34.

Tract, trace, wake, i. 1, 53.

Traffics (vb.), has to do with, i. 1, 161.

Trapped, adorned, equipped, i. 2, 182. (Of horses; the same word as *Draped*.)

Traversed, crossed, v. 4, 7.

Trencher, wooden dish, i. 1, 123.

Tucket, a flourish on a trumpet, i. 2, 111.

Turn (sb.), need, exigence, ii. 1, 20.

Unbolt, to reveal, i. 1, 54.

Uncharged, unattacked, v. 4, 55.

Unclew, to unwind, hence, to undo, i. 1, 171.

Undergo, to take upon one's self, iii. 5, 25.

Unnoted, invisible, iii. 5, 22. (For the p.p., equivalent to adj. in -able, etc., cf. *Abbott's S. G.*, § 375.)

Use (sb.), interest on money, i. 1, 282.

Voiced (vb.), proclaimed, iv. 3, 81. Timon of Athens.

Void (vb.), to empty, vomit, i. 2, 134. Glossary.

Vouchsafe, to accept in condescension, i. 1, 155.

Wafts, beckons, i. 1, 73.

Wait, *w. attendance* = be in attendance, i. 1, 164.

Wappened, (?) stale, iv. 3, 38. (Al. *woe-pined*.)

Water, lustrous quality, i. 1, 20.

Wax, an allusion to ancient writing-tablets of wood covered with wax, i. 1, 50.

Weal, prosperity, welfare, iv. 3, 160.

Whittle (sb.), a knife, v. 1, 180.

Wind (sb.), breath, v. 4, 12.

Wink (vb.), to shut the eyes, iii. 1, 44; *w. at* = to seem not to see.

Wrack (sb.), ruin (lit. that which is driven ashore), v. 1, 192.

Wreakful, revengeful, iv. 3, 229.

Wrench (sb.), sprain, warping, ii. 2, 213.

Wrong (sb.), injustice, v. 4, 10.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

First printed in Quarto in 1609, when two Quartos were issued.
The play was not included in either the First or the Second Folio.

The play contains 5 Acts, 22 Scenes, 2,357 lines.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *Governor of Tarsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mytilene.*

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*

Marshal.

A Pandar.

BOULT, *his servant.*

The daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*

A Bawd.

*Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and
Messengers.*

DIANA.

GOWER, *as chorus.*

SCENE : In various countries.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

TO sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals, 5
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious:
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius. 10
If you, born in these latter times
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might 15
Waste it for you like taper-light

Pericles.
I. 1.

This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:
I tell you what mine authors say : 20
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blythe and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took, 25
And her to incest did provoke :
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin. 30
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
Which to prevent he made a law, 35
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify. 40
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Antioch. *A room in the Palace.*

Pericles.
I. 1.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, *and* Followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

5

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence
The senate-house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections.

10

Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a bondless happiness !

15

20

Pericles.
I. 1.

Ant. Prince Pericles—

25

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd ;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire, 35
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on Death's net, whom none resist. 40

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must :
For death remember'd should be like a mirror, 45
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50
And all good men, as every prince should do ;
My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,

I wait the sharpest blow.

55 Pericles,
I. 1.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove pro-
sperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

[*Reads.*] *The Riddle.*

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed. 65
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two, 70
As you will live, resolve it you.*

[*Aside.*] Sharp physic is the last: but O ye powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it? 75
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80

Pericles.
I. 1.

You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime. 85
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired;
Either expound now or receive your sentence. 90

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown; 95
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself:
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts 100

Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
for 't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit, 105
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven that I had thy head! He has Pericles.
found the meaning! I. 1.

But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre, 110
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise: 115
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad 125
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night 135
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

Pericles.
I. 1.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke :
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame : 140
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy, 145
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner ;
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ? 150

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy :
And for your faithfulness we will advance you. 155
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold ;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him :
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done. 160

Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Pericles.

I. 2.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. *[Exit.*

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark 165
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length, 169
I'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! *[Exit Thaliard.]* Till Pericles
be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. *[To those without.]* Let none disturb us. Why
should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night, 4
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Pericles. Nor yet the other's distance comfort me : 10
 I. 2. *Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,*
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now and cares it be not done. 15
 And so with me : the great Antiochus,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great can make his will his act,
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known :
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge, 25
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees 30
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable ! 36

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as well as men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life. 45
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou 50

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence 55

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise; sit down: thou art no
flatterer; 60

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,

Pericles.
I. 2.

Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel.

To bear with patience

Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself. 66

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,

That minister'st a potion unto me,

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me then : I went to Antioch,

70

Whereas, thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,

Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;

75

The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest :

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth : but thou know'st
this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled

80

Under the covering of a careful night

Who seem'd my good protector ; and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears

Decrease not, but grow faster than the years :

85

And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,

That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,

To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,

90

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it,——

Pericles,
I. 2.

Hel. Alas, sir! 95

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear ;
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life. 105

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be. 110

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ; 116
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good

Pericles.
I. 2.

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath : 120
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both :
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 10
Further to question me of your king's departure :
His seal'd commision left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, 15
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch——

Pericles.

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

I. 4.

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd, 21
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged
now, although I would; but since he's gone, the king's
seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the
sea. I'll present myself.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come 30
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels;
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, 35
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tarsus. *A Room in the Governor's House*

Enter CLEON, *the Governor of Tarsus, with* DIONYZA
and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,

Pericles.
I. 4.

See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;
For who digs hills because they do aspire 5
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are ;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air ; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ;
That if heaven slumber while their creatures want, 16
They may awake their helpers to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at ; 25
Whose men and dames so jettied and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by :
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight ;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our change, *Pericles.*
 These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air, *I. 4.*
 Were all too little to content and please, 35
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defiled for want of use,
 They are now starved for want of exercise :
 Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
 Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now
 To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife 45
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life :
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup 51
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
 The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ? 56

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,

Pericles. A portly sail of ships make hitherward. 61
I. 4. Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation, 65
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat;
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit. 75
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes 80
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, 85
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,

And seen the desolation of your streets ;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread, 95
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise ;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men. 100

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us. 106

Per. Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

HERE have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring ;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be, 5
Till he hath passed necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benizon, 10
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can :
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary 15
Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

Pericles.
II.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; PERICLES rewards the Messenger and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive; 20
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in Tarsus was not best 25
Longer for him to make his rest :
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above and deeps below 30
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd :
All perishen of man, of pelf, 35
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad :

Pericles.
II. 1.

And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.

39
[Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks, 5
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilche!

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master? 15

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us even now. 19

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them,
when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. Pericles.
II. 1.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all. 27

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral. 35

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too : and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides ! 45

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
And from their watery empire recollect 50
All that may men approve or men detect !

[*Aloud.*] Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Pericles.
II. 1.

Sec. Fish. Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it. 55

Per. You may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way !

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, 60
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg ? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working. 66

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then ?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't. 71

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on :
A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice 75
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die, quoth-a ? Now gods forbid 't ! And I have a gown here ; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for

fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou shalt be welcome. Pericles.
II. 1.

Per. I thank you, sir. 85

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave ! then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping. 90

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then ?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [Exit with third Fisherman.]

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour ! 97

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are ?

Per. Not well. 100

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you ; this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him ?

First Fish. Ay, sir ; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government. 105

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore ?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey ; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday ; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Pericles.
II. 1.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there. 114

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour. 121

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage 125 Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life, "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death:"—and pointed to this brace—"For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity— 130 The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't; my shipwrack now 's no ill, 135
Since I have here my father gave in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;

I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly, 140 Pericles.
And for his sake I wish the having of it ; II 1.

And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor. 145

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do'e take it, and the gods give thee
good on't. 149

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we
that made up this garment through the rough seams of
the water: there are certain condolences, certain vails.
I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence
you had them.

Per. Believe't, I will; 155

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ;

And spite of all the rupture of the sea

This jewel holds his building on my arm:

Unto thy value I will mount myself

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps 160

Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.

Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided

Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide; thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to
the court myself. 166

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, 5

Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10
A model which heaven makes light to itself:

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,

So princes their renowns if not respected.

'T is now your honour, daughter, to entertain

The labour of each knight in his device. 15

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun; 20
The word, "Lux tua vita mihi."

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you. Pericles.

II. 2.

[The second Knight passes.]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield 25
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, "Piu por dulzura que por
fuerza." *[The third Knight passes.]*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, "Me pompæ provexit apex." 30
[The fourth Knight passes.]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, "Quod me alit, me extinguit."

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and
will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill. 35
[The fifth Knight passes.]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, "Sic spectanda fides."
[The sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.]

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, "In hac spe vivo."

Pericles.
II. 2.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

45

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend:
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

50

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

55

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we will withdraw
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, "The mean Knight!"*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of State: a Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and the Knights from tilting.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.

5

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are princes and my guests.

Pericles.
II. 3.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed, 15
To make some good, but others to exceed ;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the
feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place :
Marshall the rest as they deserve their grace. 19

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days : honour we love ;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes 25
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. [*Aside.*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of
thoughts,

These cates resist me, be not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside.*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury, 31
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Pericles.
II. 3.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done ;
Has broken a staff or so ; so let it pass. 35

Thai. [*Aside.*] To me he seems like diamond to
glass.

Per. [*Aside.*] Yon king's to me like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence. 40

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy :

Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light :
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men ; 45

For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,— 51
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court 55
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai. What is't to me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter :

Princes, in this, should live like gods above, 60 Pericles.
Who freely give to every one that comes II. 3.

To honour them :

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet here, 65
Say we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence. 70

Sim. How !

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please
me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know
of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage. 75

Thai. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you 80
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men, 85
And after shipwrack driven upon this shore.

Pericles.
II. 3.

Tbai. He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore. 90

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd, 95
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd ; 't was so well perform'd. 100
Come, sir, here's a lady that wants breathing too :
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied 106
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Unclasp, unclasp ;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,
[*To Pericles.*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings ! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own. 111

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love, -

For that's the mark I know you level at :	Pericles.
Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;	115 II. 4.
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.	[<i>Exeunt.</i>]

SCENE IV.—Tyre. *A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from incest lived not free ;
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence, 5
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot
 Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
 A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk, 10
 That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice ; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward. 15

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter several Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
 Or council hath respect with him but he.

Pericles.
II. 4.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince
you love. 25

First Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our
censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,— 35
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. By honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you 45
To forbear the absence of your king;

If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

Pericles.
II. 5.

But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us, 55
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES reading a letter, at one door; the
Knights meet him.*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake
A married life:

Her reason to herself is only known, 5
Which from herself by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.

Pericles.
II. 5.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery ; 10
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [Exeunt knights.

Sim. So,

They are well despatch'd ; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight, 16
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress ; your choice agrees with mine ;
I like that well : nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no ! 20
Well, I do commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd :
Soft ! here he comes : I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night : I do 26
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master. 30

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think
of my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ? 35

Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

Pericles.
II. 5.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you ;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

40

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside.*] What's here ?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre !

'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

45

A stranger and distressed gentleman

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not :

50

Never did thought of mine levy offence ;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor !

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king— 55
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,

60

And not to be a rebel to her state ;

Pericles.
II. 5.

And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it. 65

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, 70
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside.*] I am glad of it with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent, 75

Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside.*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame 80

Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be ruled by me, or I'll make you—

Man and wife :

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too :

And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ; 85

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed ?

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Pericles
90 II. 5.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed ;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

NOW sleep y-slaked hath the rout ;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal, 5
Now couches from the mouse's hole ;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche :
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Pericles.
III.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with the nurse and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.

By many a derne and painful perch	15
Of Pericles the careful search,	
By the four opposing coignes	
Which the world together joins,	
Is made with all due diligence	
That horse and sail and high expense	20
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,	
Fame answering the most strange inquire,	
To the court of King Simonides	
Are letters brought; the tenor these:	
Antiochus and his daughter dead;	25
The men of Tyrus on the head	
Of Helicanus would set on	
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:	
The mutiny he there hastes t'oppress;	
Says to 'em, if King Pericles	30
Come not home in twice six moons,	
He, obedient to their dooms,	
Will take the crown. The sum of this,	

Pericles.	Brought hither to Pentapolis,	
III.	Y-ravished the regions round,	35
	And every one with claps can sound,	
	"Our heir-apparent is a king!	
	Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"	
	Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;	
	His queen with child, makes her desire—	40
	Which who shall cross?—along to go.	
	Omit we all their dole and woe:	
	Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,	
	And so to sea. Their vessel shakes	
	On Neptune's billow: half the flood	45
	Hath their keel cut; but fortune moved,	
	Varies again: the grisled north	
	Disgorges such a tempest forth,	
	That, as a duck for life that dives,	
	So up and down the poor ship drives.	50
	The lady shrieks and well-a-near	
	Does fall in travail with her fear:	
	And what ensues in this fell storm	
	Shall for itself itself perform.	
	I nill relate; action may	55
	Conveniently the rest convey;	
	Which might not what by me is told	
	In your imagination hold	
	This stage the ship, upon whose deck	59
	The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak.	[Exit.

SCENE I.

Pericles.
III. 1.

Enter PERICLES on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench 5
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou storm, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O 10
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place.
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I 16
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. . How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen, 20
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

Pericles.
III. 1.

And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may 25
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world 30
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, 35
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow
kiss the moon, I care not. 46

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the
ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

50 Pericles

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been III. 1.
still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore
briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

55

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; 60

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper, 65

My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe

Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulked and bitumed ready. 71

Per. I thank thee. 'Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease. 76

Per. O make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Pericles.
III. 1.

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner; 80
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in CERIMON's house.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have
been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho !

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call ?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men :
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured. 6

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return ;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon.*] Give this to the
 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter Two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow. 10

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early ?

First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea

Shook as the earth did quake ;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple : pure surprise and fear
Made me to leave the house.

15 Pericles.
III. 2.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. 20

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship,
having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain, 25
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former, 30
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions 35
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which doth give
me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40

Pericles.
III. 2.

Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd
forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored : 45
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter several Servants, with a Chest.

First Ser. So ; lift there.

Cer. What's that?

50

First Ser. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest ; 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer.

Whate'er it be, 55

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight :
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulked and bitumed ! Did the
sea cast it up ? 61

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it
upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open : soft ! it smells most sweetly
in my sense. 65

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

Pericles.
III. 2.

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state;
Balm'd and entreasured with full bags of spices! 70
A passport too! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters! [*He reads from a scroll.*

*"Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost 75
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!" 80*

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within: 85
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a servant.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead, 90
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Pericles.
III. 2.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more : how thou stirr'st, thou block !
The music there ! I pray you, give her air. 96
Gentlemen,
This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth
Breathes out of her : she hath not been entranced
Above five hours : see how she 'gins to blow 100
Into life's flower again !

First Gent.

The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer.

She is alive ; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part 105
Their fringes of bright gold : the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be ! [She moves.

Thai.

O dear Diana, 110
Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is
this ?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange ?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours !

Lend me your hands : to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen : now this matter must be look'd to, 116

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, Pericles.
And Æsculapius guide us ! [*Exeunt, carrying her away.* III. 3.

SCENE III.—Tarsus. *A Room in CLEON's house.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA
with MARINA in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The gods
Make up the rest upon you ! 5

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,
Whom, for she was born at sea, I have named so,
Here I charge your charity withal,
Leaving her the infant of your care ; beseeching you 15
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think

Pericles.
III. 3.

Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglecti^on
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ; 25
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave. 30
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the
shore, 35

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in CERIMON'S House.* Pericles.
III. 4.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea I well remember, 5
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire:
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine 15
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

I M A G I N E Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there's a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind, 5
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place 10
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon 15
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be: 20

Be't when she weaved the sleided silk	
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;	
Or when she would with sharp needle wound	
The cambric, which she made more sound	
By hurting it ; or when to the lute	25
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,	
That still records with moan ; or when	
She would with rich and constant pen	
Vail to her mistress Dian : still	
This Philoten contends in skill	30
With absolute Marina : so	
The dove of Paphos might with the crow	
Vie feathers white. Marina gets	
All praises, which are paid as debts,	
And not as given. This so darks	35
In Philoten all graceful marks,	
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,	
A present murderer does prepare	
For good Marina, that her daughter	
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.	40
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,	
Lychoria, our nurse, is dead ;	
And cursed Dionyza hath	
The pregnant instrument of wrath	
Prest for this blow. The unborn event	45
I do commend to your content :	
Only I carry winged time	
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;	
Which never could I so convey,	
Unless your thoughts went on my way.	50

Pericles.
IV. 1.

Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—TARSUS. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do 't :
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world, so soon
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming thy love-bosom, 5
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods above should have
her. 10

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolved ?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers : the yellows, blues, 15
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave
While summer days do last. Ay me ! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20

Whirring me from my friends.

Pericles.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone? IV. 1.
How chance my daughter is not with you?

Do not consume your blood with sorrowing;

You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's 25
Changed with this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,

And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.

Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

Mar. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;

I love the king your father and yourself

With more than foreign heart. We every day 35

Expect him here: when he shall come and find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;

Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, 40

Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve

That excellent complexion which did steal

The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;

I can go home alone.

Mar.

Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it. 45

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:

Remember what I have said.

Leon.

I warrant you, madam.

Pericles.
IV. 1.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while :
Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood : 50
What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit Dionyza.*

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried " Good seamen ! " to the sailors, galling 55
His kingly hands, haling ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born. 60

Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber : " Ha ! " says one, " wilt out ? "
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and 65
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious, 70
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
 Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life:
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
 To any living creature: believe me, la,
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
 I trod upon a worm against my will,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
 Or my life imply her any danger?

Pericles.
 IV. 1.
 75

Leon. My commission
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't. 85

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
 You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now: 90
 Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
 And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
 And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*]

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize! 95

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come,
 let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

Pericles.

IV. 1.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes;

And they have seized Marina. Let her go: 99
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Mitylene. *A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't !

Boul't. Sir ?

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is full
of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being
too wenchless. 5

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more than
they can do ; and they with continual action are even as
good as rotten. 9

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used
in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true : 'tis not our bringing up
of poor bastards,—as I think, I have brought up some
eleven— 15

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market ? Pericles.
IV. 2.

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true ; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage. 22

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

[*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you ? is it a shame to get when we are old ? 28

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger : therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we. 35

Pand. As well as we ! ay, and better too ; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade ; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boult. [*To Marina.*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin ? 40

First Pirate. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece,

Pericles.
IV. 2.

you see : if you like her, so ; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities? 45

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes : there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton? 49

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters : you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in ; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her ; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity ; and cry, " He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you. 60

Boulton. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow ! He should have struck, not spoke ; or that these pirates, Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother ! 65

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one ?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live. 71

Mar. The more my fault,

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Pericles.
IV. 2.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

75

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

80

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

87

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

91

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

96

Boul't. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

100

Pericles.
IV. 2.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles. 105

Boult. Ay, he; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun. 111

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 120

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant. 127

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit. 130

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well. Pericles.
IV. 3.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet. 133

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report. 139

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 145
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Tarsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, 5
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Pericles.
IV. 3.

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine !
Whom thou hast poison'd too : 10
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact : what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve. 15
She died at night ; I'll say so. Who can cross it ?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
"She died by foul play."

Cle O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods 20
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding 25
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then :
Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural, 36
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Pericles
IV. 4.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles, 40
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn : her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us 45
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies : 50
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short ;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't ;
Making, to take our imagination

Pericles.
 IV. 4. From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime 5
 To use one language in each several clime
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Helicanus goes along : behind
 Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late 15
 Advanced in time to great and high estate.
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
 This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought ;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. 20
 Like motes and shadows see them move a while ;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

*Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train ; CLEON
 and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES
 the tomb of MARINA ; whereat PERICLES makes lamen-
 tation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion
 departs. Then exeunt the rest.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show !
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, 25

With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'erhower'd, Pericles.
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears IV. 4.

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs :
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]

*"The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year. 35
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter,
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."*

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery. 45
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
And think you now are all in Mitylene. *[Exit.]*

Pericles,
IV. 5.

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing? 5

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*—*A Room in the brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by *Pericles.*
the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, IV. 6.
disguised. 16

Boult. We should have both lord and low, if the
peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour! 20

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your
resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome
iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy
the surgeon? 25

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but
there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst
say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth. 31

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you
shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had
but—

Lys. What, prithee? 35

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less
than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[*Exit Boult.*]

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;
never plucked yet, I can assure you. 40

Pericles.
IV. 6.

Re-enter BOULT, with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you : leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently. 45

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina.*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him. 50

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 55

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive. 60

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet : you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boul.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade? 66

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it. Pericles.
IV. 6.
70

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one. 75

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place. 80

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come. 90

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune 95
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,

Pericles.
IV. 6.

O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird 100
That flies i' the purer air !

Lys.

I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee :
Persever still in that clear way thou goest, 105
And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar.

The good gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent ; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and 110
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good. 115

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper !

Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away ! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this ? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth
a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall

undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Pericles.
IV. 6.
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me? 125

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? 130

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods. 135

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball, saying his prayers too. 139

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods! 145

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit.

Pericles.
IV. 6.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing? 155

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command. 160

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damned door-keeper to every

Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;

To the cholerick fisting of every rogue 165

Thy ear is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars,
would you? where a man may serve seven years for the
loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to
buy him a wooden one? 171

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this; 175

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods

Would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, 180

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Pericles.
IV. 6.

185

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
can place thee, I will.

191

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent : therefore I
will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I
doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
I'll do for thee what I can: come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gower.

MARINA thus the brothel'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays :
Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry, 6
That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 10
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost :
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast 15
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20

In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark :

Pericles.

V. 1.

Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it ; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*] Where is the Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? 5

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard ; I pray, greet them fairly. 10

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Pericles.
V. 1.

*Enter from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords; with the
Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, 15
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before. 21

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance 25
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered.*] This was *Pericles.*
a goodly person, 35 *V. 1.*
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail ! the gods preserve you !
Hail, royal sir !

Hel. It is in vain ; he will not speak to you. 40

First Lord. Sir,

We have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure, 45
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd :
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against 50
The island's side. [*Whispers to a Lord, who goes off*
in the barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have, 55
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more 60

Pericles.
V. 1.

Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But see, I am prevented.

Enter from the barge, Lord, with MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one !—
Is 't not a goodly presence ?

Hel. She's a gallant lady. 65

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient : 70
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided 75
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her ;
And the gods make her prosperous ! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him. 80

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Pericles.
V. 1.

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks, 85

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings: 90

But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude. [*Aside.*] I will desist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak." 95

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon
me. 100

You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one 106
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,

Pericles.
V. 1.

As silver-voiced ; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ; 110
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you
live ?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achieved you these endowments, which 115
You make more rich to owe ?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak :
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace 120
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends ?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back— 125
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing 131
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story ;
If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?
Recount, I do beseech thee : come, sit by me. 140
Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient :
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me, 145
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace, 150
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy
Motion ? Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?
And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,

Pericles.
V. 1.

For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ! What mother ? 155

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little !

[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be 161
My daughter buried.—Well : where were you bred ?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn : believe me, 't were best I did give
o'er. 165

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, 170
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me ? Why do you weep ? It
may be 175

You think me an impostor : no ! good faith,
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my lord ? 180

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep ?

Pericles.
V. 1.

Hel. I know not ; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene 185
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ; 190
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus, 195
And found at sea again ! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us : this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough, 200
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title ?

Per.

I

Am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest thou said'st
Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father. 206

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than

Pericles.
V. 1.

To say my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began. 210

Per. Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus :
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge, 215
She is thy very princess. Who is this ?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you. 220
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl ! But, hark, what music ?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none. 226

Per. None ?

The music of the spheres ! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him ; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ? 230

Lys. Music ? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music :

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes ; let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head.

So leave him all. Well, my companion friends, 235
If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.* Pericles.
V. 1.

Enter DIANA appearing to PERICLES in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together, 240
Before the people all

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe ; 245
Do 't, and be happy : by my silver bow !

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus !

Re-enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir ?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am 251

For other service first : toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

[*To Lysimachus.*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your
shore,

And give you gold for such provision 255
As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart ; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

You have been noble towards her.

Sir, lend me your arm.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

5

10

15

[*Exit.*

Pericles.
V. 3.

Pericles.
V. 3.

95

Pericles.
V. 3.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady. O, she's but overjoy'd. 21
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them? 25

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity 30
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa! 35

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness 41

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried

A second time within these arms.

Mar.

My heart

45

Pericles.

V. 3.

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

Per. Look, who kneels here ! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa ;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai.

Blest, and mine own !

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai.

I know you not. 50

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute :

Can you remember what I call'd the man ?

I have named him oft.

Thai.

'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation :

55

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found ;

How possibly preserved ; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai.

Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man, 60

Through whom the gods have shown their power ; that
can

From first to last resolve you.

Per.

Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives ?

Pericles.
V. 3.

Cer.

I will, my lord.

65

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision, I

70

Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;

75

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,

80

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

Will in that kingdom spend our following days:

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay

84

To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,

Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,

90

Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:

In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears : 95
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn ;
The gods for murder seemed so content 100
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

NOTES.

Pericles was not printed in the Folio of 1623, nor in that of 1632.

Act I. Prol., 6. —holy-ales] Steevens. In Qq. *Holydayes*

Act I. Prol., 12. —wit's] Rowe. In Qq. *witts* and *wits*

Act I. Prol., 21. —fere] Malone. (*pheere*). In Qq. *Peere*

Act I. Sc. 1, 6. *Ant.* Bring, etc.] Malone. In Qq. the word *Musicke* began the line. Malone placed it as a stage direction.

Act I. Sc. 1, 17. —razed] Malone. (ras'd) In Qq. *raſte*, *rackt*, and *rackt*.

Act I. Sc. 1, 33. —thy] Malone. In Qq. *the*

Act I. Sc. 1, 55-57.] Arranged by Malone. In Qq. (substantially):

I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded etc.

Act I. Sc. 1, 59, 60. —'say'd] Conjectured by Percy and adopted by Knight. In Qq. *sayd* and *said*

Act I. Sc. 1, 71. *Aside*] Camb. Edd. Omitted in Qq.

Act I. Sc. 1, 99, 100. clear To . . . them.] Mason's

Pericles.
Notes.

conjecture, adopted by Steevens. In Qq. (substantially)
clear: To . . . them,

Act I. Sc. 1, 113. —cancel ot] Malone. In Qq.
counsell of In Ff., *cancel off*

Act I. Sc. 1, 136. —shun] Malone. In Qq. *shew*

Act I. Sc. 1, 143. —for the which] Malone. In
Qq., *For which*

Act I. Sc. 1, 152-156. —Thaliard . . . gold ;] As
arranged by Collier. In Qq. (substantially):

*Antio. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber, Thaliard,
And our minde pertakes her priuat actions,
To your secrecie; and for your faythfulness,
We will aduance you, Thaliard:
Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold :*

Act I. Sc. 2, 3. —Be my] Dyce. In Qq. *By me*

Act I. Sc. 2, 20. —him] Rowe. Omitted in Qq.

Act I. Sc. 2, 25. —ostent] Malone. In Qq. *stint*

Act I. Sc. 2, 30. —am] Steevens. In Qq. *once*

Act I. Sc. 2, 41. —blast] Collier. In Qq. *sparkle*

Act I. Sc. 2, 44. —a] Malone. Omitted in Qq.

Act I. Sc. 2, 83. —me] Rowe. Omitted in Qq.

Act I. Sc. 2, 86. —doubt it,] Malone. In Qq
doo't and thinke

Act I. Sc. 2, 122. —we'll] Malone. In Qq. *will*
and *we*

Act I. Sc. 4, 14. —do] Malone. In Qq. *to*

Act I. Sc. 4, 39. —two summers] Steevens. In Qq.
(substantially) *too sauers*

Act I. Sc. 4, 67. —Hath] Rowe. In Qq. *that*

Act I. Sc. 4, 74. —him's] Malone. In Qq. *himnes* Pericles.
and *hymnes* Notes.

Act II. Prol., 12. —spoken] Grant White. In Qq.
spoken

Act II. Prol., 22. —sends word] Malone. In Qq.
sau'd one

Act II. Sc. 1, 6. —left me] Malone. In Qq. *left*
my

Act II. Sc. 1, 12. —What, ho, Pilche!] Malone.
In Qq. *What, to pelch?*

Act II. Sc. 1, 48. —finny] Malone. In Qq. *fenny*

Act II. Sc. 1, 78. —quoth-a?] Malone. In Qq.
ke-tha

Act II. Sc. 1, 83. —moreo'er.] Malone. In Qq.
more; or

Act II. Sc. 1, 123. —my] Malone. Omitted in
Qq.

Act II. Sc. 1, 131. —from.] Dyce. In Qq. *Fame*

Act II. Sc. 1, 157. —rapture] Rowe. In Qq.
rupture

Act II. Sc. 2, 4. —daughter] Malone. In Qq.
daughter heere

Act II. Sc. 2, 27. —“Piu . . . fuerza.] Dyce. In
Qq. *Puc Per doleera kee pèr forsa.*

Act II. Sc. 2, 30. —pompæ] Malone. In Qq.
Pompey

Act II. Sc. 2, 33. —Quod] Malone. In Qq.
Qui

Act II. Sc. 3, 28, 29. By . . . upon] In the Qq.
these lines are continued to Simonides, and read thus:

Pericles.
Notes.

By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought upon.

Malone first gave them to Pericles, but he read *she* for *he* in the second line. We have followed Malone in his first emendation, but have adopted Steevens's conjecture of *be* for *he*.

Act II. Sc. 3, 28. [*Aside.*] First placed here and before lines 30, 36 and 37, by the Camb. Edd.

Act II. Sc. 3, 43. —son's] Malone. In Qq. *sonne*.

Act II. Sc. 3, 65. —more sweet here, Say we] Ed.
In Qq. *more sweet, Heere, say*

Act II. Sc. 4, 34. —death's] Malone. In Qq. *death*

Act II. Sc. 4, 41. —By] Ed. In Qq. *Try*.

Act II. Sc. 4, 56. —it.] Malone. Omitted in Qq.

Act II. Sc. 5, 38. —Ay,] Malone. In Qq. *I*

Act III. Prol., 2. —the house about,] Malone. In Qq. *about the house,*

Act III. Prol., 13. —eche] Malone. In Qq. *each*

Act III. Prol., 17. —coignes] Rowe. In Qq. *crignes*

Act III. Prol., 21. —stead] Malone. In Qq. *stead*

Act III. Prol., 35. —Y-ravished] Malone. In Qq. *Iranyshed* and *Irany shed*.

Act III. Sc. 1, 1. —Thou] Rowe. In Qq. *The*

Act III. Sc. 1, 7, 8. —Thou storm, venomously Wilt] Malone, substantially. He has a comma after "venomously." In the Qq. *then storme venomously, Wilt*

Act III. Sc. 1, 51-54.] These lines are arranged as **Pericles.**
by Malone, who reads (prose): **Notes.**

First Sail. Pardon . . . and we are strong in eastern.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must over-board
straight.

Per. As you think meet. —Most wretched queen!

The Qq. read (substantially) as verse:

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still
observed.

And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld 'er,

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board
straight:

Most wretched Queene.

Boswell conjectured *in custom for in easterne*.

Act III. Sc. 1, 60. —in the ooze] Malone. In
Qq. *in oare*

Act III. Sc. 1, 62. —And] Steevens. In Qq. *The*

Act III. Sc. 1, 62. —aye-remaining] Steevens.

In Qq. *ayre-remaining*

Act III. Sc. 1, 67. —coffer] Malone. In Qq. *coffin*

Act III. Sc. 2, 37. —I] Malone. Omitted in Qq.

Act III. Sc. 2, 60. —bitumed] Malone (*bittum'd*).

In Qq. *bottomed*

Act III. Sc. 2, 98, 99. —awakes; a warmth Breathes]

Malone. In Qq. *awakes a warmth breath* and *awakes a
warme breath*

Act III. Sc. 3, 6. —shafts] Stevens. In Qq. *shakes*

—hurt] Steevens. In Qq. *hant* and *haunt*

Pericles.
Notes.

A&t III. Sc. 3, 7. —wanderingly] Steevens. In Qq. *wonderingly*.

A&t III. Sc. 3, 29. —Unscissar'd shall this hair] Steevens. In Qq. *unsisterd shall this heyre*

A&t III. Sc. 2, 30. —ill] Malone (Conjectured). In Qq. *will*

A&t IV. Prol., 10. —her both the heart and place] Malone. In Qq. *hie both the art and place*

A&t IV. Prol., 15, 16. The arrangement of these lines was adopted by Malone after Steevens' conjecture. In Qq.:

And in this kind, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,

A&t IV. Prol., 17. —rite] Singer. In Qq. *sight*

A&t IV. Prol., 21. —she] Malone. In Qq. *they*

A&t IV. Prol., 26. night-bird] Malone. In Qq. *night bed*

A&t IV. Prol., 32. This line is as arranged by Steevens. In Qq.:

The Doue of Paphos might with the crow

A&t IV. Prol., 47. —carry] Steevens. In Qq. *carried*

A&t IV. Sc. 1, 3. —world, so soon To yield] Ed. In Qq. *worlde so soone to yeelde*

A&t IV. Sc. 1, 5. —inflaming thy love-bosom,] Ed. In Qq. *in flaming, thy loue bosome*, Most editors have followed Knight's improvement on Malone:

inflaming love i' thy bosom,

Justification for adhering more closely to the text will be found in "Measure for Measure," Act IV., Sc. 3, line 132. Pericles.
Notes.

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 54. —nurse said] Malone. In Qq. *nurse ses*

Act IV. Sc. 1, 65. —stem to stern] Malone. In Qq. *sterne to sterne*

Act IV. Sc. 2, 105. —Veroles] Malone. In Qq. *Verollus*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 12. —fact] Singer. In Qq. *face*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 17. —pious] Collier. In Qq. *impious*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 27. —prime] Dyce. In Qq. *prince* and *whole*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 28. —sources] Dyce. In Qq. *courses*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 31. —distain] Singer. In Qq. *dis-daine*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 34. —malkin] Malone. In Qq. *mowkin*

Act IV. Sc. 4, 8. —i' the gaps] Malone. In Qq. *with gappes* and *in gappes*

Act IV. Sc. 4, 18. —his pilot] Malone. In Qq. *this Pilat*

Act IV. Sc. 4, 19. —grow on] Malone. In Qq. *grone*

Act IV. Sc. 4, 48. —scene] Malone. In Qq. *steare*

Pericles.
Notes.

Act IV. Sc. 6, 86. —aloof] Rowe. In Qq. *aloft*
Act IV. Sc. 6, 134. —She] Rowe. In Qq. *He*
Act IV. Sc. 6, 164. —Coistrel] Malone. (coyst'rel)

In Qq. *custerell* and *cusherell*

Act IV. Sc. 6, 183. —I] Rowe. Omitted in Qq.

Act V. Prol., 8. —twin] Malone. In Qq. *Twine*

Act V. Prol., 13. —lost] Malone. In Qq. *left*

Act V. Prol., 14. —Whence] Steevens. In Qq. *Where*

Act V. Sc. 1, 36. —night] Malone. In Qq. *Wight*

Act V. Sc. 1, 46. —deafen'd] Malone. In Qq.
defend and *defended*

Act V. Sc. 1, 49. —with] Malone. Omitted in Qq.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 49. —is] Malone. Omitted in Qq.

Act V. Sc. 1, 65. —presence] Malone. In Qq.

present

Act V. Sc. 1, 69. —Fair one] Malone. In Qq.

Faire on and *Faire and*

Act V. Sc. 1, 69. —bounty] Malone. In Qq.
beautie

Act V. Sc. 1, 71. —feat] Steevens. In Qq. *fate*

Act V. Sc. 1, 101, 102. —that—What . . . shores?]
Malone. In Qq. *that, what Countrey women heare of*
these shewes?

Act V. Sc. 1, 101, 102. —any shores] Malone.

In Qq. *any shewes*

Act V. Sc. 1, 110. —cased] Malone. (cas'd) In
Qq. *Caste* and *cast*

Act V. Sc. 1, 120. —palace] Malone. In Qq.
Pallas

Act V. Sc. 1, 125. —say] Malone. In Qq. *stay*

A& V. Sc. 1, 139. —them] Malone. Omitted in **Pericles.**
Qq. **Notes.**

A& V. Sc. 1, 161, 162. —be My daughter buried.]
Ed. In Qq. *be my daughter, buried,*

A& V. Sc. 1, 204. thou said'st] Ed. in Qq. *you*
said

A& V. Sc. 1, 224. —doubt] Malone. In Qq. *doat*

A& V. Sc. 1, 259. —suit.] Malone. In Qq. *sleight*

A& V. Sc. 3, 15. —nun] Collier. In Qq. *mum*
and *woman*

GLOSSARY.

For abbreviations and references see Glossary to
"Timon of Athens."

A-, often used for other prepositions, *e.g.*, in, on, of, at; ii. 1, 28, a-land = on land.

A, he, ii. 1, 30.

Abuse (vb.), to put to wrong use, i. 1, 126.

Act, action, v. 1, 138.

Address'd, dressed, ii. 3, 95.

Adorn'd (vb.), to put on ornaments, i. 4, 26.

Afore (*me*), by (my life), ii. 1, 81.

All-to, altogether, iii. 2, 17 (cf. Abbott, S. G. § 28).

Although, even if, i. 3, 26.

An, if, iii. 1, 45 (cf. "Timon," Glossary, *an*).

Argentine, silvery (*i.e.*, that bearest the silver bow), v. 1, 248.

Armour, a suit of mail, ii. 1, 122.

Art (sb.), science, learning, ii. 3, 15.

Article, (sb.), part of an agreement, i. 1, 88.

Artificial, produced by science, v. 1, 71.

Artist, scholar, ii. 3, 15.

Aspire, to rise, i. 4, 5.

Assume, to claim, i. 1, 61.

Attend, to wait for, i. 4, 78.

Aught (*i.e.*, a whit), anything, ii. Gower, 36.

Awful, commanding reverence, ii. Gower, 4.

Bases (sb.), said to be a garment from waist to knee, worn by knights on horseback, ii. 1, 163.

Been, arc, a purposed archaism, ii. Gower, 28.

Beholding, beholden, ii. 5, 25.

Benizon, blessing, ii. Gower, 10.

Bent with, intent upon, ii. Gower, 23.

Blithe, happy, i. Gower, 23.

Bloods, a distributive plural, *i.e.*, the life of each one (cf. *Loves*, *Evils*), i. 2, 88.

Blurted at, to hold in contempt, iv. 3, 34.

Bolins, bow-lines, iii. 1, 43.

Boots (vb.), to avail, i. 2, 20.

Pericles.
Glossary.

Bosom (sb.), desire, and so *love-bosom*, passion of love, iv. 1, 5.
Bots (sb.), worms found in the intestines of horses, ii. 1, 120.
Bourn, bound, limit, iv. 4, 4.
Brace (sb.), the shoulder-piece of armour, ii. 1, 129.
Braid (vb.), to attack (*lit.* weave, pull upon), i. 1, 93.
Breathing, taking exercise, *i.e.*, dancing, ii. 3, 101.
Building, placing (*holds his building*, still hangs upon), ii. 1, 158.
Buxom, healthy, lively (*lit.* pliable, obedient), i. *Gower*, 23.
By, according to, ii. 2, 57; v. 1, 166.
Cancel (sb.), obliteration, annulling (*lit.* crossing out by lines; *al. cancel off*, where cancel is a verb).
Careful, applied to *Night* in personification, guardian, i. 2, 81.
Cares (vb.), to take care that, i. 2, 15.
Casts (vb.), to heap up, i. 1, 100; to vomit, ii. 1, 58.
Cates (sb.), dainties, ii. 3, 29.
Censure (sb.), judgment, opinion, ii. 4, 34.
Chance (adv.), in what way, iv. 1, 23.
Charity, love, i. 2, 100.
Cheapen, to bargain for, iv. 6, 9.
Chequins (sequins, zecchins), small Italian gold coins, iv. 2, 25.
Clerks (sb.), scholars, v. *Gower*, 5.

Coignes (sb.), corners, iii. *Gower*, 17.
Coistrel, a mean rogue, iv. 6, 164.
Commendations, praises, ii. 2, 9.
Commended, sent with authority, i. 3, 36.
Commodity, merchandise, iv. 2, 29.
Compass (vb.), to obtain, i. 1, 24.
Conceit (sb.), understanding, iii. 1, 16.
Conclusion, riddle, i. 1, 56.
Condolements, things to make up a loss (incorrectly used, perhaps with a reminiscence of "dole"), ii. 1, 152.
Confound, to destroy utterly, v. 2, 14.
Consists in, to depend on, v. 1, 69.
Consist on, to claim, demand, i. 4, 82.
Conversation, behaviour, ii. *Gower*, 9.
Convince, to overcome, i. 2, 123.
Cope (sb.), the sky, iv. 6, 122.
Copp'd, rising to a head or submit, i. 1, 101.
Countless, inestimable, i. 1, 31.
Countervail, to equal, ii. 3, 56.
Course (sb.), means, channel or flow, i. 2, 23.
Curious, wrought with care, dainty, delicate, i. 1, 16.
Cynthia, Diana, ii. 5, 11.
Dame, mistress, lady, i. 4, 26.
Derne (adj.), dreadful, iii. *Gower*, 15.

Device, an emblem (on a shield),
ii. 2, 15.

Direct (vb.), to intrust, i. 2, 109.

Discourse (vb.), to utter, i. 4, 18.

Dispose, used reflexively, meaning
to be guided, i. 2, 117.

Doom (sb.), decision, iii. *Gower*,
32; v. 2, 20.

Doubt (vb.), to conjecture, i. 2, 86.

Drawn, i.e., drawn sword, v. 1,
172.

Dropping, dripping-wet, iv. 1, 64.

Eaning (yeaning), bringing forth,
iii. 4, 6.

Eche (vb.), to augment (eke), iii.
Gower, 13.

Eftsoons, shortly, by and by, v. 1,
253.

Ember-eves, evenings before em-
ber-days, i. *Gower*, 6.

Endeavour (vb.), to do one's best
(*en-devoir*), ii. 4, 56.

Entertain (sb.), treatment, i. 1,
119.

Entertain (vb.), to receive, or,
possibly, to form an idea of,
i.e., interpret (which some
suggest as a reading), ii. 2, 14.

Erst, formerly, once.

Escapen, archaism for *escape*, ii.
Gower, 36.

Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius,
the older a good thing is, the
better it is, i. *Gower*, 10.

Ethiope, an Ethiopian, ii. 2, 20.
(As always in S., used to ex-

press the strongest contrast of
beauty with ugliness.)

Evils, a distributive plural, mean-
ing the wrong done by each,
i. 4, 104.

Exceed, to be paramount, ii. 3,
16.

Expecting, in anticipation of, i.
4, 94.

Extremity, utmost (distress), v. 1,
138.

Faith, loyalty, i. 2, 111.

Favour (sb.), looks, iv. 1, 25; v.
3, 13.

Feather'd, winged, (swiftness as)
of wings, v. *Gower*, 15.

Fere, spouse, i. *Gower*, 21.

Fish (vb.), to get by cunning, ii.
1, 70.

Flap-jacks, pancakes, ii. 1, 83.

Frame (vb.), to resort, i. *Gower*,
32; to fashion, ii. 5, 80.

Fry (sb.), spawn, young fish, ii.
1, 31.

Full of face, beautiful, i. *Gower*,
23. (Possibly a variant of the
ballad expression, "buxom,
blithe, and debonair.")

Gamester, a prostitute, iv. 6, 74.

Gentle, well-born, v. 1, 69.

Glad (sb.), happiness, ii. *Gower*,
38.

Glass (sb.), a mirror, i. 1, 76; 4, 27.

Gloze (vb.), to deceive, flatter,
i. 1, 110,

Pericles.
Glossary.

Pericles.
Glossary.

Graff, a scion, shoot inserted in another stem, v. 1, 59.

Greets, to gratify, iv. 3, 38.

Grisled, gray, iii. *Gower*, 48.
(Doublet of *grizzly*, but nothing to do with *grisly*.)

Haling, hauling, iv. 1, 56.

Hatch'd, closed with a hatch, or half-door, iv. 2, 32.

Hazard (sb.), risk, loss, i. 1, 5.

Hesperides, properly the daughters of Hesperus, who kept the golden apples of the Western garden. Here used, as often, for the paradise itself, i. 1, 27.

Holds (vb.), to possess, receive as a vassal his fief from his lord, ii. 2, 22.

Holy-ales, christening-feasts, i. *Gower*, 6 (cf. *Bridal*).

Home (adv.), a word of general application, meaning "effectively"; e.g., *take her h.*, use her as is needful, iv. 2, 122.

Honour (sb.), rank, superiority. (*Use honour*, claim superiority over, where al. *vie.*, iii. 1, 26.)

House (vb.), to shelter, ii. *Gower*, 32.

Husbandry, care of business, iii. 2, 20.

In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live, ii. 2, 44.

Inkle, tape, v. *Gower*, 8.

Intend, to direct, i. 2, 116.

Inventions, some delicacy new devised, i. 4, 40.

Iwis (adv.), certainly. (Often wrongly written "I wis," as if a verb *wis*; cf. *y-*) ii. *Gower*, 2.

Jetted (vb.), to strut, i. 4, 26.

Jewel, a bracelet, ii. 1, 158.

Joy (vb.), to gladden, i. 2, 9.

Just (vb.), to meet, encounter, tilt, ii. 1, 112.

Killen, v. *Speken*.

Kind (sb.), kindred, v. 1, 67.

La, lo, in asseveration, iv. 1, 78.

Labour'd, careful, painstaking. .. 3, 17. (cf. Abbott, S. G. § 374. Schmidt, however, says "wrought with art's own hands.")

Large, in the phrase *at large*, in general, i. 1, 1.

Level (vb.), to aim i. 1, 166; ii. 3, 114.

Liberties, royal privileges, and so, the region in which those privileges hold good, i. 2, 112.

Liege (sb.), lord, the one to whom feudal service is due, ii. 2, 2.

Liking (sb.), passion, i. *Gower*, 25.

Lists (sb.), the place of encounter in the joust, i. 1, 61; ii. 2, *stage dir.*

'*Longs* (vb.), to belong to, ii. *Gower*, 40.

Looks (sb.), in i. *Gower*, 40, abstract for concrete, and so means "heads," *i.e.*, of the defeated suitors, exposed on the palace.

Love-bosom, v. *Bosom*.

Loves (sb.), in i. 3, 16, distributive plural, cf. *Evils*.

Loon (Loon), knave, clown, iv. 6, 17.

Lucina, the goddess of safe travail (*till L. reign'd*, till the birth took place), i. 1, 8; iii. 1, 10.

Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me, ii. 2, 21.

Make (vb.), to move, journey, i. 4, 61; to bring, (with a play on the meaning "to shape a garment,") ii. 1, 151.

Malign (vb.), to treat or regard with envy, v. i. 88.

Malkin, a kitchen-maid, iv. 3, 34.

Manage (sb.), the training of a horse, iv. 6, 63.

Me pompæ provexit apex, the crown at the march of triumph has urged me on, ii. 2, 30.

Measures (sb.), figures of a dance, ii. 3, 104.

Mischief, misery, i. 4, 8.

Misdread (sb.), fear of evil, i. 2, 12.

Moral (sb.), a tale with a special bearing or lesson, ii. 1, 35; 2, 45. *Glossary*.

Motion, moving (pulse), v. 1, 153. (In the text, as here given, it may be used to mean "active existence," and so, "being," as in "Measure for Measure," iii. 1, 17—"This sensible warm motion to become a kneaded clod." In that case "fairy motion" may be taken as "elfish shape.")

Ne, not, ii. *Gower*, 36.

Nil = will not, iii. *Gower*, 55.

Nouze (vb.), to caress, embrace, i. 4, 42.

O'erlook, to look to, take account of, i. 2, 48.

Offer'd, to attempt, iv. 2, 106.

Officer, one who performs any duty for another, v. 3, 63.

Ope = open, v. 3, 23; i. 2, 89.

Or . . . or, either . . . or, v. 1, 245.

Orbs (sb.), spheres of action, i. 2, 122.

Ostent, outward signs, i. 2, 25 (where al. "*stint*," *i.e.*, constraint).

Overcome, in i. 4, 70, *to overcome* is the gerund, and means "in overcoming" (cf. Abbott, S. G., § 356).

Owe, to own, v. 1, 116.

**Pericles.
Glossary.**

Paphos, the Cyprian town sacred to Venus, ix. *Gower*, 32.

Partakes, to communicate, share with, i. 1, 154.

Passion, suffering, grief, iv. 4, *stage dir.*

Pelf, wealth, ii. *Gower*, 35.

Perch (sb.), resting-place, iii. *Gower*, 15.

Perfections (sb.), excellent qualities, i. 1, 11, *ib.* 79 ("he is not a man of virtue who, knowing sin . . .")

Perishen, archaism for *perish*, ii. *Gower*, 35.

Piece (sb.), often applied to persons as an expression of excellence, iii. 1, 17; iv. 6, 110.

Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by violence, ii. 2, 27. (Corrupt.)

Platform, a terrace, ii. 2, *stage dir.*

Pompous, magnificent, iii. *Gower*, 4.

Pooped (vb.), to strike fatally, as a following sea might strike a ship, iv. 2, 23.

Portage, safe conveyance, iii. 1, 35.

Portly, stately, i. 4, 60.

Post (adv.), in haste, iv. *Gower*, 48.

Prefer, to offer, bring forward, ii. 2, 17.

Pregnant, ready, iv. *Gower*, 44.

Prest, ready, prompt (Fr. *prête*), iv. *Gower*, 45.

Priapus, God of the productive power of earth, iv. 6, 4.

Prime, original, chief, iv. 3, 27.

Prince = prince's, i. 2, 124; ii. *Gower*, 21. (Cf. Abbott, S. G., § 471, for words ending in —s sound, and used by S. in the possessive without any case-ending.)

Principals, corner-posts, iii. 2, 16.

Proportion (sb.), fortune, iv. 2, 26.

Prorogue (vb.), to draw out, prolong, v. 1, 26.

Provoke, to entice, i. *Gower*, 26.

Purchase (sb.), result, gain, i. *Gower*, 9; i. 2, 72.

Quaintly, neatly, iii. *Gower*, 13.

Quirks (sb.), caprices, iv. 6, 7.

Quit (vb.), to require, iii. 1, 35.

Quod me alit me extinguit, what feeds my life does also quench it, ii. 2, 33.

y-Ravished, enchanted, iii. *Gower*, 36. (The only case in S. where *y-* is prefixed to a form other than the past participle, and here erroneously, cf. *Y-*)

Records (vb.), to sing, iv. *Gower*, 27.

Repeat (vb.), to talk, i. 4, 72.

Resist, to be distasteful to, ii. 3, 29.

Resolve (vb.), to explain, i. 1, 71; ii. 5, 67; v. 3, 62.

Respect (sb.), notice, consideration, ii. 4, 18.

Rhymes, verses, i. *Gower*, 12 (better *Rimes*).

Riots (sb.), revels, i. 4, 33.

Round (adj.), honest, plain, i. 2, 122.

Rout (sb.), noisy revel, iii. *Gower* 1.

Rupture (sb.), damage, ii. 1, 157.

Sail (sb.), a fleet, i. 4, 61.

'*Say'd*' = assayed, i. 1, 59 ("all who have made the attempt" . . .)

Scan, to judge of, ii. 2, 56 ("to judge and explain the outward appearance by the inward qualities which may not have produced it.")

Semblance, that which is probably shown by . . . , i. 4, 71.

Shine (sb.), light, glory, i. 2, 124. (In *S.* always of a heavenly body.)

Sic speſtanda fides, thus is loyalty to be tried, ii. 2, 39.

Sights (sb.), a distributive plural, "the sight of each one of them," i. 1, 74.

Signior, my lord, i. 2, 44.

y-Slaked, quenched, iii. *Gower*, 1.

Sleided silk, loose floss-silk, iv. *Gower*, 21.

Smooth (vb.), to pass over, i. 2, 78.

Soldier to (sb.), firmly devoted to, iv. 1, 8.

Sometime, formerly, i. 1, 34.

Sooth, truth, i. 2, 44.

Speken, archaism for *Speak*, ii. *Gower*, 12.

Spheres (sb.), in ancient astronomy, the concentric invisible spheres in which were set the heavenly bodies, whose complex motions were due to the revolution of these spheres about the earth. In this revolution they were believed to cause a harmony inaudible to mortal ears, cf. *M. of V.* v. 1.

Staff, spear-shaft, ii. 3, 35.

Standing bowl, a bowl with a foot, ii. 3, 66.

Stay (vb.), to await, ii. 2, 3.

Stead (vb.), to aid, iii. *Gower*, 21; iv. *Gower*, 41.

Succeed, to follow, i. 2, 83; to come upon, i. 4, 104.

Targets, bucklers, shields, i. 1, 40; and so in sing., "a defence," ii. 1, 139.

Tellur, the earth personified, iv. 1, 14.

Thankful = thankful, v. *Gower*, 20. (cf. *Abbott*, *S. G.* §3).

Thetis, a sea-goddess, used in personification of the sea, iv. 4, 39.

Thread of life, allotted days, alluding to the myth of the *Parcæ* or *Fates*, who spun, measured,

Pericles.
Glossary.

Pericles.
Glossary

and cut the thread that represented human life, i. 2, 108.

Throng'd up, possessed entirely by, ii. 1, 74.

Thwarting, crossing, baffling, iv. 4, 10.

Time of day, greeting, iv. 3, 35.

Tire (sb.), attire, furnishing, iii. 2, 22.

To-, intensive prefix in iv. 6, 20.

Topp'd, having had the top pruned, i. 4, 9.

Touch (vb.), to aim at, to make assay of, i. 1, 87.

Touchstone, the Lydian stone, one used to test gold by rubbing the metal upon it, ii. 2, 37.

Tourney (vb.), to meet in the lists, ii. 1, 112.

Treason, crime done or intended against the king; in i. 2, 104, assassination.

Trim (vb.), to adorn, i. 4, 27.

Triumph (sb.), tournament, ii. 2, 1.

Tune (vb.), to give a disposition, impel to act, i. 1, 115.

Used, habitual, frequent, i. 2, 3.

Vail (vb.), to lower, ii. 3, 42; do homage, iv. *Gower*, 49.

Vails (sb.), money gifts, servants' perquisites, ii. 1, 152.

Veins (sb.), the interior of anything, contents, i. 4, 94.

Viper, the adder, fabled to come to birth by eating its way through the parent snake, i. 1, 64.

Virgin-knot, a girdle worn as a sign of maidenhood (cf. Scotch *smood*.), iv. 3, 145.

Virtue, valour, ii. 1, 147.

Wages (vb.), to be a stake, and so, to equal, iv. 2, 30.

Wanion, in the phrase *with a w.*, with a curse on you, ii. 1, 17. (*lit.* "with a waning," and as the *waning* of the moon brought ill-luck, *wanion* means "loss, curse," cf. Skeat).

Weed (sb.), dress, covering, iv. 1, 14.

Well-a-day, a corruption of *Well-away*, a cry of great grief = *woe*, *lo*, *woe!* ii. 1, 22; iv. 4, 49. (Cf. Skeat.)

Whipstock, whiphandle, ii. 2, 51.

Wight, person, creature, i. *Gower*, 39.

Wis. See *Iwis*.

Wrack'd, driven ashore, ii. *Gower*, 32.

Wreath of Chivalry, the laurel wreath, the Roman triumphal crown worn by the victorious general in procession to the Capitol, ii. 2, 30.

Writ = Holy Writ, Scripture, ii. *Gower*, 12.

ʔ-, an obsolete prefix of emphasis, as in *iwis*. It is contained in *enough* and *aware*. In iii. *Gower*, it occurs as an inten-

tional archaism, and in all *Pericles*. cases of its occurrence in S.— *Glossary*. save iii. *Gower*, 36—it is prefixed to the participle.

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