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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

This Edition is printed from the text of the Whitehall Edition.

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME TWELVE

LONDON
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO LTD

CONTENTS.

VOL. XII.

Tragedies. After 1600.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CORIOLANUS.

CYMBELINE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

First printed in the Folio of 1623.

The Play contains 5 Acts, 41 Scenes, and 3,024 lines.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs.*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS,
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } *friends to* Antony.

MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } *friends to* Cæsar.

MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } *friends to* Sextus Pompeius.

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to* Antony.
SILIUS, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from* Antony *to* Cæsar.

ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, *a eunuch,*
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES, } *attendants on* Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer. *A Clown.*

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of* Egypt.
OCTAVIA, *sister to* Cæsar, *and wife to* Antony.

CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } *attendants on* Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : In various parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *her* Ladies, *the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me: the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where 's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra, with their Train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

Antony and Cleopatra. I. 2.

Scene II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a* Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.
Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!
Eno. Madam?
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?
Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.
Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY, *with a* Messenger, *and* Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
Whose better issue in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
Extended Asia from Euphrates,
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there!
First Atten. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?
Sec. Atten. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?
Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.
[*Exit Second Messenger.*
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful

piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The same. Another room.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [*Exit Alex.*
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness grown sick of rest would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read

The garboils she awaked; at the last, best;
See when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there 's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A room in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *reading a letter*, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound

Antony and Cleopatra. I. 4.

With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who 's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. POMPEY's *House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS, *in warlike manner.*

Pompey.

IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,

Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck

The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of* LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day!
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practised?
Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar!
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected rather,
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye; to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,

To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live

To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Ant., and Lepidus.*

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,

O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings*: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The same. A room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia *between them, and* Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 't is noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about;
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mæc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
All. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN *the* Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,

My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say "Ah, ha! you're caught."
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laughed him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O! from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold:
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he 's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet:"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he 's friends with Cæsar,
In state of health thou say'st, and thou say'st free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He 's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
[*Draws a knife.*
Mess. Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and* Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, "Yes."
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he 's married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go: let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars: [*To Mardian.*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*Near* Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey *and* Menas *from one side, with drum and trumpet: at another,* Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs.
Ant.
Lep. } That 's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose

The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That 's the next to do.
Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that: he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs.
Ant.
Lep. } Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*On board* Pompey's *galley, off* Misenum.

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, *with a banquet.*

First Serv. Here they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other captains.*

Ant. [*To Cæsar.*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.
Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.
Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.
Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?
Men. [*Aside to Pompey.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Menas.*] Forbear me ill anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!
Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?
Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.
Lep. What colour is it of?
Ant. Of its own colour too.
Lep. 'Tis is a strange serpent.
Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.
Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?
Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.
Pom. [*Aside to Menas.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?
Men. [*Aside to Pompey.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.
Pom. [*Aside to Menas.*] I think thou'rt mad. Th
matter? [*Rises, and walks asid*
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What
else to say?
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That
twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me't is villainy;
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,

Tis not my profit that doth lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. [*Aside.*] For this
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus!
Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!
Men. Enobarbus, welcome!
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*
Men. Why?
Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here's to Cæsar!
Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
Eno. [*To Antony.*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha 't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.
[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

Song.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What, would you more? Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;

You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father-house,—But what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo! says a'. There 's my cap.

Men. Hoo! Noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in* Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as it were in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ventidius.

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scant distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On there; pass along!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An ante-chamber in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar"; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best: yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So; [*Trumpet sounds.*
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia.

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to Ag.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enorbarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa.*] That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum:
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S *Palace*.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That 's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in* ANTONY'S *House.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that;
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

Antony and Cleopatra. III. 4.

He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults

Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mæc. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Informed.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.
Agr. Who does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mæc. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, *with her train.*

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:

Antony and Cleopatra. III. 6.

Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.
Oct. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Antony's *Camp near* Actium.

Enter Cleopatra *and* Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Those hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
Cleo. What is 't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome

That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea: what else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,

Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare, yours heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth not consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.
Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible:
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,

And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—*A Plain near* Actium.

Enter Cæsar *and* Taurus, *with his army, marching.*

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—*Another part of the plain.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Another part of the plain.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way; and* TAURUS, *the* Lieutenant *of* CÆSAR, *with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter* ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst of the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June!—
Hoists sails and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own.
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed.
Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;

It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now;
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him; comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam!
Iras. Madam, O good empress!
Eros. Sir, sir!
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes: he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah! stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord,

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene XII.—Egypt. Cæsar's *Camp*.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.
Cæs. Be 't so: declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus.*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIII.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.
Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,

When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question: 't was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know 't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.
[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*
Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show

Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attendant.*

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.
Cleo. He is a god and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation

I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?" Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

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Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what 's her name
Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again. This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is 't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;

And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit Thyreus.*
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make Death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,

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Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MÆCENAS, *with his army:* CÆSAR *reading a letter.*

Cæsar.

HE calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:

And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry "Take all."

Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou:—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers *to their guard.*

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well. Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Music of hautboys under the stage.*

Fourth Sold. Peace, what noise?
First Sold. List, list!
Sec. Sold. Hark!
First Sold. Music i' the air.
Third Sold. Under the earth.
Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?
Third Sold. No.
First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.
First Sold. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
Sec. Sold. How now, masters!
All. How now! how now! Do you hear this?
First Sold. Ay: is 't not strange?
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how 't will give off.
All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra; Charmian *and others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on ·
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What 's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well,
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
First Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains *and* Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now—Well, on.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Antony's *Camp near* Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar *with* Agrippa, Enobarbus, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin to fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive:
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* CÆSAR's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa, *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of* Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching:* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been

Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus.*] Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown,
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand;

Through Alexandria make a jolly march:
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—Cæsar's *Camp.*

Sentinels *at their post.*

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

First Sold. Enobarbus!
Third Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
Sec. Sold. Let 's speak to him.
First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
Third Sold. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.
First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
Sec. Sold. Go we to him.
Third Sold. Awake sir, awake! speak to us.
Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?
First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on then; he may recover yet.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

Scene X.—*Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with Forces marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven,
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, *and his Forces marching.*

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Scene XI.—*Hills adjoining to* Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.
[*Exit Scarus.*
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleo.*] 'T is well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

Scene XII.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

Scene XIII.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter Antony *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot bold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou would'st do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

Was "Antony! most noble Antony!"
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*] Off, pluck off;
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.
[*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come—which now
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn

Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me!
Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard—ho!—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard. Not I.
Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.
First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XIV.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter DIOMEDES, *below.*

How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world! O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools:—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw Antony up.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,

Provoked by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
[*Antony dies.*
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. O, quietness, lady.
Iras. She 's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt, Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out! Good sirs, take heart:
We'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

Cæsar.

GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mæc. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mæc. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars
Unreconciliable should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say

We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*] Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
All. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Alexandria. *The Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What 's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You 're fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him

The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.
Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised;
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*
Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.
Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Assuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?
Dol. I understand not, madam.
Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please ye,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.
[*Flourish. Shouts within: "Make way there: Cæsar!"*

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS, SELEUCUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
I am possess'd of; 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O, Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus.*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do, and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend: and so adieu.

Cleo. My master and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian. [*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dol.*] Now,
Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that 's certain.
Iras. I'll never see 't, for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*
Wherefore 's this noise?

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown *bringing a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she dièd of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras, quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
Is is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!
Char. O eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?
Sec. Guard. All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
[*Within.* "*A way there, a way for Cæsar!*"

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his train.*

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
And she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.
First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

NOTES.

Act I. Sc. 2, 1. Lord] Johnson. In Folio *L.*

Act I. Sc. 2, 4. —charge] Theobald. In Folio *change*

Act I. Sc. 2, 37. —fertile] Theobald. In Folio *foretell*

Act I. Sc. 2, 59, 60. Alexas,—come,] Theobald. As the word Alexas was at the commencement of a line, the editors who preceded Theobald gave the whole passage from *Come*, to *I beseech thee*. to that character.

Act I. Sc. 2, 109. —minds] Hanmer. In Folio *windes*

Act I. Sc. 2, 136. —compelling occasion] Rowe. In Folio *compelling an occasion*

Act I. Sc. 2, 178. —leave] Pope. In Folio *loue*

Act I. Sc. 2, 192. —hair] Rowe. In Folio *heire*

Act I. Sc. 4, 3. —Our] Johnson. In Folio *One*

Act I. Sc. 4, 24. —soils] Malone. In Folio *foyles*

Act I. Sc. 4, 44. —dear'd] Theobald. In Folio *fear'd*

Act I. Sc. 4, 46. —lackeying] Theobald. In Folio *lacking.*

Act I. Sc. 4, 56. —wassails] Pope. In Folio *vassailes*

Act I. Sc. 5, 50. —dumb'd] Theobald. In Folio *dumb*

Act II. Sc. 2, 57. —not] Rowe. Omitted in Folio.

Act II. Sc. 2, 124. —not so] Rowe. In Folio *not, say*

Act II. Sc. 2, 125. —reproof] Hanmer. In Folio *proofe*

Act II. Sc. 2, 208. —glow] Rowe. In Folio *glove*

Act II. Sc. 3, 30. —away] Pope. In Folio *alway*

Act II. Sc. 5, 12. —Tawny-finn'd] Theobald. In Folio *Tawny fine*

Act II. Sc. 5, 43. —is] Capell. In Folio *'tis.*

Act II. Sc. 6, 66. —meanings] Malone. In Folio *meaning*

Act II. Sc. 6, 81. *Cæs. Ant. Lep.*] Capell. In Folio *All*

Act II. Sc. 7, 90. —then is] Rowe. In Folio *then he is*

Act II. Sc. 7, 109 —bear] Theobald. In Folio *beate*

Act III. Sc. 1, 5. *Sil.*] Theobald. In Folio *Romaine*

Act III. Sc. 1, 27. *Sil.*] Theobald. In Folio *Rom.*

Act III. Sc. 2, 10. *Agr.*] Rowe. In Folio *Ant.*

Act III. Sc. 2, 16. —figures] Hanmer. In Folio *figure*

Act III. Sc. 2, 59. —wept] Theobald. In Folio *weepe*

Act III. Sc. 4, 8. —them] Rowe. In Folio *then*

Act III. Sc. 4, 9. —took't] Theobald. In Folio *look't*

Act III. Sc. 4, 32. —solder] Pope. In Folio *soader*

Act III. Sc. 5, 13. —world, thou hast] Hanmer. In Folio *would thou hadst*

Act III. Sc. 5, 15. —the one the other] Capell. In Folio *the other*

Act III. Sc. 6, 13. —he there] Johnson. In Folio *hither*

Act III. Sc. 6, 13. —kings of kings] Rowe. In Folio *King of Kings*

Act III. Sc. 6, 61. —obstruct] Theobald. In Folio *abstract*

Act III. Sc. 6, 69. —Bocchus] Theobald. In Folio *Bochus*

Act III. Sc. 6, 69. —Archelaus] Theobald. In Folio *Archilaus*

Act III. Sc. 6, 71. —Adallas] Rowe. In Folio *Adullas*

Act III. Sc. 6, 72. —Malchus] Theobald. In Folio *Mauchus*

Act III. Sc. 6, 74. —Comagene] Rowe. In Folio *Comageat*

Act III. Sc. 6, 74. —Polemon] Theobald. In Folio *Polemen*

Act III. Sc. 6, 74. —Amyntas] Dyce. In Folio *Amintas*

Act III. Sc. 6, 88. —them] Capell. In Folio *his*

Act III. Sc. 7, 20. —Canidius] Rowe, here and elsewhere. In Folio *Camidius*

Act III. Sc. 7, 51. —Actium] Pope. In Folio *Action*

Act III. Sc. 7, 72. *Can.*] Pope. In Folio *Ven.*

Act III. Sc. 7, 72. —Justeius] Theobald. In Folio *Justeus*

Act III. Sc. 7, 73. —Caelius] Theobald. In Folio *Celius.*

Act III. Sc. 8. —Taurus] Theobald. In Folio *Towrus*

Act III. Sc. 11, 19. —that] Capell. In Folio *them*

Act III. Sc. 11, 59. —Thy] Theobald. In Folio *The*

Act III. Sc. 12, 6. —Euphronius] Here and elsewhere Capell gave the schoolmaster's name. In the Folio *Ambassador*

Act III. Sc. 12, 31. —Thyreus] Theobald, here and elsewhere. In Folio *Thidias*

Act III. Sc. 13, 103. —this] Pope. In Folio *the*

Act III. Sc. 13, 162. —smite] Hanmer. In Folio *smile*

Act III. Sc. 13, 165. —discandying] Theobald. In Folio *discandering*

Act III. Sc. 13, 168. —*sits*] Johnson. In Folio *sets*

Act III. Sc. 13, 199. —prays on] Rowe. In Folio *prayes in*

Act IV. Sc. 3, 8. *Third Soldier.*] Here and elsewhere the soldiers are numbered by Capell.

Act IV. Sc. 4, 3. —mine] Hanmer. In Folio *thine*

Act IV. Sc. 4, 5—8.] Malone. In Folio:

Cleo. Nay Ile helpe too, Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my heart : False, false : This, this, Sooth-law Ile helpe : Thus it must bee.

Act IV. Sc. 5, 1. *Sold.*] Theobald. In Folio *Eros.*

Act IV. Sc. 6, 16. Canidius] Rowe. In Folio *Camindius*

Act IV. Sc. 8, 2. —gests] Theobald. In Folio *guests*

Act IV. Sc. 8, 22. —goal] Pope. In Folio *gole*

Act IV. Sc. 8, 23. —favouring] Theobald. In Folio *savouring*

Act IV. Sc. 9, 1. *First Sold.*] The soldiers are arranged throughout this scene by Malone. In the Folio they are called variously *Cent.* 1. *Watch.* &c.

Act IV. Sc. 11. Hills adjoining to Alexandria] Cambridge Edd. who number this Sc. xii

Act IV. Sc. 11, 21. —spaniel'd] Hanmer. In Folio *pannelled*

Act IV. Sc. 11, 37. —doits] Warburton. In Folio *Dolts*

Act IV. Sc. 11, 45. —Lichas] Theobald. In Folio *Licas*

Act IV. Sc. 13, 4. —tower'd] Rowe. In Folio *toward*

Act IV. Sc. 13, 10. —dislimns] Theobald. In Folio *dislimes*

Act IV. Sc. 13, 19. —Cæsar] Rowe. In Folio *Cæsars*

Act IV. Sc. 13, 36. [*To Mar.*] Edd. of Globe Edition.

Act IV. Sc. 13, 82. —bade] Theobald. In Folio *bad*

Act IV. Sc. 13, 104. —ho !] Theobald. In Folio *how?*

Act IV. Sc. 14, 38. —where] Pope. In Folio *when*

Act IV. Sc. 14, 73. —e'en] Capell. In Folio *in*

Act V. Sc. 1, 28, 31. *Agr.*] Theobald. In Folio *Dol.*

Act V. Sc. 1, 36. —lance] Theobald. In Folio *launch*

Act V. Sc. 1, 59. —live] Rowe. In Folio *leave*

Act V. Sc. 2, 35. *Gal.*] Malone. In Folio *Pro.*

Act V. Sc. 2, 87. —an autumn 'twas] Theobald. In Folio *an Anthony it was*

Act V. Sc. 2, 104. —smites] Capell. In Folio *suites*

Act V. Sc. 2, 110.] Capell, substantially ; he, however, omitted *Flourish.* In Folio :

Dol. Madam he will, I know't. *Flourish*

Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there *Cæsar.*

Act V. Sc. 2, 215. —o' tune] Theobald. In Folio *a tune*

Act V. Sc. 2, 227. —Cydnus] Theobald. In Folio *Cidrus*

Act V. Sc. 2, 316. —awry] Pope. In Folio *away*

GLOSSARY.

Contractions: — *absol.*, absolutely; *adj.*, adjective; *al.*, others; *cf.*, compare; *sb.*, noun; *vb.*, verb.

References: — *Abbott*, *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.

Abode = abiding, i. 2, 176.

Absolute, faultless, i. 2, 2.

Æneas, the Trojan prince who, after the fall of his country, escaped westward, and was believed to have founded Rome, iv. 13, 53.

Affect'st, to please (absol.), i. 3, 71.

Ajax, the greater of two bearing that name. He was champion of the Greeks around Troy, and second only to Achilles. At the death of the latter, Ajax claimed his arms, as having done greatest service to the Greeks, and in disappointment at not receiving them, went mad, and died by his own hand, iv. 13, 38.

Alack, exclamation of regret or loss. It may be a corruption of *ah, lord!* or from *lack* meaning *loss; cf.* Skeat, i. 2, 145.

Alcides, patronymic of Hercules, iv. 11, 44.

Alms-drink, the heel-taps (?). A doubtful word, probably meaning that each has done his share in making the recipient drink, ii. 7, 5.

Angle (sb.), rod and line, ii. 5, 10.

Antick'd (vb.), to make like a buffoon, ii. 7, 123.

Approof, "as I will give bond to the uttermost that thou wilt show thyself to be," iii. 2, 26-7.

Approves, to bear out, i. 1, 61.

Arabian bird, the Phœnix, of which there was thought to be but one at a time, iii. 2, 12.

Arm-gaunt, strong under arms, used of a charger. (So Schmidt, from *ganz*, whole; but Skeat from *gaunt*, thin, comparing *gank*, a lean horse), i. 5, 48.

As = as if, i. 2, 99.

Aspect, gaze, i. 5, 33.

Aspic, the asp, v. 2, 291.

Avaunt, begone! (Fr. *en avant*), iv. 11, 30.

Band, bond, iii. 2, 26. (See *Approof*.)

Becomes, to behave to, iii. 12, 34.

Becomings, graces, i. 3, 96.

Bench-holes, privy-holes, iv. 7, 9.

Bent (sb.), look, i. 3, 36.

Black, swarthy of complexion, i. 5, 28.

Blow (vb.), to cause to swell, (of a fly) to lay eggs in carrion, and so help putrefaction, v. 2, 60.

Blown, deposited like the eggs of a fly, v. 2, 346.

Boot (vb.), to make a present, ii. 5, 71.

Boot (sb.), advantage, gain, iv. 1, 9.

Bourn, bound, limit, i. 1, 16.

Boy (vb.), to act a woman's part on a stage (such parts being always taken by boys in Elizabethan drama), v. 2, 219.

Breath'd, exercised, in full career, iii. 13, 178.

Breathing (sb.), expression, i. 3, 14.

Breed (vb.), attracted into the plural by the near plural noun, i. 3, 48.

Brief (sb.), a list, v. 2, 137.

Broached, caused, begun, i. 2, 172.

Burgonet, helmet, i. 5, 24.

But, not except, only if, i. 1, 43; unless, iii. 11, 47.

Call (vb.), to exact compensation, i. 4, 28.

Cantle (sb.), slice, part, iii. 10, 6.

Carouse (vb.), to drink in honour of something, iv. 11, 12.

Carouses (sb.), riotous drinking (*lit.* an adv. meaning *right out*, and so, the drinking bumpers), iv. 8, 34.

Carriage, behaviour, i. 3, 84.

Cast (vb.), to sum up, iii. 2, 17.

Censuring (vb.), to judge, v. 2, 57.

Chafe (sb.), fury, i. 3, 84.

Chares (sb.), turns of work, iv. 14, 75; v. 2, 230.

Charge (vb.), to load, i. 2, 4.

Clip (vb.), to embrace, iv. 8, 8; v. 2, 356.

Colour (sb.), pretext, i. 3, 32.

Companion (vb.), to make equal, (the lit. meaning is *one who*

eats at the same table; hence, *an equal*), i. 2, 29.

Compose, to come to agreement, ii. 2, 15.

Conclusion, self-restraint, iv. 14, 28; inference, enquiry, v. 2, 352.

Continent (sb.), that which holds, iv. 13, 40.

Corrigible, yielding to punishment, iv. 13, 74.

Course (vb.), to pursue, iii. 13, 11.

Crassus, Marcus, defeated by the Parthians, and slain in conference with them, B.C. 53, iii. 1, 5.

Crested (vb.), to form the top, as a crest to a coat-of-arms. A frequent device is the *rear'd arm* holding a dagger, v. 2, 83.

Cropp'd, to reap, ii. 2, 233.

Crownets = coronets, v. 2, 91.

Cunning (sb.), knowledge, skill, ii. 3, 34.

Curious, careful, doing anything with exactness, iii. 2, 35.

Curstness, quarrelsomeness, ii. 2, 25.

Damn, to condemn, i. 1, 24.

Darkling (adv.), in the dark, iv. 14, 10.

Dealt on lieutenantry, acted by substitutes, iii. 11, 39.

Demi-Atlas, one who shares the burden of the world, as the fabled giant, Atlas, was believed to support the orb of heaven on his shoulders, i. 5, 23.

Demon, attendant spirit, ii. 3, 19.

Demure (vb.), to look modest, iv. 14, 29.

Demurely, soberly, staidly (from O. Fr. *de bons murs*), iv. 9, 30.

Determined, fated, iii. 6, 84.

Determines, to come to an end, iii. 13, 161.

Dido, the Queen of Carthage, who, betrayed and deserted by Æneas, slew herself, carrying her hate of her betrayer even to the shades, and leaving a like hate of Rome to her descendants, iv. 13, 53.

Disaster (vb.), to give an ill-fated appearance, ii. 7, 16.

Discandy, to melt, iii. 13, 165; iv. 11, 22.

Dislimns, to efface, iv. 13, 10.

Dispose, to come to an agreement, iv. 13, 123.

Disposition, inclination, whim of the moment, ii. 7, 6.

Doff, to take off, iv. 4, 13.

Doits, small coins, iv. 11, 37.

Ear (vb.), to plough, i. 4, 49.

Earing (sb.), ploughing, as *earth* is *the ploughed*. (The line means, *the telling us our faults is like ploughing us*), i. 2, 111.

Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth, iv. 12, 3.

Enfranched, set free, iii. 13, 149.

Ensued, to follow, iv. 13, 77.
Epicurean, pertaining to Epicurus, and hence, by a perverted view of his doctrines, sensuous, dainty, ii. 1, 24.
Estridge, ostrich (but al. *goshawk*), iii. 13, 197.
Exigent (sb.), a compelling need, iv. 13, 63.
Expedience, an expedition, hasty campaign, i. 2, 179.
Extended, to seize upon (as in law), i. 2, 101.
Eyes (sb.), looks (*i.e. bent reverent looks upon her*), ii. 2, 212.
Eyne, old form of the plural, *eyes*, ii. 7, 112.

Factors, agents, deputies, ii. 6, 10.
Fairy, a person of more than human sway, iv. 8, 12.
Fame, rumour, ii. 2, 168.
Fast and loose, a cheating game answering the purpose of modern thimble-rig, iv. 11, 28.
Fear (vb.), to frighten, ii. 6, 24.
Feeders, servants, iii. 13, 109.
Flag, a rush, i. 4, 45.
Flatter'd, to speak pleasantly, give hopes, i. 2, 99.
Flaw, sudden loss, damage, iii. 12, 34.
Flush (adj.), lusty, in its prime, i. 4, 52.
Foison (sb.), plenty, ii. 7, 20.
Forbear (vb.), to leave alone, quit the presence of, i. 2, 122; used absolutely, v. 2, 175.
Formal, in ordinary shape, ii. 5, 41.
Forspoke, to speak against, iii. 7, 3.
Frame (vb.), to perform, ii. 2, 216; to fashion, v. 1, 55.
Fretted, eaten away, weakened, iv. 11, 8.
Front (sb.), brow, face, i. 1, 6.
Fully, successfully, i. 1, 50.
Fuming, fogged, bedimmed, ii. 1, 24.

Garboils, tumults, i. 3, 61; ii. 2, 71.
Gaudy, revelling, iii. 13, 183.
Gilded, covered with the bright film of putridity, i. 4, 62; turned the valueless to precious, i. 5, 37.
Give, to give out something to be so and so, i. 4, 40.
Go, to cohabit, i. 2, 61.
Gorgon, the monstrous sisters of fable, whose looks struck the beholder to stone, ii. 5, 116.
Greet, to meet and agree, ii. 1, 39.

Hair; in i. 2, 194, the allusion is to the old belief that horse-hair, if steeped in water, bred snakes.
Harness (sb.), armour, iv. 8, 15.
Heaviness, grief, iv. 14, 33.
Holding (sb.), the refrain or burden of a song, ii. 7, 109.

Homager, vassal, i. 1, 31. (O. Fr. *homagier*. As generally, the suffix *-er* is of the agent doing the act expressed in the stem to which the termination is added. Cf. Abbott, S. G., § 443.)

Home (adv.), to the quick, without reserve (always with the idea of producing full effect), i. 2, 106.

Honest, virtuous; especially, of a woman, chaste, v. 2, 250.

Horns (sb.), as an emblem of cuckoldom, i. 2, 4.

Housewife, pronounced and often spelt *hussy*. In a good or a bad sense; the latter in iv. 14, 44.

Idleness, frivolity, lightness, i. 3, 92.

Inclination, disposition, ii. 5, 113.

Infects, to make unacceptable, taint, i. 2, 95.

Inhoop'd, put in the ring in which quails were pitted to fight for sport, ii. 3, 38.

Intrinsicate, tangled, intricate, v. 2, 302.

Isis, goddess of the hidden powers and mysteries of nature. Her cult was Egyptian, but rapidly spread westward after Roman domination grew in the East, i. 2, 64, etc.

Issue (sb.), success, i. 2, 93.

Jack, a frequent appellation of contempt, as iii. 13, 93.

Jaded (vb.), to drive like jades, iii. 1, 34.

Jointing (vb.), to unite, i. 2, 92.

Jot (sb.), the least symbol in an alphabet, and so, one least thing, iv. 5, 13.

Knave, boy, servant, v. 2, 3.

Known, to make acquaintance, ii. 6, 82.

Lackeying, supple to, i. 4, 46.

Lank'd, to grow thin, i. 4, 71.

Lethe'd, as of Lethe, the river of Oblivion in the underworld, ii. 1, 27.

Levell'd, to aim at, descry, v. 2, 333.

Lichas, the messenger who brought the fatal robe, Deianira's gift, to Hercules, and was hurled by him over the cliffs in the torment of the poison with which the garment was steeped; cf. *Nessus*; iv. 11, 45.

Lictors, the attendants who preceded the Roman chief magistrates with axe and rod, and ministered the sentences of punishment, v. 2, 213.

Lief, dear (*had as l.*, would as soon), ii. 7, 12.

List (vb.), to attend to, iv. 9, 6.

Loof'd, aloof'd, gone away (a sea-term from the Dutch), iii. 10, 18.

Lottery, gift of Fortune, ii. 2, 248.

Lowering (vb.), to grow less, i. 2, 126.

Maliciously, mercilessly, iii. 13, 179.

Mandragora, a narcotic plant, i. 5, 4.

Me, often dative in construction, *e.g.*, i. 2, 28.

Mechanic, belonging to some trade or handicraft, v. 2, 208.

Medicine, the philosopher's stone, transmuting base metals to gold, i. 5, 36.

Meetly, fitly, i. 3, 81.

Mend = amend, i. 2, 59.

Mered, entire, sole, iii. 13, 10.

Mince (vb.), to make small, i. 2, 106.

Mingle, used as a noun in iv. 8, 37.

Missive (sb.), messenger, ii. 2, 78.

Modern, commonplace, ordinary, v. 2, 166.

Moe, more (always of number, not size), iv. 13, 18.

Moment, (a matter of far less) importance, i. 2, 143.

Monstrous, marvellous, ii. 2, 187.

Motion, feeling of the mind, ii. 3, 13.

Muss (sb.), a scramble (for coppers, etc. thrown into a crowd), iii. 13, 91.

Mutual pair, two joined by love felt by each alike, i. 1, 37.

Nag, a worthless horse, kept for hire at anyone's disposal, hence metaphorically, iii. 10, 10.

Narcissus, the youth so enamoured of his own favour seen in the stream, that he languished for the unattainable beauty, and was transformed into a flower bearing his name, ii. 5, 96.

Nereides, daughters of Nereus, sea-nymphs, ii. 2, 211.

Nessus, a Centaur, who, attempting to carrying off Deianira, the bride of Hercules, was shot by him with a poisoned arrow. As he died, the Centaur urged Deianira to dip a garment in his poisoned blood, affirming that so the robe would have the power of restoring Hercules' affections, should they wane at any time. The occasion befalling, Deianira sent the robe to Hercules, who, putting it on, was afflicted with intolerable torment, which he ended only with his life, as Nessus had devised, iv. 11, 43.

Nothing (adv.), in no wise, ii. 6, 79.

Number (vb.), to tell in verse, iii. 2, 17.

O'erpicturing, to be a better picture than, ii. 2, 205.

Of, in respect of, ii. 2, 126.
Once, for once, iv. 13, 40.
Opinion (sb.), self-confidence, ii. 1, 36.
Orb (sb.), the earth, v. 2, 85; in pl., the spheres in which the heavenly bodies were thought to be set round the earth, iii. 13, 146.
Ordinary (sb.), the common meal, or *table d'hôte*, at a tavern; hence, a reckoning, ii. 2, 230.
Orient, shining, i. 5, 41.
Outwork (vb.), to surpass, ii. 2, 206.
Owe, to own, iv. 8, 31.

Pace (vb.), to cause to pace, to guide, ii. 2, 68.
Pack (vb.), to shuffle (cards) so as to cheat, iv. 13, 19.
Pageants (sb.), shows, spectacles, iv. 13, 8.
Pale (vb.), to surround with stakes, to enclose, ii. 7, 67.
Pall'd, to grow vapid, ii. 7, 81.
Paragon (vb.), to compare with something else taken as a type of perfection, i. 5, 71.
Parcel (vb.), to specify point by point, v. 2, 162.
Parthian, Parthia was famed for the archery of its warriors, who would feign retreat, and overwhelm from horseback the pursuing foe, iii. 1, 6, etc.
Particular (adj.), belonging specially to (Cæsar), iii. 13, 22.
Partisan, a halberd, long-shafted axe, ii. 7, 13.
Patch (vb.), to make out of odds and ends, hence, to force (a quarrel), ii. 2, 56, 60.
Pendant (adj.), overhanging, iv. 13, 4.
Penetrative, deep-felt, iv. 13, 76.
Period, end, iv. 2, 25.
Piece (sb.), often used as a term of great excellence or defect, *e.g.*, *piece of virtue*, high type of virtue, iii. 2, 28; work of art, creation, v. 2, 99; in the plural, parts of armour, iv. 13, 42.
Pinch (vb.), to play practical jokes upon, ii. 7, 6.
Planet, one of the moving heavenly bodies which were thought to have influence upon the lives of men, v. 2, 240.
Plated, armed with mail, i. 1, 4.
Plates (sb.), silver coins, v. 2, 92.
Plebeians, the rabble, iv. 11, 34; properly the lower division of Roman citizens, the distinction being of descent.
Pleach'd, folded, iv. 13, 73.
Points (sb.), strings to fasten hose, etc., iii. 13, 157.
Pole, pole-star, iv. 14, 65.
Port, gate, iv. 4, 23; bearing, iv. 13, 52.
Possess, to be master of, ii. 7, 99.

Practise, to plot, ii. 2, 43.
Pregnant, probable, ii. 1, 45.
Prevented, to anticipate, iii. 6, 51.
Priz'd, estimated, considered, i. 1, 56.
Process, a mandate, i. 1, 28.
Project (vb.), to put forth, v. 2, 120.
Proof of harness, impenetrability of armour, *i.e.*, through impenetrable armour, iv. 8, 15.
Propertied, endowed with qualities, v. 2, 83.
Property, special character, i. 1, 58.
Prorogue, to keep lingering on, ii. 1, 26.
Prosecution, pursuit, iv. 13, 65.
Prov'd, to experience, i. 2, 32.
Purchas'd, to get, i. 4, 14.
Purs'd up, to captivate, ii. 2, 191.

Quail (vb.), to cause to tremble, v. 2, 85.
Qualities (sb.), several conditions, i. 1, 54.
Queasy, unable to contain, iii. 6, 20.
Quicken, to gain life, iv. 14, 39.
Quietness, calmness, iv. 14, 68.
Quit, to requite, iii. 13, 124.

Race of heaven, of heavenly origin, i. 3, 37.
Rack (sb.), the drifting clouds, iv. 13, 10.
Rarely, beyond comparison, v. 2, 157.
Raught, from *to reach*, iv. 9, 29.
Rear'd, raised, v. 2, 82.
Reels, revels, drinking-bouts, ii. 7, 92.
Regiment, empire, rule, iii. 6, 95.
Reneges (vb.), to deny, prove false to, i. 1, 8.
Reports (sb.), those that gave account, abstract for concrete, ii. 2, 51.
Revolted, rebel, iv. 9, 9.
Revolution, course of time, i. 2, 126.
Ribaudred, lewd (cf. Skeat, *ribald*), iii. 10, 10.
Riggish, wanton, ii. 2, 245.
Right (adj.), real, iv. 11, 28.
Rive (vb.), to tear, iv. 12, 5.
Roman, used objectively = concerning Rome, i. 2, 82.

Safe (vb.), to justify, i. 3, 55; to give safe conduct, iv. 6, 26.
Salad (adj.), unripe, green, i. 5, 73. (A curious use, for elsewhere it has the opposite meaning, *i.e.*, *seasoned*, as accords with its kinship with *salt*. There may be a play on the sound of the word as reminiscent of this last.)
Salt (adj.), lecherous, ii. 1, 21.
Scald (adj.), scurvy, v. 2, 214.
Scutcheons, shields with armorial bearings, v. 2, 134.

Senner, a flourish of trumpets, ii. 7, *stage direction*.

Shadow (sb.), anyone scarcely possessing life, iv. 2, 27; a form in imagination, v. 2, 100.

Shown, to appear, iv. 8, 7.

Shrewd, giving difficulty or danger, iv. 9, 5.

Shrowd, protection, iii. 13, 71.

Sides (sb.), frame, structure, i. 2, 193; i. 3, 16.

Sirrah, a term of address to inferiors, ii. 3, etc. In v. 2, 228, as rarely, to a woman.

Spaniel'd, to follow as parasites, iv. 11, 21.

Sphere, that in which the stars moved, iv. 14, 10; v. 2, 84.

Spots of heaven, the stars, i. 4, 12.

Square (vb.), to take the posture of fighting, to oppose, ii, 1, 45; iii. 13, 41.

Square (sb.), proportion, what is fitting, ii. 3, 6.

Stale (sb.), urine, i. 4, 62.

Stand up for, to profess to be, i. 2, 191.

Station (sb.), standing still, iii. 3, 19.

Stirr'd, see *But*.

Stomach (vb.), to take ill, iii. 4, 12.

Stomach (sb.), desire, ii. 2, 54.

Stomaching (sb.), anger, quarrels, ii. 2, 9.

Stretch (vb.), to be drawn out, i. 1, 46.

Studied, bent upon, ii. 6, 47.

Target, shield, i. 3, 82; iv. 8, 31.

Telamon, properly the father of the greater Ajax, but in iv. 12, 2, confounded with his more famous son by means of the patronymic *Telamonius*; see *Ajax*.

Terrene, belonging to the earth, iii. 13, 153.

Thee, often a dative, as iv. 13, 87, where it means *at thy request*.

Theme for you, something undertaken for you, ii. 2, 48.

Thickens, to become dim, ii. 3, 27.

Three-nook'd, three-cornered, a common appellation for the world in mediæval times, iv. 6, 6.

Timelier, earlier (*earlier than I purposed to come*), ii. 6, 51.

Tinct (sb.), the elixir sought by alchemists, i. 5, 37.

Tires (sb.), head-dresses, ii. 5, 22.

Toil (sb.), snare, net, v. 2, 345.

Tongue (sb.), report, i. 2, 106.

Triumph (sb.), the procession of the victorious Roman general to the Capitol, on returning from successful war, v. 2, 109.

Unfolded, to betray, disclose, v. 2, 169.

Unseminar'd, gelded, i. 5, 11.
Upon, because of, i. 2, 142; above, iv. 13, 98.
Urge me, quote my name, ii. 2, 50.

Varletry, mob, v. 2, 56.
Vie, to match, v. 2, 98.
Vulgar, common, general, iii. 13, 119.

War (sb.), frequently in the sense of sensual enjoyment, ii. 1, 13; ii. 2, 70.
Weet (doublet of *wit*, vb.), to know, i. 1, 39.
Witch (sb.), a sorcerer, i. 2, 38.
With, by, i. 1, 56; by means of, v. 2, 170 (cf. Abbott, S. G., § 193).
Withal, the emphatic form of *with* at the end of clauses, and following its object, which is generally a relative pronoun, i. 2, 155; v. 2, 166 (cf. Abbott, S. G., § 196).
Woe are we, a corruption of *woe is us*, where *us* is dative (cf. *I am well*), iv. 13, 1.
Woo't, a contraction of *wilt thou?* iv. 14, 59.
Worm (sb.), serpent, v. 2, 242, etc.

Yare (adj.), manageable, trim, iii. 7, 38; brisk, iii. 13, 131; used as a verb, in the latter sense, v. 2, 281.
Yarely, readily, ii. 2, 216.
Yield (vb.), to deliver news, ii. 5, 28; to reward, iv. 1, 33.

CORIOLANUS.

The Play contains 5 Acts, 29 Scenes, 3318 lines.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius, *afterwards* Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the* Volscians.
Cominius, }
Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }
Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene : Rome and the neighbourhood ; Corioli and the neighbourhood ; Antium.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

First Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done. Away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-

cians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within*

What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who come here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—
First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?
Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.
First Cit. Your belly's answer? What?
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
Men. What then?
'Fore me this fellow speaks! What then? what then?
First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then?
First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you'st hear the belly's answer.
First Cit. You 're long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,"—this says the belly, mark me,—
First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't?
First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?
First Cit. I the great toe! Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What 's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.
Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not

Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, *hastily.*

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what 's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other* Senators; Junius Brutus *and* Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true-bred!
First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where I know
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. [*To Cominius.*] Lead you on.
[*To Marcius.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.
Com. Noble Marcius!
First Sen. [*To the Citizens.*] Hence, to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.
[*Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus. Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.
Sic. Bemock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, cannot
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius "O, if he
Had borne the business!"
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Corioli. *The Senate-house.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius *with* Senators *of Corioli.*
First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is.

[*Reads.*] *They have press'd a power, but it is not known*
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,

Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.
Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They 've not prepared for us.
Auf. O! doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
First Sen. Farewell.
Sec. Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Rome. *A Room in* Marcius's *House.*

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia. *They set them down on two low stools and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 17

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome": his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that 's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and an* Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Vol. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Vol. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady, Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*Before* Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Captains *and* Soldiers. *To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators *with Others, on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, our drums
Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum far off.*
Hark you, far off!
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches.*

Re-enter Marcius, *cursing.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

Coriolanus. I. 4.

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

[*Another alarum. The Volsces are beaten, and Marcius follows them to the gates of Corioli.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Foolhardiness! not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I.

[*Marcius is shut in.*

Third Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.
Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*
First Sol. Look, sir!
Lar. O! 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.—Corioli. *A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*
First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*Near the Camp of* Cominius.

Enter Cominius, *as it were in retire, with* Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That doth appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—

As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*The Gates of* Corioli.

Titus Lartius, *having set a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers *and a* Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the* Roman *and the* Volscian *Camps.*

Alarum. Enter from opposite sides Marcius *and* Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,

Halloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased; 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—*The* Roman *Camp.*

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat sounded. Enter, at one side, Cominius *and* Romans; *at the other side,* Marcius, *with his arm in a scarf.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'dst not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, "We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"

Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that's what I can; induced
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,

Coriolanus. I. 9.

We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.
[*A long flourish. They all cry "Marcius! Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*
May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.
Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which, I. 9.
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;

But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.—*The Camp of the* Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sold. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.
First Sold. He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.
First Sold. Will not you go?
Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
First Sold. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Sic., Bru. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Sic., *Bru.* Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon

too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too? 63

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones. 77

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a

perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vir., Val. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath

another, his wife another; and I think there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O no, no, no!

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look sir, your mother!
Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria.*] O my sweet lady, pardon.
Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home;
And welcome, general; and ye 're welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on 's heart
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia.*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes remain.
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed

With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bur. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru. In that there 's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they upon their ancient malice will
Forget with the least cause these his new honours,
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul.
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he passed: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, *to lay cushions.*

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him

manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all in their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other* Senators, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take their places by themselves.* CORIOLANUS *stands.*

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,

As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes.*] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;

But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

Coriolanus. II. 2.

The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce

His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.
Men. Worthy man!
First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.
Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.
First Sen. Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.
Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. [*Aside to Sic.*] Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!
Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south,

and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *in a gown of humility, and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?
"I pray, sir,"—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. "Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums."
Men. O me! the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.
Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.
Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*
Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.

Re-enter two Citizens.

So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
Sec. Cit. Your own desert!
Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.
Third Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir; 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and

since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens *more.*

Here come moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir

Cor. That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*
He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
First Cit. He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly.
He flouted us downright.
First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.
Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

" I would be consul," says he: " aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,
Here was, " I thank you for your voices, thank you;
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices
I have no further with you." Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?
Sic. Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?
Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence, instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,

How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus nobly named so,
Twice being by the people chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,

Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Cornets. *Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, *all the Gentry*, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators.

Coriolanus.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people

As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall"?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. "Shall"!
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,

And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometimes in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native

Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: "We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands." Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour

Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.
Bru. Has said enough.
Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason!
Sic. This a consul! no.
Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Senators. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens, *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he who would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, ædiles!
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
Senators. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying* "*Tribunes!*" "*Patricians!*" "*Citizens!*" "*What ho!*" "*Sicinius!*" "*Brutus!*" "*Coriolanus!*" "*Citizens!*" "*Peace, peace, peace!*" "*Stay! hold! peace!*"

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.
Confusion's near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruins.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!
Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Æd. Peace, peace!
Men. [*To Brutus.*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
Sec. Sen. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
First Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*
First Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!
Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
Sic. Consul! what consul?
Men. The Consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul!
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,

The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O! he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do't and suffer it
A brand to th' end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry; when he did love his country
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of a catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come!
Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators.*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Same. A Room in* Coriolanus's *House.*

Enter Coriolanus *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
First Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.
Vol. O! sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.
First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all

Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honour : I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us ; speak fair ; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, here be with them,
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled; although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter COMINIUS.

Here is Cominius.
Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.
Vol. Do your will [*Exit.*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is "mildly." Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He 's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry "fine"; if death, cry "death";
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks

With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Sic., Bru. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:

The war-like service he hath done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars;
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well; no more.
Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor? Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
"Thou liest" unto thee with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You!
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying "Good morrow."
Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away: He 's banished, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd, As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so!

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;

And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo! [*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come! let's see him out at gates! come!
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Rome. *Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Coriolanus.

COME, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us
And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,

And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let 's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done

Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home;
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. O, ye 're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus.*] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To Sicinius.*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come: peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. "I would he had!" 'Twas you incensed the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well; we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go.
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*A Highway between* Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name I think is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most war-like preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one : the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *House.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows : many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop : then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cor. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—*The same. A Hall in* Aufidius's *House.*

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a Second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the First Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. "Away!" Get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a Third Servingman. *The* First *meets him.*

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him.

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

Third Serv. What! will you not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest: serve with thy trencher. Hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius *and the* Second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what would'st thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?
Cor. [*Unmuffling.*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name?
[*Servants retire.*
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscian's ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not. Thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

Coriolanus. IV. 5.

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more

Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come; go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two serving-men advance.*

First Serv. Here 's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought, —I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were,—Would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so, neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter Third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he 's in directitude.

First. Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason: because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going

About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter MENENIUS.

Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours.

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Sic., Bru. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time

Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?
Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave.
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,

That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He'll shake your
Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my house the brand

That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Sic. Bru. Say not we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But come, let 's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp at a small distance from* Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that 's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
I mean for your particular, you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,

Coriolanus. IV. 7.

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail. Coriolanus. IV. 7.

Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Menenius.

NO, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well.
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;

'Twas very faintly he said " Rise " ; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand : what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Volscian Camp before* Rome. *Two* Sentinels *on guard.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

First Sent. Stay! Whence are you?
Sec. Sent. Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
First Sent. From whence?
Men. From Rome.
First Sent. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.
Sec. Sent. You'll see your Rome embraced with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First Sent. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sent. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. Sent. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sent. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sent. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sent. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy general.

First Sent. My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back; that's the utmost of your having: back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's

to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a paper.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sent. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sent. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

First. Sent. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sent. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, ye 're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

First Sent. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sent. The worthy fellow is our general: he 's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, *and* Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;

Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*
Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not." Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself

And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vols. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me! to your corrected son!
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by your denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O! no more, no more!

You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore, hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or must we lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. A' shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd"; the Romans,
"This we received"; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry "Be blest
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: "The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen! fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,

And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold 's.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding her by the hand, silent.*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, etc.*] Ay, by and by:—
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't. Our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is

grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news! the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still, with shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter two Senators *with* Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, *&c., passing over stage, crowd following.*

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother; 5
Cry "Welcome, ladies, welcome!"
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—Corioli. *A public Place.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* AUFIDIUS's *faction.*
Most welcome!
First Con. How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I have been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it; and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear

With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drum and colours. The Commoners being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.
Cor. Traitor! How now!
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say "your city," to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. "Boy!" O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. "Boy!" False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. "Boy!"
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Con. Let him die for 't.
All the People. "Tear him to pieces."—"Do it presently." "He killed my son." "My daughter." "He killed my cousin Marcus." "He killed my father."
Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on his body.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
First Lord. O Tullus,—
Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet.
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald

Did follow to his urn.
Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.

NOTES.

Act I. Sc. 1, 33. —*Sec. Cit.*] Malone. In F. *All.*

Act I. Sc. 1, 55. —*First Cit.*] Capell, and throughout this scene. In F. 2 *Cit.*

Act I. Sc. 1, 90. —stale] Theobald. In F. *scale*

Act I. Sc. 1, 143. —flour] Knight. In F. *flowre*

Act I. Sc. 1, 161. —bale] Theobald. In F. *baile*

Act I. Sc. 1, 212. —Shouting] Pope. In F. *Shooting*

Act I. Sc. 1, 216. —unroof'd] Rowe. In F. *unroo'st*

Act I. Sc. 1, 237. —Lartius] Rowe. In F. *Lucius*

Act I. Sc. 3, 43. —contemning] Collier. In F. *Contenning*

Act I. Sc. 4, 31. you herd of—Boils] Johnson In F. *you Heard of Byles*

Act I. Sc. 4, 57. —Cato's] Theobald. In F. *Calues*

Act I. Sc. 5, 5. —drachma] Singer. In F. *Drachme*

Act I. Sc. 6, 53. —Antiates] Pope. In F. *Antients*

Act I. Sc. 9, 65, 67. —Caius Martius] Rowe. (Martius) and elsewhere. In F. *Marcus Caius*

Act II. Sc. 1, 49. —too] Rowe. In F. *to*

Act II. Sc. 1, 55. —can't] Theobald. In F. *can*

Act II. Sc. 1, 62. —bisson] Theobald. In F. *beesome*

Act II. Sc. 1, 161, 162. —these . . . Coriolanus] Steevens. In F. *These in honor followes Martius Caius Coriolanus.*

Act II. Sc. 1, 217. —human] Rowe. In F. *humane*

Act II. Sc. 1, 231. —napless] Rowe. In F. *Naples*

Act II. Sc. 1, 246. —human] Rowe. In F. *humane*

Act II. Sc. 1, 248. —the] Hanmer. In F. *their*

Act II. Sc. 1, 252. —touch] Hanmer. In F. *teach*

Act II. Sc. 2, 49. [*To the Tribunes.*] Camb. Edd.

Act II. Sc. 2, 90. —bristled] Rowe. In F. *brizled*

Act II. Sc. 2, 144. [*Aside to Sic.*] Edd.

Act II. Sc. 3, 61, 62. [*Re-enter two* Citizens.] [*Enter a third* Cit.] Camb. Edd.

Act II. Sc. 3, 81. [*Exeunt, etc.*] Camb. Edd. In F. *Exeunt.*

Act. II. Sc. 3, 85, 88, 103. —*Fourth Cit.*] Camb. Edd. In F. 1.

Act II. Sc. 3, 239-241.

> And Censorinus nobly named so,
> Twice being by the people chosen censor,
> Was his great ancestor.] Camb. Edd.

In Folio,

> And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
> Was his great Ancestor.

The reading of the Cambridge editors has a great advantage over other conjectural emendations in keeping the order of the words in the Folio.

Act III. Sc. 1, 91. —good,] Pope. In F. *O God!*

Act III. Sc. 1, 92. —reckless] Hanmer. In F. *wreaklesse*

Act III. Sc. 1, 134. —poll] Rowe. *pole.*

Act III. Sc. 1, 143. —Where one] Rowe. *Whereon*

Act III. Sc. 1, 184-187. Arranged as in Cambridge Edn. In F.

> 2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:
> [*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*
> Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
> *Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus,* Citizens.
> *All.* Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Act III. Sc. 1, 217. [*To Brutus.*] Camb. Edd.

Act III. Sc. 1, 229. —your] Rowe. In F. *our*

Act III. Sc. 1, 237, 238. *Cor.* I . . . Capitol,— *Men.* Begone . . . another] Steevens. In F. *Men. I . . . Capitol; . . . another.*

Act III. Sc. 1, 319. —he] Rowe. In F. *a*

Act III. Sc. 2, 32. —the herd] Theobald. In F. *the heart*

Act III. Sc. 2, 55. —roted] Malone. In F. *roated*

Act III. Sc. 2, 115. —lulls] Rowe. In F. *lull*

Act III. Sc. 3, 10. —poll?] Rowe. In F. *pole?*

Act III. Sc. 3, 32. —ostler] Hanmer. In F. *hostler*

Act III. Sc. 3, 36. —Throng] Theobald. In F. *through*

Act III. Sc. 3, 55. —accents] Pope. In F. *Actions*

Act III. Sc. 3, 111. —for] Theobald. In F. *from*

Act III. Sc. 3, 132. —not] Capell. In F. *but*

Act IV. Sc. 4, 23. —hate] Capell. In F. *haue*

Act IV. Sc. 5, 192. —broiled] Pope. In F. *boyld*

Act IV. Sc. 5, 203. —sowl] Rowe. In F. *sole*

Act IV. Sc. 5, 225. —waking] Pope. In F. *walking*

Act IV. Sc. 5, 229. —war] Rowe. In F. *warres*

Act IV. Sc. 6, 2, —i' the] Theobald. In F. *the*

Act IV. Sc. 6, 104. —resist] Hanmer. In F. *resists*

Act IV. Sc. 7, 15. —Had] Malone. In F. *haue*

Act IV. Sc. 7, 34. —Osprey] Theobald. In. F. *Aspray*

Act V. Sc. 1, 59. —road] Rowe. In F. *rode*
Act V. Sc. 2, 61. —by] Malone. Om. F.
Act V. Sc. 3, 48. —prate] Theobald. In F. *pray*
Act V. Sc. 3, 63. —holp] Pope. In F. *hope*
Act V. Sc. 3, 149. —fine] Johnson. In F. *fiue*
Act V. Sc. 3, 152. —charge] Theobald. In F. *change*
Act V. Sc. 4, 1. —coign] Capell. In F. *coin*
Act V. Sc. 5, 4. —unshout] Rowe. In F. *un-shoot*
Act V. Sc. 6, 100. —other] Rowe. In F. *others*

GLOSSARY.

For Abbreviations and References, see Glossary to "Antony and Cleopatra."

Æ diles, used throughout this play as equivalent merely to a subordinate attendant on the greater magistrates.

Affection, bent, inclination, i. 1, 102.

Alack, an exclamation of loss or dismay, either *ah lord*, or from *lack*, loss; i. 1, 72, etc.

Alarum, a call to arms (identical with *alarm*, and through Italian from Low Latin *ad illas armas*), i. 4, 9.

An, if (cf. Abbott, S. G., §101, and Skeat).

Answer (vb.), to meet in war, i. 2, 19; i. 4, 52.

Appeared, evident, iv. 3, 9.

Articulate (vb.), to draw up the conditions of a treaty, i. 9, 77.

Attach, to arrest, iii. 1, 174.

Attend, to wait for, i. 10, 30; iii. 1, 330; iii. 2, 138.

Authority, those in power, i. 1, 15.

Bale (sb.), hurt, i. 1, 161.

Bare, thin, useless, v. 1, 20.

Bent, intended, i. 2, 16.

Bisson, purblind, ii. 1, 62.

Blood, a term of the chase; *in blood*, in vigour, condition, i. 1, 157.

Bolted, sifted, discriminating, iii. 1, 320.

Botcher, a mending tailor, ii. 1, 85.

Bowl, the ball cast in the game of that name, v. 2, 20.

Budge (vb.), to move, give way to, i. 6, 44.

Bulks (sb.), balconies, ii. 1, 207.

Buss (vb.), to kiss, touch, iii. 2, 75.

Canon, rule, procedure, i. 10, 26; *from the canon*, not according to rule, iii. 1, 90.

Caparison, the trappings of a horse, i. 9, 12.

Carbonado, a slice of meat for broiling, iv. 5, 190.

Casque, a helmet, iv. 7, 43.
Cato, the type of the antique Roman virtue and stern simplicity, i. 4, 57.
Cautelous, false, iv. 1, 32.
Censure (vb.), to judge, ii. 1, 21.
Censure (sb.), judgment, i. 1, 266.
Charitable, loving, i. 1, 63.
Charter, a right due, i. 9, 14.
Circumvention, a foiling, i. 2, 6 (*what counsels of our state have ever been able to be translated into action before Rome could foil them?*)
Cog (vb.), to cheat, iii. 2, 133 (generally in the phrase *to cog dice*, to treat them so as to insure a high or low number appearing, but cf. Skeat).
Coign, an angle, v. 4, 1.
Companions, rogues, iv. 5, 14; v. 2, 58.
Competency, fit means of livelihood, i. 1, 137.
Complaint, deposition, ii. 1, 48 (*having the defect of favouring the cause pleaded in the argument first heard, and refusing to listen further*).
Condition, term of agreement, i. 10, 2.
Confirmed, constant, determined, i. 3, 60.
Confound, to waste, i. 6, 17.
Conspectuities, eyes, ii. 1, 62.
Convented, to meet together, ii. 2, 52.
Cormorant (adj.), greedy as the sea-crow, i. 1, 119.
Coy'd, to refuse, disdain, v. 1, 6.
Crack (sb.), an impish youngster, i. 3, 68.
Cranks, windings, veins, i. 1, 135.
Cry (sb.), a pack, iii. 3, 122.

Debile, weak, i. 9, 48.
Declines (vb.), to fall, ii. 1, 157.
Deserved, deserving, iii. 1, 290.
Deucalion, the mythical survivor of the great flood, who, with his wife Pyrrha, repeopled the world, ii. 1, 88.
Disease (vb.), to be a spoil-sport, i. 3, 105.
Doit, a small coin, i. 5, 6; iv. 4, 17, etc.
Drachma, a Greek coin, worth about 8*d.*, i. 5, 5.

Embarquements (sb.), bars, hindrances, i. 10, 22.
Empiricutic, quack, ii. 1, 114.
Enter'd, to initiate, make acquaintance with, i. 2, 2.
Express (vb.), to show, appear, i. 3, 1.

Fane, the dedicated place, hence, a temple, i. 10, 20.
Fellows (sb.), comrades, i. 4, 27.
'Fidiused, beaten, treated as was Aufidius by Marcius, ii. 1, 128.

File (sb.), crowd, i. 6, 43; list, party, ii. 1, 22.
Flamens, Roman sacrificial priests, ii. 1, 210.
Flaw, a gust of wind, v. 3, 74.
Fob (vb.), to put on one side, pocket off, i. 1, 92.
Fond, foolish, iv. 1, 26.
Fosset-seller, one who sells spigots, ii. 1, 68.

Galen, the famous authority for all mediæval medicine, ii. 1, 113.
Garland, glory, i. 1, 182.
Gentle, of good birth, and so, those of family, iv. 1, 8, etc.
Giddy, light, worthless, i. 1, 268.
Gird, to gibe at, i. 1, 254.
Give, to proclaim, report, i. 9, 55.
Give out, to announce, i. 1, 191.
Glasses of my sight, my eyes, iii. 2, 117.
God-den, good evening, ii. 1, 91.
Groats, small silver coins, iii. 2, 10.
Guard, in i. 10, 25, *relying upon the protection of my brother.*
Guardant, sentry, v. 2, 60.

Havoc, the signal for *no quarter* in battle, iii. 1, 273.
Hector, the famous champion of the men of Troy, i. 6, 11.
Hecuba, wife of Priam the Trojan, i. 3, 40.
Hie, to betake, 1. 2, 26.
Hold (vb.), to brook, endure, iii. 2, 80.
Humourous, swayed by disposition, obeying one's own impulse, ii. 1, 45.
Hus-wife, mistress of a household, then contracted in spelling and pronunciation to *hussy*, gossip, slut, i. 3, 70.
Hydra, the many-headed monster of the swamp, slain by Hercules, iii. 1, 93.

Impediment, in i. 1, 70, *the hindrance made by you.*
In blood. See *Blood.*
Infection, diseased state, iii. 1, 308.
Instruction, prompting, i. 4, 22.
Instruments, bodily members, i. 1, 99.

Jack, a term of contempt, v. 2, 60.
Jump (vb.), to chance, hazard, iii. 1, 154.

Kam, awry, out of place, iii. 1, 302.
Knees, prayers, i. 1, 72.

La, exclamation joined to strong assertion, i. 3, 67.
'Larum. See *Alarum.*
Leasing, a lie, v. 2, 22.
Limitation, fixed time, ii. 3, 135.

Lockram, cheap linen, made at St. Renan, or Lok-Renan, "Renan's Cell," in Brittany, ii. 1, 206.

Looks (vb.), to be likely, iii. 3, 30.

Lots to blanks, prizes to blanks, all to nothing, v. 2, 10.

Lurch (vb.), to plunder (doublet of *lurk*), ii. 2, 99.

Lycurguses, a reference to the famous Spartan law-giver, ii. 1, 53.

Malkin, serving-maid, ii. 1, 205.

Mammocked, to tear in bits, i. 3, 65.

Map (sb.), a picture, ii. 1, 60.

Measles, the eruptive disease of that name (not *leprosy*, as it is sometimes taken in this passage), iii. 1, 78.

Merely, purely, wholly, iii. 1, 303.

Microcosm, lit. *little world*, and so, man, regarded as corresponding in structure to the universe, ii. 1, 60.

Moe, more (in number), ii. 3, 122.

Moths, in i. 3, 84, with a play on the double meaning of (1) the cloth-destroying insect, (2) parasites, hangers-on.

Mountebank their loves, win the love of them severally by playing the mountebank, iii. 2 132.

Movers, possessed of life, i. 5, 4.

Mummers, dancers at revels, maskers, ii. 1, 72.

Muniments, aids, especially to war, i. 1, 116.

Muse (vb.), to wonder, iii. 2, 7.

Napless, threadbare, poverty-stricken, ii. 1, 231.

Native (sb.), used in iii. 1, 129 to mean *origin*, where al. *motive*.

Nicely-gawded, carefully adorned, ii. 1, 214.

Oaken garland, the crown given in a Roman army for valour, ii. 1, 122.

Object (sb.), sight, i. 1, 19.

Occupation, handicraft, mechanics, iv. 1, 14; iv. 6, 98.

Offer'd, to attempt, v. 1, 23.

Offices, parts (of the body) devoted to special functions, i. 1, 135.

On, upon, about, i. 1, 11; *on's*, of his, i. 3, 66.

Opinion, popular feeling, i. 1, 269.

Or——or, either——or, i. 3, 63, 65, etc.

Ordinary, rank, position, iii. 2, 12.

Overture, used in an obscure sense. In Spenser it means *an exposed place*, and so, perhaps, here it means *exposed to*, i. 9, 46.

Owe, to be indebted to, hence, of time, to bring recompense, to redress, iii. 1, 241.
Owe, to own, iii. 2, 130, etc.

Pack-saddle, one for carrying goods, ii. 1, 86.
Parcels, divisions, parts, i. 2, 32.
Participate (adj.), sharing in, participating, i. 1, 101.
Passing, exceedingly, i. 1, 201.
Patricians, those descended from the conquering race in the early settlement of Rome, and at first the only full citizens and acknowledged heads of houses, i. 1, 14, etc.
Penelope, the wife of Ulysses of Ithaca, who, beset by suitors during her husband's long absence at Troy and in his wanderings, put off their importunity by the device of the web which she wove by day and unravelled at night, she having vowed not to marry till that weaving was accomplished, i. 3, 82.
Person, comeliness, i. 3, 10.
Physical, good for the body, i. 5, 18.
Pick (vb.), to cast, i. 1, 198.
Pluck'd, to direct, i. 3, 7.
Pluto, king of the infernal regions, i. 4, 36.
Pot, the melting-pot; metaphorically, destruction, i. 4, 47.
Possess'd of, to be informed of, ii. 1, 129.
Potch, to poke, thrust, i. 10, 15.
Pother, to-do, disturbance, ii. 1, 215.
Pounds (sb.), clogs, iii. 1, 312.
Power, those in power, i. 1, 218; army, i. 2, 9.
Press'd, to take by conscription, levy, i. 2, 9.
Prithee = I pray thee, i. 4, 10.
Profess, to speak earnestly, state truth, i. 3, 21.
Progeny, race, ancestry (see *Whip*), i. 6, 12.
Proof, tested, impenetrable, i. 4, 25.
Proper, own, personal, i. 9, 57.
Purchasing, obtaining, ii. 1, 136.
Put to it, to give difficulty, i. 1, 227.

Rack'd, to strain, make violent effort, v. 1, 16.
Rakes (sb.), as lean as rakes, i. 1, 22.
Ranges (vb.), to stand evenly, iii. 1, 205.
Receipt, that which (he) received, i. 1, 110.
Rectorship, government, ii. 3, 203.
Reechy, smoky, dirty, ii. 1, 206.
Rejourn, to adjourn, ii. 1, 69.
Remove (sb.), the raising a siege, i. 2, 28.
Report (sb.), fame, i. 3, 20.
Require, to ask of, ii. 2, 154.

Righthand file, the aristocratic party, ii. 1, 22.

Scaling, to weigh, ii. 3, 245.
Sconce, lit. *that which is hidden*, the head, iii. 2, 99.
'Sdeath, God's death, i. 1, 215.
Seconds (sb.), support, i. 8, 15.
Seld-shown, seldom seen, ii. 1, 210.
Sennet, a flourish of trumpets, ii. 2, *stage dir.*
Sensible, able to feel, i. 3, 85.
Sensibly, although able to feel, i. 4, 53.
Set down before, to besiege, i. 2, 28; *set down*, to sit, i. 3, *st. dir.*
Shent, to be made ashamed, v. 2, 94.
Side (vb.), to join the party of, i. 1, 191.
Single, foolish, silly, ii. 1, 35.
Singularity, his own character, i. 1, 276.
Sithence, since then, iii. 1, 47.
Soothing (sb.), flattery, i. 9, 44.
Sovereign (adj.), efficacious, ii. 1, 113.
Sowl (vb.), to haul, iv. 5, 203.
Spot, a pattern in muslin, etc., i. 3, 52.
Stale (vb.), to wear threadbare, i. 1, 90.
Stamp'd, to make current, as a coin by the die, v. 2, 22.
State (sb.), a throne of state, v. 4, 22.
Stride (vb.), to bestride, ride, i. 9, 71.
Subdues, to overwhelm, i. 1, 173.
Subtle, deceitful, playing trickily, v. 2, 20.

Tarpeian rock, the crag of the Capitol hill named after the traitress Tarpeia, and used as a place of execution for traitors, iii. 1, 212.
Tent (vb.), to probe, to cure, i. 9, 31; iii. 1, 235.
Tent (vb.), to take up place, abide, iii. 2, 116.
Testy, heady, touchy, ii. 1, 42.
Tetter (vb.), to mark with eruptive disease, iii. 1, 79.
Thread (vb.), to pass through, iii. 1, 124.
Tickled, pleased, i. 1, 258.
To be, in i. 1, 257 = at being.
Told, to number, used metaph., iv. 3, 48.
Tribunes, the magistrates appointed specially for the care of the plebeians, i. 1, 213, etc.
Trim (sb.), trappings, i. 9, 62.
Triton, the centaur of the sea, that heralded Neptune, blowing a wreathed horn, iii. 1, 89.
Trophy, the pillar bearing arms taken from a foe, i. 3, 40.
Troth, doublet of *truth*, i. 3, 106.

Ulysses, the famous Greek chief-

tain, wisest of those that took Troy, but, by the wrath of gods, condemned to long wandering and severance from his home, cf. *Penelope;* i. 3, 83.

Unbarbed, uncovered, iii. 2, 99.

Undercrest (vb.), to bear as a badge, i. 9, 72.

Vail (vb.), to lower, abase, iii. 1, 98.

Vaward, van, front, i. 6, 53.

Verdict, soothsay, decision, i. 1, 10.

Vilely, cheaply, iii. 1, 10.

Want (vb.), to be lacking in, i. 3, 81.

Weal, happiness, health, i. 1, 149; the State, ii. 3, 177.

Wealsmen, statesmen, ii. 1, 52.

Weeds (sb.), garments, ii. 3, 150.

Wheel (sb.), the mediæval torture of breaking a prisoner piecemeal on a revolving horizontal wheel, iii. 2, 2.

Whip of your bragg'd progeny, whom your forefathers made their scourge for their foes, i. 8, 12.

Win upon, to gain on, i. 1, 218.

Woolvish gown, unintelligible, but less so than the earlier reading *woolfish tongue*. It may refer to the garb in which the candidate stood, ii. 2, 112.

Woollen, coarse, as wool is compared with linen, iii. 2, 9.

Your, the well-known (*ille*), i. 1, 126.

You'st, you shall, i. 1, 124.

CYMBELINE.

First printed in the Folio of 1623.
The Play contains 5 Acts, 27 Scenes, and 2,802 lines of verse and 472 of prose.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of* Britain.
CLOTEN, *son to the* Queen *by a former husband.*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to* Imogen.
BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised as* Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS } *Sons to* Cymbeline, *disguised as* Polydore *and* Cadwal.
PHILARIO, *friend to* Posthumus, IACHIMO, *friend to* Philario, } *Italians.*
CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces.*
PISANIO, *servant to* Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, *a physician.*
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
A Frenchman, friend to Philario.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's *court.*
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, *wife to* Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former queen.*
HELEN, *a lady attending on* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants. Apparitions.

SCENE:—Britain: Rome

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

First Gentleman.

YOU do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king's.

Sec. Gent. But what 's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she 's wedded;
Her husband banished; she imprisoned; all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touched at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king?

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match. But not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
Sec. Gent. And why so?
First Gent. He that hath missed the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banished, is a creature such
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
Sec. Gent. You speak him far.
First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?
First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success:
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand: for which, their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased

As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered,
And in's spring became a harvest: lived in court,
Which rare it is to do, most praised, most loved:
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banished, her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it, the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen: and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so conveyed!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them.

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.
Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.
First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good,
You leaned unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.
[*Exit Queen.*
Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what

His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth; thou heap'st

A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation;
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!
They were again together: you have done
[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie! you must give way.
Here is your servant. How now, sir? What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather played than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on 't.
Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me :—
You shall at least go see my lord aboard:
For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*A public Place.*

Enter Cloten *and Two* Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt: it went o' the back side the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Imogen *and* Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offered mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, "His queen, his queen!"
Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?
Pis. And kissed it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from

Cymbeline. I. 3.

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.
Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched.
I will attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain. He was then of a crescent note: expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton! Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgment, if I offend not to say it is mended, my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It

was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: this gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you? 85

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours, but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations: the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. 92

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring. 97

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first. 101

Iach. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend. 105

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it. My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one! If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy: she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?
First Lady. I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam.
[*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,
My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?
Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how
To make perfumes, distil, preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.
Queen. O content thee!

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*
Queen. Hark thee, a word.—[*To Pisanio.*
Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damned nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.
Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master: greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends.
[*The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself:
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy mistress still: to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisa.*] A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaked: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The handfast to her lord. I have given him that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so. Well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there 's all I'll do for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banished; O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Come from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus is in safety, And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir: You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] "*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust*—— LEONATUS."
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinned stones
Upon the numbered beach, and can we not
Partition make, with spectacles so precious,
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, 'trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both filled and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—'Beseech you, sir,
[*To Pisanio.*
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He 's strange and peevish.
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit Pisanio.*
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there,
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here

He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman, his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him: whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "Oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows,
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is—yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will 's free hours languish for
Assured bondage!"
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madame, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his, beyond all talents.
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me. What wrack discern you in me

Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,——
I was about to say, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born; discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek,
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I, damned then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol: join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, falsehood as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and ill-lustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit

That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain—
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more!
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! To be partnered
With tomboys, hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with dis-eased ventures,
That play with all infirmities, for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boiled stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be revenged!
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Revenged?
How should I be revenged? If this be true—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How shall I be revenged?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it!

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.
Imo. What hoa, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What, hoa! Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What hoa! Pisanio!
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say,
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit! Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country called his; and you, his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord

That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest mannered; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report which hath
Honoured with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.
Imo. Pray, what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
The best feather of our wing, have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate, of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,

To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night.
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!
Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and Two* Lords.

Cloten.

WAS there ever man had such luck? when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure. 6

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtal his oaths. Ha? 12

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank! 16

Sec. Lord. To have smelled like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth;

a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock, that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

First Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband—than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber: in one part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in Bed; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak.
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods !
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye !
[*Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-laboured sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss, one kiss ! Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design.
To note the chamber ; I will write all down :
Such and such pictures : there the window : such
The adornment of her bed : the arras, figures,
Why, such and such : and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep ! thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument

Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off;
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more!—to what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three.—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

Scene III.—*Without the Palace, under* Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter Cloten *and* Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

First Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies!
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a voice in her ears,

which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are the most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt Cymbeline, Queen, Lords, and Messenger.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, hoa!
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her. What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
Imo. Good-morrow, sir: you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
To accuse myself, I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.
Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allowed in meaner parties,—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary—in self-figured knot,
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.
Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more

But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferred so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the divil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool:
Frighted, and angered worse. Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's. Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*

Clo. You have abused me;

His meanest garment?
Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I'll be revenged!
His meanest garment! Well. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter Posthumus *and* Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these feared hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly, and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legion, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon,—
Post. And therewithal the best: or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approached.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring: and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour gains, or loses,
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching, it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value: which I wondered,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece,

Chaste Dian, bathing. Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise
Be given to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!—
And now 'tis up again. It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripped it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enriched it too: she gave it me,
And said she prized it once.

Post. May be she plucked it off,
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows if one her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so I hope he came by 't. Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true, I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoyed her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—
Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kissed it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn,—
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do 't i' the court, before
Her father.—I'll do something— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:

Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The same. Another Room in* Philario's *House.*

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warmed old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunned snow.—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first: perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full acorned boar, a German one,
Cried, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

Cymbeline. II. 5.

It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice-longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that have a name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all.
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter in state CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords, *at one door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cymbeline.

NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain,
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it, for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untendered—

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is

A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of "came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame,
The first that ever touched him, he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
Poor ignorant baubles! on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O, giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If

Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordained our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws;
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and called
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar,
Cæsar that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers, thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent

Much under him; of him I gathered honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two or longer. If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt*

Scene II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter Pisanio, *reading a Letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not?
What monsters her accuse? Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous tongued as handed, hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No:
She 's punished for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue. O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't. The letter*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. O damned paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without. Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus?
O, learned indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters!
He'd lay the future open. You good gods!
Let what is here contained relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not,
That we two are asunder: let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave: blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as you. Oh! the dearest of creatures would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me bate,—but not like me: yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind. O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond; say, and speak thick,
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense, how far it is
To this same blessed Milford; and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse; but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?

We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak!
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.
Pis. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, not here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee. There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country with a Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs

Are arched so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven,
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we poor unfledged
Have never winged from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is

A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.
Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well: what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure. O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Followed my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world,
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language! He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and though trained up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom

The king his father called Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on's neck":—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture,
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself Belarius, that am Morgan called,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—*Near* Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: ne'er longed my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish thy staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?
Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed, is it?
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness, Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour 's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripped: to pieces with me! Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.
Pis. Good madam, hear me.
Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness. So, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;

Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't; soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers. Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And makest me put into contempt the suits

Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? This place,
Mine action, and thine own, our horses' labour,
The time inviting thee, the perturbed court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have considered of a course; good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary! speak!
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,

Nor tent to bottom that. But speak!
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan——
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, Night,

Are they not, but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view: yea, happily near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.
Pis. Well then, here 's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self, into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, oh, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget

Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them, would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which will make him know
If that his head have ear in music); doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad—
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There 's more to be considered; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this

Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well!
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning, but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be looked to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty of the day:—she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wished me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her door's locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.
[*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her
Or, winged with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,

I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled:
Go in and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day.

[*Exit Queen.*

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman, from every one
The best she hath; and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore, but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip

Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.
Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home:
What is become of her?
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of "worthy lord."
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death!
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*
Clo. Humph!
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,

undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon: even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.

He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's speed
Be crossed with slowness! labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:

Cymbeline. III. 6.

I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched: such I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Hoa! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend. Hoa! No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I,

Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our match.
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what 's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have begged, or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon

As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.
Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you as I do buy.
Arv. I'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo 'Mongst friends!
If brothers! Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. Would I could free 't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger, gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience sealed them, laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators *and* Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber, I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who

may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

Scene II.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To Imogen.*
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting: I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die, ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:

I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight, as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how, how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
" My father, not this youth."
Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour of the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport!
Arv. You health!—So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breeds monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field! to the field!
We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.
Arv. We'll be not long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever. [*Exit Imogen.*
This youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters;
And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away! Who 's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mocked me:—I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence.
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clo. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A "slave" without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble!
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Gui. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise.
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death!
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company 's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment,
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse.
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who called me traitor, mountaineer, and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thank the gods! they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone: although perhaps,
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me: Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robbed me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O, thou goddess!
Thou divine nature! thou thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other: valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother, his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes and griefs for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty;
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one-half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easilest harbour in? Thou blessed thing,
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but ay,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart being laughed at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less: for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east:
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

Song.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning flash;*
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finished joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee,*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewing fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces:
You were as flowers, now withered: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on! away! apart upon our knees!
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their pain.

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven; which is the way?
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pitikins!—can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But soft! no bedfellow? O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial: his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven? How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damned Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world
Strook the main-top! O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrisoned in Gallia
After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirred up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods showed me a vision:
I fast and prayed for their intelligence, thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams: which portends,
Unless my sins abuse my divination,
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, hoa! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building! How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He 's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath altered that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came 't? Who is 't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master.
A very valiant Briton and a good,

That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There are no more such masters. I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. [*Aside.*] Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well mastered; but be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee than master thee.—My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. Come; arm him. Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us; and he shall be interred
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, *and* Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present. It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will: but for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To Pisanio.*
Does yet depend.
First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.
First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready;
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you: let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*
Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain—'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: neither know I

What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be cleared:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death, we being not known, not mustered
Among the bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt

In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither! What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go!
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I. Amen!
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. The time seems long: their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A field between the* British *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Posthumus.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wished
Thou shouldst be coloured thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little! O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and strook
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blessed to obey! I am brought hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress. Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods! put the strength o' the Leonati in me:
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—*The same.*

Enter at one door Lucius, Iachimo, *and the* Roman *army; and the* British *army at another.* Leonatus Posthumus *following, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish,* Iachimo *and* Posthumus: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me. Or could this carl,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken; then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.
Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons: *They rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hood-winked.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turned strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen; all flying
Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't; strook down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear, that the straight pass was dammed
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country.—Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,

Cymbeline. V. 3.

"Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards. Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand."—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing, with this word, "stand, stand,"
Accomodated by the place; more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turned
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned coward
But by example, O, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners! 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser: a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles; slaves,
The strides the victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die, or e'er resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it! You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mock'ry? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man, twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane."
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. Lack, to what end!
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you're angry. [*Exit.*
Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask what news of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcases? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charmed,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two Captains, *and* Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.
Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
First Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found. Stand! who's there?
Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.
Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have pecked them here: he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and* Roman Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler.

Scene IV.—*A Prison.*

Enter Posthumus *and two* Gaolers.

First Gaoler. You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture.
Sec. Gaoler. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fettered
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give
me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrained. To satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined it:

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn Music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them. Then, after other music, follows the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sicil. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stayed
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then, as men report,
Thou orphan's father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripped,

Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sicil. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sicil. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline performed:

Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourned
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turned?

Sicil. Thy crystal window ope, look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son, is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

Sec. Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The* Ghosts *fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing: hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade!
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sicil. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blessed fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sicil. The marble pavement closes, he is entered
His radiant roof: away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects

Cymbeline. V. 4.

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] "*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*"

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you

are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O! the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; for jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. Why, what an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness: I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and* Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targes of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if

Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees!
Arise, my knights o' the battle! I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.
Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness I must report

The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finished.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confessed she never loved you: only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorred your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate, opened, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatched were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter,
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other* Roman *prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have rased out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,

We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master; live!
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack!
There's other work in hand; I see a thing

Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me;
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplexed?
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak!
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele:—what think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we see him dead.
Bel. Be silent, let's see further.
Pis. It is my mistress! [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good, or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud! Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood! On, speak to him!
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How, me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrained to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and which more may grieve thee
As it doth me, a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave, I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That strook the hour!—it was in Rome,—accursed
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O would
Our viands had been poisoned! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head—the good Posthumus,
—What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye:—
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, therein

He was as calm as virtue, he began
His mistress' picture; which, by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins—
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wagered with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honoured finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed
That I returned with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,

With tokens thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
O, cunning, how I got it! nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—
Post. Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer! thief! any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they! I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear!—
Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part.
Pis. O, gentlemen, help

Mine, and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are!
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poisoned me.
Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
Which must approve thee honest. "If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat."
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only,
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose

Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is sure, Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady fro you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn, foamed at the mouth, and swore
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone; [*To the guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger 's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then. By leave,
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was called Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banished traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banished man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence!

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee;
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffered
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I trained up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,

Here are your sons again, and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleased a while.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen

Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo No, my lord,
I have got two world's by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where, how lived you,
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever. [*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then followed. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doomed;

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joyed are we that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle backed,
Appeared to me, with other sprightly shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom, whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him show
His skill in the construction.
Luc. Philarmonus!
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air: and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp,
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To Cymbeline.*

Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived.
To the majestic cedar joined, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished: for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanished: which foreshowed our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite

Cymbeline. V. 5.

His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods,
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blessed altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Act I. Sc. 1, 1-3. As in Rowe. Four lines, ending *frownes——heavens——courtiers: king's.* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 3. —as does] Tyrwhitt. —*as do's* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 54, 55. By her——he is.] As in Rowe. 54 ends *he is.* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 54-56. I honour——king?] As in Johnson. Two lines, ending *report. king?* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 142-145. As in Rowe. Lines end *basenesse——to it. one. Sir*, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 17. As in Pope. Line ends *eye-strings;* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 71. —Britain] Johnson. *Britanie* F_1: *Britany* F_2.

Act I. Sc. 6, 75, 76. But——blame] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

Act I. Sc. 6, 107. —by-peeping] Knight. *by peeping* Ff.

Act I. Sc. 6, 108. —ill-lustrous] Ingleby. *illustrious* Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 16. —good-conceited] Capell. *good conceited* Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 42. —out] Rowe. *on't* F_1 F_4: *ou't* F_2, F_3.

Act II. Sc. 3, 80. Ay,] As in Hanmer. Part of next line, Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 120. —soil] Hanmer. *foyle* (*foil*) Ff.

Act II. Sc. 4, 135. —the] Rowe. *her* Ff.

Act II. Sc. 5, 16. German] Rowe. *Iarmen* Ff.

Act II. Sc. 5, 27. —have a name] Dyce. *name* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 12, 13. As in Pope 12 ends, *world.* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 20. -- rocks] Hanmer. *Oakes* Ff.

Act III. Sc 3, 2. —stoop] Hanmer. *Steepe* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 34. —for] Pope. *or* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 3, 83. —wherein they] Warburton. *whereon the* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 4, 78. —afore't] Rowe. *a-foot* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 4, 87-89. As in Capell. Lines end, *Posthumus King suites* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 4, 88. —makest] Ed. *makes* Ff.

Act III. Sc. 5, 44. —loudest] Rowe. *loud of* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 58. —him] Pope. *them* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 58. —patience!] Theobald. *patient* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 132. —humour] Theobald. *honour* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 186. —ingenious] Rowe. *ingenuous* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 205. —crare] Steevens. *care* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 224. —ruddock] Hanmer. *raddocke* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 237. —our] Pope. *to our* Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 2, 328. —Cloten's] Pope. *Cloten* Ff.
Act V. Sc. 3, 42. —stooped] Rowe. *stopt* Ff.
Act V. Sc. 5, 93, 94. As in Hanmer. Line ends *Boy*, Ff.
Act V. Sc. 5, 95. —nor] Rowe. Omitted Ff.
Act V. Sc. 5, 377. —ye] Rowe. *we* Ff.

GLOSSARY.

Abate her, lessen my praise concerning her, i. 4, 67.
Abridgement, summary, v. 5, 381.
Absolute, certain, iv. 2, 106.
Abuse, deceive, i. 4, 112; i. 6, 130; waste, iii. 4, 102.
Act, action, i. 5, 22; performance, ii. 1, 61; v. 3, 29.
Action, legal proceeding, ii. 3, 150.
Admiration, wonder, i. 4, 4; i. 6, 37; iv. 2, 232.
Admired, wondered at, i. 1, 32.
Advantage of the time, present advantage, iv. 1, 11.
Advice, counsel, i. 1, 156.
Affected, desired, had affection for, v. 5, 38.
Affirmation, bloody; confirmation by bloodshed, i. 4, 58.
Affront, confront, iv. 3, 29.
After, according to, i. 1, 71.
After-eye, to; looking after, i. 3, 16.
Afterward [afterwards], i. 5, 39.
Allayments, antidotes, i. 5, 22.
Allowed, considered, iii. 3, 17.
Amazed, bewildered, iv. 3, 28.
Andirons, fire-dogs, ii. 4, 88.
Ape, mimic, ii. 2, 31.
Approbation, proving, i. 4, 17-122.
Approve, prove, iv. 2, 379; v. 5, 244.
Approvers, those who make trial, ii. 4, 25.
Arabian bird, i.e., the Phœnix, i. 6, 17.
Arrearages, arrears, ii. 4, 13.
Articles, particulars, i. 4, 153.
As, as if, v. 5, 180; such as, v. 5, 337.
At point to sink, on the point of sinking, iii. 6, 17.
Atone, reconcile, i. 4, 38.
Attempt (vb.), prove, make trial of, i. 4, 111.
Attempt (sb.), trial, test, i. 4, 114, 116.
Attemptable, prone to be tempted, i. 4, 59.
Attended, listened to, i. 6, 141.
Attending for, waiting for, iii. 3, 22.

Attends, lies in waiting, iii. 3, 77.
Avoid, depart, i. 1, 125.

Back; o'the back side the town; a play on the idea that the back of the town is the resort of debtors, i. 2, 13.
Base, game of baseball, v. 3, 20.
Bate, cease, iii. 2, 54.
Bay, bark at, v. 5, 223.
Bears all down; carries everything before her, ii. 1, 54.
Beastly, beast-like, i. 6, 152; iii. 3, 40; v. 3, 27.
Becomed [become, p. p.], v. 5, 405.
Being, place of living, i. 5, 54.
Bent, inclination, i. 1, 13.
Besides [beside], ii. 4, 149.
Betid, happened, iv. 3, 40.
Blazon'st, proclaim'st, iv. 2, 170.
Bloods, dispositions, i. 1, 1.
Bold, confident, ii. 4, 2.
Bolt, arrow, missive, iv. 2, 299.
Bondage, obligation, ii. 4, 111.
Bonds, legal documents of debt, iii. 2, 37; v. 5, 207; with play on double meaning in v. 4, 28.
Boot, to; to the good, in addition, i. 5, 69.
Bore in hand, made believe, v. 5 43.
Bores of hearing, ears, iii. 2, 57.
Brain; used as verb. v. 4, 146.
Bravely, beautifully, ii. 2, 15; ii. 4, 73.
Breeds him, educates him, i. 1, 42.
Bring, accompany, i. 1, 171.
Broke, broken, i. 3, 17.
Broken, bankrupt, v. 4, 19.
Browse, feed, iii. 6, 38.
Bugs, terrors, v. 3, 51.
But, only, i. 6, 180.
Buy my injuries to be friends, i.e., pays for the injuries I do him as though they were friends (friendly acts), i. 1, 105.
By peeping, peeping in between (other acts), i. 6, 107.

Came [became], iv. 2, 244.
Carl, churl, rustic, v. 2, 4.
Carriage, removal, iii. 4, 187.
Casual, subject to chance, precarious, i. 4, 90.
Casually, by chance, carelessly, ii. 3, 140.
Certainty, certain consequence, iv. 4, 27.
Chaliced, cup-like, ii. 3, 22.
Change (vb.), change colour, expression, i. 6, 11.
Changest on, i.e., changest sides, i. 5, 68.
Characters, handwriting, iii. 2, 28; fancy shapes, letters, iv. 2, 49.
Charged, given orders, i. 1, 83.
Charming, acting as spells, i. 3, 35.

Check, direction, iii. 3, 22.
Cheer, entertainment, iii. 6, 65.
Cinque-spotted, having five spots, ii. 2, 38.
Circumstances, particulars, details, ii. 4, 61.
Citizen, used as adj., iv. 2, 8.
Civil [civilized], iii. 6, 23.
Clipped, embraced, v. 5, 449.
Close, secret, i. 6, 138; iii. 5, 85.
Cloth, livery, ii. 3, 122.
Clotpole, head, iv. 2, 184.
Clouted brogues, hob-nailed boots, iv. 2, 214.
Cloys, strokes, v. 4, 118.
Cognizance, proof, ii. 4, 127.
Collection, interpretation, v. 5, 431.
Comb; with your comb on, *i.e.*, with your fool's cap on; fools' caps often had a coxcomb on the top, ii. 1, 25.
Comforted to, comforted for having to, i. 1, 90.
Commend, to give introduction to, i. 4, 126.
Comparative for, in accordance with, ii. 3, 128.
Compare, should be compared, i. 1, 22.
Conclusions, experiments, i. 5, 18.
Condition, character, v. 5, 165.
Confection, compound, mixture, v. 5, 245.
Confiners, borderers, iv. 2, 336.
Confounded, destroyed, i. 4, 50.
Consequence of, importance attaching to, ii. 3, 120.
Conveyed, carried off secretly, i. 1, 63.
Convince, overcome, i. 4, 94.
Cordial, medicinal, i. 5, 64.
Country (adj.), belonging to our (your) country, i. 4, 56; iv. 4, 51.
Courtesy, courtliness, iv. 4, 28.
Cracked, boasted, v. 5, 177.
Crare, a small trading vessel, iv. 2, 205.
Cravens, frightens, weakens, iii. 4, 77.
Crescent, increasing, i. 4, 2.
Crooked, hooked, iii. 1, 37.
Crop, prospect, i. 6, 32.
Curious, careful, i. 6, 190; elaborately worked, v. 5, 360.
Curtal (vb.), cut short, ii. 1, 12.
Custom in your tongue; manner of speech, i. 4, 136.

Dear loss, loss of what was precious, v. 5, 344.
Dearly, exquisitely, ii. 2, 18.
Deceased, died, i. 1, 39.
Definite, decided, i. 6, 42.
Delicate, choice, incomparable, v. 5, 47.
Delve, dig, i. 1, 28.
Depend (used abs.), hang over, iv. 3, 23.
Dependency, things depending, ii. 3, 117.

Depender (subs.), one that leans, i. 5, 58.
Depending, leaning, ii. 4, 91.
Desert, condition of deserving, i. 5, 73.
Deserve, earn, iii. 3, 54.
Despite; in my d., in contempt of me, iv. 1, 14.
Difference, quarrel, dispute, i. 4, 51, 52.
Discover, reveal, iii. 5, 95; v. 5, 276.
Dis-eased, discomfited, i. 6, 122.
Disedged, deprived of edge, iii. 4, 93.
Doomed, judged, v. 5, 419.
Doubt (sb.), fear, iv. 4, 14.
Doubting (ple.), fearing, i. 6, 94.

Eglantine, sweet-briar, iv. 2, 223.
Embrace, accept, i. 4, 153; iii. 4, 176.
Embracements, embraces, i. 1, 116.
Empery, empire, kingdom, i. 6, 119.
Enlargement, license, ii. 3, 119.
Estimations, unprizable; things deemed invaluable, i. 4, 90.
Even (vb. trans.), act up to, iii. 4, 181.
Event, outcome, iii. 5, 14.
Exhibition, stipend, i. 6, 121.
Exorciser, raiser of spirits of the dead, iv. 2, 275.
Extend him, widen his reputation, i. 4, 19; *extena him within himself*, enlarge his praises within and not up to the true limits, i. 1, 25.

Fact, action, deed, iii. 2, 17.
Factor, agent, i. 6, 187.
Fail (subst.), failing, iii. 4, 63.
Falsehood, hard with hourly; i.e., made hard by falsely clasping hands so often i. 6, 106.
Fangled, decked out, v. 4, 134.
Far, speak him; go far in praising him, i. 1, 24.
Fast [fasted], iv. 2, 346.
Father, used as vb. trans., iv. 2, 26.
Favour, countenance, i. 6, 41; iii. 4, 48; iv. 2, 104.
Fear (vb.), fear for, i. 4, 97.
Feared (adj.), dashed with fear, doubtful, ii. 4, 6.
Feat, ready, v. 5, 88.
Feated, fashioned, i. 1, 49.
Feature, bodily form, v. 5, 163.
Feodary, accomplice, iii. 2, 21.
File, number, v. 3, 30.
Finished, died, v. 5, 36.
Firm, steadfast, i. 4, 11.
Fit (adj.), suitable, iv. 1, 2.
Fitment, guise, v. 5, 408.
Foot (vb. trans.), make travel on foot, iii. 5, 142.
For, because of, ii. 4, 71.
Forbear, i.e., f. from further talk, i. 1, 68.
Fore-ena, earlier part, iii. 3, 73.

Forespent, bestowed of old, ii. 3, 58.
Fore-thinking, thinking beforehand of, iii. 4, 168.
Forfend, forbid, prevent, v. 5, 286.
Forgot [forgotten], i. 6, 179.
Foundations, a play on "charitable foundations" and "fixed places," iii. 6, 7.
Fraught, burden, i. 1, 126.
Freeness, clemency, v. 5, 420.
Fretted, adorned, ii. 4, 88.
Friend, to; as my friend, i. 4, 105.
Friend, lover, i. 4, 132.
Furnaces, (vb. trans.), fumes like a furnace, i. 6, 65.

Geck, fool, dupe, v. 4, 67.
Get ground of; make give way (a term from fencing), i. 4, 103.
Giglot (adj.), harlot, iii. 1, 31.
Glorious, in high rank, i. 6, 7.
Go even with what I have heard; follow the advice of others, i. 4, 43.
Good-conceited, of good fancy, ii. 3, 16.
Grief, grievance, ii. 4, 15.
Gripes, grips, i. 6, 105.
Guise, way, v. 1, 32.
Gyves, fetters, v. 4, 14.

Habits, garments, v. 1, 30.
Halting, hesitating, shuffling, iii. 5, 92.
Hand-fast, pledge, i. 5, 78.
Hand-in-hand (adj.), a comparison in which the two things go hand in hand, i. 4, 69.
Hardiment, deed of bravery, v. 4, 75.
Hardness, hard living, iii. 6, 21; boldness, daring, iii. 6, 22.
Happily, perchance, iii. 4, 147; iv. 1, 19.
Hath her husband banished; whose husband is banished, i. 6, 3.
Haviour [behaviour], iii. 4, 9.
Hazard, misfortune, iv. 4, 46.
Help of admiration, i.e., without admiration (ironical), i. 4, 4.
Hie, hasten, ii. 3, 137.
Hilding, menial wretch, ii. 3, 122.
Hind, rustic, v. 3, 77.
Hold, fastness, iii. 6, 18.
Holp [helped], v. 5, 421.
Home, completely, iii. 5, 92.
Hood-winked, blindfold, v. 2, 16.

I were best [it were best for me], iii. 6, 19.
Ignorant, made in ignorance, iii. 1, 27; *am ignorant in, i.e.*, will show no knowledge of, iii. 2, 23.
Ill-lustrous, shedding a sorry light, i. 6, 108.
Imperseverant, undiscerning, iv. 1, 13.
Importance, occasion, i. 4, 40.
Importantly, with matter of importance, iv. 4, 19.

Incivil [uncivil], v. 5, 291.
Inform you, advise you, i, 1, 79.
Ingenious, of curious structure, iv. 2, 186.
In praise, to praising, i. 4, 56.
Insultment, insult, iii. 5, 139.
Into, unto, i. 6, 166.
Irregulous, unprincely, iv. 2, 314.
It [its], iii. 4, 157.

Jack, i.e., the small bowl which is first cast, ii 1, 2.
Jet, swagger, iii. 3, 5.
Join his honour, gave his honourable help, i. 1, 29.
Journal (adj.), daily, iv. 2, 10.
Jump, risk, v. 4, 182.

Keep'st thyself, is left unguarded, iii. 6, 36.
Ken, within a; in sight, iii. 6, 6.
Kissed, i.e., touched, ii. 1, 1.
Knowledge, guess in; guess leading to k., i. 1, 60.
Known together, been acquainted, i. 4, 33.

Lack! = good lack! iv. 2, 373.
Lady; nor you the lady, *i.e.*, nor have you seen the most precious lady, i. 4, 75.
Laming, disparaging, v. 5, 163.
Lapped, folded, v. 5, 359.
Lapse, commit faults, iii. 6, 12.
Late, lately, i. 1, 6.
Lay (vb.), wager, i. 4, 125; (sb.), wager, i. 4, 145.
Laying by, putting aside as worthless, iii. 6, 82.
Leagued, intertwined, iv. 2, 213.
Leans, inclines towards its fall, i. 5, 58.
Learned, taught, i. 5, 12.
Leave, leave off, i. 4, 98.
Left, left off, i. 3, 15; ii. 2, 4.
Let, let forth, iv. 2, 168.
Liegers, those who pay homage, i. 5, 80.
Like you, please you, ii. 3, 53.
Limb-meal, limb by limb, ii. 4, 147.
Limit, bound, iii. 3, 35.
Locks of counsel, locks which keep counsel, iii. 2, 36.
Lud's town = London, iii. 1, 32; v. 5, 479.

Mannerly, courteously, iii. 6, 89.
Many, could not believe she excelled many, i. 4, 73.
Mart, traffic, i. 6, 150.
Mastered, be so well in; have so good a master, iv. 2, 382.
Match (sb.), agreement, iii. 6, 30.
Material, important, i. 6, 206.
Mean affairs, unimportant business (?) or lowly station (?), iii. 2, 50.
Med'cinable, health-giving, iii. 2, 33.
Mend upon the world, improve with time, ii. 4, 26.
Mere, entire, complete, iv. 2, 92.

Methought, it seemed to me, v. 5, 425.
Minion, darling, ii. 3, 40.
Miracle (vb. trans.), make itself a miracle, iv. 2, 29.
Moe [more], iii. 1, 36, 62.
Moiety, half, i. 4, 107.
Mortal, human, i. 6, 170; deadly, i. 4, 39; iii. 4, 18; v. 3, 51; v. 5, 235.
Mortality, humanity, iv. 1, 14.
Mows, grimaces, i. 6, 40.
Musics [music], ii. 3, 38.

Name, character, reputation, i. 4, 3.
Naught, worthless, wicked, v. 5, 270.
Need, hour of need, v. 3, 45.
Nice-longing, ii. 5, 26.
Nicely, exactly, ii. 4, 90.
Niceness, modesty, iii. 4, 155.
Note, reputation, i. 4, 2; eminence, ii. 3, 121; notice, iv. 3, 44; *our note* = notice of us, iv. 4, 20; tune, iv. 2, 237.
Notes, marks, ii. 2, 28.
Nothing, not at all, ii. 4, 94; iv. 4, 15.
Nothing-gift, barren honour, iii. 6, 83.
Numbered, covered with numbers, i. 6, 35.

Occasions, duties, v. 5, 87.
'Ods pitikins, *i.e.*, God's pity, iv. 2, 292.
Of; diminution of space; diminution caused by space, i. 3, 19; from, i. 1, 163; concerning, i. 1, 71.
Offered mercy; 'twere a paper lost as offered mercy is, *i.e.*, the loss would be as great as when the offer of mercy is lost, i. 3, 4.
On, of; *on's* = of us, v. 5, 310.
One her women = one of her women, ii. 4, 116.
Only, alone, i. 4, 83.
Or . . . or = either . . . or, i. 4, 82; iv. 4, 5.
Or ere, before, iii. 2, 65.
Orisons, prayers, i. 3, 32.
Other [others], iii. 1, 36.
Out of, according to, i. 1, 55.
Out of door, outward, external, i. 6, 15.
Out-craftied, outdone him through craft, iii. 4, 15.
Out-peer, surpass, iii. 6, 84.
Outstood, stayed beyond, i. 6, 206.
Outward (sub.), outside, exterior i. 1, 23.
Overbuys, pays, i. 1, 146.
Owe, possess, iii. 1, 37.

Packing, making off, iii. 5, 80.
Paled in, enclosed, iii. 1, 19.
Pantler, one who cuts bread, ii. 3, 123.
Parted, departed, iii. 6, 51.
Paragon, equivalent, iii. 6, 43.
Part, side, v. 1, 25.

Partisans, halberds having two edges, iv. 2, 397.
Passable, penetrable, i. 2, 9.
Passage, occurrence, iii. 4, 91.
Pawn, pledge, i. 6, 193.
Peevish, foolish, simple, i. 6, 53.
Penitent instrument, the instrument of penitence, *i.e.*, the instrument which is penitence, v. 4, 10.
Perfect, have complete knowledge, iii. 1, 71; iv. 2, 118.
Peruse, observe, examine, i. 4, 6.
Pervert, turn aside, ii. 4, 151.
Philomel, *see* "Tereus," ii. 2, 46.
Powers, forces, iii. 5, 24.
Practice, imposture, v. 5, 199.
Prefer, recommend, ii. 3, 45.
Pregnant, palpable, obvious, iv. 2, 324.
Presently, immediately, ii. 3, 137; iii. 2, 75.
Pretty, advantageous, iii. 4, 147.
Prides, sumptuous dresses, ii. 5, 25.
Prize = inheritance, iii. 6, 75.
Probation, proof, v. 5, 361.
Prone, resolute, courageous, v. 4, 199.
Proper, own, iv. 2, 97; = true, iii. 4, 61.
Prunes, preens, v. 4, 118.
Pudency, shame, ii. 5, 11.
Put, *me*, force me, bring me, ii. 3, 104; *put on*, add, v. 1, 9.
Puttock, kite, a contemptuous term, i. 1, 140.

Qualified, endowed with good qualities, i. 4, 59.
Quality, *less*; any quality, i. 4, 21.
Quarrelous, quarrelsome, iii. 4, 159.
Quench (vb. intrans.), quench her tears, i. 5, 47.

Rank, standing in society (with double meaning), ii. 1, 16.
Raps, seizes, i. 6, 50.
Referred, withdrawn, i. 1, 6.
Reflect upon, show favour to, i. 6, 23.
Religion, scruple, i. 4, 134.
Remain, rest, remainder, iii. 1, 84.
Remainders, those left behind, i. 1, 129.
Remembrancer, agent, i. 5, 77.
Render, return, account, iv. 4, 11.
Repent, do penance, v. 4, 13.
Report themselves, reveal what they were meant for, ii. 4, 83.
Resty, restive, iii. 6, 34.
Revolts, revolted people, iv. 4, 6.
Ribbed, enclosed, iii. 1, 19.
Ripely, in good time, iii. 5, 22.
Ruddock, red-breast, iv. 2, 224.

Sample, example, i. 1, 48.
Sanguine, blood-red, v. 5, 363.
Saving reverence, craving excuse, iv. 1. 5.
Scandal, bring scandal upon, iii. 4, 59.

Scarce made up, imperfectly developed, iv. 2, 109.
Scriptures, writings, iii. 4, 80.
Sear up, has a double meaning; (1) dry up, (2) seal up, i. 1, 116.
Season, degree of ripeness, iii. 4, 172.
Seasons, gives zest to, i. 6, 9.
Seconds, supporters, v. 3, 90.
See again, see one another again, i. 1, 124.
See = saw, v. 5, 126.
Seem as does the King's, put on the outward signs of the King's [disposition], i. 1, 3.
Seeming, good; outward show of goodness, iii. 4, 53; = appearance of truth, v. 5, 450.
Self-danger, danger to itself, iii. 4, 146.
Self-explication, iii. 4, 8.
Self-figured, fashioned by themselves, ii. 3, 118.
Sense, feeling, i. 1, 118.
Senseless, insensible, ii. 3, 52; *senseless of*, insensible to, i. 1, 135; = without sense, ii. 3, 52.
Services, general; public military service, iv. 1, 12.
Shade, cover, retired place, iii. 4, 191.
Sharded, protected by shards or scales, iii. 3, 20.
Shes, women, i. 3, 29; i. 6, 39.
Short (vb.), make short, hence "break," i. 6, 199.
Shot, reckoning, v. 4, 156.
Show, appearance, i. 5, 40.
Shrew [beshrew], ii. 3, 141.
Sick, sicken, iv. 2, 9.
Sign, deceptive semblance, i. 2, 30.
Silly, simple, v. 3, 86.
Simular, probable, v. 5, 200.
Single oppositions, duels, iv. 1, 13.
Sir, gentleman, i. 6, 159.
Sire (vb. trans.), iv. 2, 26.
Snatches, tones, iv. 2, 105.
Snuff, wick of candle, i. 6, 86.
So = as, i. 4, 2.
So much = as much, i. 4, 102.
Solicits [solicitations], ii. 3, 46.
Something, somewhat, i. 1, 86; i. 4, 108, 109.
Sometime, formerly, v. 5, 332.
Spectacles, organs of vision, i. 6, 36.
Spoke [spoken], i. 4, 122; iv. 2, 16.
Spongy, damp, moist, iv. 2, 348.
Sprighted, haunted as by a sprite, ii. 3, 138.
Sprightly, full of spirit, iii. 6, 73; spiritual, incorporeal, v. 5, 427.
Staggers, giddiness, v. 5, 233.
Stamp, coin, v. 4, 24.
Stand me, stand against me, i. 2, 14.
Stand (sb.), ambush, ii. 3, 69.
Stark, stiff, iv. 2, 209.
Statist, statesman, ii. 4, 16.
Story him, tell stories of him, i. 4, 31.
Straight, straightway, immediately, i. 4, 162.

Straight-pight, well set up, v. 5, 164.
Strain, characteristic iii. 4, 92; race, blood, iv. 2, 24.
Strange, foreign, i. 6, 53; i. 6, 190.
Stricter, more restricted, less exacting, v. 4, 17.
Stride, overpass, iii. 3, 35.
Strook [struck], iv. 2, 319; v. 1, 10, etc.
Sufferance, endurance, iii. 5, 35.
Suffering, permitting, iv. 2, 143.
Suit; in suit, i.e., by sueing, v. 5, 185.
Supplyant, acting as supply, iii. 7, 14.
Supplyment [supply], iii. 4, 179.
Sur-addition, surname, extra title, i. 1, 33.
Sustain = will sustain, i. 4, 113.
Swerve (used abs.), err, v. 4, 129.

Tabled, tabulated, i. 4, 5.
Tables, tablets, iii. 2, 39.
Take or lend, take something in return for what I want, or lend it for a time, iii. 6, 24.
Talents, "beyond all talents," *i.e.*, exceeding any sum, i. 6, 79.
Tanlings, tanned children, iv. 4, 29.
Targes, shields, v. 5, 5.
Temper, mingle, v. 5, 249.
Tender (vb.), proffer, i. 6, 139; iii. 5, 31.
Tender (subst.), i. 6, 207.
Tent, probe, iii. 4, 115.
Tereus, tale of; ii. 2, 45.
Testimonies, evidences, iii. 4, 22.
Their, allowed by them, v. 4, 21.
Thing, matter, iv. 4, 35.
Threat [threaten], iv. 2, 127.
Throughly, thoroughly, iii. 6, 36.
Tirest on, preyest on, iii. 4, 94.
To; as to, i. 1, 50; = for, i. 1, 5; as (to friend = as a friend), i. 4, 105.
To be, from being, i. 5, 58.
Tomboys, strumpets, i. 6, 121.
Tongue, used as verb, v. 4, 146.
Took pity, i.e., took away pity, iii. 4, 59.
Touch, emotion, i. 1, 135.
Toys, trivialities, iv. 2, 193.
Troublesome, full of trouble, iv. 3, 21.
Tune, voice, tone, v. 5, 238.
Twinned, exactly alike, i. 6, 34.

Unbar, withdraw the bar of, v. 4, 8.
Undergo, perform, i. 4, 138-9; iii. 5, 109; *undergoes*, bears up, iii. 2, 7.
Unprizable, not to be valued, i. 4, 89.
Untendered, unproffered, iii. 1, 10.
Up-cast, a straight up throw, ii. 1, 2.
Utterance, at; ready to be put out, iii. 1, 71.

Vantage, opportunity, i. 3, 24; ii. 3, 44; v. 5, 198.
Venge, avenge, i. 6, 91.
Ventures, adventurers, i. 6, 122.
Verbal, full of words, ii. 3, 105.
Villain (adj.), iv. 2, 71.

Wage, pledge, i. 4, 130.
Wants, lacks, iv. 3, 20.
Whenas [when], v. 4, 138; v. 5, 434.
Whiles [while], i. 5, 1; [whilst], i. 6, 133.
Whose mother was her painting, who was made up of painting, (cf. iv. 2, 81, thy tailor . . . who is thy grandfather), iii, 4, 49.
Wink, close the eyes, v. 4, 186.
Winking (adj.), having eyes closed, ii. 3, 23; ii. 4, 89.
Winking (sub.), closing the eyes, v. 4, 190.
Winter-ground (vb. trans.), to protect from the inclemency of winter, iv. 2, 229.
Wished, am; am possessed by the wish, v. 1, 1.
Witness, bear testimony to, iii. 4, 65.
Wonderfully to extend him, i.e., give his reputation the help of admiration, i. 4, 18.
Woodman, hunter, iii. 6, 28.
Words him a great deal from the matter = reports him widely from actual fact, i. 4, 14.
Worms, serpents, iii. 4, 34.
Worth, worthy, i. 1, 146.
Wrack [wreck], i. 6, 83; iv. 2, 365.
Wrings, shows pain, iii. 6, 77.
Wrote [written], iii. 5, 2; iii. 5, 21.
Wrying, stepping aside, v. 1, 5.

Your = of you, i. 6, 134.

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