

THE LARGER
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

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used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition. In
the present issue of the "Temple Shakespeare"
the Editor has introduced some few textual
changes; these have been carefully noted in
each case.*



THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME NINE

THE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS
THE TRAGEDY OF
ROMEO AND JULIET



THE TRAGEDY OF
TIMON OF ATHENS
THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

LONDON
J. M. DENT & CO.
ALDINE HOUSE
29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

1900

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

Preface

Early Editions. In 1600 a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was published, bearing the following title-page:—

“The most lamenta- | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus | Andronicus.* | As
it hath sundry times been playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle
of Pembroke, the | Earl of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde
Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | At LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for
Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little | North
doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600.” This is the earliest
known edition, and is referred to as Quarto 1.

Another quarto, printed from the former, was brought out in 1611:—

“The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus.* | *As it hath*
sundry | times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed
for Edward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little
North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611.”

In the 1st Folio *Titus Andronicus* comes between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*; the text was somewhat carelessly printed from a copy of the Second Quarto with MS. additions. The Second Scene of the Third Act, not found in the quartos, is peculiar to the Folio version.

Date of Composition. According to Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was printed in 1594; but no copy has been discovered. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare's connection with the subject is Meres' mention of the play, in 1598, as one of Shakespeare's well-known tragedies. There can be little doubt that Ravenscroft, who “about the time of the Popish Plot,” revived and altered *Titus Andronicus*, preserved a trustworthy tradition with respect to its authorship. “I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private actor to be acted, and he only gave some master-

touches to one or two of the principal characters." Internal evidence seems to corroborate the tradition, and Shakespeare's additions are now generally assigned to about 1589-90. The following passages suggest Shakespearian authorship:—I. i. 9; II. i. 82, 83; I. i. 70-76, 117-119, 141, 142; II. ii. 1-6; II. iii. 10-15; III. i. 82-86, 91-97; IV. iv. 81-86; V. ii. 21-27; V. iii. 160-168.*

The problem is complicated by the fact that there must have been at least three plays on the subject, according to the references in the Stationers' Registers, and Henslowe's *Diary*. Jonson probably referred to an older play when he wrote:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years" (*Bartholomew Fair*, 1614). This would place the production in question between 1584 and 1589.

The German "tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*," acted abroad about the year 1600 by the English players, may contain elements of the older original on which the present play was founded: among its characters there is a "Vespasian," and it is noteworthy that there is a record in Henslowe's diary of a "*tittus and Vespasia*" acted "by Lord Strange's men" on the 11th of April, 1591. The play is marked "*ne*" (*i.e.* "new"). Similarly, a "*Titus and Andronicus*" is described as a new play by Henslowe under the date of January 22nd, 1593-4.

Under any circumstances, *Titus Andronicus* stands outside the regular early Shakespearian dramas,—the gentle "love-plays" of his first period; its value, however, in literary history, is this:—crude as it is, it certainly belongs to the same type of play, as the greater tragedy of *Hamlet*; the *machinery* in both plays is much the same; both are Kydian dramas of Revenge; Nemesis triumphs in the end, entangling in her meshes the innocent as well as the guilty, the perpetrators of crime as well as the agents of vengeance.

Source of the Plot. It is remarkable that popular as was the story of *Titus Andronicus* in the sixteenth century, no direct source of the play has yet been discovered, and nothing can be added to Theobald's comment. "The story," he observes, "we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither

* (*Cp.* H. B. Wheatley, *New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1874; a synopsis of critical opinion is to be found in Fleay's *Manual*, p. 44; Knight, in his *Pictorial Shakespeare*, defends Shakespeare's authorship.

The fullest recent study of the subject is that of Dr M. M. Arnold Schröer, Marburg, 1891.)

mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."

The ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* was evidently based on the present play, though formerly considered as its source.*

The Time of the Play. The period covered by the play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1, Act I.; Act II. Sc. i. *Day 2*, Act II. Sc. ii.-iv.; Act III. Sc. i. *Interval.* *Day 3*, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval.* *Day 4*, Acts IV. and V. (v. P. A. Daniel's *Time-Analysis*, p. 190).

* Cf. *Roxburghe Ballads* (Ballad Society), Vol. I.; the version cannot, according to Chappell, be earlier than the reign of James I., and is more probably of that of Charles I. The title of the ballad is "*The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus. With the fall of his Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his daughter Lavinia,*" etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,

QUINTUS, } *sons to Titus Andronicus.*

MARTIUS,

MUTIUS,

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

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,

DEMETRIUS, } *sons to Tamora.*

CHIRON,

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

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

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*

The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

*Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of
the Andronici appearing.*

*Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then
enter below, Saturninus and his Followers from one side,
and Bassianus and his Followers from the other side, with
drum and colours.*

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

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility :
But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand

A special party, have by common voice, 21

In election for the Roman empery,

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius

For many good and great deserts to Rome :

A nobler man, a braver warrior,

Lives not this day within the city walls :

He by the senate is accited home

From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;

That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,

Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms. 30

Ten years are spent since first he undertook

This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms

Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons

In coffins from the field.

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,

Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,

Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat, by honour of his name,

Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40

And in the Capitol and senate's right,

Whom you pretend to honour and adore,

That you withdraw you and abate your strength,

Dismiss your followers and, as suitor should,

Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

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

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

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.]

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

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.]

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

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*[Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up
 into the Capitol.]*

Enter a Captain.

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

*Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius;
 after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with
 black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them, Titus*

Andronicus; and then Tamora Queen of Goths, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! 70

Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!

Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!

These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:

Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my
sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the tomb.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!

O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Act I. Sc. i.

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
 'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh
 Before this earthy prison of their bones,
 That so the shadows be not unappeased, 100
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

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

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son:
 And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me!
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs and return, 110
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O, if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
 To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,

The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen,

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes. 141

Re-enter the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.

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

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

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons; 150
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in
rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ; 160
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud !

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

*Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes ;
re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome ! 170

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame !
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords :
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
 Be candidatus then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

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

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
 Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

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

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee 210
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die :
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be ; and thanks to men
 Of noble minds is honourable meed.

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

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus, 220
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

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

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort, 230
 Patricians and plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
 And say ' Long live our Emperor Saturnine !'

[*A long flourish till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my empress, 240
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

- Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
 King and commander of our commonweal,
 The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot and my prisoners ;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord : 250
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
- Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
 How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record ; and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.
- Tit.* [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
 emperor ;
 To him that, for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly and your followers. 260
- Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
 cheer,
 Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
 Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ? 270
- Lav.* Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
- Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*]

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

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

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

Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice : 280

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

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

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?

Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surprised !

Sat. Surprised ! by whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*]

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

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

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

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy ! 290

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [*Stabbing Mutius.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help ! [*Dies.*]

[*During the fray Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius,
Chiron and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*]

Re-enter Lucius.

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

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;

My sons would never so dishonour me :
 Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
 That is another's lawful promised love.

[*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :

300

I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once ;
 Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
 Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale

But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go give that changing piece
 To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :

310

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
 That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
 If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee empress of Rome.

320

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice ?
 And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

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

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, 33^o
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

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

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus and challenged of wrongs? 34^o

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

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

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

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood, 35^o
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

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

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here. 360

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

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

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded :
My foes I do repute you every one ;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

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

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

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,— 370

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

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

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman ; be not barbarous :

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son 380

Did graciously plead for his funerals :

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise :

The dismal'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

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

All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause. 390

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

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

Flourish. *Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, with others.*

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 400

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

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

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 410

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
 Only thus much I give your grace to know :
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd ;
 That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
 To be controll'd in that he frankly gave : 420
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
 That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
 A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

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

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak indifferently for all ; 430
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forbend
 I should be author to dishonour you !
 But on mine honour dare I undertake
 For good Lord Titus' innocence in all ;
 Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last ;
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :

You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
 And so supplant you for ingratitude,
 Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
 I'll find a day to massacre them all, 450
 And raze their faction and their family,
 The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
 And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
 Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord : 460
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconciled your friends and you.
 For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable. 470
 And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia ;
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
 That what we did was mildly as we might,

Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

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

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

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

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ; 480

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

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

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults :

Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

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

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. 490

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

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

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

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
 And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
 So Tamora :

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
 Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress. 20

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
 This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
 Holloa ! what storm is this ?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :
 I am as able and as fit as thou
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

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

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath 41
Till you know better how to handle it.

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

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more 51
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Cbi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say! 60
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
 This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world: 71
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
 Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

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

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
 Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80

Aar. To achieve her! how?

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

Aar. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90

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

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi.

Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar.

Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools

To square for this? would it offend you, then, 100

That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem.

Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment 110

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are

Fitted by kind for rape and villany:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit 120

To villany and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns ;
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury. 131

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

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

Scene II.

A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.

*Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c., Marcus, Lucius,
 Quintus, and Martius.*

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

*A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter Saturninus,
 Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and their
 Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty ;

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

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

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

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

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

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

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

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

Scene III.

A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest

[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad, 10
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise; 20
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
While hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires, 30
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus :
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more ; we are espied ;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

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

Aar. No more, great empress ; Bassianus comes :
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps ! 60
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments :
 Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day ! 70
 'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

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

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

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

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

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

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

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?
 These two have ticed me hither to this place :
 A barren detested vale, you see it is ;
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe :
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven :
 And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, 100
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death :
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110
 That ever ear did hear to such effect :
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

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

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own ! 119

Tam. Give me the poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw ;
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope braves your mightiness :
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

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

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

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

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

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

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them 140
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

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

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!— 150
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

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

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

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

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

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

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

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

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

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her
husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus
into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius
and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.]*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
 Till all the Andronici be made away.
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 190
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

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

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

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
 Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
 Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood 200
 As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
 A very fatal place it seems to me.

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

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

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

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

[*Exit.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
 From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole? 210

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
 My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: 230
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

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

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ; 250
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

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

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

*Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants ; Titus Andronicus,
and Lucius.*

Tam. Where is my lord the king ?

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

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ? 261

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

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

Sat. [*Reads*] ' An if we miss to meet him handsomely—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him : 270
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
 Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
 O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
 This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
 Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
 That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

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

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
 There let them bide until we have devised
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
 How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
 I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
 That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
 Accursed, if the fault be proved in them— 290

Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
 Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
 For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
 They shall be ready at your highness' will,
 To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
 Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
 Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain; 301
 For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
 That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons ; they shall do well enough.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Another part of the forest.

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished ;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

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

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

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

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

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

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. 10

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*]

Horns winded within. Enter Marcus from hunting.

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

Cousin, a word ; where is your husband ?

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

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
 And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee; 40
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep 50
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go and make thy father blind;

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, 20
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

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

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

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. 30
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

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

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
 They would not mark me ; or if they did mark,
 They would not pity me ; yet plead I must,
 And bootless unto them
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale : 40
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;
 A stone is silent and offendeth not,

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

[*Rises.*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced 50
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest; 70
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have served me to effectless use :
 Now all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands to do Rome service is but vain. 80

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

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

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

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

Tit. It was my dear ; and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes : 100
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me : what shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her ! 110
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
 husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ; 120
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ? 130
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

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

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

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

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

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor 150
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprising?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor 160
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? 170
 O, none of both but are of high desert:
 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 180
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
 Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

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

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
 And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: 190
 But I'll deceive you in another sort,
 And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.
 Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
 More hath it merited ; that let it have.
 As for my sons, say I account of them
 As jewels purchased at an easy price ;
 And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. 200

Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand
 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
 [*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
 Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
 Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
 If any power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call ! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou kneel
 with me ? 210

Do, then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our
 prayers ;

Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

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

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

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries, 220
 Then into limits could I bind my woes :
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face ?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd: 230
 For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes, 240
 More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.]

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

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

[Lavinia kisses Titus.]

Marc. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless 251
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery : die, Andronicus ;
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
 Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs : 260
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
 Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

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

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears : 270
 Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me I shall never come to bliss
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head ;
 And in this hand the other will I bear. 281
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things :
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
 The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome : 290
 Farewell, proud Rome ; till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life :
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
 And make proud Saturnine and his empess
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths and raise a power, 300
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
 Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
Then thus I thump it down.

[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk
in signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20

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

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none. 30
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40

As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

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

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

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

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

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

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

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

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But !' How, if that fly had a father and mother ?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings, 61
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air !
 Poor harmless fly,
 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast kill'd
 him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
 Come hither purposely to poison me.
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
 Ah, sirrah !

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
 But that between us we can kill a fly
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me :
 I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
 Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
 Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Titus's garden.

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy
 flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter
 Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia
 Follows me every where, I know not why :
 Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
 Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

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

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

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

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:
 See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee: 10
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
 Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
 Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
 Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20
 Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
 Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
 Causeless perhaps. But, pardon me, sweet aunt:
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with
 her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this? 30
 Some book there is that she desires to see.
 Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact ; ay, more there was ;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge. 40

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

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

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! so busily she turns the leaves !

Help her :

What would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy. 50

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

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?
See, see !

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there !—

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den, 60
Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece · brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !

My lord, look here : look here, Lavinia :
 This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst, 70
 This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff,
 and guides it with feet and mouth.*] I have writ
 my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift !
 Write thou, good niece ; and here display at last
 What God will have discovered for revenge :
 Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors and the truth !

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

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ ?

‘Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.’

Marc. What, what ! the lustful sons of Tamora 80
 Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,

Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord ; although I know
 There is enough written upon this earth
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
 And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
 And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector’s hope ;
 And swear with me, as, with the woful fere 90
 And father of that chaste dishonour’d dame,
 Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece’ rape,
 That we will prosecute by good advice
 Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
 And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. ’Tis sure enough, an you knew how.

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

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome. 110

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
 But yet so just that he will not revenge. 129
 Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door; and at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

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

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

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

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
 For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
 My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me 10
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well:
 And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
 [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll, and written round about!
 Let's see:

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

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

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

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest: the old man hath found their
guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: 30
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

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

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 40

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

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

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

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

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

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

50

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

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

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

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

61

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

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

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue? 71
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

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

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live. 80

Aar. It shall not die.

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

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

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

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

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

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got, 90

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue; 100

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
 The vigour and the picture of my youth :
 This before all the world do I prefer ;
 This maugre all the world will I keep safe, 110
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :
 Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart !
 Here's a young lad framed of another leer :
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father, 120
 As who should say ' Old lad, I am thine own.'
 He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
 And from that womb where you imprison'd were
 He is enfranchised and come to light :
 Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

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

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

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you :
 Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ! when we join in league,
 I am a lamb : but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
 But say, again, how many saw the child?

140

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
 And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
 Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
 Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

[*He kills the nurse.*]

Weke, weke!

So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou
 this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours, 150
 A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:
 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine, 160
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,

And send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air 170
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
 [*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 180
 To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

Scene III.

The same. A public place.

*Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them ;
 with him, Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen
 (Publius, Sempronius, and Caius), with bows.*

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

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

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
 By day and night to attend him carefully,
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

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

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

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
 If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall :
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time. 41

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,

No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size ;

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,

Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear :

And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven, and move the gods 50

To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus ;

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

'Ad Jovem,' that's for you : here, 'Ad Apollinem' :

'Ad Martem,' that's for myself :

Here, boy, to Pallas : here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine ;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy ! Marcus, loose when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited. 60

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

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,

Lucius !

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

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

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha !

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?

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

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

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock 71
 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
 And who should find them but the empress' villain?
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
 But give them to his master for a present.

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

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

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
 Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
 Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken 80
 them down again, for the man must not be
 hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
 with him in all my life.

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

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there:
 God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven 90
 in my young days. Why, I am going with my
 pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter
 of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the
 imperial's men.

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

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

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life. 100

Tit. Sirrah, come hither : make no more ado,
 But give your pigeons to the emperor :
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
 Hold, hold ; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.
 Give me pen and ink.
 Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
 you come to him, at the first approach you must
 kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your 110
 pigeons ; and then look for your reward. I'll
 be at hand, sir, see you do it bravely.

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

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

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

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. 120
 [Exeunt.

Scene IV.

The same. Before the palace.

*Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and
 others ; Saturninus with the Arrows in his hand that
 Titus shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ! was ever seen
 An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
 Of equal justice used in such contempt ?

My lords, you know, as know the mighty gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd
 But even with law against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, 10
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were. 20
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
 He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his
 heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall
 become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial. 40

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

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

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

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

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

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:

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

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 70
 As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms :
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
 'Tis he the common people love so much ;
 Myself hath often heard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

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

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me to succour him. 80

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 He can at pleasure stint their melody :
 Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ; 91
 Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

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

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

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,
 Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;

And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds 11
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

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

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd 20
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor : 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !'—even thus he rates the babe—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil 40

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand ;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ? not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

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

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

[A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.]

Aar. Lucius, save the child,

And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more but ' Vengeance rot you all ! '

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

Aar. An if it please thee ! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :

And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

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

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

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believest no god :
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not ;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath ; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears, 80
To that I'll urge him : therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up ;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

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

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

Luc. O most insatiate, and luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. 90

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

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

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them :

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ; 100

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons :

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ? 110

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter :

I pried me through the crevice of a wall

When for his hand he had his two sons' heads ;

Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

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

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

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

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

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse—

Wherein I did not some notorious ill :

As kill a man, or else devise his death ;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ; 130

Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
 ' Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' 140
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

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

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

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

Enter a Goth.

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

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

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

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages, 160
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come. March away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Rome. Before Titus's house.

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

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

Enter Titus, above.

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

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

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action ?

Thou hast the odds of me ; therefore no more.

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

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough : 21

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson
lines ;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care ;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :

Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora ;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :

I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom, 30

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down and welcome me to this world's light ;

Confer with me of murder and of death :

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake. 40

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies ?

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

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ;

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet, 50
To hail thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea :
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

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

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

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

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

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy: 70

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

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

Enter Titus, below.

- Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house :
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too :
 How like the empress and her sons you are !
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
 For well I wot the empress never wags
 But in her company there is a Moor ;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil : 90
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?
- Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?
- Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
- Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be revenged on him.
- Tam.* Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.
- Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer. 100
 Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him ; he's a ravisher.
 Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
 Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee :
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
 They have been violent to me and mine.
- Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house ;
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the empress and her sons,
 The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel.
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device ?

120

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

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
 Bid him repair to me and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths :
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
 Tell him the emperor and the empress too
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love, and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

130

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys ? will you bide
 with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
 How I have govern'd our determined jest ?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me
mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices :
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure ; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

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

[*Exit Tamora.*]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

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

Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

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

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much deceived ;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name ;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius :
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them :
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, 160
And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*]

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*]

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

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

*Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife,
and she a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace, 180
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads; 190
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in,

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius, Tribunes,
Senators, and others.*

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

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

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*]

*Enter Titus, like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and
Lavinia with a veil over her face, young Lucius, and
others.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

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

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus? 30

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

To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

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

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord? 40

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*Kills Lavinia.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was, 50

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

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

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*]

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

70

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body;

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,

And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our
ancestor,

80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy;

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

90

And break my utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
 And they it were that ravished our sister :
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded, 100
 Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
 I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserved her welfare in my blood, 110
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just and full of truth.
 But, soft ! methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child :

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered ; 120
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes :
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
 Romans?

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now, 130
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor; for well I know
 The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
 [To Attendants.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

[Exeunt Attendants.

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

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

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[Kissing Titus.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son!

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

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us 160
 To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
 Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so:
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; 170
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
 Would I were dead, so you did live again!
 O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

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

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
 There let him stand and rave and cry for food: 180
 If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done :
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

190

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :

Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

200

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :

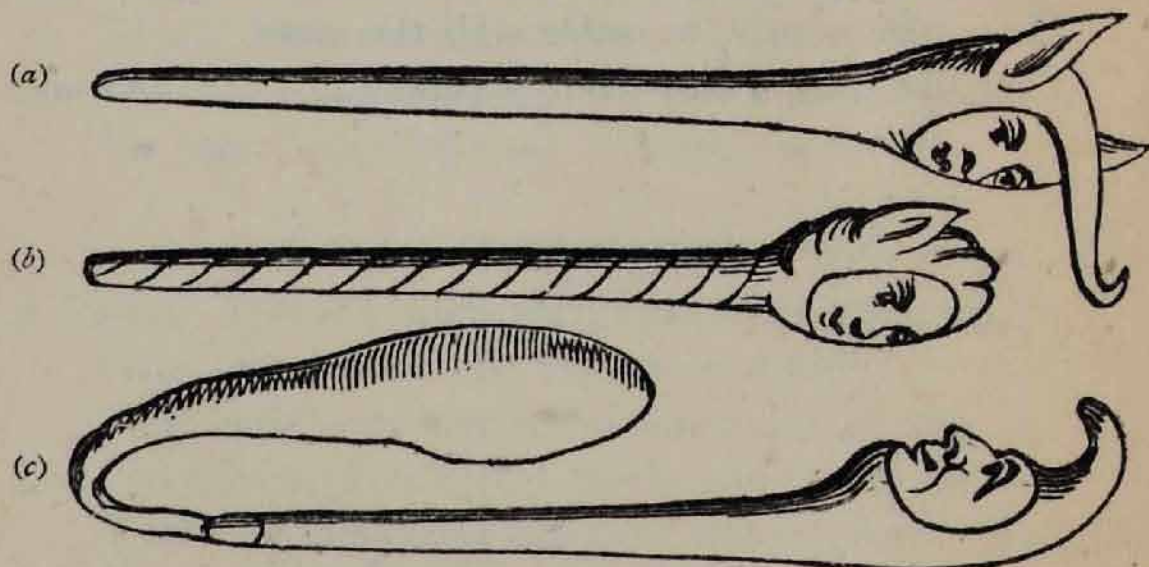
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*]

Glossary

- Abused*, deceived; II. iii. 87.
Accited, cited, summoned; I. i. 27.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions (Quartos, Folio 1, "Aca-ron"); IV. iii. 44.
Achieve, obtain; II. i. 80.
Actæon, the Theban prince transformed by Diana into a stag; II. iii. 63.
Advice; "upon a.," on reflection, on consideration; I. i. 379.
 —; "good a.," deliberate consideration (Collier conj. "device"); IV. i. 92.
Advised; "well a.," not mad, in his right senses; IV. ii. 10.
Advise thee, consider, deliberate; IV. ii. 129.
Affect, desire; II. i. 105.
Affected, loved; II. i. 28.
Affy, confide; I. i. 47.
Afoot; "well a.," in good health; IV. ii. 29.
- After*, afterwards; II. iii. 123.
Age, seniority; I. i. 8.
Aim; "give me a.," "give room and scope to my thoughts"; V. iii. 149.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. ii. 95.
Anchorage, anchor; I. i. 73.
Annoy, grief, suffering; IV. i. 49.
Appointed, furnished, equipped; IV. ii. 16.
Approve, prove; II. i. 35.
Approved, tried; V. i. 1
As, so that; II. iii. 103.
Associate, join; V. iii. 169.
At, on; IV. iii. 9.
Author, cause; I. i. 435.
- Baleful*; "b. mistletoe," with reference to the supposed poisonous berries of the plant; II. iii. 95.
Bane, mischief; V. iii. 73.
Bauble; V. i. 79. (*Cp.* illustration.)



(a) From MS. 6829, National Library, Paris.

(b) and (c) From ivory carvings in the Maskell collection and in the Louvre.

Bay; "at a b.," in my power (a term taken from hunting); IV. ii. 42.
 —, barking; II. ii. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 396.
Belike, I suppose; IV. ii. 50.
Betray, betray, reveal; II. iv. 3.
Blowse, "a ruddy fat-faced wench"; IV. ii. 72.
Bonjour, good morning; I. i. 494.
Boots, avails; V. iii. 18.
Brabble, quarrel; II. i. 62.
Bravely, finely, properly; IV. iii. 112.
Braves, defiance, threatenings; II. i. 30.
 —, defies; II. iii. 126.
Break the parle, open the parley; V. iii. 19.
Brethren (trissyllabic); I. i. 348.
Broach, spit; IV. ii. 85.
Buzz, whisper; IV. iv. 7.

Candidatus, candidate; I. i. 185.
Careful, full of care; IV. iii. 30.
Castle, (?) a close helmet (Theobald "casque"; Walker, "crest"); III. i. 170.
Challenged, accused; I. i. 340.
Chaps, wrinkles; V. iii. 77.
Charm, affect by magic power; II. i. 23.
Charming, having the power of fascination; II. i. 16.
Chase, hunting-ground; II. iii. 255.
Cheer, countenance; I. i. 264.
Chequer'd, variegated; II. iii. 15.
Children (trissyllabic); II. iii. 115.
Glean, entirely; I. i. 129.
Close, secret; IV. ii. 118.
Closing with, humouring; V. ii. 70.
Closure, end; V. iii. 134.
Clubs, Clubs, "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! Clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); II. i. 37.
Cocytus, the infernal river; II. iii. 236.
Codding, lustful; V. i. 99.
Coffin, the crust of a pie; V. ii. 189.
Coil, confusion, ado; III. i. 225.

Common, general; I. i. 21.
Compact, made of, composed; V. iii. 88.
Compassion, compassionate, pity; IV. i. 124.
Complot, plot; II. iii. 265.
Complots, plots; V. i. 65.
Conceit, device, invention; IV. ii. 30.
Conduct, guidance; IV. iv. 65.
Confederate, in league, allied; V. i. 108.
Consecrate, consecrated; I. i. 14; II. i. 121.
Contenance, moderation (Collier MS., "conscience"); I. i. 15.
Controll'd, hindered; I. i. 420.
Convenient, proper, becoming; V. ii. 90.
Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; IV. i. 12.
Couch, lie hidden; V. ii. 38.
Cousin, niece (used for any kinsman or kinswoman); II. iv. 12.
Cozen'd, cheated; V. iii. 101.
Cut, cut off; V. i. 93.
Cyclops, the giant servants of Vulcan; IV. iii. 46.

Dancing-rapier, a sword worn only for ornament at dancing; II. i. 39. (Cp. illustration.)



From an ornament on a pistol of Shakespeare's time, in the Meyrick collection.

Glossary

Days; "no longer d.," no more time; IV. ii. 165.
Deadly-standing, menacing death; II. iii. 32.
Dear, grievous (Hanmer, "dire"); III. i. 257.
 —, dearly; IV. i. 23.
Decipher'd, detected; IV. ii. 8.
Decreed, decided, determined; II. iii. 274.
Decrees, resolutions; V. ii. 11.
Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; I. i. 361.
Detect, expose; II. iv. 27.
Dian, Diana; II. iii. 61.
Discover, reveal; V. i. 85.
Dispose, dispose of; IV. ii. 173.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 26.
Dominator, ruler; II. iii. 31.
Doubted, suspected; II. iii. 68.
Dreadful, full of dread; II. i. 128.
Drive upon, rush upon, attack; II. iii. 64.
Dumps, melancholy; I. i. 391.
Ecstasies, madness; IV. iv. 21.
Ecstasy, excitement; IV. i. 125.
Egal, equal; IV. iv. 4.
Embracement, embrace; V. ii. 68.
Embrewed, bathed in blood; II. iii. 222.
Emperial's, a blunder for *emperor's*; IV. iii. 94.
Empery, empire, dominion; I. i. 19.
Empress (trisyllabic; Quarto 1, Folios 1, 2, "Empresse"; Quarto 2, "Emperesse"; Folios 3, 4, "Empress"); I. i. 320.
Enacts, working; IV. ii. 118.
Enceladus, a giant of ancient fable; IV. ii. 93.
Enforced, forced; V. iii. 38.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 82.
Entreats, entreaties; I. i. 449.
Escape, escapade, transgression; IV. ii. 113.
Exclaims, outcries, lamentations (Keightley, "exclaim"; Anon. conj. "extremes"); IV. i. 86.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Extent, maintenance, application; IV. iv. 3.
Fact, evil deed; IV. i. 39.
Fat, fatten; III. i. 204.
Fear, fear for; II. iii. 305.
Feed, food; IV. iv. 93.
Fell, fallen; II. iv. 50.
Fere, spouse; IV. i. 89.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 127.
Flood, sea; IV. ii. 103.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 172.
For, as for; IV. iii. 39.
 —, through; IV. i. 21.
Forfend, forbid; I. i. 434.
Forth, out of; III. i. 84.
Found, found out, discovered; IV. ii. 26.
Framed, formed, fashioned; IV. iii. 46.
Fraught, freight; I. i. 71.
Funeral, burial; IV. ii. 163.
Funerals, obsequies; I. i. 381.
Gad, sharp point; IV. i. 103.
Gear, business; IV. iii. 52.
Gentleness, kindness; I. i. 237.
Glad, gladden; I. i. 166.
Glistening, glittering; II. i. 7.
Gloze, make mere words; IV. iv. 35.
God-den, good evening; IV. iv. 43.
Good; "were as g.," might just as well; IV. iii. 57.
Gramercy, many thanks; I. i. 495.
Gratulate, make glad, gratify; I. i. 221.
Grey; "morn grey," = blue (Hanmer, "gay"); II. ii. 1.
Griefs, grievances, I. i. 443.
Hale, drag; V. ii. 51.
Hap, chance; V. ii. 101.
Happily, perchance, perhaps; IV. iii. 8.
Happy, opportune; II. iii. 23.
Head; "fought at head"; "an allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson); V. i. 102.

- Heaviness*, sadness, sorrow; III. ii. 49.
- Heavy*, sad; III. i. 277.
- , sad; IV. iii. 25.
- Hecuba*, the wife of Priam, King of Troy; IV. i. 20.
- High-witted*, sly, cunning; IV. iv. 35.
- Himself*; "not with h.," *i.e.* beside himself; I. i. 368.
- His*, its; III. i. 97.
- Help'st*, didst help; IV. iv. 59.
- Home*, to the quick; II. i. 118.
- Honesty*, chastity; II. iii. 135.
- Honey-stalks*, *i.e.* "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson); IV. iv. 91.
- Horse*, horses; II. ii. 18.
- Hyperion*, the Sun god; V. ii. 56.
- Ignomy*, ignominy, shame; IV. ii. 115.
- Imperious*, imperial (Quarto 2, Folios, "imperiall"); I. i. 250; IV. iv. 81.
- Incorporate*, incorporated; I. i. 462.
- Increase*, produce; V. ii. 192.
- Indifferently*, impartially; I. i. 430.
- Ingrateful*, ungrateful; V. i. 12.
- Inherit*, possess; II. iii. 3.
- Insult on*, exult, triumph; III. ii. 71.
- Intercepted*, restrained; II. iii. 80.
- Jet upon*, *i.e.* "treat with insolence" (Quartos, "iet"; Folios, "set"; Malone, "jut"); II. i. 64.
- Joy*, enjoy; II. iii. 83.
- Just*, just so, exactly; IV. ii. 24.
- Kind*, nature; II. i. 116.
- Laertes' son*, Ulysses; I. i. 380.
- Lamenting doings*, lamentations [Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald, "dronings" for "doings"]; III. ii. 62.
- Lasting*, everlasting; II. iii. 275.
- Lave*, wash, bathe; IV. ii. 103.
- Learn*, teach; II. iii. 143.
- Leave*, cease; I. i. 424.
- Leer*, complexion; IV. ii. 119.
- Leisure*; "by l.," in no hurry; I. i. 301.
- Like*, equal; V. iii. 200.
- Limbo*, the borders of hell, or hell itself; the *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his "Paradise of Fools"; III. i. 149.
- List*, pleases; IV. i. 100.
- Lively*, living; III. i. 105.
- Loaden*, laden; V. ii. 53.
- Loose*, loosen my hold; II. iii. 243.
- , loosen your bow, let fly; IV. iii. 58.
- Luxurious*, lustful; V. i. 88.
- Madded*, maddened; III. i. 104.
- Manes*; "ad manes fratrum," *i.e.* "to the shades of my brothers," (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, "manus"); I. i. 98.
- Maugre*, in spite of; IV. ii. 110.
- Mean*, means; II. iv. 40.
- Meed*, recompense; V. iii. 66.
- Mesh'd*, mashed (a brewer's term); III. ii. 38.
- Mightful*, full of might; IV. iv. 5.
- Minton*, pert, saucy person; II. iii. 124.
- Mistership*, a blunder for "mistressship"; IV. iv. 40.
- Mock*, derision, scorn; IV. iv. 58.
- Moe*, more; V. iii. 17.
- Napkin*, handkerchief; III. i. 140.
- Nilus*, the Nile; III. i. 71.
- Note*, notice (Pope's emendation of Quartos, Folios, "notice"); II. iii. 85.
- O'ercome*, covered; II. iii. 95.

- Of*, by; II. iii. 167.
 —, from; III. ii. 44.
 —, on; IV. iii. 59.
Officious, ready, helpful; V. ii. 202.
On, in; II. iii. 223.
 —; "set fire on," *i.e.* set fire to; V. i. 133.
Onset, beginning; I. i. 238.
Opinion, reputation; I. i. 416.
Overween; "dost o.," art presumptuous; II. i. 29.

Pack, plot; IV. ii. 155.
Painted hope (*v.* Note); II. iii. 126.
Palliamment, robe; I. i. 182.
Parcel, part; II. iii. 49.
Part, depart; I. i. 488.
Passing, surpassingly; II. iii. 84.
Passion, violent sorrow; I. i. 106.
Passionate, express sorrowfully; III. ii. 6.
Patient; "p. yourself," *i.e.* be patient; I. i. 121.
Perforce, of necessity; II. i. 107.
Per Styga, per manes vehor, *i.e.* I am borne through the Styx, through the kingdom of the dead; II. i. 135.
Philomel, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent her exposing him; II. iii. 43.
Phabe, Diana (Quartos, Folio 1, "Thebe"); I. i. 316.
Piece, used contemptuously of a person; I. i. 309.
Pitch, used of the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 14.
Piteously, in a manner exciting pity (Heath conj. "pitilessly"; Singer (ed. 2), "piteousless"; Collier MS., "despiteously"); V. i. 66.
Plots, spots of ground; II. i. 115.
Power, armed force; III. i. 300; IV. iv. 63.
Present, immediate, instant; II. iii. 173.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 62; IV. ii. 166.

Prize; "played your p.," a technical term in the ancient fencing-school; I. i. 399.
Progne, wife of Tereus, to whom, in revenge for her sister Philomela, she slaughtered and served up his son Itys to eat; V. ii. 196.
Propose, be ready to meet; II. i. 80.
Put it up, put up with it; I. i. 433.
Put up, *i.e.* sheathe your swords; II. i. 53.

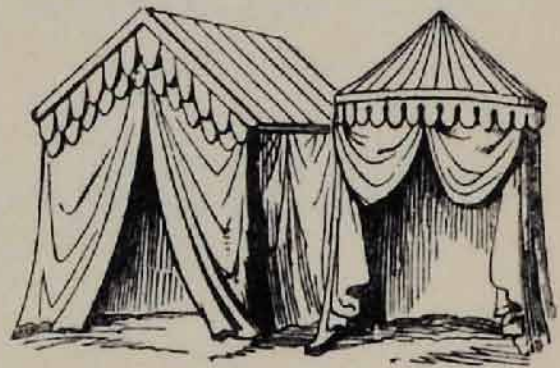
Quit, requite, revenge; I. i. 141.
Quotes, observes, examines; IV. i. 50.

Rapier, small sword; IV. ii. 85.
Rapine, rape; V. ii. 59.
Re-edified, restored; I. i. 351.
Remembered; "be you r.," remember; IV. iii. 5.
Reprehending, reproving, reprimanding; III. ii. 69.
Requite, revenge; III. i. 297.
Reserved, preserved, kept safe; I. i. 165.
Resolve, tell; V. iii. 35.
Rolled, coiled (Collier MS., "coiled"); II. iii. 13.
Rue, pity; I. i. 105.
Ruffle, be turbulent and disorderly; I. i. 313.

Sacred (used ironically, with perhaps a quibble on the Latin use =accursed); II. i. 120.
Sanguine, blood-coloured; IV. ii. 97.
Saturn, the planet of hate and gloom; II. iii. 31.
Scath, injury; V. i. 7.
Secure of, safe from; II. i. 3.
Self-blood, selfsame blood; IV. ii. 123.
Semiramis, the queen of Assyria, proverbial for her voluptuousness and cruelty; II. iii. 118.
Sensibly; "endowed with the same feelings as you"; IV. ii. 122.
Sequence; "in s.," one after the other; IV. i. 37.

Sequester'd, separated (Quartos, Folios, "sequestred"); II. iii. 75.
Servile, slavish (Quarto 2, Folios, "idle"); II. i. 18.
Shall, will; IV. iv. 107.
Shape, form; IV. iv. 57.
Shive, slice; II. i. 87.
Sibyl, one of the Roman prophetesses; IV. i. 105.
Single, isolate; "s. you," bring unattended; II. i. 117.
Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; V. iii. 85.
Sit fas aut nefas, be it right or wrong (a popular Latin phrase); II. i. 133.
Sith, since; I. i. 271; IV. iii. 49.
Slip, scion; V. i. 9.
Smooth, flatter; IV. iv. 96.
Solemn, ceremonious; II. i. 112.
Solon's happiness, alluding to Solon's saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death; I. i. 177.
Some deal, somewhat; III. i. 245.
Somewhat, something; IV. i. 9.
Somewhither, somewhere, to some place or other; IV. i. 11.
Speak fair, humour; V. ii. 140.
Speed, succeed (Delius conj. "speak"); I. i. 372.
Spleenful, hot, eager; II. iii. 191.
Spurn, hurt, stroke; III. i. 101.
Square, quarrel; II. i. 100.
 —, shape; III. ii. 31.
Stale, laughing-stock; I. i. 304.
Stand on, insist on; IV. iv. 105.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 252.
Stay'd, detained; II. iii. 181.
Still, always, continually; III. ii. 30.
 —, constant; III. ii. 45.
Stint, stop, silence; IV. iv. 86.
Stood upon, set a high value upon; II. iii. 124.
Straight, straightway, immediately; I. i. 127.
Stuprum, violation; IV. i. 78.

Subscribe, submit; IV. ii. 130.
Succeed, succeeded; I. i. 40.
Successantly, (?) following after another, or, perhaps, successfully; (Rowe, "successfully"; Capell, "incessantly"; Collier conj. "thou instantly"); Cartwright conj. "you instantly"); IV. iv. 113.
Successive; "my s. title," "my title to the succession"; I. i. 4.
Suppose, supposition; I. i. 440.
Surance, assurance; V. ii. 46.
Suum cuique, to every man his due; I. i. 280.
Swarth, swarthy, black (Quarto 1, "swartie"; Capell, "swarty"); II. iii. 72.
Sweet water, perfumed water; II. iv. 6.
Swelling, full to bursting; V. iii. 13.
Swounded, swooned, fainted; V. i. 119.
Take up, make up; IV. iii. 92.
Tedious, laborious; II. iv. 39.
Temper, shape, mould; IV. iv. 109.
 —, mix; V. ii. 200.
Tendering, caring for; I. i. 476.
Tent, I. i. 138. (The annexed examples of Roman tents of the time of Julius Cæsar are from ancient bas-reliefs at Rome).



That, that which; I. i. 408.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 40.
Threats, threatens; IV. iv. 67.
Ticed, enticed; II. iii. 92.
Timeless, untimely; II. iii. 265.

- Titan*, the sun-god; I. i. 226.
To, into; I. i. 421.
Tofore, before; III. i. 294.
Train'd, enticed; V. i. 104.
Tribunal plebs, a blunder for "tribunus plebis" = the tribune of the people; IV. iii. 92.
Trump, trumpet; I. i. 275.
Tully's Orator, i.e. Cicero's *De Oratore*; IV. i. 14.
Turn, return; V. ii. 141.
Typhon, i.e. Typhæus, one of the giants of ancient fables; IV. ii. 94.

Uncouple, loosen the hounds; II. ii. 3.
Uncouth, strange, perplexing; II. iii. 211.
Undertake, answer for, guarantee; I. i. 436.
Unfurnish'd, deprived; II. iii. 56.
Unjustice, injustice; IV. iv. 18.
Unkind, unnatural; V. iii. 48.
Unrecuring, past cure, incurable; III. i. 90.
Unroll, uncoil; II. iii. 35.
Up and down, exactly, at all points; V. ii. 107.
Uprise, rising; III. i. 159.

Urchins, hedgehogs; II. iii. 101.

Virgo, the constellation of that name; (in the old myth it represents Astræa, after she left the Earth); IV. iii. 64.
Voice, vote; I. i. 21.
Vouch, make good; I. i. 360.

Wags, moves; V. ii. 87.
Wall-eyed, fierce-eyed; V. i. 44.
Ware, wore; I. i. 6.
Weeds, garments; I. i. 70.
Welkin, sky; III. i. 212.
Well said, well done; IV. iii. 63.
What, why; I. i. 189.
Whenas, when; IV. iv. 92.
White-limed, white-washed; IV. ii. 98.
Who, whom; II. iii. 55.
Wind, scent; IV. i. 97.
 —; "have the w. of you," keep an eye upon you; IV. ii. 133.
Wit, mental power (Warburton "will"); II. i. 10.
With, by; II. iii. 78.
Witty, possessed of wit; IV. ii. 29.
Wat, know; II. i. 48.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. iii. 33.
Wreaks, resentments; IV. iv. 11.
Wrongfully, wrongful; IV. iv. 76.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Notes

I. i. 5-6. 'I am his first-born son, that was the last That wore'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3 read 'I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore'; Folio 4, 'I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore'; Pope, 'I am the first-born son of him that last Wore'; Collier, 'I am his . . . That wore'; Collier MS., 'I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore.'

I. i. 62. 'gates'; Capell reads 'gates, tribunes'; Collier MS., 'brazen gates.'

I. i. 138. 'his tent'; Theobald reads 'her tent' (alluding to Hecuba be- guiling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan cap- tives were).

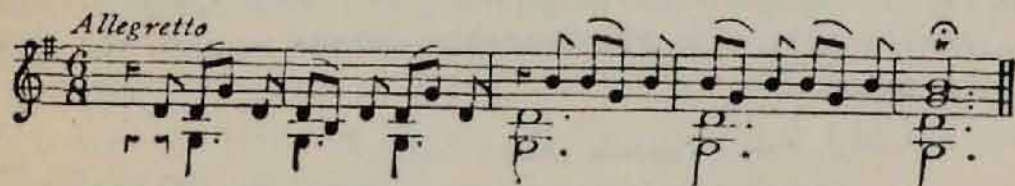
I. i. 154. 'drugs'; Quarto 1, 'drugges'; Quarto 2, 'grudgges'; Folios, 'grudges.'

I. i. 485. 'stand up'; perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, merely a stage-direction.

II. i. 82, 83; cf. I *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 77, 78; *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 229.

II. ii. 10. 'Horns winded in a peal.' Cp. the subjoined old French hunting fanfare (here reproduced from Naylor's 'Shakespeare and Music').

Four Horns.



II. iii. 20. 'yellowing'; so Quartos; Folios read 'yelping'; Pope, 'yelling.'

II. iii. 93. 'barren detested'; Rowe reads 'barren and detested'; Capell, 'bare, detested.'

II. iii. 126. 'painted hope braves your mightiness'; so Quartos, Folio 1;

Folios 2, 3, 4, 'painted hope, she . . .'; Warburton, 'painted cope she . . .'; Capell, 'paint now braves your mightiness'; Steevens conj. 'painted, braves your . . .'; etc., etc.

II. iii. 132. 'outlive, us'; Theobald's pointing; Quartos, Folios, 'outlive us'; Dyce (ed. 2), 'outlive ye.'

II. iii. 152. 'parus'; Collier MS., 'claws.'

II. iv. 5. 'scrowl'; Quartos, 'scrowle'; Folios 1, 2, 'scowle'; Folios 3, 4, 'scowl'; Delius, 'scrawl.'

II. iv. 9. 'case'; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, 'cause.'

II. iv. 49. 'Which that sweet tongue hath made'; so Quartos, Folios; Hanmer, 'Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made'; Collier MS., 'Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy'; etc.

III. i. 12. 'For these, tribunes'; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folio 4, 'For these, these, Tribunes'; Malone, 'For these, good tribunes'; Jackson conj. 'For these two tribunes'; Collier conj. 'For these, O tribunes.'

III. i. 17. 'urns'; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'ruines'; Folio 4, 'ruins.'

III. i. 34-36. Quarto 2 reads 'or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them'; Folios, 'oh if they did heare They would not pittie me'; Capell, 'or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me,' etc.

III. i. 67. 'sight'; Theobald, 'spight.'

III. i. 86. 'Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear'; Collier MS. reads 'Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young'; Folio 4, 'Sweet various . . .'; etc.

III. i. 125. 'as'; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.; Quartos, Folios, 'in'; Rowe, 'like.'

III. i. 210. 'would'; so Quartos; Folios read 'wilt'; Capell conj. 'wou't.'

III. i. 226. 'blow'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, Quartos, 'flow.'

III. i. 282-3. 'employ'd in these things,' etc.; so Folios; Quartos, 'imployde in these Armes'; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

"And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,"

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of 'teeth' to 'armes'; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.

III. i. 292. 'leaves'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos; Folios, 'loues.'

III. ii. The whole of this scene is omitted in Quartos.

III. ii. 13. 'with outrageous beating'; Folio 1 reads 'without ragious beating.'

IV. i. 9. 'Fear her not'; so Quartos; Folios read 'Feare not'; Rowe, 'Fear thou not.'

IV. i. 45. 'Soft! so busily'; Quartos; Folios read 'Soft, so busily'; Rowe, 'Soft! see how busily'; Capell, 'Soft, soft; how busily'; Knight, 'Soft! how busily'; Keightley, 'Soft, soft! so busily'; Collier MS., 'Soft! see how busily.'

IV. i. 81-82. 'Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?'; i.e. Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671); Theobald, 'Magne Dominator'; Hanmer, 'Magne Regnator.'

IV. i. 129. 'Revenge, ye heavens,' Johnson conj.; 'Reuenge the heauens,' so Quartos, Folios.

IV. ii. 8, 76. Omitted in Folios.

IV. ii. 20-21. 'He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow' (Horace, *Odes* I. 22).

IV. ii. 26. 'sound'; Theobald conjectured 'Fond,' i.e. foolish; but 'sound' is probably to be taken ironically.

IV. ii. 165. 'take no longer days'; Collier MS., 'make no longer delays.'

IV. iii. 16. 'then,' a misprint for 'that.'

IV. iii. 2. 'let'; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'now let.'

IV. iii. 4. 'Terras Astræa reliquit'; i.e. Astræa (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid. *Metam.* i. 150).

IV. iii. 56. 'To Saturn, Caius'; Capell's emendation; Quartos, Folios read 'To Saturnine, to Caius'; Rowe (ed. 1), 'To Cælus and to Saturn'; (ed. 2), 'To Saturn and to Cælus.'

IV. iv. 37. 'Thy life-blood out'; Folio 2, 'ont'; Folio 3, 'on't'; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct = "and drawn thy life-blood out."

IV. iv. 103. Omitted in Quarto 2 and Folios; the reading of Quarto 1.

V. i. 17. 'All the Goths,' should be 'The other Goths,' as the 'First Goth' is kept distinct.

V. i. 42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).

V. i. 93. 'And cut her hands'; so Quartos; Folios, 'And cut her hands off'; Collier MS., 'Cut her hands off.'

V. i. 122. A proverb found in Ray's collection.

V. i. 132. 'break their necks'; Malone conj. 'break their necks and die'; Jackson conj. 'stray and break their necks'; Collier MS., 'ofttimes break their necks'; etc.

Notes TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

V. ii. 80. '*ply*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*play*.'

V. ii. 162; iii. 52. Omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 73. '*Lest Rome*'; Capell's reading; Quartos, Folios, '*Let Rome*'; Malone, '*Lest Rome*.'

V. iii. 124. '*And as he is*'; so Quartos, Folios; Theobald reads '*Damn'd as he is*.'

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Preface.

The Earliest Editions. The First Edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was a quarto published in 1597 with the following title-page:—

“An | EXCELLENT | conceited Tragedie | of | Romeo and Iuliet, | As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely by the right Ho- | nourable the L. of *Hunsdon* | his Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed by Iohn Danter. | 1597. | ”

A second quarto edition appeared in 1599:—“The | Most Ex- | cellent and lamentable | Tragedie, of Romeo | and *Iuliet*. | *Newly* corrected, augmented, and | amended: | As it hath bene sundry times publicquely acted, by the | right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to | be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. | 1599.”

A third quarto was issued in 1609, as “acted by the King’s Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe,” and “printed for Iohn Smethwick”; this edition was subsequently reprinted, with an undated title-page, giving us for the first time the name of the author—“written by *W. Shakespeare*,” though this additional information is not found in all the copies.

A fifth quarto, identical with the fourth, bears the date of 1637.

The text of the First Folio version was taken from the third quarto; many errors therein seem due to the compositors. The second quarto is our best authority for the play, though “it is certain that it was not printed from the author’s MS., but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text.” It formed the basis of the third quarto; this again was used for the fourth, and the fourth was reprinted as the fifth edition; all these are therefore often in agreement, and are referred to as Quartos.

Quarto 1, which is nearly one quarter less than Quarto 2 (2232 lines as against 3007), was evidently made up from shorthand notes taken at the theatre, supplemented by copies of portions of the original play, which for the most part appears to have agreed with the authorised version of 1599, though certain essential differences between the two

editions make it probable that many a passage had been revised, re-written, or augmented (*e.g.* Act II., Sc. vi., the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at the Friars' cell; Act IV., Sc. v., the lamentations over Juliet; Act V. Sc. iii. 12-17). In spite of its many defects, the First Quarto cannot be altogether neglected in dealing with the text of the play. The theory, however, that it gives us "a fairly accurate version of the play as it was first written" is now held by few scholars.*

Date of Composition. The evidence seems to point to as early a year as 1591 for the date of the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*, at least in its first form, though the play, as we know it, may safely be dated *circa* 1596.

In proof of the early date the following are noteworthy points:—(i) in Weever's *Epigrams*, written before 1595, Romeo is alluded to as one of Shakespeare's popular characters; (ii) the allusions (I. iii. 23, 25) to the earthquake seem to refer to a famous earthquake felt in London in 1580; (iii) passages in Daniel's *Complainte of Rosamunde*, 1592, are probably reminiscent of Romeo's speech in presence of Juliet in the tomb †; (iv) there are several striking parallels in *Romeo and Juliet* and Marlowe's plays ‡ and other early dramas (*e.g.* Dr Dodipoll, written before 1596); certain passages in undoubtedly early plays, *e.g.* *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act V. ll. 1-10) suggest points of contact with the present play.

But over and above these external points must be placed the internal evidence, which places *Romeo and Juliet* among the early love-plays:—(i) the frequency of rhyme, much of it in the form of alternate rhymes; (ii)

* The First quarto has been reprinted by the Cambridge Editors, and in Mr Furness' Variorum Edition; there is a facsimile edition of Quartos 1, 2, 4, in *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*; there are two valuable critical parallel editions of the First and Second quartos, by Tycho Mommsen (published in 1859, with a full study of the textual problems), and by P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Society*, 1874); a summary of the various theories held by scholars on the relationship of the quartos, etc., is to be found in Furness, pp. 415-424.

† The argument might, of course, work the other way (and it is often taken so), but Daniel was notorious for his conveyance of Shakespearian beauties, and is alluded to, from his point of view, in *The Return from Parnassus*, where a character, Gallio by name, shows too ready a knowledge of the play, and Ingenioso observes in an "aside":—*Mark, Romeo and Juliet. O monstrous theft! I think he will run through a book of Samuel Daniell's.* The meaning of this comment is clear from the third play of the "Parnassus Trilogy," where the criticism on Daniel is to this effect:—

"Only let him more sparingly make use
Of others' wit and use his own the more."

(*Cf. Preface to Richard II.*)

‡ *E.g.* The first lines of Juliet's "*Serena*" seem like an echo of a passage in EDWARD II.:—"Gallop apace bright Phæbus thro' the sky," etc.

the conceits, word-play, alliteration, and the like; (iii) the lyrical character of the whole. It is peculiarly striking that the three chief forms of medieval love-poetry are to be found in the play; (i) in the *sonnet-form* of the first meeting of the lovers; (ii) in the *serena*, or evening-song, of Juliet (Act III. Sc. ii. 1-33); (iii) in the *alba*, or dawn-song, of the parting lovers (Act III. Sc. v. 1-36).

To these typical lyrical pieces should be added Paris' highest lyrical expression, the graceful though conventional elegiac sestet (V. iii. 12-18).*

Finally, one must not overlook the close connection of the play with the sonnets, many of which, as we know from Meres, must have been written before 1598; it is a pity we cannot definitely date Sonnet cxvi. :—

" Love is not love
Which alters where it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass comes. . . ."

The Plot. A story having the same features as *Romeo and Juliet* has been found in a Greek medieval Romance of the fifth century, but whatever its ultimate origin, the story eventually became localised in Italy, the Veronese fixing the date of the tragedy in the year 1303. Dante, reproaching the Emperor Albert for the neglect of Italy (*Purg.* vi.), alludes thus to the Montagues and Capulets :—

" *Vieni, a veder Montechi e Capelletti,*" etc.†

Although several earlier Italian stories exist recalling that of *Romeo and Juliet*, these names of the lovers are not found in Italian literature till about 1530, when their history, "*historia novellamente ritrovata di duo nobili amanti*," was first told by Luigi da Porto, who, a love-sick soldier, once heard the story from his favourite archer, the Veronese Peregrino, as they rode along the lonely road from Gradisca and Udine, in the country of Friuli. Peregrino's story was in all probability based on an old tale found among the *Novelle* of Masuccio Salernitano, printed at Naples in 1476. Da Porto's novel became very popular, and several renderings

* Contrast this with Romeo's blank verse speech, which immediately follows. Nothing could be more significant.

† "Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Filippeschi and Monaldi, man,
Who car'st for nought! Those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd."

were made of the story.* Most important is that of Bandello (1554), which was translated into French by Boisteau, and included in his famous *Histoires Tragiques* (1559), whence were derived two English versions:— (i) Arthur Brooke's poem (1562), and (ii) Paynter's novel (1567), included in the "*Palace of Pleasure*."

The Poem and the Play. Shakespeare probably consulted both these versions of the story, but Brooke's poem was his main source. He followed it closely; here and there the play betrays a slight influence upon its diction; conceits and antithesis in the poem may occasionally be paralleled from the play. The plot of the two versions is substantially the same,† but Shakespeare shows his dramatic skill in dealing with the materials—e.g. (i) he compresses the action, which in the story occupies four or five months, into as many days; (ii) he recreates the character of Mercutio, who in the poem is a mere "courtier bold among the bashful maydes"; (iii) he makes Paris die at the grave of Juliet by the hand of Romeo; in the poem nothing is heard of the Count after his disappointment.

But though in *subject* Shakespeare follows Brooke, it need hardly be said that in its *spirit*—in its transfiguration of the story—the play altogether transcends the poem; a greater effort than Brooke's wearisome production ‡ would pale its uneffectual fire before the glowing warmth of this Song of Songs of Romantic Passion.

Early Plays on "Romeo and Juliet." In his "address to the Reader," Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for." No trace

* In 1553 Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem on the subject; its author was probably Gherardo Boldiero. Ten years previously (1542) Adrian Sevin, the translator of Boccaccio's *Philocopo*, gave the story in French, though the names of the lovers became strangely changed in his version. (The sources are discussed in Simrock's *Quellen*, Furness' *Variorum Edition*, etc.; specially valuable is Daniel's *Originals and Analogues*, Part I. *New Shak. Soc.*).

† In the versions of Da Porto and Bandello, and in Garrick's acting version of Shakespeare's play, Juliet wakes from her sleep while Romeo still lives; Shakespeare follows Brooke and Paynter in the catastrophe of the play. On the other hand, Shakespeare makes Juliet two years younger than she is in Brooke's poem.

‡ A short specimen will interest the reader:—

"At last with trembling voice and shamefast cheer the maid
Unto her Romeus turned herself, and thus to him she said:—
O blessed be the time of thy arrival here:
But ere she could speak forth the rest, to her love drew so near;
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast
That no one word could scape her more, than what already past."

has been discovered of the drama alluded to; it is difficult to imagine a popular Romantic play belonging to this early date (c. 1562), and no doubt Brooke was referring to some such Academic production as "*Tancred and Gismunda*"; possibly the play in question was an exercise in Latin* verse, acted in a College Hall or at the Inns of Court.

The earliest extant play on the subject of *Romeo and Juliet* is *La Hadriana*, by the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto; its date is 1578. There are some few striking resemblances with Shakespeare's play; the most noteworthy being the parting of the two lovers.†

Shakespeare's great contemporary, the Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, used the same subject for one of his bright and graceful "cloak and sword comedies," under the title of "*Castelvines y Monteses*." Again, Lope's successor, Francisco de Rojas y Zorrilla, was drawn to the theme, and founded upon it his "*Los Bandos de Verona*."‡

As early as 1626, if not earlier, a version of Shakespeare's play was known in Germany (v. Cohn's "*Shakespeare in Germany in the XVth and XVIIth centuries*"). On the many English acting perversions of the tragedy, it is unnecessary to comment.

Duration of Action. Shakespeare's compression of the story has already been referred to; four or five days cover the whole action of the play, the rapidity of events effectively harmonising with the "local colour," with the violent love and violent hate of the impulsive South, "too like the lightning."

The lovers meet on Sunday; they are wedded on Monday; they part at dawn on Tuesday; they are re-united in death on the night of Thursday.

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

* There exist indeed among the Sloane MSS. the fragments of a Latin version of the story, evidently the exercise of a Cambridge student, but the MS. belongs, I think, to the beginning of the 17th century. It is nevertheless an interesting curiosity.

† J. C. Walker, in his "*Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*," first called attention to the play from this point of view, and translated the passages in question; e.g.

*Latino. If I err not, the lamp of day is nigh,
List to the nightingale, that wakes with us,
With us laments mid thorns; and now the dew,
Like our tears, pearls the grass. Ah me, alas,
Turn towards the east thy face, etc.*

Groto's play was certainly known in England; there is an annotated copy among the dramatist Ruggles' books at Clare College.

‡ F. W. Cosens published a translation of both plays in a privately printed edition. A full summary of Lope's drama is to be found in Furness' "*Variorum*" *Romeo and Juliet*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona.*

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

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

An old man, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

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

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

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } *servants to Capulet.*

PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse.*

ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

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

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

The Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

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

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Verona. A public place.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet,
with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

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

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

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

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand : 10
I will take the wall of any man or maid of
Montague's.

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

Sam. 'Tis true ; and therefore women, being the
weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall :
therefore I will push Montague's men from the
wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

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

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

Gre. The heads of the maids ?

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

Gre. They must take in sense that feel it.

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

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou 30
hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool ; here
comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

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

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act I. Sc. i.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

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

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

40

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

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

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

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

50

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

60

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

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*]

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: 70
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*]

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then
enter Citizens and Peace-officers, with clubs.*

First Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them
down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

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

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, 80
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, 90
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away :
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case, 100
 To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague,
 and Benvolio.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of our adversary
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach :
 I drew to part them : in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds, 110
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore 120
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be
found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, 130
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove, 140
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself—I will not say how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm, 150
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes : so please you step aside,
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
 To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast ? 161

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love ?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still, 170
 Should without eyes see pathways to his will !

Where shall we dine ? O me ! What fray was here ?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :
 Why, then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !
 O any thing, of nothing first create !
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is ! 180
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine : this love that thou hast shown
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ; 190
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft ! I will go along :

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love ?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ! why, no ;

But sadly tell me who. 200

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 211

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starved with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, 220

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair; 230

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world;
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
 Let two more summers wither in their pride 10
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love ; and you among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light :
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see, 30
 And like her most whose merit most shall be :
 Which on more view, of many mine being one
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here !
 It is written that the shoemaker should meddle
 with his yard and the tailor with his last, the 40
 fisher with his pencil and the painter with his
 nets ; but I am sent to find those persons whose
 names are here writ, and can never find what
 names the writing person hath here writ. I
 must to be learned. In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning ;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipt and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, 60

I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[*Reads.*

‘Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and
his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother
Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and
daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; 70
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio
and the lively Helena.’

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master 80

is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye 90
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all seeing-sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast, 100
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. 10
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God; 20
She was too good for me:—but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 30
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;
 For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about;
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband,—God be with his soul!
 A' was a merry man—took up the child: 40
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
 To see now how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth
 he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh, 50
 To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay':
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
 A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: 60

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast: 80
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another leads content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide: 90
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served 100
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the
nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in
extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you,
follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servingman.*] Juliet,
the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

A street.

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other
Maskers, and Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

Rom. Give me a torch : I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love ;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in :
A visor for a visor ! what care I 30

What curious eye doth quote deformities ?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word :

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire 41
 Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
 Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
 But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. 50

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ; 60

Her traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;

Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night 70
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are :
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 80
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And bakes the elf-lock in foul sluttish hairs, 90
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes :
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage :
 This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos 100
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves ;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early : for my mind misgives
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels, and expire the term
 Of a despised life closed in my breast, 110
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death :
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

Scene V.

A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take
 away ? he shift a trencher ! he scrape a trencher !

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or
 two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a
 foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the
 court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou,
 save me a piece of marchpane ; and, as thou
 lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone
 and Nell. Antony, and Potpan ! 10

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Third Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. *[They retire behind.]*

Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you:
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, 20
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well. 30
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that ? 40
His son was but a waïd two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady's that, which doth
enrich the hand
Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear ;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. 50

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. 60

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman ! wherefore storm you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman ;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :
 I would not for the wealth of all this town 70
 Here in my house do him disparagement :
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him :
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest :
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured :
 What, goodman boy ! I say, he shall : go to ;
 Am I the master here, or you ? go to.
 You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul,
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests ! 81
 You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to ;
 You are a saucy boy : is't so, indeed ?
 This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what :
 You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time.
 Well said, my hearts ! You are a princox ; go :
 Be quiet, or— More light, more light ! For shame !
 I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts !

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting 90
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
 This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. 101

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O trespass sweetly urged ! 110
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous :
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone ; the sport is at the best. 120

Rom. Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so ? why, then, I thank you all ;
I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio. 130

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late! 140
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within 'Juliet.'*]

Nurse. Anon, anon!

Come let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear ; IO
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new beloved any where :
 But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

Scene I.

A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo, alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here ?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
 [*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !

Mer. He is wise ;
 And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall :
 Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
 Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh :
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;
 Cry but 'ay me !' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove' ;
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid !
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us !

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him : 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it and conjured it down ;
 That were some spite : my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees, 30
 To be consorted with the humorous night :
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under the medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear !
 Romeo, good night : I'll to my truckle-bed ;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep : 40
 Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears above at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

10

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

20

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ay me!

Rom.

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

30

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

40

Rom.

I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

50

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom.

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound :
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes ;
And but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ; 80
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !
 Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say ' Ay,' 90
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, 121
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again. 131

And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse ! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well, 150
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come :—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again ! 160
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo !

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail : 'tis twenty years till then. 170
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone :
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, 189
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb ;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb : 10
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find,
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse : 20
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L.

Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature ; 40
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;

I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son : but where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50
 That's by me wounded : both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies :
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;

And all combined, save what thou must combine 60

By holy marriage : when, and where, and how,

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 70
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
 If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then:
 Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline. 81

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
 The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
 Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed
with a white wench's black eye: shot thorough
the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his
heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft:
and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,
he's the courageous captain of compliments. 20
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,
distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest,
one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;
a gentleman of the very first house, of the first
and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the
punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

60

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

70

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

80

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad'; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for

love? now art thou sociable, now art thou 90
Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as
well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like
a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to
hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against
the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it
short: for I was come to the whole depth of 100
my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argu-
ment no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the
fairer of the two. 110

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand
of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself
to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to

mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell 120
me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older
when you have found him than he was when you
sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for
fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'
faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence
with you. 130

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten
pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be
spent. [*Sings.* 140

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar, 140
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll
to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*Singing*] 'lady,
lady, lady.' [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy
merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself 150

talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? 160

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell 170 ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman. 180

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest ;
which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon ;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say you shall.

190

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair ;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell ; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains :
Farewell ; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee ! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

200

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady—

Lord, Lord ! when 'twas a little prating thing—
O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that
would fain lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul,
had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him.
I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is
the properer man ; but, I'll warrant you, when I
say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin
both with a letter ?

210

Rom. Ay, nurse ; what of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

220

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
 In half an hour she promised to return.
 Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
 O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over louring hills:
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10
 Is three long hours; yet she is not come.
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me:
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate: [Exit Peter. 20

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou
sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary; give me leave a while.

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you

know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,
not he; though his face be better than any 40

man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a

hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be

not to be talked on, yet they are past compare:

he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant

him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench;

serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no : but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I !

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50

My back o' t' other side,—ah, my back, my back !

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jauncing up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love ?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and

a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I

warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ! why, she is within ;

Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest !

' Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 61

Where is your mother ?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear !

Are you so hot ? marry, come up, I trow ;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil ! come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell ;

There stays a husband to make you a wife : 70

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church ; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark ;

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight

But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.

Go ; I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune ! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder 10
Which as they kiss consume : the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that when
he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his
sword upon the table, and says ' God send me
no need of thee ! ' and by the operation of the

second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

10

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

20

30

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you. 40

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort! 50

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him man. 60

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford

No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
 But love thee better than thou canst devise 70
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
 And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
 As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
 Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws.
 Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
 nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and,
 as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest 80
 of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of
 his pilcher by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be
 about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ; beat down their weapons.
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage !
 Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
 Forbid this bandying in Verona streets : 90
 Hold, Tybalt ! good Mercutio !

[Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio
 and flies with his followers.

Mer. I am hurt ;
 A plague o' both your houses ! I am sped :
 Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis enough.
 Where is my page ? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 100

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, And soundly too: your houses! 110

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth. 120

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
 Away to heaven, respective lenity,
 And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
 Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
 That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company: 130
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
 Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
 [*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
 Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death
 If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
 [*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
 Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 140

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
 I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives,
 and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
 The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true, 150
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts 160
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life 170
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning: for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, 180
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, 190
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses :
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Toward Phœbus' lodging : such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in
night ;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo ; and, when he shall die, 21
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd ; so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead.

We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'

And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not I, if there be such an I,

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'

If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no: 50

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood: I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier ! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !

O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !

That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary ?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead ?

My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord ?

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !

For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

Jul. O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day, it did !

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !

Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-ravering lamb !

Despised substance of divinest show !

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain !

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse.

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man ? give me some aqua vitæ :

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 90

For such a wish! he was not born to shame :
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
 name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ? 100
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;

But, O, it presses to my memory,

110

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished ;'

That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have moved ? 120

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
 'Romeo is banished': to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished.'
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be
 spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company:
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips, 10
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
 For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished:
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
 Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
 And world's exile is death: then 'banished' 20
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death 'banished,'
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
 And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
 Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
 And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
 Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven and may look on her,

But Romeo may not : more validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion-flies than Romeo : they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
 But Romeo may not ; he is banished : 40
 This may flies do, but I from this must fly :
 They are free men, but I am banished :
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But ' banished ' to kill me ?—' Banished ' ?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
 Howling attends it : how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
 To mangle me with that word ' banished ' ?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet ' banished ' ? Hang up philosophy !
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 It helps not ; it prevails not : talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes ?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel :

Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 110
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man

Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !
 Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth ?
 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose. 121
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit :
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man ;
 Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy : 140
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
 To hear good counsel : O, what learning is ! 160
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this !

Fri. L. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all your
 state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguised from hence :
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time 170
 Every good hap to you that chances here :
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late ; she 'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ; 10
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft ! what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ! ha, ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon ;
O' Thursday let it be : o' Thursday, tell her, 20
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We 'll keep no great ado ; a friend or two ;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :

Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then. 30

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by:
Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops: 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ; 20
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
 I have more care to stay than will to go :
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.
 How is 't, my soul ? let 's talk : it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is : hie hence, be gone, away !
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division ;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us : 30
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
 O, now I would they had changed voices too !
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
 O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light : more dark and dark our woes !

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber :
 The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Exit.* 40

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so ? my lord, my love, my friend !
 I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days :
 O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother!

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? 70

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 80

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, 90
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors 100
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. 120

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now ! a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ? 130
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs :

Who raging with thy tears, and they with them,
 Without a sudden calm will overset
 Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
 I would the fool were married to her grave! 141

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
 How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you have:
 Proud can I never be of what I hate;
 But thankful even for hate that is meant love. 149

Cap. How, how! how, how! chop-logic! What is this?
 'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not';
 And yet 'not proud': mistress minion, you,
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
 You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
 That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl ;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad :

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd : and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage, 181

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man ;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer ' I'll not wed ; I cannot love,
I am too young ; I pray you, pardon me.'

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest. 191

Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to 't, bethink you ; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away ! 200
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God !—O nurse, how shall this be prevented ?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth ? comfort me, counsel me. 210
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself !
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
 Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman ! 220
 Romeo's a dishclout to him : an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first : or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much. 230
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. 240
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
 And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
 To stop the inundation of her tears,
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society :
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be
 slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next. 20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ; 30

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

40

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion !

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye :

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me ; past hope, past cure, past help !

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;

It strains me past the compass of my wits :

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

50

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both :

Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,

60

Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter : I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it ;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house, 81
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble ;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ; 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall, 100
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier 110
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come : and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me ! O, tell not me of fear !

Fri. L. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength ! and strength shall help afford.
 Farewell, dear father ! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II,

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

[*Exit Sec. Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20

To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county ; go tell him of this :
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well : stand up :
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county ;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday ; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her : we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision :
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife : 40
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;
I'll not to bed to-night ; let me alone ;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho !
They are all forth : well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best : but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho ? need you my help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you, 10
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night :
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life :

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse !—What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial. 20

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?

No, no : this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years the bones 40
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad:
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point : stay, Tybalt, stay !
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.]

Scene IV.

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica :
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed ; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit : what ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 10

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,

What's there ?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*] Sirrah,
fetch drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson, ha !
Thou shalt be logger-head. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*] Good
faith, 'tis day : 20

The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear
him near.

Nurse ! Wife ! What, ho ! What, nurse, I say !

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up ;
I'll go and chat with Paris : hie, make haste,
Make haste : the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress ! what, mistress ! Juliet ! fast, I warrant
her, she :

Why, lamb ! why, lady ! fie, you slug-a-bed !
Why, love, I say ! madam ! sweet-heart ! why, bride !
What, not a word ? you take your pennyworths now ;
Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam !
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed ; 10
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ?

[*Undraws the curtains.*

What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down
 again !

I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady ! lady !
 Alas, alas ! Help, help ! my lady's dead !
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho ! My lord ! my lady !

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

La. Cap. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee. 20
 Help, help ! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's
 dead !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she's cold ;
 Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff ;
 Life and these lips have long been separated.
 Death lies on her like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woeful time ! 30

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day, 50

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain,

Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60

To murder, murder our solemnity?
 O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
 Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;
 And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70
 The most you sought was her promotion,
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well married that lives married long,
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, 80
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary. 90

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
 And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill ;
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

100

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease :' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease' ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe :' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

First Mus. No.

110

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek ; I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll re you, I'll fa you ; do you note me ?

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit. 120

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ! I will dry-beat

you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.
Answer me like men :

‘ When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound ’—

why ‘ silver sound ’ ? why ‘ music with her silver
sound ’ ?—What say you, Simon Catling ?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound. 130

Pet. Pretty ! What say you, Hugh Rebeck ?

Sec. Mus. I say, ‘ silver sound,’ because musicians
sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too ! What say you, James Soundpost ?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy ; you are the singer : I will
say for you. It is ‘ music with her silver sound,’
because musicians have no gold for sounding :

‘ Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.’ [Exit.

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same ! 141

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack ! Come, we’ll in here ;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne,

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
 Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I revived and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar, booted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone,
 And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.
[Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means :—O mischief, thou art swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !
 I do remember an apothecary,
 And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks ; 40
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now, 50
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house :
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor ;
 Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have

A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear 60
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 70
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, 80
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
 sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
 To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:

She will beshrew me much that Romeo
 Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb ! 30
 [Exit.]

Scene III.

A churchyard ; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand aloof :
 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
 Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
 Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
 But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10
 Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
 O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones ;—
 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
 Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans :
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep
 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
 What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.

[Retires.]

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is partly to behold my lady's face,
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I farther shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
 The time and my intents are savage-wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable by far
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou
 that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [Aside] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died, 51
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !
Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence and leave me : think upon these gone ; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury : O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone : live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy ! 70
[*They fight.*]

Page. O Lord, they fight ! I will go call the watch.

[*Exit.*]

Par. O, I am slain ! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. 80
[*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face :
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !

What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
 To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
 A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth;
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I 90
 Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark. 118
 Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence,
 with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! Who's there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour. 130

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then ; I'll go alone : fear comes upon me ;
 O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
 I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo ! [*Advances.*
 Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?
 What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo ! O, pale ! Who else ? what, Paris too ?
 And steep'd in blood ? Ah, what an unkind hour
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance !

The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?
 I do remember well where I should be, 149
 And there I am : where is my Romeo ? [*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
 Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep :
 A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away :
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead
 And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
 Come, go, good Juliet ; I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160

[*Exit Fri. L.*

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
 O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
 To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
 Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
 [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
 This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let
 me die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
 burn. 171

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the
 churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
 Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain this two days buried.
 Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
 Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes 180
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the
 churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act V. Sc. iii.

Re-enter Friar Laurence, and another Watchman.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

First Watch. A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest ?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad ? 190

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears ?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead : and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open 200
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens ! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds !
This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom !

La. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ; 210
 Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
 What further woe conspires against mine age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
 To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
 Till we can clear these ambiguities,
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
 And then will I be general of your woes,
 And lead you even to death : meantime forbear,
 And let mischance be slave to patience. 221
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place
 Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
 Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
 I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
 Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
 To County Paris : then comes she to me,
 And with wild looks bid me devise some means 240
 To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth, 260
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she too desperate would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know ; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. 270

Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post he came from Mantua

To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father,
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter ; I will look on it.

Where is the county's page, that raised the watch ?
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ? 280

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave ;
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
 And by and by my master drew on him ;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet. 290
 Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love !
 And I, for winking at your discords too,
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand :
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
 That whiles Verona by that name is known, 300
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie ;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act V. Sc. iii.

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings ;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head :
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.* 310

Glossary.

- A*, one, the same; II. iv. 213.
A', he; I. iii. 40.
Abused, disfigured; IV. i. 29.
Adam cupid (*v.* Note); II. i. 13.
Advanced, raised; V. iii. 96.
Adventure, venture; II. ii. 84.
Advise, consider, think over it; III. v. 192.
Afeard, afraid; II. ii. 139.
Affecting, affected; II. iv. 29.
Affections, inclinations; I. i. 125.
Affray, frighten; III. v. 33.
Afore, before; II. iv. 166.
Afore me, "by my life"; III. iv. 34.
Against, in preparation of; III. iv. 32.
Agate-stone, figures cut in the agate-stone, much worn in rings; I. iv. 55.
All along, at your full length; V. iii. 3.
All so soon, as soon (*all* used intensively); I. i. 132.
Ambling, moving in an affected manner (used contemptuously); I. iv. 11.
Ambuscadoes, ambuscades; I. iv. 84.
Amerce, punish; III. i. 192.
An, if; I. i. 4.
An if, if; V. i. 50.
Ancient, old, aged; II. iii. 74.
Antic face, quaint mask; I. v. 58.
Apace, quickly; II. iv. 223.
Ape, a term of endearment or pity; II. i. 16.
Appertaining rage to, rage belonging to; III. i. 64.
Apt to, ready for; III. i. 43.
Apt unto, ready for; III. iii. 157.
As, as if; II. v. 16.
 —, namely, IV. iii. 39.
Ascend, ascend to; III. iii. 147.
Aspired, mounted to; III. i. 119.
Associate, accompany; V. ii. 6.
As that, as to that heart; II. ii. 124.
Athwart, across, over [so Quarto 1; Quartos, Folios, "ouer"]; I. iv. 58.
Atomies = atoms, little creatures as tiny as atoms [Quarto 1, "Atomi"; Quarto 2, "ottomie"]; I. iv. 57.
Attach, arrest; V. iii. 173.
Attending, attentive; II. ii. 167.
Baked meats, pastry; IV. iv. 5.
Bandy, beat to and fro, hurry; II. v. 14.
Bandyng, contending, quarrelling; III. i. 90.
Banquet, dessert; I. v. 24.
Bare, lean, poor; V. i. 68.
 —, did bear; V. ii. 13.
Bating, to flap or flutter the wings; a term in falconry (Steevens' emendation; Quartos 2, 3, Folios 1, 2, 3, "bayting"); III. ii. 14.
Bear a brain, have a good memory; I. iii. 29.
Becomed, becoming; IV. ii. 26.
Behoveful, befitting, becoming; IV. iii. 8.
Bent, inclination, disposition; II. ii. 143.
Bepaint, paint; II. ii. 86.
Bescreen'd, screened, hidden; II. ii. 52.
Betossed, deeply agitated; V. iii. 76.
Better temper'd, of better quality; III. iii. 115.

Bill, "a kind of pike or halberdt, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen"; I. i. 72.

Bite my thumb; I. i. 41. (Cp. illustration.)



From Jacques Lagniet's *Recueil des plus Illustrés Proverbes* (c. 1650).

Blaze, make known; III. iii. 151.

Blazon, trumpet forth; II. vi. 26.

Brace, couple; V. iii. 295.

Brief, briefly; III. iii. 174.

Broad goose; "far and wide a b. g.," prob. = far and wide abroad, a goose (some lost allusion perhaps underlies the quibble); II. iv. 88.

Broken, cracked; I. ii. 53.

Brow, face, countenance (Collier MS. and Singer MS. "bow"; III. v. 20.

Burn daylight, "a proverbial expression used when candles are lighted in the day-time" (Steevens); hence, superfluous actions in general; here "waste time"; I. iv. 43.

Butt-shaft, "a kind of arrow used for shooting at butts; formed without a barb, so as to be easily extracted" (Nares); II. iv. 16.

By and by, directly; II. ii. 152.

By my fay, by my faith (a slight oath); I. v. 127.

By my troth, by my truth, on my word; II. iv. 119.

By the rood, by the cross (a slight oath); I. iii. 36.

Caitiff, wretched, miserable; V. i. 52.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iii. 30.

Captain of compliments, "complete master of all the laws of ceremony"; II. iv. 20.

Carry coals, endure affronts (the carriers of coal, prob. charcoal, were the lowest menials; cp. "blackguard," originally the attendants upon the royal household's progress); I. i. 1.

Chapless, without jaws; IV. i. 83.

Charge, weight; V. ii. 18.

Cheerly, cheerily; I. v. 16.

Cheveril, the skin of the kid; II. iv. 84.

Chinks, a popular term for money; I. v. 118.

Chop-logic, sophist; III. v. 150.

Circumstance, details; II. v. 36.

Civil, sober, grave; III. ii. 10.

Close, closely, very near; III. i. 40.

Closed, enclosed; I. iv. 110.

Closely, secretly; V. iii. 255.

Closet, chamber; IV. ii. 33.

Cockatrice (called also basilisk); the fabulous serpent, said to kill by a look; III. ii. 47.

Cock-a-hoop; "set c.-a-h.," i.e. pick a quarrel; I. v. 82.

Cockerel, young cock; I. iii. 53.

Coil, ado, confusion; II. v. 67.

Coldly, coolly, calmly; III. i. 53.

Come near ye, hit it; I. v. 21.

Comfortable, helpful, full of comfort; V. iii. 148.

Commission, warrant; IV. i. 64.

Concealed, "secretly married"; III. iii. 98.

Conceit, imagination; II. vi. 30.

Concludes, ends; III. i. 187.

- Conduct*, conductor; V. iii. 116.
Conduit, referring to the human figures on wells which spouted water; III. v. 130.
Confounds, destroys; II. vi. 13.
Conjurations, entreaties (Quarto 2, "commiration"; Quarto 3, Folio 1, "commisseration"; Capell, "conjurat[i]on, etc."); V. iii. 68.
Consort, used with play on the two meanings of the word (i.) a company of musicians, (ii.) associate, keep company; III. i. 47.
Consort, consort with, keep company with; III. i. 132.
Consorted, associated; II. i. 31.
Consort'st, dost keep company; III. i. 46.
Content thee, keep your temper; I. v. 66.
Contrary, contradict, oppose; I. v. 86.
Convoy, conveyance; II. iv. 196.
Corse, corpse; III. ii. 128.
Cot-quean, a man who busies himself with women's business; IV. iv. 6.
Counterfeit; "gave the c.," played a trick; II. iv. 48.
Countervail, balance; II. vi. 4.
County, count; I. iii. 106.
Court-cupboard, side-board for setting out plate; I. v. 8.
Courtship, courtliness; III. iii. 34.
Cousin, a term used for any kinsman or kinswoman; I. v. 31.
Cover, book-cover; used with a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* (*feme covert*) in law French (Mason); I. iii. 88.
Gross, perverse; IV. iii. 5.
 —, thwart, hinder; V. iii. 20.
Crotchets, used with play upon both senses of the word (i.) whims, fancies, (ii.) notes in music; IV. v. 120.
Crow, crow-bar; V. ii. 21.
Crow-keeper, scarecrow; I. iv. 6.
Crush a cup (*cp.* modern phrase *crack a bottle*); I. ii. 82
Cunning, skill, art; II. ii. 101.
Cures with, is cured by; I. ii. 49.
Curfew-bell, the bell ordinarily used for the ringing of the curfew at night; IV. iv. 4.
Cynthia, the moon; III. v. 20.
Damnation; "ancient d.," old sinner; III. v. 235.
Dared, challenged; used with play upon the two senses of the word; II. iv. 12.
Dares, ventures; II. iv. 12.
Date, time, duration; I. iv. 108.
Date is out, time has long gone by, is out of fashion; I. iv. 3.
Dateless, without date, without limit; V. iii. 115.
Dear, true ((Quarto 1), "meere"); III. iii. 28.
 —, important; V. ii. 19.
Death, to death; III. i. 136.
Defence, defensive weapons; III. iii. 134.
Demesnes, landed estates (Folio 4, "demeans"); III. v. 182.
Deny, refuse; I. v. 20.
Depart, go away, part; III. i. 54.
Defend, impend; III. i. 121.
Desperate, reckless; III. iv. 12.
Despite, defiance; V. iii. 48.
Determine of, decide; III. ii. 51.
Dew-dropping south, rainy south (it was a common belief that all diseases and noxious vapours came from the south); I. iv. 103.
Digressing, deviating; III. iii. 127.
Discover, reveal; III. i. 144.
Discovered, betrayed; II. ii. 106.
Dislike, displease; II. ii. 61.
Disparagement, injury, harm; I. v. 72.
Displant, transplant; III. iii. 59.
Dispute, argue, reason (Folios 1, 2, "dispaire"; Folios 3, 4, "despair"); III. iii. 63.
Distemperature, disease; II. iii. 40.
Distemper'd, diseased; II. iii. 33.
Distraught, distracted; IV. iii. 49.

- Division*, variation, modulation; III. v. 29.
- Doctrine*, instruction; I. i. 236.
- Doff*, put off; II. ii. 47.
- Doubt*, fear, distrust; V. iii. 44.
- Drave*, did drive, urged (Quarto 2, "driue"); I. i. 119.
- Drift*, plan, scheme; IV. i. 114.
- Dry-beat*, thrash; III. i. 80.
- Dump*, a melancholy strain in music; IV. v. 108.
- Dun's the mouse*, keep still; (a proverbial expression not yet explained); v. Note; I. iv. 40.
- Elf-locks*, hair supposed to be matted together by the elves (Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, "Elklocks"); I. iv. 90.
- Empty*, hungry; V. iii. 39.
- Encounter*, meeting; II. vi. 29.
- Endart*, dart [Quarto 1, "engage"; Pope, "ingage"]; I. iii. 98.
- Enforce*, force; V. iii. 47.
- Enpierced*, pierced through; I. iv. 19.
- Entrance* (trisyllabic); I. iv. 8.
- Envious*, malignant; III. ii. 40.
- Ethiop*, a native of Ethiopia; I. v. 48.
- Evening mass*, the practice of saying mass in the afternoon lingered on for some time; IV. i. 38.
- Expire*, end; I. iv. 109.
- Extremes*, extremities, sufferings; IV. i. 62.
- Extremity*; "everything in e.," i.e. at a desperate pass; I. iii. 103.
- Fain*, gladly; II. ii. 88.
- Fair*, fair one, beautiful woman; Prol. II. 3.
- Fantasticoes*, coxcombs (Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios 1, 2, "phantacies"; Quarto 5, Folios 3, 4, "phantasies"; Collier MS., "phantastickes"); II. iv. 29.
- Farewell compliment*, away with ceremony; II. ii. 89.
- Fearful*, full of fear; III. iii. 1.
- Feeling*, heartfelt; III. v. 75.
- Fee-simple*, hereditary and unconditional property; III. i. 34.
- Festering*, rotting; IV. iii. 43.
- Fettle*, prepare; III. v. 154.
- Fine*, penalty (Warburton's emendation of Quartos, Folios, "sinne" and "sin"); I. v. 96.
- First house*, "first rank among duellists," or, "of the best school of fencing"; II. iv. 25.
- Fits*; "it fits," it is becoming; I. v. 76.
- Flecked*, spotted [Steevens' reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, "fleckeld"; Folio 1, "fleckled"; Pope, "flecker'd"; Capell, "flecker'd"]; II. iii. 3.
- Fleer*, sneer; I. v. 59.
- Flirt-gills*, flirting women (*Gill* was a familiar name for a woman); II. iv. 157.
- Flowered*, alluding probably to the shoes *pinked* or punched with holes; II. iv. 63.
- Fond*, foolish; III. iii. 52.
- Foolish*, trifling; I. v. 123.
- Forbear*, abstain from; III. i. 88.
- Form*, used with play upon both senses of the word; II. iv. 36.
- Forsworn*; "be f.," commit perjury; III. v. 197.
- Forth*, from out of; I. i. 118.
- Fortune's fool*, the sport of fortune; III. i. 138.
- Frank*, liberal; II. ii. 131.
- Free-town*, Villafranca; I. i. 101.
- Friend*, lover; III. v. 43.
- Frighted*, frightened, terrified; I. iv. 87.
- From*, away from, to avoid; III. i. 32.
- Furnish*, deck; IV. ii. 35.
- Gear*, matter; II. iv. 103.
- Ghostly*, spiritual; II. ii. 189.
- Give leave*, leave us; a courteous form of dismissal; I. iii. 7.

Give you, i.e. retort by calling you ; IV. v. 117.

Gleek, scoff ("give the g.," to pass a jest upon a person) ; IV. v. 115.

Glooming, gloomy ; V. iii. 305.

God-den, good evening ; I. ii. 57.

God gi' god-den, God give you a good evening (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, 3, "Godgigoden" ; Capell, "God gi' go' den" ; Collier, "God gi' good den" ; Staunton, "God ye good den") ; I. ii. 58.

God save the mark, "originally a phrase used to avert the evil omen, = saving your reverence, under your pardon ; here 'God have mercy'" ; III. ii. 53.

God ye good den, God give you good evening ; II. iv. 112.

God ye good morrow, God give you good morning ; II. iv. 111.

Good goose, bite not, a proverbial expression (found in Ray's "Proverbs") ; II. iv. 80.

Goodman boy, a familiar appellation ; I. v. 78.

Good pilgrim, I. v. 97. (Cp. illustration.)

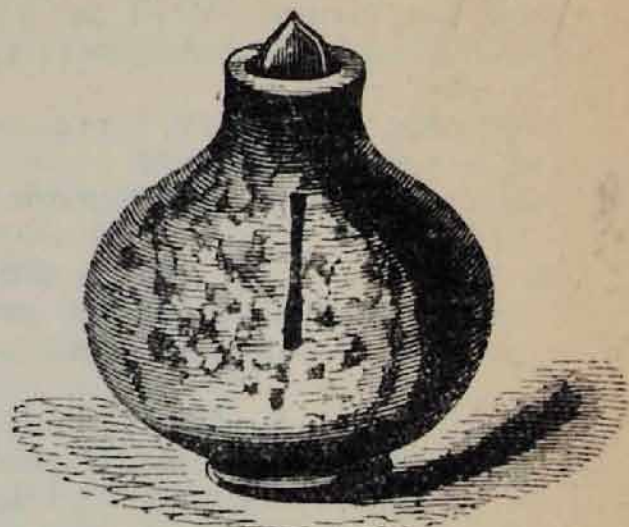


From a sketch by Inigo Jones of the Palmer's dress worn by Romeo in the Masquerade Scene.

Gore ; "gore blood" = clotted blood ; III. ii. 56.

Grace, virtue, potency ; II. iii. 15.

Green earthen pots, V. i. 46. (Cp. the annexed representation of an earthen money pot of Shakespeare's time.)



Grievance, grief, sorrow ; I. i. 155.

Gyves, fetters ; II. ii. 180.

Hai, a home-thrust in fencing ; II. iv. 27.

Hall ; "a hall, a hall," make room ; I. v. 27.

Hap ; "dear h.," good fortune ; II. ii. 190.

Harlotry, a term of contempt for a silly wench ; IV. ii. 14.

Have at thee, be warned, take care ; I. i. 71.

Haviour, behaviour ; II. ii. 99.

He, man ; V. i. 67.

Healthsome, wholesome ; IV. iii. 34.

Heartless, spiritless, cowardly ; I. i. 65.

'*Heart's ease*,' a popular tune of the time ; IV. v. 101. (Cp. music on next page.)

Heaviness, sorrow ; III. iv. 11.

Heavy, sad, troubled ; I. i. 135.

Hie you, hasten ; II. v. 70.

High-lone, alone, without help (Quarto 2, "hylone" ; Quarto 3, "a lone" ; other editions, "alone") ; I. iii. 36.

Highest, highest ; II. v. 9.

Hilding, base wretch ; III. v. 169.

Hinds, serfs, menials ; I. i. 65.

His, its; II. vi. 12; V. iii. 203.

Hoar, hoary, mouldy; II. iv. 135.

Holidame, halidom, salvation (used in swearing); I. iii. 43.

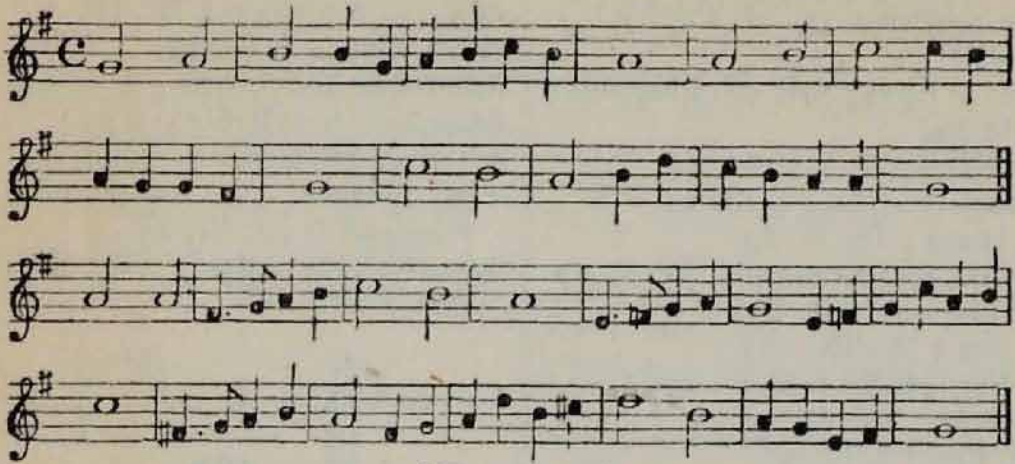
Holp, helped; I. ii. 48.

Jaunce, jaunt; II. v. 26.

Jealous, in any way suspicious; V. iii. 33.

Jealous-hood, jealousy; IV. iv. 13.

Joint-stools, folding chairs; I. v. 7.



'Heart's ease.'

From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*.

Homely, plain, simple; II. iii. 55.

Honey nurse, a term of endearment; II. v. 18.

Hood, cover with a hood (as the hawk was hooded till let fly at the game); III. ii. 14.

Humorous, moist, capricious (used quibblingly); II. i. 31.

Humour, inclination, bent (Quartos 4, 5, "*humour*"; Quarto 2, "*humor*"; the rest read "*honour*"); I. i. 128.

Hunts-up, "the tune played to wake and collect the hunters"; III. v. 34.

I'll be a candle-holder, I'll be an idle spectator (a proverbial phrase); I. iv. 38.

Ill-divining, misgiving; III. v. 54.

Impeach, accuse; V. iii. 226.

In, into; V. i. 8.

Inconstant, capricious, fickle; IV. i. 119.

Inherit, possess; I. ii. 30.

Indite, (?) insist on inviting (Quarto 1, Folios 3, 4, "*invite*"); II. iv. 131.

In happy time, à propos, pray tell me; III. v. 112.

It, its; I. iii. 52.

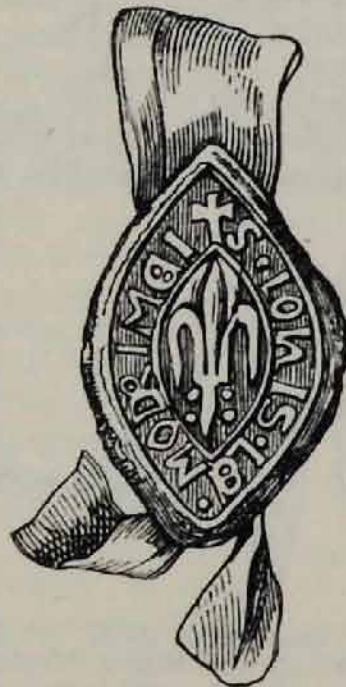
Jack, a term of contempt for a silly fellow; III. i. 12.

Joy, rejoice; II. ii. 116.

Keep, make; III. iv. 23.

Kindly, exactly, aptly; II. iv. 58.

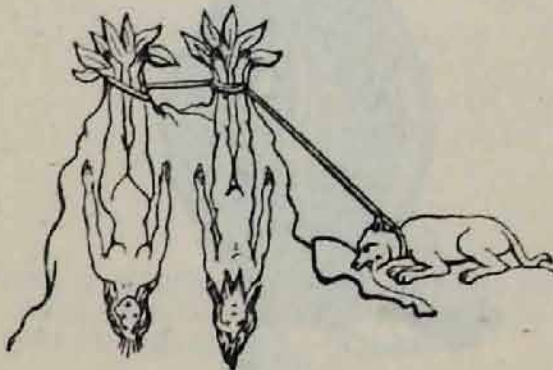
Label; a seal appended to a deed; IV. i. 57. (Cp. the accompanying facsimile of a XVth century deed preserved at Stratford.)



'the label to another deed'

'*Lady, lady, lady,*' a phrase quoted from the old ballad of *Susanna*; II. iv. 147.
Lammas-eve, the day before Lammas-tide, *i.e.* July 31st; I. iii. 17.
Lammas-tide, the 1st of August; I. iii. 15.
Lantern, a turret full of windows; V. iii. 84.
Late, lately; III. i. 128.
Lay, wager, stake; I. iii. 12.
Learn, teach; III. ii. 12.
Learn'd me, taught myself; IV. ii. 17.
Let, hinderance; II. ii. 69.
Level, aim; III. iii. 103.
Lieve, lief, gladly; II. iv. 208.
Like, likely; IV. iii. 36.
Like of, like; I. iii. 96.
List, choose; I. i. 40.
Logger-head, blockhead; IV. iv. 20.
Long; "l. to speak," long in speaking, slow to speak; IV. i. 66.
Long spinners' legs, long-legged spiders; I. iv. 59.
Love, *i.e.* Venus; II. v. 7.

Mab, the queen of the fairies; I. iv. 53.
Made, was doing; V. iii. 280.
Mammet, puppet; III. v. 186.
Manage, course; III. i. 145.
Manage, handle, use; I. i. 68.
Mandrake, a plant, the root of which was supposed to resemble the



The above illustration (from an illuminated MS. in the British Museum) shows the method by which the mandrake was supposed to be obtained.

human figure, and when torn from the earth to cause madness and even death; IV. iii. 47.
Marchpane, a kind of almond paste; I. v. 9.
Margent, margin; I. iii. 86.
Mark, elect; I. iii. 59.
Mark-man, marksman; I. i. 204.
Marriage (trisyllabic); IV. i. 11.
Married, harmonious (the reading of Quarto 2; other editions "seuerall"); I. iii. 83.
Maskers, I. iv. Direc. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a representation of a French Court-masque (*temp.* Charles VI.).

Mean, means, instrument; III. iii. 45.
Measure, a stately dance; I. iv. 10.
Medicine, medicinal, II. iii. 24.
Merchant, used contemptuously; II. iv. 148.
Mew'd up, shut up; III. iv. 11.
Mickle, great; II. iii. 15.
Minion, saucy person; originally = a spoilt darling, a favourite; III. v. 152.

- Minstrel*; "give you the m.," i.e. call you a minstrel, glee-man (with a play upon "to give the gleek"); IV. v. 116.
- Minute*, minutes; V. iii. 257.
- Misadventure*, misfortune; V. i. 29.
- Mistemper'd*, compounded and hardened to an ill end; I. i. 86.
- Modern*, commonplace, trite; III. ii. 120.
- Moody*, peevish, angry; III. i. 14.
- Morrow*, morning; II. ii. 186.
- Mouse-hunt*, a woman hunter; IV. iv. 11.
- Moved*, exasperated; I. i. 7.
- Much upon these years*, about the same age; I. iii. 72.
- Muffle*, hide; V. iii. 21.
- '*My heart is full of woe*,' a line of a popular ballad of the time; IV. v. 104.
- Natural*, idiot; II. iv. 96.
- Naught*, bad; III. ii. 87.
- Needly will*, of necessity must; III. ii. 117.
- Needy*, joyless (Quarto 1, "needful"); III. v. 106.
- Neighbour-stained*, stained with the blood of countrymen ["neighbour-stained steel," instead of "neighbour-stained soil" (Daniel)]; I. i. 81.
- New*, just; I. i. 159.
- , afresh, anew; I. i. 103.
- Nice*, trifling; III. i. 156.
- None*; "she will n.," i.e. she will none of it, she will have nothing to do with it; III. v. 140.
- Note*, notice; I. v. 72.
- Noted*, noticed, observed; V. i. 38.
- Nothing*, not at all; I. i. 111.
- O*, grief, lamentation; III. iii. 90.
- O'*, on; [Quartos, Folio 1, "a"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "of"; (Quarto 1), "on"]; III. i. 92.
- Odds*; "at o.," at variance; I. ii. 5.
- O'er-perch*, leap over, fly over; II. ii. 66.
- Old*, accustomed, practised; III. iii. 94.
- On*, of; I. iv. 72, 73, 74.
- Once*, only; I. iii. 61.
- Operation*, effect; III. i. 8.
- Orchard*, garden; II. i. 5.
- Osier cage*, basket made of the water willow; II. iii. 7.
- Outrage*, outcry; V. iii. 216.
- Overwhelming*, over-hanging; V. i. 39.
- Owes*, owns; II. ii. 46.
- Paly*, pale; IV. i. 100.
- Part*, side; I. i. 113.
- Partisan*, a kind of halbert, or pike; I. i. 72.
- Parts*, natural gifts, endowments; III. iii. 2.
- Passado*, a thrust in fencing; II. iv. 26; III. i. 84.
- , a motion forwards and thrust in fencing; II. iv. 27.
- Passing*, surpassingly; I. i. 232.
- Past compare*, past comparison; II. v. 43.
- Pastry*, the room in which pies were made; IV. iv. 2.
- Pay*, give; I. i. 236.
- Peevish*, silly, childish; IV. ii. 14.
- Perforce*, compulsory; I. v. 90.
- Perdona-mi's*, people who are continually saying *pardon me* [Quartos 4, 5, "pardona-mees"; Quarto 1, "pardon-mees"; Quarto 2, "pardons mees"; Theobald, "pardonnez moy's"]; II. iv. 35.
- Peruse*, examine; V. iii. 74.
- Phaethon*, the son of Helios, the Sun god, who ambitiously tried to drive the chariot of his father; III. ii. 3.
- Pilcher*, scabbard (used contemptuously); III. i. 82.
- Pin*, the centre of the butt in archery; II. iv. 15.
- Plantain-leaf* (supposed to be efficacious in healing wounds); I. ii. 52.
- Plats*, plaits, braids; I. iv. 89.

- Plucks*, pulls; II. ii. 181.
- Poor John*, a coarse kind of fish, salted and dried; called also *hake*; I. i. 31.
- Poperin pear*, a kind of pear; II. i. 38.
- Portly*, well-bred; I. v. 67.
- Post*; "in p.," in haste, post-haste; V. iii. 273.
- Presence*, presence - chamber, state room; V. iii. 86.
- Present*, immediate, instant; IV. i. 61.
- Pretty fool*, a term of endearment; I. iii. 31.
- Prevails*, avails; III. iii. 60.
- Prick*, point; II. iv. 119.
- Prick-song*, music sung from notes; II. iv. 21.
- Prince of cats* (used with reference to *Tybalt*, the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox*); II. iv. 19.
- Princox*, pert boy, saucy boy; I. v. 87.
- Procures*, causes her to come; III. v. 68.
- Prodigious*, monstrous; I. v. 141.
- Proof*, experience; I. i. 176.
- Properer*, handsomer; II. iv. 210.
- Prorogue*, delay; IV. i. 48.
- Prorogued*, put off, delayed; II. ii. 78.
- Pump*, low shoe; II. iv. 62.
- Punto reverso*, a back-handed stroke in fencing; II. iv. 27.
- Purge*, clear from suspicion; V. iii. 226.
- Purged*, cleared from smoke (Johnson conj., "urg'd"; Collier MS., "puff'd"); I. i. 189.
- Quit*, reward; II. iv. 197.
- Quote*, take note of [Quarto 1, "coate"; Quarto 2, "cote"]; I. iv. 31.
- Rapier*, a small sword used in thrusting; I. v. 56.
- Reason*, speak, talk; III. i. 53.
- Reckoning*, estimation; I. ii. 4.
- Reeky*, squalid, foul; IV. i. 83.
- Remedies*; "both our r.," the healing of both of us; II. iii. 51.
- Respective*, regardful; III. i. 125.
- Rest you merry*, i.e. God rest you merry, God keep you merry; a form of salutation mostly used at parting; I. ii. 64.
- Retorts*, throws back; III. i. 166.
- Ropery*, roguery, tricks [Folio 4, "Roguary"; (Quarto 1), "rope-ripe"]; II. iv. 149.
- Rosemary*, a herb used at bridals and burials; IV. v. 79.
- Rote*; "did read by rote and could not spell," "consisted of phrases learned by heart, but knew nothing of the true characters of Love" (Schmidt); II. iii. 88.
- Runagate*, vagabond; III. v. 90.
- Runaway's* (v. Note); III. ii. 6.
- Rush'd*; "r. aside the law," with partial eagerness eluded the law (Capell conj. and Long MS., "push'd"; Collier MS., "brushd"); III. iii. 26.
- Rushes*, the covering of the floors; I. iv. 36.
- Sack*, destroy; III. iii. 107.
- Sadly*, seriously; I. i. 199.
- Sadness*, seriousness; I. i. 197, 200.
- Scant*, scarcely; I. ii. 104.
- Scathe*, harm; I. v. 85.
- Set abroach*, incited, caused; I. i. 103.
- Set up my rest*, make up my mind, remain; a phrase taken from gaming; V. iii. 110.
- Shield*; "God s.," God forbid; IV. i. 41.
- Shift*, change; I. v. 2.
- Shrift*, confession and consequent absolution; IV. ii. 15.
- Shrived*, given absolution; II. iv. 184.
- Simpleness*, folly (Quarto 1, "wilfulness"); III. iii. 77.
- Simples*, medicinal herbs; V. i. 40.
- Single-soled*, contemptible; II. iv. 69.

Sirrah, a term of address to an inferior; IV. ii. 2.

Sir-reverence, a contraction of *save reverence* (*salvâ reverentiâ*); used apologetically, when referring to something improper; I. iv. 42.

Skains-mates (?) scapegraces (*v. Note*); II. iv. 156.

Slip, used with a play upon slip = a counterfeit coin; II. iv. 51.

Slop, large loose breeches; II. iv. 47.

Sober-suited, quietly clad; III. ii. 11.

So ho! a sporting term; II. iv. 136.

Solemnity, celebration of nuptials; IV. v. 61.

Some other where = somewhere else, elsewhere; I. i. 196.

Sometime, sometimes; I. iv. 79.

Soon-speeding, quickly acting, quickly despatching; V. i. 60.

Sort, choose, select; IV. ii. 34.

Sorted out, found out, discovered; III. v. 110.

Spanish blades, Spanish swords; Toledo, in Spain, was famous for the temper of its swords; I. iv. 84.

Sped, despatched, undone; III. i. 92.

Spite, vexation; II. i. 27.

—, "in s. of me," in defiance, to my mortification; I. i. 78.

Spleen, heat, impetuosity; III. i. 159.

Spoke him fair, spoke to him with gentle words; III. i. 155.

Starveth, "looks out hungrily"; V. i. 70.

State; "here stands all your s.," the whole of your fortune depends on this; III. iii. 166.

Stay, detain; V. iii. 187.

—, linger; III. iii. 148.

—, wait for; II. v. 36.

Stay'd, delayed; V. iii. 25L

Steads, helps; II. iii. 54.

Still, always; I. i. 169.

Stint, cease; I. iii. 58.

Stoccata, a thrust in fencing ("Alla stoccata," Knight's emendation of Quartos, Folio 1, "Alla stucatho"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "Allastucatho";

Theobald, Capell, "*a la stoccata*"); III. i. 75.

Straight, straightway; I. iii. 104.

Strain'd, forced; II. iii. 19.

Strains, constrains, wrenches (Folio 1, "*streames*"); IV. i. 47.

Strange, reserved, distant; II. ii. 101, 102.

—, retiring, unfamiliar; III. ii. 15.

Stratagems, amazing deeds; III. v. 211.

Strucken, struck; I. i. 230.

Substantial (quadrissyllabic); II. ii. 141.

Surcease, cease to beat; IV. i. 97.

Swashing, dashing (Quartos 2, 3, Folios, "*washing*"); I. i. 62.

Sweeting, a kind of sweet apple; II. iv. 83.

Sweet water, perfumed waters; V. iii. 14.

Szounded, swooned; III. ii. 56.

Tackled stair, rope ladder; II. iv. 194.

Take me with you, let me understand aright; III. v. 142.

Take the wall, get the better of (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.

Tassel-gentle, male hawk; II. ii. 160. (*Cp. illustration.*)



From George Turberville's *Book of Falconry*, 1575.

Glossary

- Teen*, sorrow (Folios 2, 3, 4, "teeth"); I. iii. 13.
Temper, mix; III. v. 98.
Tender, bid, offer; III. iv. 12.
 —, hold, regard; III. i. 72.
Tetchy, fretful, peevish; I. iii. 32.
Thee, thyself; V. iii. 3.
Therewithal, with it; V. iii. 289.
Thorough, through; II. iv. 15.
Thought, hoped; IV. v. 41.
Thou's, thou shalt; I. iii. 9.
Timeless, untimely; V. iii. 162.
Titan, the sun-god; II. iii. 4.
To, as to; II. iii. 92.
To-night, last night; I. iv. 50; II. iv. 2.
Torch-bearers, I. iv. Direc. (Cp. the subjoined illustration.)



From 'La tryumphante . . . entree faicte sur le . . . advenement de . . . prince Charles des Hespaignes (i.e. Emperor Charles V.) . . . en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

- Towards*, at hand; I. v. 123.
Toy, folly, idle fancy; IV. i. 119.
Trencher, plate; I. v. 2.
Tried, proved; IV. iii. 29.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Truckle-bed, a bed running on wheels, to be pushed under another, called a standing-bed; II. i. 39.



Standing and truckle-bed.

From an illuminated MS. of XV. cent.
 (The figures represent a nobleman and his valet.)

- Turn thee*, turn thyself round, turn; I. i. 66.
Tutor, teach; III. i. 32.
Unattainted, sound impartial; I. ii. 87.
Unbruised, unhurt; II. iii. 37.
Uncomfortable, cheerless, joyless; IV. v. 60.
Unfurnish'd, unprovided; IV. ii. 10.
Unmann'd, untrained (a term of falconry); III. ii. 14.
Unstuff'd, not overcharged; II. iii. 37.
Utters them, causes them to pass from one to another; V. i. 67.
Validity, value; III. iii. 33.
Vanish'd, issued; III. iii. 10.
Vanity, trivial pursuit, vain delight; II. vi. 20.
Verona streets, the streets of Verona; III. i. 90.
Versal, universal; II. iv. 212.
View, outward appearance; I. i. 167.
 —, sight; I. i. 169.
Visor, mask; I. v. 24.

Ware, aware; I. i. 123.

Wax; "a man of w.," as pretty as if he had been modelled in wax; I. iii. 76.

Waxes, grows; I. v. 127.

Weeds, garments; V. i. 39.

Well said, well done; I. v. 87.

What, who; I. v. 113.

—, "what dares," how dare; I. v. 56.

Who, which; I. i. 111; I. iv. 100.

—, he who; I. i. 129.

Wit, wisdom; I. iv. 49.

—, "sentiments"; I. i. 207.

With, by; I. iv. 57.

—, through; V. iii. 50.

Withal, with, by it; I. i. 111.

Without, outside of; III. iii. 17.

Wot, know; III. ii. 139.

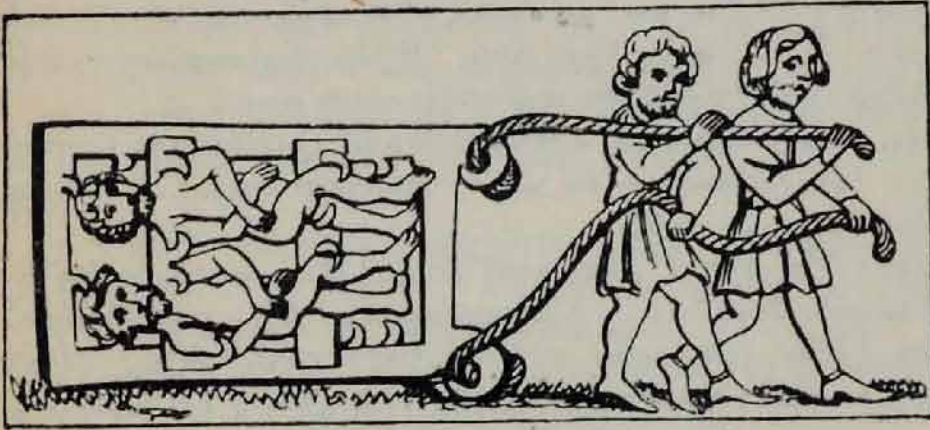
Writ, written; I. iii. 82.

Wrought, brought about; III. v. 145.

Yet not, not yet; II. ii. 58.

Yond, yonder; I. v. 129.

'*Zounds*, a contraction of "God's wounds"; an oath (Folios "Come"); III. i. 51.



Dragging on a hurdle (See III. v. 156).

From a XVth century MS.

Notes.

Prologue, omitted in Folios.

I. i. 22. 'cruel'; so Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folios read 'ciuil,' and 'civil.'

I. i. 100. 'farther'; so Quartos 2, 4; Quarto 5, 'further'; Quarto 3, Folios 1, 2, 3, 'Fathers'; Folio 4, 'Father's.'

I. i. 119. 'drawe me to walk abroad'; Pope (from Quarto 1), 'drew me from company'; Theobald, 'drew me to walk abroad.'

I. i. 126. 'Which then most sought where most might not be found'; Pope (from Quarto 1), 'That most are busied, when they're most alone'; Keightley, 'Which there . . .,' etc.; Herr conj. 'Which then most sought where many . . .'; Allen conj. 'which then most sought where more . . .'

I. i. 151. 'sun'; Theobald's emendation of Quartos and Folios, 'same.'

I. i. 170. 'see pathways to his will'; Staunton conj. 'set pathways to our will'; Hanmer, ' . . . ill.'

I. i. 183. 'Why such is'; Seymour conj. 'Why such is, merely'; Collier MS., 'Why such, Benvolio, is'; Mommsen conj. 'Why, such, Benvolio, such is'; Keightley, 'Why, gentle cousin, such is'; Orger conj. 'Why, such a love is.'

I. i. 188. 'raised'; Pope's correction (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, 'made.'

I. i. 200. 'Bid a sick man in sadness make'; so (Quarto 1) Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1 read 'A sicke man in sadnesse makes'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'A sicke man in good sadnesse makes.'

I. i. 209. 'From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd'; Grant White conj. 'Gainst encharm'd'; Quartos, Folios, 'uncharmd'; Collier MS., 'encharm'd.'

I. i. 214. 'with beauty dies her store'; Theobald reads 'with her dies Beauty's Store'; Keightley, 'with her dies beauty store.'

I. ii. 15. 'She is the hopeful lady of my earth'; Johnson conj. 'She is the hope and stay of my full years.'

I. ii. 25. 'make dark heaven light'; Theobald reads 'make dark heaven's light'; Warburton, 'make dark even light'; Jackson conj. 'mask dark heaven's light'; Daniel conj. 'mock dark heaven's light.'

I. ii. 26. 'young men'; Johnson conj. 'yeomen.'

I. ii. 32. 'Which on more view,' etc.; so Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folios, 'one' for 'on'; Quarto 1, 'Such, amongst view of many myne being one'; perhaps we should read with Mason, 'Whilst on more view of many, mine being one'; many readings have been proposed.

I. iii. 33. 'Shake, quoth the dove-house,' referring to the effects of the earthquake; Daniel conj. 'goeth' for 'quoth.'

I. iii. 66, 67. 'honour'; Pope's emendation (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, 'hours' and 'hour.'

I. iv. 39. 'The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done'; "an allusion to an old proverbial saying which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest" (Ritson).

I. iv. 41. Cp. Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue*:—

*Ther gan our hoste for to jape and pleye,
And seyde, sirs, what!
Dun is in the myre!*

A proverbial expression originally used in an old rural sport, and meaning, "we are all at a standstill!" or, "let us make an effort to move on" (vide Prof. Skeat's *Notes to Canterbury Tales*, Vol. v. p. 435-6).

I. iv. 42. 'Of this sir-reverence love'; Singer's emendation from (Quarto 1); Quartos read 'Or saue you reuerence loue'; Folios 1, 2, 3, 'Or saue your reuerence loue.'

I. iv. 45. Capell's emendation; (Quarto 1) reads 'We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day'; Quartos, 'We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day'; Folios, 'We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day.'

I. iv. 66. 'Maid'; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folio 1, 'man'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'woman'; Ulrici (from Collier MS.), 'milk-maid.'

I. iv. 77. 'Courtier's'; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads 'lawyer's'; Theobald conj. 'taylor's.'

I. iv. 85. 'Of healths'; Thirlby conj. 'Of delves'; Keightley conj. 'Trenches'; Clark MS. 'Of hilts.'

I. iv. 91. 'Untangled'; 'which once u.,' the untangling of which.

I. iv. 103. 'Face'; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, 'side'; Collier MS., 'tide.'

I. v. 18. 'Will have a bout'; (Quarto 1), 'will haue about'; Quartos, Folios, 'will walke about'; Pope, 'we'll have a bout'; Daniel, 'will walke a bout.'

I. v. 46. 'It seems she'; so (Quarto 1) Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read 'Her beauty'; Bulloch conj. 'In streams she'; etc.

II. i. 10. 'pronounce'; Quartos 2, 3, 'prouaunt'; Folio 1, 'Prouant'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Couply'; Rowe, 'couple.'

II. i. 13. 'trim,' Steevens (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, 'true.'

II. i. 13. 'Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim'; all the early editions read 'Abraham Cupid'; Theobald conjectured 'auborn'; Upton, 'Adam,' referring to Adam Bell, the famous archer. It must be borne in mind, however, that 'Abram,' 'Abraham,' was a regular corrupt form of *auburn*, formerly often written *abern*, *abron*.

II. ii. 41-42. '*nor any other part Belonging to a man. O be some other name!*' Malone's emendation; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads '*nor any other part*'; Quartos, Folios, '*O be some other name Belonging to a man.*'

II. ii. 44. '*name*'; so Pope (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, '*word.*'

II. ii. 61. '*fair maid, if either thee dislike*'; so Quartos, Folios; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads '*fair saint . . . displeas*'; Theobald, '*fair saint . . . dislike*'; Grant White, '*fair maid . . . displeas*'; Anon. conj. '*fair maid . . . mislike.*'

II. ii. 107. '*blessed moon I swear*'; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folios read '*moon I vow.*'

II. ii. 153. '*suit*'; so Quarto 5; Quarto 4, '*sute*'; Quartos 2, 3, Folios, '*strife.*'

II. ii. 189. '*father's cell*'; Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*Friers close cell*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Fries close cell.*'

II. iii. 1-4. Omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4.

II. iii. 4. '*day's path and Titan's fiery wheels*'; Malone's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folio 1, '*day's path, and Titans burning wheels*'; Pope, '*day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.*'

II. iii. 23. '*small*,' so Pope (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, '*weake.*'

II. iv. 157. '*I am none of his skains-mates*'; '*skains-mates*' occurs nowhere else, its origin is uncertain; it is perhaps connected with *skain*, *skein*, 'as if associated in winding yarns' (or *skain's* = *gen.* of *skain*, *skean* = dagger; 'as if a brother in arms').

II. vi. 34. '*sum up sum of half my*'; so Quartos 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, '*summe up some of halfe my*'; Folios, '*sum up some of halfe my,*' etc.

III. i. 115. '*kinsman*,' Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quarto 5, other texts, '*cousin.*'

III. i. 168. '*agile*'; Quarto 1, Quartos 4, 5, '*agill*'; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, '*aged*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*able.*'

III. i. 190. '*hate's*'; Knight's emendation; Quartos, Folios, read '*hearts*'; Hanmer, '*heats*'; Johnson, '*hearts.*'

III. ii. 6. '*That runaways eyes may wink*'; an epitome of the various interpretations of these words fills no less than twenty-eight pages of Furness' variorum edition; the Quartos and Folios do not mark the possessive, and scholars are divided on the subject of the singular or plural possessive. The Cambridge editors evidently make '*runaways*' = runagates, night-prowlers. The present editor cannot bring himself to believe that Shakespeare intended this reading, and has substituted '*Runaway's*' in the sense of '*Day's*'; '*Runaway*' may have belonged to the playful phraseology of Elizabethan girls, and savours of the expressive language of children's rhymes.

III. ii. 66. 'dear-loved'; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, read 'dearest.'

III. ii. 76. 'Dove-feather'd raven'; Theobald's emendation of Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, 'Rauenous doufeatherd Rauen'; Quartos 4, 5, Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen.'

III. ii. 79. 'damned saint'; so Quartos 4, 5, Folios 2, 3, 4; Quartos 2, 3, 'dimme saint'; Folio 1, 'dimne saint.'



III. iii. 52. 'Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word'; Malone's emendation (from Quarto 1); Quartos 2, 3, 'Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake'; Quartos 4, 5, 'Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake'; Folio 1, 'Then fond mad man, heare me speake'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Fond mad man, heare me speake.'

III. iii. 132. 'Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask.' (Cp. the flask in the annexed cut which is reproduced from *The Exercise of Armes*, 1619.)

III. v. 31. According to Warburton there is a popular saying to this effect, due to the fact that the toad has very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones.

III. v. 55. 'below'; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, 'so lowe.'

III. v. 152. Omitted in Folios.

III. v. 166. 'lent'; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads 'sent'; Cowden Clarke conj. 'left.'

III. v. 177-179. So Quarto 2 and the other Quartos; Quarto 1 reads:—

*"Goas blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath been to see her matcht."*

Many attempts have been made to smooth the lines, but perhaps they express Capulet's excitement.

III. v. 182. 'train'd'; Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos 3, 4, 5, Folios, 'allied'; Quarto 2, 'liand'; etc.

IV. i. 3. 'nothing slow to slack his haste'; Collier conj. 'something slow,' etc.; Quarto 1, 'nothing slack to slow his haste'; Johnson conj. 'nothing slow to back his haste.'

IV. i. 16. Omitted in Quartos, Folios.

IV. i. 45. 'cure,' so (Quarto 1) Quarto 5; Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios, 'care.'

IV. i. 115-116. 'and he and I Will watch thy waking'; the reading of Quartos 3, 4, 5; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 106-107. 'O play me some merry dump, to comfort me'; the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 125-127. These lines are from Richard Edwards' *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576.

V. i. 1. 'flattering truth'; so Quartos, Folios; Malone following (Quarto 1) reads 'flattering eye'; Collier MS., 'flattering death'; Grant White, 'flattering sooth'; etc.



V. i. 24. 'I defy you'; Pope's reading (Quarto 1), 'I defie my'; Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folio 1, 'I denie you'; Folios 2, 3, 4, Quarto 5, 'I deny you.'

V. i. 27. 'I do beseech you, sir, have patience'; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads 'Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus'; Steevens (1793) reads 'Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.'

V. i. 42-4. 'In his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd and other skins of ill-shaped fishes.' (Cp. illustration from a picture by Teniers).

V. iii. 122 'Stumbled at graves,' etc. :—

"For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within;"

3 Henry VI., IV. vii. 11, 12.

V. iii. 169. 'rust'; so Quartos, Folios; Hazlitt (from Quarto 1) reads 'rest.'

V. iii. 205. 'it,' i.e. the dagger; so Quarto 2; the rest read 'is.'

— 'mis-sheathed'; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, Quarto 5, 'misheathed'; Quarto 2, 'missheathd'; Quartos 3, 4, 'missheath'd'; Jackson conj. 'mi-sheath'd.'

V. iii. 211. After this line Quarto 1 reads 'and young Benvolio is deceased 100.'

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

Preface.

The First Edition. "*Timon of Athens*" was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; it occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 in the division of "Tragedies" (pages 81 and 82 being numbered twice over). "*The Actors' Names*" are given on the next page, a blank page follows, and then comes the play of *Julius Cæsar*, beginning a new sheet, marked *kk* instead of *ii*, and numbered 109. It is noteworthy that "*Troilus and Cressida*" would just have filled the space of pages 80-108, and judging from the fact that its second and third pages are numbered 79* and 80, one may perhaps safely assume that *Timon* took its place in the Folio (*vide* Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*). The text is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the famous crux "*Vllorxa*" (III. iv. 112) may be regarded as typical of the many errors, resulting from carelessness or other causes.

The Authorship of the Play. The doubtful authorship of a great part of the play accounts, in all probability, for the unsatisfactory state of the text; it is now generally agreed that "*Timon*" contains a good deal of non-Shakespearian alloy. The following pieces do not stand the test:—Act I. Sc. i. 189—end of the scene (? 249-265; 283-294); the whole of Sc. ii.; Act II. Sc. ii. 45-124; Act III., except Sc. vi. 92-109; Act IV. Sc. ii. 30-50, (?) iii. 292-360, 402-415, 456-544; Act V. (?) Sc. i. 1-59; ii.; iii. Various attempts have been made to extract the ore from this "mineral of metals base," and, purged from grosser stuff, "Shakespeare's *Timon*" was issued by the *New Shakespeare Society* in the

* Be it observed that the first page of *Timon* is really 78, not 80; the mistake was due to the numbering of the last page of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was marked 79 instead of 77.

year 1874, embodying the labours of Mr Fleay (*vide also Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 187-208).*

Various theories have been advanced as to the composition of *Timon*:— (i) that Shakespeare worked over an older drama, the remains of which are still to be found in the inferior portions of the play; † (ii) that Shakespeare and another author collaborated; (iii) that the play left unfinished by Shakespeare was hastily and carelessly completed by some playwright either (a) for stage-purposes, or (b) for insertion in the First Folio; (iv) that the editors of the Folio could only obtain the parts of the principal actors, and the deficiencies had to be supplied from an earlier *Timon*, ‡ or by some second-rate dramatist; (v) that the combination of (i) and (iii) best satisfies all the difficulties.

The Fifth Act of the play gives, *me judice*, the best clue to the solution of the problem. It certainly produces the impression of having been left roughly sketched by Shakespeare, whose touch is manifest in the more important speeches, especially those belonging to the character of Timon; but while the Third Scene is clearly not Shakespeare's, the four-lined epitaph in the Fourth Scene, the Shakespearian portion, combines two inconsistent couplets, and the combination could not have been intended by Shakespeare, though both were naturally in the rough unfinished MS.; the poet had evidently not made up his mind which of the two epitaphs to use, whether Timon's own, or that which, "commonly rehearsed," was not his "but was made by the poet Callimachus." §

* "The play is, in its present state, unique among Shakespeare's for its languid, wearisome want of action. This renders it one of the least read of all his works. But this fault is entirely due to the passages which I assign to the second writer, not one of which adds anything to the development of the plot, for they are in every instance mere expansions of facts mentioned in the genuine parts of the play."

† The Cambridge Editors seem to hold the view:—"The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse." Farmer first suggested this explanation; Knight followed Farmer, maintaining that "*Timon* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play," *etc.*

‡ Elze, Delius, and others assign the earlier *Timon* to George Wilkins (*cp.* Preface to *Pericles*); Fleay believes "that Cyril Tourneur was the only person connected with the King's Company at this time who could have written the other part" of the play. All this is mere supposition.

§ In order that the reader should understand the weight of this piece of evidence, he should compare Act V. Sc. iv. ll. 70-73 with its original in North's *Plutarch (Life of Antonius)*:—"He (Timon) died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the sea-

In all probability Shakespeare's unfinished MS., containing the main parts of the play already written out, with the general plan merely outlined, was worked up after Shakespeare's death into the play we possess; it cannot be finally determined whether this elaboration was undertaken for stage-representation, or for the purpose of fitting it for a place in the First Folio, when the Editors had resolved to change the position of *Troilus and Cressida*.* Perhaps the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished.

There is no definite evidence of an older play on the subject that could have been the original of Shakespeare's,† nor are the inferior portions strikingly suggestive of the style of the old-fashioned productions superseded by Shakespeare's revisions or recasts. The MS. play entitled "*Timon*," written about the year 1600, edited for the *Shakespeare Society* by Dyce in 1842, was intended solely for the amusement of an academic

side. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

*"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!"*

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

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

(The substitution of "*wicked caitiffs*" for "*wicked wretches*" suggests a comparison with Paynter's version of the epitaph, beginning "*My wretched caitif days,*" etc). It is not likely that lines 3, 4 in the previous scene (V. iii.) are intended for Timon's epitaph, though at first sight the rhyming couplet gives that impression (*vide* Note). The speech is weak enough as it is without adding to it the crowning absurdity of making the soldier first read the epitaph, and then proceed to take the character in wax, because he cannot read it.

* Dr Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1874) adduced what he considered "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play":—"in old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage-properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue." He points out some of these directions in the present play as printed in the Folio; but his case, from this point of view, does not seem strong.

† There seems to be no foundation for Mr Simpson's statement that "a *Timon* was, at the date of the *Satiromastix*, in the possession of Shakespeare's Company" (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, p. 252).

audience, and there is not the least evidence that it was ever seen by Shakespeare.*

Source of the Plot. A passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (in North's *Plutarch*) containing a short account of Timon may have attracted Shakespeare to the subject of the play. Shakespeare was also acquainted with Paynter's story of Timon, in "*the Palace of Pleasure.*" Other versions of the story are to be found in Elizabethan literature (e.g. the account of Timon in Richard Barckley's *Felicity of Man*). "Critic Timon" is already referred to by Shakespeare in his early play of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

An interesting comparison might be instituted between the present play and Lucian's *Dialogue on Timon*; it seems almost certain that directly or indirectly the Dialogue has exercised considerable influence on the conception of the drama, though we know of no English or French version of Lucian's work that Shakespeare could have used; perhaps the other author of the play possessed the Greek he lacked.

Date of Composition. Some of the problems connected with the composition of *Timon* have already been indicated. Internal evidence of style is alone available for fixing the date of Shakespeare's parts of the play. Æsthetic and metrical considerations would place it after *Hamlet*—(Coleridge describes it as an "after-vibration of Hamlet," but the vibration is rather too harsh and jarring)—and before the opening of Shakespeare's last period, i.e. about the same time as *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Lear*; Shakespeare's satirical drama must belong to the period when, "as the stern censurer of mankind," he reached his greatest tragic height; it makes one happy to think that the pity and terror of tragedy had more attractions for him than the stern severity of bitter satire; he probably found the theme uncongenial and cast it aside:—

"No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad and in their badness reign."

(Sonnet cxxi.)

* Malone pointed out that there is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water*, he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. The likeness is easily accounted for by identity of source. The last line of the Third Act, with its mention of "*stones*" is noteworthy, seeing that in the play Timon throws the water in the faces of the guests and nothing is said about his pelting them with stones. The stage-direction is not found in the Folios.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Preface

Duration of Action. The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one long interval:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Day 2*, Act II. Sc. i., ii. ; Act III. Sc. i.-iii. *Day 3*, Act III. Sc. iv.-vi. ; Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.* *Day 4*, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day 5*, Act V. Sc. i., ii. *Day 6*, Act V. Sc. iii., iv.



"On his grave-stone this insculpture" (V. iv. 67).

From the Elgin Marbles.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *flattering lords.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

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

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*

FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An Old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } *servants to Timon.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }
PHILOTUS, } *servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords.*
TITUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }

And others, }

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

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

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

The Life of
Timon of Athens.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Athens. A hall in Timon's house.

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

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

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

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See,
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

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

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord !

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

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10
To an untirable and continue goodness :
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't : for the Lord Timon, sir ?

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

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] ' When we for recompense have
praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd : the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

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

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : how this grace 30

Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch ; is't good ?

Poet. I will say of it,

It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens : happy man ! 40

Pain. Look, moe!

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

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. 50

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down 60
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her; 70

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, 80
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

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

Pain. 'Tis common :
A thousand moral paintings I can show, 90
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor ; a Messenger from Ventidius
talking with him ; Lucilius and other servants following.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. i.

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: and I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father. 110

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

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

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further? 120

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got :
 The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine
 Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,
 Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
 Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
 His honesty rewards him in itself ;
 It must not bear my daughter.

130

Tim. Does she love him ?

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

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

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

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

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

140

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

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long :
 To build his fortune I will strain a little,
 For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
 What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
 And make him weigh with her.

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

Tim. Mine hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*]

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

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

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

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work, 160
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

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

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well
know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners, 170
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

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

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here : will you be chid ?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow ;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st
them not. 181

Apem. Are they not Athenians ?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus ?

Apem. Thou know'st I do ; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

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

Tim. Whither art going ? 190

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

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

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

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it ?

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

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation : what's she, 200
if I be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.

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

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

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

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit. 210

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where 220
thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

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

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with
my heart.

Tim. What, thyself? 230

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

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

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

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

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

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, 240
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

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

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey. 250

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.]

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day, is't, Apemantus?

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. i.

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

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

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools. 260

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

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

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

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

First Lord. Hang thyself!

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

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee
hence! 270

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

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

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man. 280

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

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

Scene II.

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit. 20

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

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

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem.

No;

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but
yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have atable by himself; for he does neither affect 30
company, nor is he fit for't indeed.*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a
number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not!
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in 40
one man's blood; and all the madness is, he
cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits
next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest
man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were

a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 50

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.*Sec. Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
 This and my food are equals; there's no odds: 60
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
 I pray for no man but myself:
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath or bond,
 Or a harlot for her weeping,
 Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
 Or a keeper with my freedom,
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to't: 70
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

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

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

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

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

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, 80
 then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my

lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you. 90 100

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up. 110

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

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket, within.]

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

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

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures. 120

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*]

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. *Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women. 132

Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friends' gift? 141
 I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the haut-boys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device:
 I am to thank you for 't. 150

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not
 hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. *[Aside]* More jewels yet!
 There is no crossing him in 's humour; 160
 Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—
 When all 's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. *[Exit.]*

First Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses !

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you : look you, my good
lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much 170
As to advance this jewel ; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word ;
it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ! why, then, another time I'll hear thee : 180
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertain-
ment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now ! what news ?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds. 190

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
and all out of an empty coffer :
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good :
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes 200
For every word : he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't ; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out !
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will 210
receive it.

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on.
'Tis yours, because you liked it.

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no
man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I
weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I'll 220
tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field. 230

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums 240

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing : for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee ; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly : what needs these feasts, 250 poms and vain-glories ?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell ; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So : thou wilt not hear me now ; thou shalt not then : I'll lock thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand : to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand ; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold ; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon ;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses : no porter at his gate,

But rather one that smiles and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
 With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—

‘Commend me to your master’—and the cap

Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

20

Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates

Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,

But must not break my back to heal his finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief

Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand; for, I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing,

30

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. ‘I go, sir!’ Take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting,
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money? 10

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord. 20

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month :
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,— 30

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ; he humbly prays your speedy
payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;
I'll wait upon you instantly. 40

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither : pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.* 50

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back already. 60

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now.

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen? 70

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus? 80

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd. 90

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore- 110
master and a knave; which notwithstanding,
thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime't appears like a
lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a
philosopher, with two stones moe than's arti-
ficial one: he is very often like a knight; and,
generally, in all shapes that man goes up and
down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit 120
walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother,
and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. 130

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to :
 Perchance some single vantages you took,
 When my indisposition put you back ;
 And that unaptness made your minister,
 Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
 At many times I brought in my accounts, 140
 Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,
 And say, you found them in mine honesty.
 When for some trifling present you have bid me
 Return so much, I have shook my head and wept ;
 Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
 To hold your hand more close : I did endure
 Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
 Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
 And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
 Though you hear now, too late !—yet now's a
 time— 150
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues : the future comes apace :
 What shall defend the interim ? and at length
 How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word :
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath, 160
 How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
 Hath blazed with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
 I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
 And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more. 170

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
 This night englutt'd! Who is not Timon's?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
 Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
 Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
 Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
 No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; 180
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
 lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
 That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends : you shall perceive how you 190
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there ! Flaminius ! Servilius !

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord ? my lord ?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally : you to Lord
Lucius : to Lord Lucullus you : I hunted with
his honour to-day : you to Sempronius : com-
mend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,
that my occasions have found time to use 'em
toward a supply of money : let the request be 200
fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus ? hum !

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ? 210

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—

And so, intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
 With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
 They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! 220

Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
 Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind ;
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee,
 be not sad ;

Thou art true and honest ; ingeniously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius
 lately

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd 230
 Into a great estate : when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents : greet him from
 me ;

Bid him suppose some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That
 had, give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it : that thought is bounty's
 foe ;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.* 239

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius ; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 10

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir : and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 20

Lucul. La, la, la, la ! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he

would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't. 30

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [To *Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. 40
[*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible that the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, 51
To him that worships thee! [*Throwing back the money.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
 Let molten coin be thy damnation,
 Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion! this slave, 60
 Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
 nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. [Exit.

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged

extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents. 20

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend. 30

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents. 40

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him? 50 60

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;

And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran.

Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can tell him 70

His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in

My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse ;
 Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;
 And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !—
 He does deny him, in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars. 80

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
 I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 An honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart : but, I perceive, 90
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
 For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't,—hum !—'bove all
 others ?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus ;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv.

My lord,

They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem.

How! have they denied him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?

And does he send to me? Three? hum!

It shows but little love or judgement in him: 10

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?

Has much disgraced me in't; I'm angry at him,

That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter 20

To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.**Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.

The devil knew not what he did when he made

man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I

cannot think but in the end the villanies of man 30

will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives

to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be

wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal

would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
Save only the gods : now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master. 40

And this is all a liberal course allows ;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[Exit.

Scene IV.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met ; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius !

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all ; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, 20
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. 30

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by
the sum

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.* 40

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twas sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? 50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;

For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered 60
worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what ; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius ; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't ; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent : his comfortable temper has forsook him ; he's much out of health and keeps his chamber. 70

Luc, Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick : And if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help ! My lord ! my lord !

Enter Timon, in a rage ; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage ? Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol ? 81
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart ?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills. 90

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What's yours?—and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! 100
[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord. 110

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it ; the fault's
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

First Sen. Now, captain ?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—

An honour in him which buys out his fault—

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe :

And with such sobèr and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born : 30
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear :
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, 40
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats ? sleep upon 't
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy ? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad ? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
 But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety ;
 But who is man that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! His service done
 At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that ?

Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies :
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;
 He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin
 That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner :
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him : in that beastly fury 70
 He had been known to commit outrages
 And cherish factions : 'tis inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war
 My lords, if not for any parts in him—
 Though his right arm might purchase his own time
 And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his and join 'em both :
 And, for I know your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all 80

My honours to you, upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law : he dies ; urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure : friend or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
 I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How !

90

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What !

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;
 It could not else be I should prove so base
 To sue and be denied such common grace :
 My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger ?
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
 We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me !

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
 That makes the senate ugly.

100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
 Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell
 our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
 Only in bone, that none may look on you !
 I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
 While they have told their money and let out
 Their coin upon large interest, I myself
 Rich only in large hurts. All those for this ?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
 It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

Scene VI.

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers
 Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.*

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions 10
 did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you? 20

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 30

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men,—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently,

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ay, my good friend, what cheer? 40

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
[*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you. 50

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season
can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble 60
feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall
be in all places alike. Make not a city feast
of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree
upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require 70
our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society
with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make
yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest
your deities be despised. Lend to each man
enough, that one need not lend to another; for,
were your godheads to borrow of men, men would
forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved
more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly
of twenty be without a score of villains: if there 80

sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean? 90

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
 Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
 Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villany.

[Throwing the water in their faces.]
 Live loathed, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! 101
 Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
 Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—
 Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords! 110

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th'
other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.
Did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown. 120

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day
stones. [Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads ! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity !
Do't in your parents' eyes ! Bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! Bound servants,
steal !

10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed !
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains ! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,

20

And let confusion live ! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath,

30

That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town !

Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !

Timon will to the woods, where he shall find

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40
 Amen. [Exit.]

Scene II.

Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
 From our companion thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,

Serving alike in sorrow : leak'd is our bark,
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
 Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
 Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
 ' We have seen better days.' Let each take some.
 Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us ! 30
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
 Who would be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship ?
 To have his pomp and all what state compounds
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
 Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ? 40
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
 Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends ; nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out :

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

Scene III.

Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence and birth
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
 The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord,
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say ' This man's a flatterer ? ' if one be,
 So are they all ; for every guise of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool : all is oblique ;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures
 But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd 20
 All feasts, societies and throngs of men !
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
 Destruction fang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !
 [Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?

Why, this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee and approbation
 With senators on the bench: this is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a
 drum? Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

*Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner;
 Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, 50
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 59
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion. 70

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound
thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world 80
Voiced so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou 'Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not that use thee ;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble ?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well :
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap— 101

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains
 Thou wast born to conquer my country.
 Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison
 In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one: 110
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
 He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the
 babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
 Think it a bastard whom the oracle 120
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
 Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
 Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast
 thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; 141
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore
 still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
 A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?

Believe't that we'll do any thing for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
 ruffians bald; 160

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you: plague all;
 That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection. There's more gold :
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phr and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you
earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens ! Farewell,
Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike !
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades,
Phrynia, and Timandra.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue, 181
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root !
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above 191
 Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!—
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog, 200
 Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
 Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
 By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
 Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
 To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself, 220
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed, 230
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou 240
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again,
Were thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete,
 The other at high wish : best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself

In general riot, melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust, and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary, 260

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment ;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows : I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden :

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate

men ?

They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 271

Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff

To some she beggar and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. 280
That the whole life of Athens were in this !
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*]

Tim. First mend my company ; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest ; 290
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my
mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, 300
but the extremity of both ends : when thou wast
in thy guilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee
for too much curiosity ; in thy rags thou know'st
none, but art despised for the contrary. There's
a medlar for thee ; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What 310
man didst thou ever know unthrift that was be-
loved after his means ?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know beloved ?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to
keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy flatterers ?

Tim. Women nearest ; but men, men are the things 320
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the
world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion
of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee
t' attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would
beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox
would eat thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion 330
would suspect thee, when peradventure thou

wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou 340
a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the common- 350
wealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus. 360

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! 370

Choler dost kill me that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't. 380

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[To the gold] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear
divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, 390

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire !

Apem. Would 'twere so !
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to !

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die ! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am
quit. 400

Moe things like men ? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold ? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder : the mere want of gold, and the
falling-from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him : if he
care not for 't, he will supply us easily ; if he
covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it ? 410

Sec. Ban. True, for he bears it not about him ; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he ?

Banditti. Where ?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. 421
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass; on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con 430
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: 440
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go, 451
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
 Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profes-
 sion by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he
 thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our
 mystery. 460

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
 my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there
 is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made! 470

What viler thing upon the earth than friends

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those that do!

Has caught me in his eye: I will present

My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? 480

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot
thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

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

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 491
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward.

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

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise ; 510

For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou mightst have sooner got another service :

For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—

For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one ?

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

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late : 520

You should have fear'd false times when you did feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living ; and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope or present, I 'ld exchange

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich yourself. 530

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

Here, take : the gods, out of my misery,

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy ;

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

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone

Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs

What thou deniest to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing : be men like blasted

woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods ! 540
 And so farewell, and thrive.

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

Tim. If thou hatest curses
 Stay not : fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The woods. Before Timon's cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter ; Timon watching them from
 his cave.*

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

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

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

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

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

be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece. 20

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

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it. 30

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*]

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

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

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. 40

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple 51
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, 60

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better. 70
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

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

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

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

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

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

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

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore 81
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault: 90
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

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

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured 100
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
 Rid me these villains from your companies:
 Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
 Confound them by some course, and come to me,
 I'll give you gold enough.

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

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
 Each man apart, all single and alone, 110
 Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
 If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
 Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
 But where one villain is, then him abandon.
 Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
 [*To Painter*] You have work for me, there's payment:
 hence!
 [*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
 Out, rascal dogs!

[Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.]

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
 For he is set so only to himself 120
 That nothing but himself which looks like man
 Is friendly with him.

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

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
 Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
 That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav.

Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
 Look out, and speak to friends : the Athenians 131
 By two of their most reverend senate greet thee :
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! Speak, and be hang'd :
 For each true word, a blister ! and each false
 Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking !

First Sen.

Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

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

Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
 Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen.

O, forget 141

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

Sec. Sen.

They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross :
 Which now the public body, which doth seldom
 Play the recanter, feeling in itself
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150
 Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon ;
 And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
 Together with a recompense more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 160
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority : so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,— 170

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ; thus :
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, man-brain'd war ;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
And let him take 't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not ; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
It will be seen to-morrow : my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

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

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ; 200
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

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

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends, 210

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting.

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

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
 Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
 The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
 Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
 Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
 Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave.]

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
 Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us 230
 In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

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

Mess. I have spoke the least:
 Besides, his expedition promises

Present approach.

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

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

Whom, though in general part we were opposed,

Yet our old love made a particular force,

And made us speak like friends : this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10

With letters of entreaty, which imported

His fellowship i' the cause against your city,

In part for his sake moved.

First Sen.

Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

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

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring

Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare :

Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

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

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

Some beast read this ; there does not live a man.

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

I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax :

Our captain hath in every figure skill,

An aged interpreter, though young in days :

Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.* 10

Scene IV.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more': now breathless wrong 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

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

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

First Sen. These walls of ours

Were not erected by their hands from whom
 You have received your griefs : nor are they such
 That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
 For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
 Who were the motives that you first went out ;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread : 30
 By decimation and a tithed death—
 If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
 And by the hazard of the spotted die
 Let die the spotted.

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

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

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

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,

Or any token of thine honour else, 50
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

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

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter Soldier.

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

Alcib. [*Reads*]

' Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :
 Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked
 caitiffs left ! 71

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

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon : of whose memory 80
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Glossary.

Abhor himself, make himself abhorred (Hanmer, "make himself abhor'd"); I. i. 60.

Aches (dissyllabic); I. i. 247.

Advance, promote, raise to honour; I. ii. 171.

Affect, like, desire; I. ii. 219.

Allow'd, trusted, invested by public authority (Warburton, "Hallow'd"); V. i. 165.

All to you, "all good wishes to you"; I. ii. 235.

Alteration; "a. of honour," i.e. change to dishonour; IV. iii. 469.

Ample, amply; I. ii. 130.

Apperil, peril; I. ii. 32.

Argument, contents; II. ii. 185.

—, subject, theme; III. iii. 20; III. v. 23.

Arms; "travers'd arms," (?) folded arms; according to others, with arms reversed; V. iv. 7.

Artificial, belonging to art, artistic; "a. strife," the strife of art to outdo nature; I. i. 37.

Atone, set at peace, put in accord; V. iv. 58.

Attend, await; III. v. 102.

Attends, awaits; I. ii. 154.

Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 154.

Bans, curses; IV. i. 34.

Beagles, a small sort of dog; used of servile followers; IV. iii. 175.

Bear, bear off; I. i. 131.

Becks, nods; I. ii. 239.

Beggar's dog; II. i. 5. (Cp. illustration.)



From a XVIIth century black-letter ballad.

Behave, govern; III. v. 22.

Beneath, lower, below; I. i. 44.

Best, that which can be most depended upon (S. Walker conj. "last"); III. iii. 36.

Blains, botches; IV. i. 28.

Blood, temper (Johnson conj. "mood"); IV. ii. 38.

Bound, bank, boundary; I. i. 25.

Brain's flow, tears (Hanmer, "brine's flow"); V. iv. 76.

Breath, voice; IV. iii. 249.

Breathe, utter; III. v. 32.

Breathed, trained ("inured to constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied; To breathe a horse is to exercise him for the course"); I. i. 10.

Bring, conduct; V. i. 122.

Bruise, crush, destroy; III. v. 4.

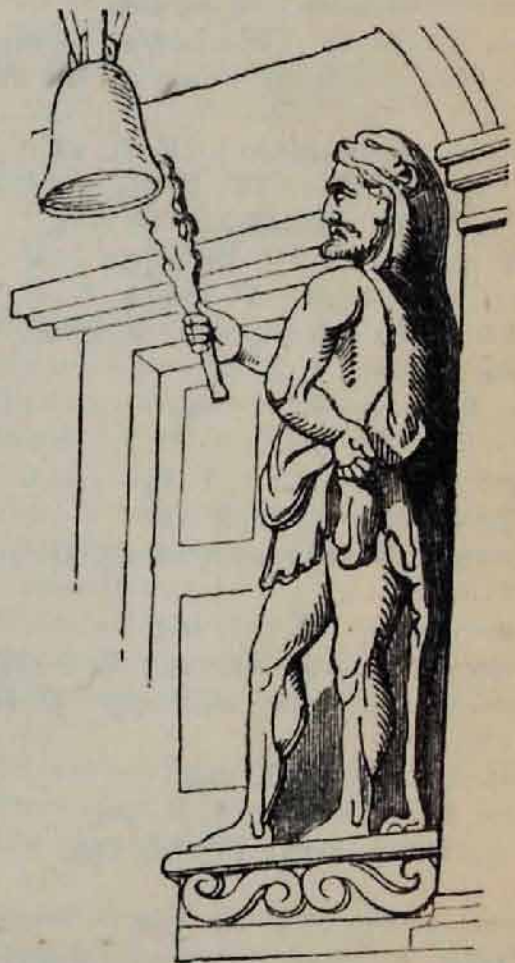
Bruit, rumour; V. i. 196.

By, according to; I. i. 171.

- By mercy* (?) by your leave; III. v. 55.
- Candied*, congealed; IV. iii. 226.
- Cap*, top, principal; IV. iii. 361.
- Carper*, censurer; IV. iii. 209.
- Caudle*, serve as a caudle, refresh; IV. iii. 226.
- Ceased*, stopped, silenced; II. i. 16.
- Character*, writing; V. iii. 6.
- Charge*, commission; III. iv. 25.
- Charitable*; "ch. title," *i.e.* title of endearment; I. ii. 90.
- Cheerly*, cheerfully; II. ii. 221.
- Clear*, pure; IV. iii. 27.
- Close* (?) closely; IV. iii. 391.
- Cock*; "wasteful c." (*v.* Note); II. ii. 169.
- Cog*, deceive; V. i. 98.
- Coil*, ado, confusion; I. ii. 238.
- Cold-moving*, distant; II. ii. 219.
- Comes off well*, *i.e.* is well done; I. i. 29.
- Comfortable*, comforting; IV. iii. 499.
- Composture*, compost; IV. iii. 446.
- Compt*; "in c.," *i.e.* for the computation of the interest due (Folios, "in. Come"; Hanmer, "in count"; Keightley conj. "in mind"); II. i. 34.
- Conception*, fruitful; IV. iii. 187.
- Condition* (?) art (perhaps "would be well express'd in our c.," "would find a striking parallel in our state," Schmidt); I. i. 77.
- Conditions*, inclinations (perhaps = "vocations"); IV. iii. 139.
- Confectionary*, store for sweets; IV. iii. 260.
- Confound*, destroy; IV. iii. 338.
- Confounding*, causing ruin; IV. i. 20.
- , ruinous; IV. iii. 395.
- Confusion*, destruction; IV. iii. 324.
- , ruin; V. iv. 52.
- Con thanks*, be thankful; IV. iii. 430.
- Continue*, continual; I. i. 11.
- Contraries*, contrarieties; IV. i. 20.
- Convert*, turn; IV. i. 7.
- Corinth*, a cant name for a brothel; II. ii. 73.
- Couch'd*; "are c.," lie low, have disappeared; II. ii. 179.
- Counterfeit*, portrait, likeness; V. i. 83.
- Courage*, disposition; III. iii. 24.
- Crown'd*, glorified; II. ii. 188.
- Cunning*, profession; IV. iii. 209.
- Curiosity*, scrupulousness, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.
- Date-broke*, date-broken (Folios, "debt, broken"; Malone, "date-broken"); II. ii. 38.
- Dear*, used intensively; IV. iii. 385.
- , extreme, desperate; V. i. 231.
- Dearest*, utmost; I. i. 124.
- Dedicated*; "a d. beggar to the air," *i.e.* a beggar dedicated to the air; IV. ii. 13.
- Deed of saying*, doing what one promises (Pope reads "deed"); V. i. 28.
- Defiled*, used with a play upon "pitch'd" (suggestive of "pitch that doth defile," *cp.* 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 415); I. ii. 231.
- Depart*, part; I. i. 253.
- Depraved*, slandered; I. ii. 139.
- Depraves*, slanders; I. ii. 139.
- Deserts*; "all d.," *i.e.* all kinds of men; I. i. 65.
- Dich*, a corruption of "do it," due to the phrase "d'it y^h" (the *y* palatalising the *t*); I. ii. 72.
- Discharged*, paid; II. ii. 12.
- Discovery*, disclosing; V. i. 37.
- Disfurnish*, deprive of means; III. ii. 49.
- Dispraise*, disparagement; I. i. 165.
- Dividant*, divided; IV. iii. 5.
- Doit*, the smallest coin, a trifle; I. i. 210.
- Doubt*, fear; I. ii. 153.
- Doubtfully*, ambiguously; IV. iii. 121.
- Draught*, sink; V. i. 105.

- Earnest*, earnest money, a part paid beforehand as a pledge; IV. iii. 47.
- Embossed*, tumid, swollen; V. i. 220.
- Entertain*, use, employ; IV. iii. 497.
- Ever*, always (Rowe's emendation of Folios, "very"); I. ii. 29.
- Exceptless*, making no exception; IV. iii. 503.
- Fail*, offence (Capell's reading; Folios, "fall"; Hanmer, "fault"); V. i. 151.
- Fall*; "at f.," at a low ebb; II. ii. 212.
- Falling-from*, falling off (Pope, "falling off"); IV. iii. 405.
- Fang*, seize with teeth; IV. iii. 23.
- Fate*, evil destiny (Warburton conj. "fault"); III. v. 14.
- Feeders*, parasites; II. ii. 166.
- Fees*, property (Warburton conj. "foes"; Singer, "lees"); III. vi. 82.
- Fellows*, companions; IV. ii. 18.
- Fierce*, excessive; IV. ii. 30.
- Files*, ranks of soldiers; V. ii. 1.
- Flamen*, priest; IV. iii. 155.
- Flood*, sea, ocean; V. i. 219.
- Flush*, in its full vigour; V. iv. 8.
- Fond*, foolish; I. ii. 64.
- For*, because; III. v. 80.
- , of; V. i. 11.
- Forth on*, onward; I. i. 49.
- Fracted*, broken; II. i. 22.
- Fractions*, broken sentences; II. ii. 218.
- Frame*, plan; IV. iii. 262.
- Framed*, moulded, shaped; V. i. 126.
- Frankly*, as frankly, as freely; II. ii. 186.
- Free*, liberal; II. ii. 240.
- From*, from among; I. ii. 90.
- , away from; IV. iii. 534.
- German*, akin; IV. iii. 342.
- Girdlest in*, dost surround (Folios, "girdles"); IV. i. 2.
- Give out*, profess to be; I. i. 160.
- Glass-faced*, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of his patron; I. i. 58.
- Good*, real; II. ii. 234.
- Good even*, the common form of salutation after noon; II. ii. 9.
- Gorge*; "cast the g. at," vomit; IV. iii. 40.
- Gramercies*, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
- Grave*, bury; IV. iii. 166.
- Griefs*, grievances; V. iv. 14.
- Grise*, step; IV. iii. 16.
- Grows*, grows older (Theobald, "goes"); I. i. 3.
- Gules*, the heraldic term for red; IV. iii. 59.
- Gull*, properly, an unfledged nestling, here used with play upon this and secondary sense:—*dupe*; II. i. 31.
- Gust*, taste, relish; III. v. 54.
- Habit*, exterior; IV. iii. 113.
- Half-caps*, caps half taken off, slight salutations; II. ii. 219.
- Hap*, chance, luck; III. ii. 27.
- Hard in*, hardened to; IV. iii. 269.
- Harness*, armour; I. ii. 52.
- Having*, possessions; II. ii. 151.
- Heart*; "in h.," heartily; *i.e.* I drink to you with all my heart, heartily; (Gould conj. "your health"); I. ii. 53.
- Heaven*, salvation (here = good advice; according to others, "the pleasure of being flattered"); I. ii. 256.
- Hew to*, shape by cutting (Daniel conj. "hew out"); V. iv. 46.
- Hinge*, bend; IV. iii. 211.
- His*, its; I. i. 31.
- Hoar*, make rotten; IV. iii. 155.
- Hold*, continue; II. i. 12.
- Hold taking*, bear handling; I. ii. 153.
- Honesty*, liberality, bounty; III. i. 30.
- Horrid*, dreadful; V. iv. 13.
- Hoy-day*, hey-day; I. ii. 131.
- Humour*, caprice (Folios 1, 2, "humors"); III. vi. 115.
- Hungerly*, hungrily; I. i. 252.

- Husbandry*, good management, economy; II. ii. 162.
- Hyperion*, the God of the Sun; IV. iii. 184.
- Idle*, trifling; I. ii. 154.
—, foolish; IV. iii. 27.
- Importunacy*, importunity; II. ii. 42.
- Incertain*, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
- Incontinent*, inconstant, unchaste; IV. i. 3.
- Infected*, diseased (Rowe, "affected"); IV. iii. 202.
- Inferr'd*, alleged; III. v. 73.
- Infinite* (?) numberless (Grant White conj. "infectious"); III. vi. 102.
- Influence* (used in the astrological sense); V. i. 66.
- Ingeniously*, ingenuously, frankly; II. ii. 228.
- Ingrateful*, ungrateful; IV. ii. 45.
- Innocence* (?) want of spirit (perhaps used ironically); I. i. 195.
- Intending*, pretending; II. ii. 217.
- Ira furor brevis est*, anger is a brief madness; I. ii. 28.
- It, its*; V. i. 151.
- Keep his house*, remain within the house; III. iii. 42.
- Lag*, lowest class (Folios 1, 2, 3, "legge"; Anon. ap. Rann conj. "tag"); III. vi. 84.
- Late*, lately; II. i. 1.
- Lay for*, venture for, strive to win; III. v. 115.
- Leak'd*, leaky; IV. ii. 19.
- Leech*, physician; V. iv. 84.
- Legs*, used with play upon (i) limbs, (ii) bowing; I. ii. 240.
- Length*; "at l.," at last; II. ii. 156.
- Levell'd*, aimed; I. i. 47.
- Liberty*, licentiousness; IV. i. 25.
- Limited*, circumscribed, confined within bounds; IV. iii. 433.
- Lined*, stuffed; IV. i. 14.
- Lively*, to the life; V. i. 85.
- Loaden*, loaded, laden; III. v. 50.
- Made-up*, complete, perfect; V. i. 101.
- Make*, do; III. v. 46.
- Many*, many of; III. vi. 10.
- Marrow*, vigour; V. iv. 9.
- Mean*; "mean eyes," i.e. eyes of inferiors (Theobald conj. "men's"); I. i. 93.
- Means*, power, wealth; V. iv. 20.
- Meddler*, used with quibble upon "medlar"; IV. iii. 309.
- Medlar*, a kind of fruit; IV. iii. 305.
- Meed*, merit; I. i. 276.
- Men*, human beings; IV. iii. 534.
- Merely*, absolutely; IV. i. 32.
- Mind*, magnanimity; I. ii. 164.
- Minion*, favourite, darling; IV. iii. 80.
- Minute-jacks*, time-servers (with perhaps an allusion to "Jacks-of-the-clock," figures that struck the bell in old clocks); III. vi. 101.



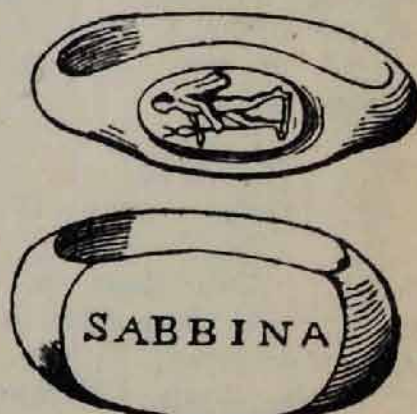
Jack o' the clock.

From the specimen formerly at St Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

- Misanthropos*, hater of mankind; (Folio 1, "misanthropos"); IV. iii. 53.
- More*, more; I. i. 41.
- Monstrous*, unnatural; V. i. 91.
- Moss'd*, overgrown with moss (Folios 1, 2, "moyst"; Folios 3, 4, "moist"); IV. iii. 223.
- Motives*, authors; V. iv. 27.
- Multiplying*, increasing; IV. i. 34.
- Mysteries*, trades, professions; IV. i. 18.
- Natural*, used probably in double sense (i) genuine, (ii) a fool; V. i. 88.
- Nature*, necessities of nature; IV. iii. 231.
- Near*, nearly; I. ii. 179.
- Neighbour*, neighbouring; IV. iii. 94.
- Objects*, things presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way; IV. iii. 122.
- Occasion*, necessity; III. ii. 26.
- Occasions*, engagements; III. vi. 10.
- Offices*, apartments where food was prepared; II. ii. 165.
- On*, at; I. i. 141.
- , in; IV. iii. 101.
- Ope*, open; V. iv. 47.
- Operant*, active; IV. iii. 25.
- Opulency*, opulence, riches; V. i. 38.
- Ort*, remnant; IV. iii. 400.
- Out*, without, outside; IV. i. 38.
- Outgoes*, exceeds; I. i. 273.
- Owed*; "o. to you," held at your service; I. i. 151.
- Pack*, be off; V. i. 115.
- Page*, follow like a page; IV. iii. 224.
- Painfully*; "thou hast p. discovered;" i.e. thou hast to our distress discovered; V. ii. 1.
- Paper*, bonds, deeds (Warburton, "proper"; Hanmer "perpetuum"; Kinnear conj. "person"; Becket conj. "pauper"); I. ii. 250.
- Part*, particular business (S. Walker conj. "part"); V. i. 123.
- , side, part; "in general p.," in the public cause; V. ii. 7.
- , depart; IV. ii. 21.
- Particular*, personal advantage; IV. iii. 159.
- Particularly*; "halts not p.," does not stop at particular persons; I. i. 46.
- Parts*, endowments, qualities; II. ii. 23.
- , virtues; III. v. 76.
- Passes*, surpasses (Jackson conj. "surpasses"); I. i. 12.
- Passion*, violent emotion; III. i. 59.
- Patchery*, "botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy"; V. i. 99.
- Pawn*, pledge; I. i. 147.
- Perfect*; "for ever p.," arrived at the perfection of happiness; I. ii. 86.
- Perfection*, highest excellence; (? "perfect image"; III. vi. 94.
- Perfumes*; "diseased p." = "diseased perfumed mistresses"; IV. iii. 207.
- Periods*, puts an end to; I. i. 99.
- Personating*, representing; V. i. 35.
- Pill*, pillage, plunder; IV. i. 12.
- Plain-dealing*, an allusion to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars"; I. i. 209.
- Ports*, gates; V. iv. 55.
- Prefer*, show, lay before; III. v. 34.
- Præferr'd*, showed, presented; III. iv. 49.
- Present*; "p. slaves," i.e. immediate slaves (S. Walker conj. "peasant slaves"); I. i. 71.
- Presentment*; "upon the heels of my p.," "as soon as my book has been presented to its patron"; I. i. 27.
- Proof*, test; II. ii. 164.
- , resisting power; IV. iii. 124.
- Properties*, makes the property of; I. i. 57.

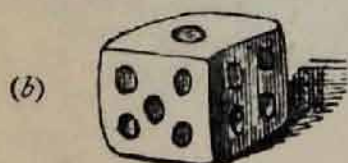
Prosperous, favourable; V. i. 186.
Protest, vow; IV. iii. 439.
Purposes, plans, intentions; V. i. 17.
Pursy, "fat and short-winded"; V. iv. 12.
Push, pshaw! (Theobald, "Psha"; Hanmer, "Pish"); III. vi. 112.
Quick, living; IV. iii. 44.
Quillets, nice, subtle distinctions; IV. iii. 155.
Quit, rid of you; IV. iii. 400.
Quittance, requital; I. i. 279.
Rag, shabby, beggarly person; IV. iii. 271.
Rampired, barricaded; V. iv. 47.
Rank'd, crowded; I. i. 65.
Rapt, beside myself; V. i. 67.
Rarely, admirably, excellently; IV. iii. 473.
Recoverable, possible to be brought back to a better condition; III. iv. 13.
Regardfully, respectfully; IV. iii. 81.
Remembrance; "better r.," i.e. remembrance of better things; III. vi. 46.
Remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.
Remotion, non-appearance, absence (Grant White conj. "motion"); IV. iii. 344.
Render, statement, confession; V. i. 152.
Render back, give back; IV. i. 9.
Render'd, surrendered, given up; V. iv. 62.
Repugnancy, resistance; III. v. 45.
Requite, repay; IV. iii. 529.
Resort; "her r.," to visit her; I. i. 127.
Respect; "in r. of his," in proportion to what he possesses; III. ii. 81.
Respectively, regardfully; III. i. 7.
Restraining, withholding; V. i. 151.
Resumes, assumes; II. ii. 4.
Retentive, restraining; III. iv. 82.

Rother's, ox's (Singer's reading, adopted by Collier; Folios, "Brothers"; Rowe, "beggar's"; Warburton, "weather's"; Farmer conj. "broader"; etc.); IV. iii. 12.
Rotten, corrupted; IV. iii. 2.
Round, plain, straight-forward; II. ii. 8.
Sacrificial, full of devotion as to a God; I. i. 81.
Salt, wanton; IV. iii. 85.
Sans, without; IV. iii. 122.
Scope; "conceived to s.," i.e. "imagined, appositely, to the purpose"; (Folios, "concey'd, to scope"; Theobald, "conceiv'd to th' scope"); I. i. 72.
Secure thy heart, be reassured; II. ii. 183.
Seen; "is my lord s. yet," i.e. to be seen; III. iv. 9.
Semblable, like; IV. iii. 22.
Sequence, succession; "s. of degree"; according to their rank; V. i. 211.
Set; "s. so only to himself," i.e. "wrapt up in self-contemplation"; V. i. 120.
Set him clear, make him appear innocent; III. iii. 31.
Set me on, put me to; II. ii. 164.
Shall's, shall us = shall we; IV. iii. 410.
Signet; II. ii. 208. (Cp. the sub-



joined facsimiles of antique specimens.)

Sinner, a cause of sin ; I ii 58
Smooth'd, flattered ; IV iii. 17
So, if only ; V iv. 48.
Solidares, small pieces of money ;
 III. i. 46.
Something, somewhat ; IV. iii 55
Sour, bitter (Rowe's emendation ;
 Folios, "four" ; S. Walker conj
 "your") ; V. i 223.
Spilth, spilling ; II. ii. 167
Spirit, anger, wrath ; III. v 102.
Spital-house, hospital ; IV. iii 39
Spotted die ; V. iv. 34. (Cp. illus-
 tration.)



From specimens found (a) in the neigh-
 bourhood of Marseilles and (b) at
 Herculaneum respectively.

Square, suitable ; V. iv 36.
Starve, paralyse (Folios 1, 2,
 "sterue") ; I. i. 247.
States, estates ; I. i. 67
Still, always, continually ; II i. 11 ;
 IV iii. 522.
Stint, stop ; V iv. 83.
Stout, strong ; IV. iii. 32.
Strain, race ; I. i. 249.
 —, quality ; IV. iii 213.
Strait, strict ; I. i. 96.
Strange, unacquainted ; IV. iii 56.
Strife, emulation ; I. i. 37.
Sufferance, suffering, misery ; IV.
 iii. 268.
Suspect, suspicion ; IV. iii. 520.
Swath ; "first s.," earliest infancy,
 swaddling clothes ; IV. iii. 252.

Take, make ; V. i. 213.
Tendance, persons attending, waiting
 his pleasure ; I. i. 80.
That, would that ; IV. iii. 281.
Time's flies, "flies of a season" ;
 III vi 100
Tiring, busy ; III. vi 4.
To ; "call to you," i.e. call on you ;
 I. ii 221.
Told, counted ; III. v. 107.
Touch, touchstone ; IV. iii 393.
Touch ; "t. the estimate," pay the
 price at which it is estimated ; I.
 i. 14
Touch'd, tested with the touch-stone ;
 III iii. 6.
Toward, at hand ; III vi. 60.
Towardly, docile ; III. i. 36.
Tract, track, trace ; I. i 50.
Traversed, crossed, folded, (?) re-
 versed ; V. iv. 7
True, honest ; IV. iii 464.
Trump, trumpet ; I. ii. 119.
Try, trial ; V. i. 10.

Unagreeable, unsuitable ; II. ii. 41.
Unbolt, reveal, explain ; I. i. 51.
Uncharged, unassailed ; V. iv. 55.
Unclew, undo, ruin ; I. i. 168.
Unctuous, oily ; IV. iii. 195.
Under ; "u. praise," by being
 praised so much (not "under-
 praise" as the jeweller understands
 it) ; I. i 165.
Under, under pretence of ; III. iii.
 33.
Undergo, undertake ; III. v. 24.
Unmatched, matchless ; IV. iii.
 524.
Unnoted, (?) imperceptible (per-
 haps = undemonstrative ; III. v.
 21.
Unpeaceable, quarrelsome (Collier
 MS., "unappeasable") ; I. i. 269.
Unremoveably, fixedly ; V. i. 227.
Untirable, untiring, indefatigable ;
 I. i. 11.
Use, customary ; I. i. 279.
Uses, necessities ; II. i. 20.

Vantages, opportunities; II. ii. 136.

Virtuous, "caused by his virtue"; (?) strong, forcible; III. ii. 45.

Visitations, visits; I. ii. 223.

Voiced, proclaimed; IV. iii. 81.

Void, emit; I. ii. 137.

Votarist, votary; IV. iii. 27.

Wafts, beckons; I. i. 70.

Wappen'd, beaten, worn out, stale; IV. iii. 38.

Wards, bars, bolts; III. iii. 38.

Warm, heated to a moderate degree; IV. iii. 223.

Whittle, small clasp-knife; V. i. 183.

Willing, willingly; III. vi. 32.

Window-bars, cross-bar lacing of the bodice; IV. iii. 116. (Cp. illustration.)

Witch, bewitch; V. i. 158.

Without, outside; V. iv. 39.

Wreakful, revengeful; IV. iii. 229.

Yet, still; IV. ii. 17.



Window-bars.

From the "Herodiade" print by Israel Van Mechlin (c. 1500).

Yield, grant; I. ii. 196.



Enter Apemantus and Fool (Stage Directions, II. ii.).

From a small bronze statuette of Roman workmanship. The arms, when whole, probably displayed some comic gesture.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Notes.

I. i. 21. 'gum, which oozes'; Johnson's reading; Folios read 'gown, which uses'; Pope, 'gum which issues.'

I. i. 24-25. 'flies Each bound it chafes'; Folios, 'chases'; Becket conj. 'flies. Eche (bound) it chafes'; Schmidt, 'chafes with.'

I. i. 30-31. 'grace Speaks his own standing'; Johnson conj. 'standing . . . graces or grace Speaks understanding'; Mason conj. 'Grace speaks its own standing'; Jackson conj. 'grace Speaks! 'tis on standing'; Orger conj. 'grace . . . seeming.'

I. i. 40. 'happy man'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, 'happy men.'

I. i. 47. 'sea of wax'; Bailey conj. 'sweep of taxing'; Collier MS., 'sea of verse,' etc.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.

I. i. 87. 'slip'; Folios, 'sit'; Delius conj. 'sink.'

I. i. 129. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."

I. i. 233. 'That I had no angry wit to be a lord'; Blackstone conj. 'Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord'; Malone conj. 'That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!'; Anon. conj. 'That I had no ampler wit than be a lord'; Warburton, 'That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord'; Heath conj. 'That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord,' etc., etc.

I. ii. 45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.

I. ii. 71. 'sin'; Farmer conj. 'sing'; Singer conj. 'dine'; Kinnear conj. 'surfeit.'

I. ii. 122-127. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.

I. ii. 129. '*Music, make their welcome*'; Pope reads '*Let musick make their welcome*'; Capell, '*Musick, make known their welcome.*'

I. ii. Direc. '*A mask of ladies as Amazons.*' (Cp. illustration.)



From a plate illustrating the Imperial Festivities at Venice, 1560.

II. i. 10. '*And able horses*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*An able horse*'; Theobald, '*ten able horse*'; Jackson conj. '*Ay, able horses*'; Collier MS., '*a stable o' horses*'; Singer conj. '*Two able horses.*'

II. i. 13. '*found his state in safety*'; Hanmer's reading; Folios, '*sound . . .*'; Capell, '*found . . . on safety*'; Capell conj. '*find . . . in safety.*'

II. ii. 6. '*Was to be*'; Heath conj. '*Was made to be*'; Long MS., '*Was*'; Mason conj. '*Was formed*'; Singer MS., '*Was truly*'; Collier MS., '*Was surely.*'

II. ii. 75. '*mistress*' (so line 107).

II. ii. 149. '*loved lord*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*dear lov'd lord*'; S. Walker conj. '*below'd.*'

II. ii. 150. Folios read '*Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The*'; Hanmer, '*Though . . . yet now's too late a time*'; Collier MS., '*Though . . . yet now's a time too late.*'

II. ii. 169. '*wasteful cock*'; Pope reads '*lonely room*'; Collier MS., '*wasteful nook*'; Jackson conj. '*wakeful cock*'; Jervis conj. '*wakeful couch*'; Keightley, '*wasteful cock-loft*'; Daniel conj. '*wakeful cot*'; Jackson's conjecture seems best, '*wakeful cock*,' i.e. '*cock-loft*,' unless '*cock*' = wine-tap.

III. i. 50. '*And we alive that lived*'; i.e. in so short a time.

III. i. 55. 'Let molten coin be thy damnation'; cp. the old ballad, "The Dead Man's Song":—

"And ladles full of melted gold
Were poured down their throats."

III. i. 59-60. 'slave, Unto his honour,' Steevens' reading; Folios, 'Slave unto his honour'; Pope, 'slave Unto this hour'; Collier MS., 'slave unto his humour'; Staunton, 'slave Unto dishonour'; but the words are probably spoken ironically.

III. ii. 13. 'so many'; changed by Theobald to 'fifty'; so, too, in line 41; but the figures are very doubtful, and 'fifty-five hundred talents,' in line 43, is obviously a mere exaggeration.

III. ii. 25. 'mistook him,' etc., i.e. 'made the mistake and applied to me'; Hanmer, 'o'erlook'd'; Warburton, 'mislook'd'; Johnson conj. 'not mistook.'

III. ii. 50. 'for a little part'; Theobald, 'for a little dirt'; Hanmer, 'a little dirt'; Heath conj. 'for a little profit'; Johnson conj. 'for a little park'; Mason conj. 'for a little port'; Jackson conj. 'for a little part'; Bailey conj. 'for a little sport'; Kinnear conj. 'for a little pomp.' Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."

III. ii. 70. 'spirit,' Theobald's correction of Folios, 'sport'; Collier MS., 'port.'

III. ii. 79. 'in respect of his'; Staunton conj. 'this.'

III. iii. 12. 'Thrive, give him over'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'That thriw'd, give him over'; Pope, 'Three give him over?'; Hanmer, 'Tried give him over'; Theobald, 'Thriw'd, give him over?'; Tyrwhitt conj. 'Shriw'd give him over: '; Johnson conj. 'Thrice give him over,' etc.

III. iii. 14. 'sense'; Collier conj. 'scuse.'

III. iv. 112. 'Sempronius: all: ', so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, 'Sempronius Vllorxa: All'; Folio 2, 'Semprovius: All'; Malone, 'Sempronius: Ullorxa, all'; Grant White suggested that 'Vllorxa' was a misprint for 'Ventidius.'

III. v. 22. 'behave his anger, ere 'twas spent'; Folios, 'behooue his . . .'; Johnson conj. 'behold his adversary shent'; Steevens conj. 'behave, ere was his anger spent'; Becket conj. 'behave; his anger was, 'ere spent'; Hanmer, 'behave in's . . .'; Malone conj. 'behave his . . .'; Collier MS., 'reprove his . . .,' etc.

III. v. 63. 'I say, my lords, has'; Pope reads 'I say my lords h'as'; Folio 1, 'Why say my Lords ha's'; Folios 2, 3, 'Why I say my Lords ha's'; Folio 4, 'Why, I say my Lords h'as'; Capell, 'Why, I say, my lords, he has'; Dyce, 'Why, I say, my lords, has'; Globe edd., 'I say, my lords, he has.'

III. v. 102. 'And, not to swell our spirit,' i.e. 'not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated'; Theobald, 'And note, to swell your spirit'; Capell, 'And, not to swell your spirit'; Singer, 'quell'; Kinnear, 'quail.'

III. v. 105. 'Only in bone,' i.e. 'as a mere skeleton'; Staunton conj. 'Only at home,' or 'Only in doors'; Ingleby conj. 'only in bed'; Hudson conj. 'only alone.'

III. v. 116. 'most lands'; Warburton, 'most hands'; Malone conj. 'most lords'; Mason conj. 'my stains'; Becket conj. 'most brands'; Jackson conj. 'most bands.'

III. vi. 37. 'harshly o' the trumpet's'; Rowe, 'harshly as o' the Trumpets'; Steevens (1793), 'harshly on the trumpet's'; Grant White conj. 'harshly. O, the trumpets,' etc.

III. vi. 95. 'you with flatteries'; so Folios; Warburton, 'with your flatteries'; Keightley, 'by you with flatteries'; Folio 2 reads 'flatrerries'; S. Walker conj. 'flattery.'

III. vi. 115, 116. 'He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.' The annexed example of a hat with a jewel fashioned like a bird holding in its claws a pearl, is copied from the rare portrait of Thomas Lant, 1587.

IV. i. 21. 'let,' Hanmer's emendation of Folios, 'yet.'

IV. ii. 35. 'what state compounds'; S. Walker conj. 'state comprehends'; Grant White conj. 'that state compounds'; Watkiss Lloyd conj. 'whate'er state comprehends.'

IV. iii. 9. 'deny't'; Warburton, 'denude'; Hanmer, 'degrade'; Heath conj. 'deprive'; Steevens conj. 'devest'; Collier MS., 'decline'; etc.; the indefinite 'it' refers to the implied noun in 'raise,' i.e. 'give elevation to.'

IV. iii. 12. 'pasture lards the rother's sides'; 'rother,' Singer's emendation for Folios 'brothers.' Folio 1, 'Pastour'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'pastor'; Farmer and Steevens conj. 'pasterer'; 'lards'; Rowe's reading, Folio 1, 'Lards'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Lords.'

IV. iii. 18. 'all is oblique', Pope's emendation; Folio 1, 'All's oblique'; Folios 2, 3, 'Alls obliquy'; Folio 4, 'All's obliquy'; Rowe, 'all's obloquy'; Lettsom conj. 'all, all's oblique.'

IV. iii. 38. 'wappen'd'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'wapen'd'; Warburton, 'waped'; Johnson conj. 'wained'; Malone conj. 'wapper'd'; Anon. conj. 'Wapping'; Steevens conj. 'weeping'; Seymour conj. 'wapid';



Staunton conj. 'woe-pin'd'; Fleay, 'wop-eyed'; i.e. having waterish eyes (vide Glossary).

IV. iii. 106. 'conquer my country'; Kinnear conj. 'confound my countrymen'; Hanmer, 'make conquest of my country'; Capell, 'conquer thy own country'; S. Walker conj. 'scourge thy country'; Hudson, 'scourge my country.'

IV. iii. 116. 'window-bars'; Johnson conj.; Folios, 'window Barn'; Pope, 'window-barn'; Warburton, 'window-lawm'; Tyrwhitt conj. 'widow's barb.'

IV. iii. 153. 'spurring'; Hanmer, 'sparring'; Long MS., 'spurning'; Seymour conj. 'springing'; there is no need to emend the text.

IV. iii. 215. 'bade'; Folio 1, 'bad'; Folios, 2, 3, 4, 'bid.'

IV. iii. 225. 'when'; S. Walker conj. 'where.'

IV. iii. 243. 'Outlives uncertain'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1 reads 'Out-lives: incertaine'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Out-lives: in certaine'; Hanmer, 'Out-strips uncertain'; Capell, 'Out-vies uncertain.'

IV. iii. 254. 'drugs'; Folios 1, 2, 'drugges'; Mason conj. 'drudges'; Collier MS., 'dugs'; Capell conj. MS. 'dregs'; 'drugs' = 'drudges.'

IV. iii. 283. 'my'; Rowe's correction of Folios, 'thy.'

IV. iii. 312. 'after his means,' i.e. 'after his means were gone.'

IV. iii. 421. 'meat'; Theobald, 'meet' (i.e. 'what you ought to be'); Hanmer, 'men'; Steevens conj. 'me,' etc.

IV. iii. 422-426. 'Behold, the earth hath roots,' etc.; cp. Hall's *Satires*, III. 1 (pub. 1598):—

*"Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last,
Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast,"* etc.

IV. iii. 439. 'villany'; Rowe's correction of Folios 1, 2, 'villaine.'

IV. iii. 445. 'moon'; Theobald, 'mounds'; Capell, 'earth'; Tollet conj. 'main.'

IV. iii. 500. 'dangerous nature mild'; Thirlby conj.; Folios, 'wild'; Becket conj. 'nature dangerous-wild'; Jackson conj. 'dolorous nature wild.'

V. i. 47. 'black-corner'd,' i.e. 'hiding things in dark corners'; Hanmer, 'black-corneted'; Warburton conj. 'black-cornette'; Farmer conj. MS. 'black-coroned'; Mason conj. 'black-crowned'; Jackson conj. 'dark-horned'; Singer conj. 'black-curtain'd,' etc.

V. i. 116. 'You have work'; so Folios; Hanmer, 'You have work'd'; Malone, 'You have done work'; Steevens conj. 'You've work'd.'

V. i. 136. 'as a cauterizing'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, 'as a Cantherizing'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'as a Catherizing'; Pope, 'cauterizing'; Capell, 'cancerizing.'

V. i. 147. 'general, gross:': Pope's emendation of Folios, 'generall grosse:': S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, 'general-gross.'

V. i. 213. 'haste'; Pope, 'taste'; Warburton conj. MS. 'tatch'; Collier MS. 'halter.'

V. ii. 7. 'whom,' instead of 'who,' owing to confusion of constructions; Pope, 'Who'; Hanmer, 'And'; Singer, 'When,' etc.

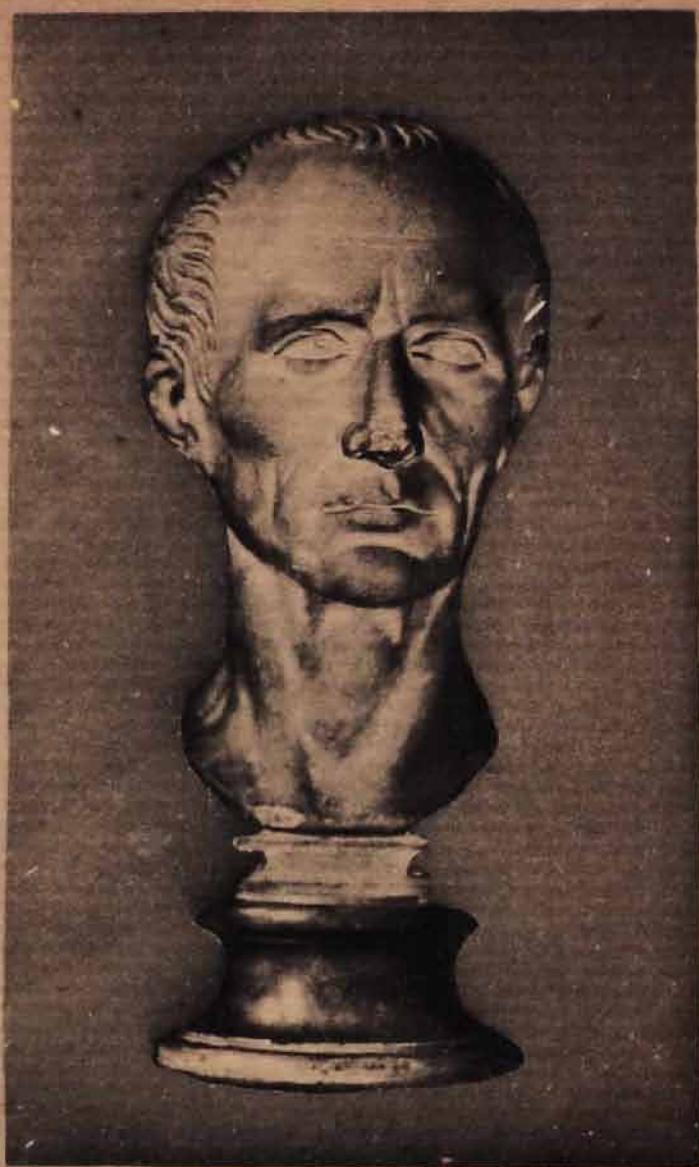
V. ii. 8. 'made a particular force'; Hanmer reads 'had . . . force'; Staunton conj. 'took . . . truce'; Bailey conj. 'had . . . force with,' etc.

V. iii. 3-4. These words are in all probability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change 'read' into 'rear'd'. The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; 'some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so' (v. Preface).

V. iv. 28. 'Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess'; Theobald's emendation ('extreme shame for their folly in banishing you hath broke their hearts'); Folio 1 reads '(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Shame (that they wanted cunning in excesse)'; Johnson conj. 'Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.'

V. iv. 62. 'render'd to your'; the conj. of Chedworth, adopted by Dyce; Folio 1 reads 'remedied to your'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'remedied by your'; Pope, 'remedied by'; Johnson, 'remedied to'; Malone, 'remedy'd, to your'; Singer (ed. 2), 'remitted to your.'

V. iv. 79. 'On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead'; the reading of Folios; Theobald reads 'On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead'; Hanmer, 'On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead.'



Julius Caesar
from a bust in the British Museum.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

Preface.

The First Edition. *Julius Cæsar* was first published in the Folio of 1623. It was printed with exceptional care, and its text is so accurate, that (as the Cambridge editors rightly observe) it may perhaps have been printed from the original manuscript of the author. In this respect it contrasts strongly with the play preceding it in the Folio, the tragedy of *Timon of Athens*. It would seem that the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was proceeded with before the Editors had procured the copy of *Timon* (*vide* Preface to "*Timon*").

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Source of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Julius Cæsar* from Sir Thomas North's famous translation of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," and more especially from the Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. In this play, as in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is impossible to over-estimate Shakespeare's debt to North's monumental version of the work which has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." In *Julius Cæsar*, as in the other Roman plays, the dramatist has often borrowed North's very expressions,* while "of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch."

* One example will suffice to show the correspondence of the verse and prose:—

*"I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself."*

(V. iv. 21-25.)

Cp. "I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself."—(North's *Life of Brutus*.)

Nevertheless, a comparison of the play with its original reveals the poet's transforming power; he has thrown "a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is not wholly his own." *

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarised on its title-page:—"The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer PLUTARKE OF CHERONIA, translated out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by THOMAS NORTH. 1759." †

Specially noteworthy is Shakespeare's compression of the action, for the purposes of dramatic representation, e.g. (i) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months before); (ii) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (iii) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius, are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already found in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

" In the Capitol anon him hente (i.e. seized)
This falsë Brutus, and his other foon,
And stikked him with bodëkins anoon
With many a wound, and thus they let him lie."

(It will be remembered that Polonius in his student-days "did enact Julius Cæsar," "I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me." "It was a brute part," observed Hamlet, "to kill so capital a calf there," *Hamlet*, III. ii. 108-110.)

The Date of Composition.—Perhaps the most valuable piece of external evidence for the date of *Julius Cæsar* is to be found in Weever's

* *Vide* Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch* (pp 64-66).

† The best modern edition is that now in course of publication in Mr Nutt's "*Tudor Translations*"; Vol. I. contains an excellent introductory study by Mr Wyndham.

Prof. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is a valuable and handy book for students.

It is impossible to say which edition of North's Plutarch was used by Shakespeare: new editions appeared in 1595, 1603, and 1612. As far as *Julius Cæsar* is concerned the choice is limited to the first and second editions. The Greenock 1612 edition, with the initials W. S. and with some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, was certainly not used for the present play (*vide* Preface to *Coriolanus*).

Mirror of Martyrs, printed in 1601; the following lines are obviously a direct reference to the present play:—

“ *The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus’ speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?* ”

Similarly, Drayton’s *Barons’ Wars*—a revised version made before 1603 of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596—contains what may possibly have been a reminiscence of Shakespeare’s famous lines:—

“ *His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him,* ” etc.*

This external evidence, pointing to *circa* 1601 as the date of the play, is borne out by general considerations of style and versification.† The paucity of light-endings and weak-endings (10 of the former, and none of the latter) contrasts with the large number found in the other Roman plays (71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*).

An interesting suggestion connects *Julius Cæsar* with the political affairs of 1601, to wit, Essex’ reckless conspiracy. It is probably saying too much to make the play a political manifesto, but the subject would certainly “come home to the ears and hearts of a London audience of 1601, after the favourite’s outbreak against his sovereign. ‘*Et tu Brute!*’ would mean more to them than to us” (Dr Furnivall, *Academy*, Sept. 18, 1875).

Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. Brutus and Hamlet are, as it were, twin-brothers,—idealists forced to take a prominent part in the world

* It is remarkable that the 1619 edition of *The Barons’ Wars*, containing a further revision of the passage, comes very near indeed to the passage in Shakespeare, *e.g.*:—

“ *As that it seemed, when Nature him began
She meant to show all that might be a man.* ”

† Mr Fleay thinks that the present form of the play belongs to the year 1607, and that it represents an abridgement of a fuller play; hence “the paucity of rhymes, the number of short lines, and the brevity of the play.” The same critic holds that Ben Jonson abridged the play. “Shakespeare and Jonson probably worked together on *Sejanus* in 1602-3. He having helped Jonson then in a historical play, what more likely than that Jonson should be chosen to remodel Shakespeare’s *Cæsar*, if it needed to be reproduced in a shorter form than he gave it originally? And for such reproduction (after Shakespeare’s death, between 1616 and 1623) to what author would such work of abridgement have been entrusted except Shakespeare’s critical friend Jonson? Fletcher would have enlarged, not shortened” (*cp. Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 262-270). But would the learned Jonson have permitted such errors as “Decius” Brutus, and the like? The student should contrast the archæologically “correct,” but lifeless, *Sejanus*, with Shakespeare’s living characters infused with the Roman spirit.

of action, when they would fain contemplate the actions of others; action brings ruin alike to the reckless philosopher and to the irresolute blood-avenger. Shakespeare recognised the kinship of the two characters, and it would seem, from internal evidence, that his mind was busy with the two conceptions at about the same time. Polonius, as has already been pointed out, prides himself on his personation of *Julius Cæsar*, while at the University; Horatio, who is "more an antique Roman than a Dane," sees in the apparition of "the buried majesty of Denmark" the precursor of fierce events, even as

*"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets";*

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralises on "*Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to dust*"; when the King, watching 'the poison of deep grief' in poor Ophelia, reproaches himself for having done but greenly "*in huggemugger*" to inter her father, who can doubt that the strange phrase is a reminiscence of North's *Life of Brutus*? *

The Speech of Brutus. If, as is most probable, *Julius Cæsar* preceded *Hamlet*, it is not altogether surprising to find in the latter play these striking references to the former subject. It would, however, prove a matter of greater interest and importance were we to discover in *Julius Cæsar* some direct connexion with the subject of *Hamlet*. The present writer ventures to think he may have found some such connexion. Brutus' famous address to the assembled Romans (III. ii.) has an irresistible fascination for the student of the play. Its curtness is said to be in imitation of the speaker's "famed laconic brevity," whereof Shakespeare found a vivid account in North's *Life of Brutus*,† but one looks in vain for any suggestion of the speech in any of the *Livies*.‡

The original of the speech, according to the theory here hazarded, is

* "*Antony thinking good that Cæsar's body should be honourably buried, and not in huggemugger.*"

† "When the war began he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have done so willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end.'" (*Life of Brutus*).

‡ Similarly, no direct source for Antony's speech to the citizens (III. ii.) is to be found in Plutarch. It is just possible that a few bare hints were derived from Appian's *History of the Civil War*, which had been translated, from Greek, into English before 1578.

perhaps to be found in Belleforest's *History of Hamlet*. Chapter VI. (in the earliest extant English version) tells, "How Hamlet, having slain his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he had done"; &c. The situation of Hamlet is almost identical with that of Brutus after he has dealt the blow, and the burden of Hamlet's too lengthy speech finds an echo in Brutus' sententious utterance. The verbose iteration of the Dane has been compressed to suit "the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians."*

References to Julius Cæsar in Shakespeare's Notes.

Scattered throughout the plays there are many other striking references to "mighty Cæsar." The following is a fairly full list of the more important allusions:—*As You Like It* (V. ii. 34-35); 2 *Henry IV.* (I. i. 20-24; IV. iii. 45-46); *Henry V.* (Chorus Act V.); 1 *Henry VI.* (I. i. 55-56; I. ii. 138-139); 2 *Henry VI.* (IV. i. 136-138; IV. vii. 65); 3 *Henry VI.* (V. v. 53); *Richard III.* (III. i. 69); *Measure for Measure* (III. ii. 45-46); *Cymbeline* (II. iv. 20-23; III. i. 49-52). The catastrophe of the play finds, of course, its real culmination in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*; two direct allusions to *Julius Cæsar* are noteworthy:—Act II. vi. 14-18, Act III. ii. 53-56. Observe, also, the reference to "Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia," in *Merchant of Venice* (I. i. 165-166).

Duration of Action. The time of *Julius Cæsar* is six days represented on the stage, with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. Interval. Day 2, Act I. Sc. iii. Day 3, Acts II., III. Interval. Day 4, Act IV. Sc. i. Interval. Day 5, Act IV. Sc. ii., iii. Interval. Day 6, Act V. The historical period extends from Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C., to the Battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

Plays on "Julius Cæsar." (i) There is no doubt as to the popularity of the subject of *Julius Cæsar* on the English stage before the

*I draw attention to the following sentences taken at random from the English translation (dated 1608), without entering into the question of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Belleforest in the original French (*vide* Preface to *Hamlet*):—"If there be any among you, good people of Denmark, that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant King Horvendile, let him not be moved, *etc.* . . . If there be any man that affecteth fidelity . . . let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre. . . . The hand that hath done this justice could not affect it by any other means. . . . And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon than in the clemency and renewed courtesy of Horvendile? And what man is he, that having any spark of wisdom, *etc.* I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your deliverance." (The whole speech should be read in Collier's Reprint of the *History of Hamlet*, *Shakespeare Library*.)

appearance of Shakespeare's play, though it is extremely doubtful whether the latter owes anything to its predecessors, unless it be the phrase "*Et tu, Brute,*" which may indirectly have been derived from Dr Eedes' play of *Cæsaris Interfecti*, acted at Oxford in 1582. Gosson, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions '*Cæsar and Pompey*'; while from Machyn's *Diary* it is inferred that '*Julius Cæsar*' was represented at Whitehall as early as 1562, but this is somewhat doubtful.

According to Henslowe's *Diary*, "*the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey; or Cæsar's Revenge*" was produced in 1594.

(ii) The present play evidently called forth rival productions, and gave a fresh interest to the subject,* for we find that a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall* was, in 1602, being prepared by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others. In 1604 William Alexander, Lord Stirling, published in Scotland his "*Julius Cæsar,*" which was re-published in England some three years later.

A droll or puppet-show on the same subject is mentioned by Marston in 1605, and by Jonson in 1609.

Cæsar's Tragedy acted at Court, 10th April, 1613, was possibly Shakespeare's play (*vide Note, supra*).

(In Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* (*circa* 1608) the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is imitated.)

(iii) After the publication of the First Folio we have Thomas May's Latin play, 1625, and George Chapman's "*Cæsar ana Pompey: a Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars, out of whose events is evicted this proposition that only a just man is a free man.*"

(iv) In 1719 Davenant and Dryden published their alteration of Shakespeare's play, adapting it to the tastes of their day. To about the same period belongs Voltaire's "*Le Brutus,*" an interesting document illustrative of the slow appreciation of Shakespeare on the Continent; its introductory essay on 'Tragedy' is almost as instructive as the text. No play of Shakespeare's has been more popular, and probably none has become more widely known, translated into strangest dialects, so that the words spoken by Cassius have a prophetic significance in a sense other than that intended by their inspired author:—

"How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

* The popularity of Shakespeare's play is in all probability attested by Leonard Digges' verses prefixed to the First Folio (1623):—

"Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake," etc.

THE piece of 'Julius Cæsar,' to complete the action, requires to be continued to the fall of Brutus and Cassius. Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus. The amiable beauty of his character, his feeling and patriotic heroism, are portrayed with peculiar care. Yet the poet has pointed out with great nicety the superiority of Cassius over Brutus in independent volition and discernment in judging of human affairs; that the latter, from the purity of his mind, and his conscientious love of justice, is unfit to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted; and that these very faults give an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. In the part of Cæsar, several ostentatious speeches have been censured as unsuitable. But as he never appears in action, we have no other measure of his greatness than the impression which he makes upon the rest of the characters, and his peculiar confidence in himself. In this, Cæsar was by no means deficient, as we learn from history and his own writings; but he displayed it more in the easy ridicule of his enemies than in pompous discourses. The theatrical effect of this play is injured by a partial falling off of the last two acts, compared with the preceding, in external splendour and rapidity. The first appearance of Cæsar in festal robes, when the music stops, and all are silent whenever he opens his mouth, and when the few words which he utters are received as oracles, is truly magnificent; the conspiracy is a true conspiracy, which, in stolen interviews and in the dead of night, prepares the blow which is to be struck in open day, and which is to change the constitution of the world;—the confused thronging before the murder of Cæsar, the general agitation even of the perpetrators after the deed, are all portrayed with most masterly skill; with the funeral procession and the speech of Antony, the effect reaches its utmost height. *Cæsar's shade is more powerful to avenge his fall than he himself was to guard against it.* After the overthrow of the external splendour and greatness of the conqueror and ruler of the world, the intrinsic grandeur of character of Brutus and Cassius is all that remains to fill the stage and occupy the minds of the spectators: suitably to their name, as the last of the Romans, they stand there, in some degree alone; and the forming of a great and hazardous determination is more powerfully calculated to excite our expectation, than the supporting the consequences of the deed with heroic firmness."

SCHLEGEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }

CICERO,
 PUBLIUS, } *senators.*
 POPILIUS LENA, }

MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCA,
 TREBONIUS, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
 LIGARIUS,
 DECIUS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER,
 CINNA, }

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS,
 MESSALA, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
 Young CATO,
 VOLUMNIUS, }

VARRO,
 CLITUS,
 CLAUDIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*
 STRATO,
 LUCIUS,
 DARDANIUS, }

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, 10
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

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

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

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

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou
saucy fellow!

20

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? 30

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

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

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, 40

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Be gone !
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault, 60
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
 Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whether their basest metal be not moved ;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I : disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ? 70
 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

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

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

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

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd. 10

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face. 20

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng ; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him : pass.

[*Sennet.* *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you. 30

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference, 40
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus, 60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ? 80

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life, but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110
 Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
 I, as Æneas our great ancestor

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world 130
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods ! 151
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ?
 When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said
 I will consider ; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so : but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius ! 190

Ant. Cæsar ?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter ! but I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
 Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all
 his Train but Casca.*]

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

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and 220
 being offered him, he put it by with the back of
 his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

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

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every
 time gentler than other; and at every putting by
 mine honest neighbours shouted. 230

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of
 it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I

saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he 240 put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and 250 receiving the bad air.

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

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

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

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

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased 260 and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any

occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to 270 himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing? 280

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 290

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

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

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

He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution 300
 Of any bold or noble enterprise,
 However he puts on this tardy form.
 This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
 Which gives men stomach to digest his words
 With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
 To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
 I will come home to you, or, if you will,
 Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so : till then, think of the world. 310
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
 Thy honourable metal may be wrought
 From that it is disposed : therefore, it is meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
 For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
 If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
 He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens, 320
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

*A street.**Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.**Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds;

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

10

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world too saucy with the gods

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand

Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

20

Who glazed upon me and went surly by

Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women

Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
 'These are their reasons : they are natural' : 30
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.* 40

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,
 And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself 51
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

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

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
 When the most mighty gods by tokens send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman you do want,
 Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze 60
 And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
 But if you would consider the true cause
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
 Why old men fool and children calculate,
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 Their natures and preformed faculties,
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
 To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol,
 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

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

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now 80
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then :
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I: 100
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate 110
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman ; then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120

Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,
 And the complexion of the element
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait ;
 He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so ?

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

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this !
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140
 But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content : good Cinna, take this paper,
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this

In at his window ; set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
 Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
 See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts ;
 And that which would appear offence in us
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

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

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. Brutus's orchard.

Enter Brutus.

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

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question:

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

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

[*Gives him the letter.*

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

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*

'Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up. 50
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out :
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. [*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. 60
 [Exit *Lucius*.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
 The Genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council, and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

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

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
 And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [Exit *Lucius*.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
 Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by
 night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
 spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
 For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna,
Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.*

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

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here 90
But honours you ; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [They whisper. 100

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

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east 110

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

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

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
 The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And every man hence to his idle bed;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on
 Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
 To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur but our own cause
 To prick us to redress? what other bond
 Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath
 Than honesty to honesty engaged
 That this shall be or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break with him, 150
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

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

Cas. Decius, well urged : I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ? But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar :
 And that were much he should, for he is given
 To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ; 190
 For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
 Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no ;
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
 It may be these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night
 And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers,
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;
For I can give his humour the true bent, 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

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

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

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

Cas. The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave you, Brutus :
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ! It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ; 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
I urged you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

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

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my place
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
 Is it expected I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
 suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. 290

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

I grant I am a woman, but withal

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :

I grant I am a woman, but withal

A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd and so husbanded ?

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em :

I have made strong proof of my constancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound

300

Here in the thigh : can I bear that with patience

And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru.

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart :

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's
that knocks ?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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

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

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

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

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

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

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 10
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

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

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

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

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

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible :
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

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

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 60
To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day :
 Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser :
 I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth ?
 Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will : I will not come ;
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.
 But, for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
 She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
 Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
 Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it :
 And these does she apply for warnings and portents
 And evils imminent, and on her knee 81
 Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
 It was a vision fair and fortunate :
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
 This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now: the senate have concluded
 To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
 'Break up the Senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.
 Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
 Trebonius, and Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110
 Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.
 What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
 Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna : now, Metellus : what, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

121

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

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

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.' 10

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

Scene IV.

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

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

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
 O constancy, be strong upon my side !
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
 Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ? 10
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
 And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
 For he went sickly forth : and take good note
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well :
 I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

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

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Pro. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Pro. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

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

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

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

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

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

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

*A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer.
Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius,
Publius, and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

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

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

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

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

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

Cas. Casca,

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

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

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

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

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

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

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

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart :—

[*Kneeling.*]

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished :

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

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

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he, 70
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators
and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

Cas. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

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

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius. 90

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!' 110

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

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

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels 120
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving :

Say I love Brutus and I honour him ;
 Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130
 May safely come to him and be resolved
 How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living, but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140
 He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

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

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

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

Re-enter Antony.

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

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well. 150
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die : 160
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands and this our present act,
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done :
 Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
 Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
 And then we will deliver you the cause
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say? 190

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart ;

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

How like a deer stricken by many princes
 Dost thou here lie ! 210

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

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

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

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

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do : do not
consent

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

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

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do 't by our permission ;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral : and you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going, . 250
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips 260
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, 270
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280
O Cæsar ! [*Seeing the body.*]

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

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

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

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced :
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile ; 290
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

Scene II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

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

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*
Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for
 my cause, and be silent, that you may hear :
 believe me for mine honour, and have respect to
 mine honour, that you may believe : censure me
 in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you
 may the better judge. If there be any in this
 assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I
 say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than 20
 his. If then that friend demand why Brutus
 rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : not that
 I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
 Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
 slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all
 freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ;
 as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was
 valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious,
 I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy
 for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and 30
 death for his ambition. Who is here so base
 that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for
 him have I offended. Who is here so rude that

would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. 40

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same 50 dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

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

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

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

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

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, 60
 And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :
 Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
 Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
 By our permission is allow'd to make.
 I do entreat you, not a man depart,
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

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

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair ;
 We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you. 70
[Goes into the pulpit.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus ?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
 He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain :
 We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them ; 80
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
 For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men,—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me : 90
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal 100
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause :
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgement : thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ; 110
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the
 crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it. 119

Sec Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong

Who, you all know, are honourable men :

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose 130

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;

I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad :

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ; 150
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

Fourth Cit. Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors : honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers : the will ! read
the will. 160

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring ; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony. 170

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room ! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii :

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; 180
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him.
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, 189
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here, 200
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
 Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable ;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts: 220
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus, 230
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves? 241
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

250

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

260

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

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

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

270

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

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

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

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

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

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

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

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

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

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

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

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

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses. 30

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho!
fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all:
some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's;
some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

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

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

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

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

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
 But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
 Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
 How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

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

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

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
 And though we lay these honours on this man,
 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
 And graze in commons.

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

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
 I do appoint him store of provender: 30
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
 On abjects, orts and imitations,
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion : do not talk of him
 But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
 Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers ;
 Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Lucil. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

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

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done undone : but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10

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

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*]

Bru. Hark! he is arrived: 30
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

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

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; 40
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

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

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man 50
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

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

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself 10
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ! ay, more : fret till your proud heart break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour ? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well : for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me : 70
 For I can raise no money by vile means :
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived
 my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger, 100
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
 I that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
 better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, 110
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

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

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me, 119
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em ; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

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

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

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now ! What 's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! what do you mean ? 130
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be :
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

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

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

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

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time :
What should the wards do with these jigging fools ?
Companion, hence !

Cas. Away, away, be gone ! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [*Exit Lucius.*

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

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

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

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

Cas. Ha ! Portia !

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so ? 150

O insupportable and touching loss !
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong : for with her death
That tidings came : with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius ! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

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

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry

Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one !

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. 180
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? hear you aught of her in yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

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

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

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :
With meditating that she must die once 191
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

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

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, 200
Doing himself offence ; whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

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

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forced affection,

For they have grudged us contribution :

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged ;

From which advantage shall we cut him off 210

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :

The enemy increaseth every day ;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men

Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat,

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;

We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

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

And nature must obey necessity ;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :

Early to-morrow will we rise and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*]

Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

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

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

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

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

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

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

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

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

Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee : 270
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art. 281

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

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

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

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

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

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

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false. 290

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

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

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

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

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! 300

[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.* 20]

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army;
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, 31

Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

50

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour, 61
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

70

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
 Be thou my witness that, against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion : now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our foreign ensign 80
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us :
 This morning are they fled away and gone ;
 And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly, 90
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself : I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life : arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome ? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus ! 120
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
 The end of this day's business ere it come !
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away ! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord : 10
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
 Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
 And here again ; that I may rest assured
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ; 20
 My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
 And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
 My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30
 Now, Titinius ! Now some light. O, he lights too.
 He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark ! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah :
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
 oath ; 40

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
 Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
 And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]

Cæsar, thou art revenged,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius 51
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
 The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
 Clouds, dews and dangers come ; our deeds are done !
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 O hateful error, melancholy's child,
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not ? O error, soon conceived,
 Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee !

Tit. What, Pindarus ! where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears : I may say ' thrusting ' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 90
[*Kills himself.*

*Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato,
and others.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that ever Rome 100
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
 Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night 109
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then
 Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[Exit.]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die :
 [Offering money] There is so much that thou wilt kill
 me straight ;
 Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner !
Sec. Sold. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough : 20
 I dare assure thee that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !
 When you do find him, or alive or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness : I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, 30
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
 How every thing is chanced. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
 He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering.*]

Cli. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O Dardanius !

Dar. O Clitus !

10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields :
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Low alarums.*]
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together :
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history: 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]

Cæsar, now be still: 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala,
Lucilius, and the Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
 That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. 60
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :

All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ; 70

He only, in a general honest thought
 And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world ' This was a man ! '

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
 With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to rest, and let's away, 80
 To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

- Abide*, answer for, suffer for; III. i. 94; III. ii. 119.
- Abjects*, things cast away; IV. i. 37.
- About*, go about; I. i. 73.
—! set to work; III. ii. 208.
- Abroad*, about in; III. ii. 256.
- Across*, crossed, folded; II. i. 240.
- Address'd*, ready; III. i. 29.
- Advantage*, profit us; III. i. 242.
- After*, afterwards; I. ii. 76.
- Against*, over against, near; I. iii. 20.
- All over*, one after the other; II. i. 112.
- Alone*, only; IV. iii. 94.
- An*, if; I. ii. 267.
- Anchises*, the father of Æneas; when Troy was sacked he bore him on his shoulders from the burning town; I. ii. 114.
- Angel*, darling, favourite, (?) guardian angel; III. ii. 185.
- Annoy*, injure, harm; II. i. 160.
- Answer*, be ready for combat; V. i. 24.
- Answer'd*, paid for, atoned for; III. ii. 85.
- Answered*, faced; IV. i. 47.
- Apace*, quickly; V. iii. 87.
- Apparent*, manifest; II. i. 198.
- Appoint*, settle upon; IV. i. 30.
- Apprehensive*, endowed with intelligence; III. i. 67.
- Apt*, suitable, likely; II. ii. 97.
—, ready, fit; III. i. 160.
—, impressionable; V. iii. 68.
- Arrive*, reach; I. ii. 110.
- Astonish*, stun with terror; I. iii. 56.
- Ate*, the goddess of Mischief and Revenge; III. i. 271.
- At hand*, in hand; IV. ii. 23.
- Aught*, anything; I. ii. 85.
- Augurers*, professional interpreters of omens (originally, diviners by the flight and cries of birds); II. i. 200.
- Bait*, hunt, chase (Theobald, "bay"); IV. iii. 28.
- Bang*, blow; III. iii. 18.
- Barren-spirited*, dull; IV. i. 36.
- Base*, low; II. i. 26.
- Bastardy*, act of baseness; II. i. 138.
- Battles*, forces; V. i. 4.
- Bay*, bark at; IV. iii. 27.
- Bay'd*, driven to bay (a term of the chase); III. i. 204.
- Bear a hand over*, hold in check (as a rider); I. ii. 35.
- Bear hard*, bear ill-will against; I. ii. 316; II. i. 215.
- Bear me*, bear from me, receive from me; III. iii. 18.
- Bears (betrayed) with glasses*; alluding to the stories that bears were surprised by means of mirrors, which they would gaze into, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim; II. i. 205. See Notes.
- Beat*, beaten; V. v. 23.
- Behaviours*, conduct; I. ii. 41.
- Beholding*, beholden; III. ii. 70.
- Belike*, perhaps; III. ii. 275.
- Bend*, look; I. ii. 123.
- Bending*, directing, pressing on; IV. iii. 170.
- Best*; "you were b.," it were best for you; III. iii. 13.
- Bestow*, spend; V. v. 61.

Glossary

Betimes, in good time, early; II. i. 116.

Bills, billets, written documents; V. ii. 1.

Bird of night, *i.e.* the owl; I. iii. 26.

Blood; "Pompey's b." (probably) offspring; Gnæus, Pompey's son, had been killed at Munda, and Cæsar's triumph was in honour of the victory; I. i. 55.

Bloods; "young b.," young people; IV. iii. 262.

Bondman, used with a play upon "bond," *i.e.* document ("to cancel a bond"); I. iii. 101.

Bones, body, corpse; V. v. 78.

Bootless, without avail, to no purpose; III. i. 75.

Bosoms; "in their b.," in their confidence; V. i. 7.

Break with, broach the subject to; II. i. 150.

Bring, take; III. ii. 276.

Brother, *i.e.* brother-in-law (Cassius having married a sister of Brutus); II. i. 70.

Brought, accompanied; I. iii. 1.

Brutus; "old B.," *i.e.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; I. iii. 146 (*cp.* I. ii. 159).

—; "Decius B.," *i.e.* Decimus B. (the error being due to a misprint in Amyot's French translation of Plutarch, copied by North, and hence in Shakespeare); Decimus B. was placed next after Octavius in Cæsar's will; he had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul; I. iii. 148.

Budge, give way; IV. iii. 44.

Bustling rumour, noise of tumult; II. iv. 18.

By, near, close to; III. i. 162.

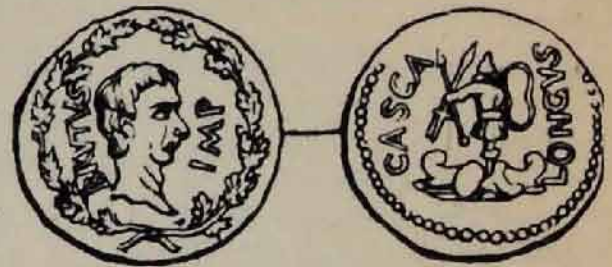
Calculate, speculate upon future events; I. iii. 65.

Calpurnia, Cæsar's fourth wife (Folio 1, "Calphurnia"); I. ii. 1.

THE TRAGEDY OF

Carrions, worthless beings (a term of contempt); II. i. 130.

Casca, I. ii. *passim* (*cp.* the accompanying coin issued by Brutus, the reverse of which commemorates his fellow-conspirator).



Cast; "c. yourself in wonder," *i.e.* throw yourself into wonder; (?) "dress hastily"; (Jervis conj. "Case," *i.e.* "encase, clothe yourself"); I. iii. 60.

Cautelous, crafty; II. i. 129.

Censure, judge; III. ii. 16.

Ceremonies, festal ornaments; I. i. 69.

—, religious observances; II. i. 197.

—, omens; II. ii. 13.

Chafing with, fretting against; I. ii. 101.

Chance, happen; II. iv. 31.

Chanced, happened; I. ii. 216.

Change, exchange; V. iii. 51.

—; "in his own c.," by some change of disposition towards me (Warburton, "charge"); IV. ii. 7.

—, change countenance; III. i. 24.

Charactery, writing; II. i. 308.

Charge, burden, weigh upon; III. iii. 2.

Charges, troops; IV. ii. 48.

Charm, conjure; II. i. 271.

Check'd, reprov'd; IV. iii. 97.

Chew upon, ponder; I. ii. 171.

Choler, anger; IV. iii. 39.

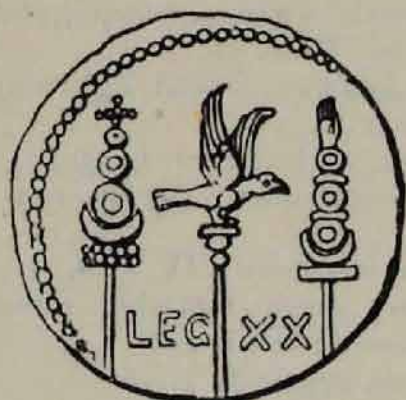
Chopped, chapped (Folios, "chopt"; Knight, "chapped"); I. ii. 245.

Chose, chosen; II. i. 314.

Clean, entirely; I. iii. 35.
Climate, region; I. iii. 32.
Close, hidden; I. iii. 131.
 —, come to terms; III. i. 202.
Closet, room; III. ii. 134.
Cobbler, botcher (used quibblingly);
 I. i. 11.
Cognizance, badges of honours; II.
 ii. 89.
Colossus, a gigantic statue said to
 have stood astride at the entrance
 of the harbour at Rhodes; I. ii.
 136.
Colour, pretext; II. i. 29.
Come by, get possession; II. i. 259.
Companion, fellow (used contemptu-
 ously; IV. iii. 138.
Compare, let us compare, we will
 compare; III. ii. 9.
Compass, circle, course; V. iii. 25.
Complexion, appearance; I. iii. 128.
Conceit, think of; III. i. 192.
Conceited, conceived; I. iii. 162.
Conceptions, ideas; I. ii. 41.
Concluded, decided; II. ii. 93.
Condition, disposition; II. i. 254.
Confines, boundaries; III. i. 272.
Conn'd by rote, learned by heart; IV.
 iii. 98.
Consorted, escorted, accompanied;
 V. i. 83.
Constancy, firmness; II. iv. 6.
Constant, firm; III. i. 22.
Constantly, firmly; V. i. 92.
Construe, explain; II. i. 307.
Content, easy; I. iii. 142.
 —, calm; IV. ii. 41.
 —, glad; V. i. 8.
Contrive, conspire, plot; II. iii. 16.
Contriver, schemer, plotter; II. i. 158.
Controversy; "hearts of c.," spirits
 eager for resistance; I. ii. 109.
Corse, corpse; III. i. 199.
Couchings, stoopings; III. i. 36.
Counters, round pieces of metal used
 in calculations; IV. iii. 80.
Course; "run his c.," alluding to
 the course of the Luperci round
 the city wall; "that day there

are diverse noble men's sons,
 young men, and some of them
 magistrates themselves, that
 govern them, which run naked
 through the city, striking in
 sport them they meet in their
 way with leathern thongs"
 (made of the skins of goats
 which had been sacrificed)—
North's Plutarch; I. ii. 4.
Courtesies, bowings, bendings of the
 knee; III. i. 36.
Cross lightning, forked lightning; I.
 iii. 50.
Cull out, pick out; I. i. 53.
Cynic, rude man; IV. iii. 133.
Damn, condemn; IV. i. 6.
Dearer, more bitterly, more in-
 tensely; III. i. 196.
Degrees, steps; II. i. 26.
Deliver, relate to; III. i. 181.
Dint, impression; III. ii. 198.
Directly, plainly; I. i. 12; III. iii. 10.
 —, straight; I. ii. 3; IV. i. 32.
Discomfort, discourage; V. iii. 106.
Discover, show; I. ii. 69.
Dishonour, insult; IV. iii. 109.
Disrobe, strip of their decorations;
 I. i. 68.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 155.
Doublet, the inner garment of a man;
 I. ii. 267.
Doubted, suspected; IV. ii. 13.
Drachma, a Greek coin, strictly
 about half of the Roman den-
 arius, but Plutarch's "drachmas"
 were probably equivalent to den-
 arii, and were about 9½d. in
 value; III. ii. 247.
Drawn, assembled; I. iii. 22.
Element, sky; I. iii. 128.
Elephants betrayed with holes; "ele-
 phants were seduced into pitfalls,
 lightly covered with hurdles and
 turf, on which a proper bait to
 tempt them were exposed"; II.
 i. 205.

Emulation, jealousy, envy; II. iii. 14.
Enforced, exaggerated; III. ii. 43.
 —, struck hard; IV. iii. 112.
Enfranchisement, liberty, freedom;
 III. i. 57.
Enlarge, give vent to; IV. ii. 46.
Enrolled, recorded; III. ii. 41.
Ensign, standard; V. i. 80. (Cp.
 illustration.)



From a coin of Augustus representing the ensigns of the 20th Legion, the central eagle being the Imperial standard.

Ensign, standard-bearer (and by implication, standard; hence "it," line 4); V. iii. 3.
Entertain, take into service; V. v. 60.
Envious, spiteful, malicious; II. i. 178; III. ii. 179.
Envy, hatred, malice; II. i. 164.
Epicurus; "I held E. strong," i.e. I followed the Epicurean school, which held that the gods scarcely troubled themselves with human affairs; hence the Epicureans regarded the belief in omens as mere superstition; V. iii. 77.
Erebus, the region of utter darkness; between Earth and Hades; II. i. 84.
Eternal, infernal, damned (used to express extreme abhorrence); I. ii. 160.
Even; "e. field," i.e. level ground; V. i. 17.
 —, pure, unblemished; II. i. 133.
Ever, always; V. iii. 21.

Evils, evil things; II. i. 79.
Exhalations, meteors; II. i. 44.
Exigent, exigency, crisis; V. i. 19.
Exorcist, one who raises spirits; II. i. 323.
Expedition, march; IV. iii. 170.
Extenuated, undervalued, detracted from; III. ii. 42.
Extremities, extremes; II. i. 31.

Face, boldness; V. i. 10.
 —, "f. of men," sense of danger depicted on men's faces; II. i. 114.
Faction, body of conspirators; II. i. 77.
Faction, active; I. iii. 118.
Fain, gladly; I. ii. 239.
Fall, happen; III. i. 243; V. i. 105.
 —, let fall; IV. ii. 26.
Falling sickness, epilepsy; I. ii. 255.
Falls, turns out, is; III. i. 146.
Famed with, made famous by; I. ii. 153.
Familiar instances, marks of familiarity; IV. ii. 16.
Fantasies, imaginings; II. i. 231.
Fashion, shape, form; II. i. 30.
 —, way, manner (trissyllabic); IV. iii. 135.
 —; "begin his f.," begin to be fashionable with him; IV. i. 39.
 —, work upon, shape; II. i. 220.
Favour, appearance; I. ii. 91.
 —, countenance; II. i. 76.
Favour's appearance is; I. iii. 129.
Fear, cause of fear; II. i. 190.
Fearful bravery, terrible display, gallant show of courage; V. i. 10.
Fell, fierce; III. i. 269.
Fellow, equal; III. i. 62.
Ferpet, red as the eyes of a ferret; I. ii. 186.
Field, army; V. v. 80.
Figures, "idle fancies" (Craik); II. i. 231.
First decree, what has been decreed at first (Craik conj. "fix'd d.;" S. Walker conj. "firmd"); III. i. 38.
Fleering, grinning; I. iii. 117.

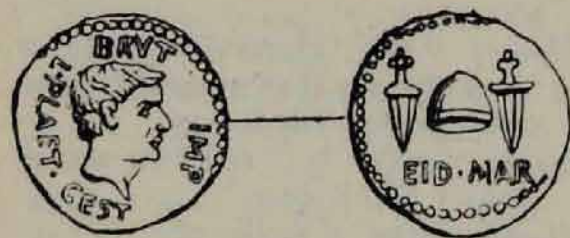
- Flood*, ocean ; I. ii. 103.
Flourish'd, triumphed ; III. ii. 196.
Fond, foolish ; III. i. 39.
For, as for ; II. i. 181.
Force ; "of f.," of necessity ; IV. iii. 203.
Form, manner of behaving ; I. ii. 302.
Formal constancy, proper composure ; II. i. 227.
Former, foremost ; V. i. 80.
Forth, to go out ; I. ii. 292.
Forth of, out of ; III. iii. 3.
Freedom of repeal, free recall ; III. i. 54.
Fresh, freshly ; II. i. 224.
Fret, variegate (as with a kind of fretwork pattern) ; II. i. 104.
 —, be vexed ; IV. iii. 42.
Frighted, afraid ; IV. iii. 40.
From, contrary to ; I. iii. 35.
 —, away from ; I. iii. 64 ; III. ii. 169 ; IV. ii. 49.
 —, differently to ; II. i. 196.
Funeral, funeral ceremonies ; III. i. 230.

Gait, manner of walking ; I. iii. 132.
Gamesome, fond of games ; I. ii. 28.
General, general public ; II. i. 12.
General ; "in a g. honest thought," in the general honesty of his motives ; V. v. 71.
General coffers, public treasury ; III. ii. 94.
General good, public good, welfare of the people ; I. ii. 85.
Genius, the rational spirit temporarily lodged within the body, directing for good or bad the bodily faculties ; II. i. 66.
Give guess, guess ; II. i. 3.
Give place, make way ; III. i. 10.
 —, give way ; IV. iii. 146.
Gives way, leaves open the way ; II. iii. 8.
Glanced, hinted ; I. ii. 323.

Glazed, glared (Folios, "glaz'd" ; changed by editors to "glared" or "gazed," but the word was perhaps coined by Shakespeare to express a glazed or glassy stare) ; I. iii. 21.
Goes up, is sheathed ; V. i. 52.
Good cheer, be of good cheer ; III. i. 89.
Gorging, feeding, glutting ; V. i. 82.
Go to, exclamation of impatience ; IV. iii. 32.
Grace, honour, respect ; III. ii. 62.
Gracious, holy ; III. ii. 198.
Greek ; "it was Greek to me," it was unintelligible to me ; I. ii. 286.
Grievs, grievances ; I. iii. 118 ; III. ii. 217.
Growing on, encroaching on ; II. i. 107.

Hand ; "my h.," there is my hand upon it ; I. iii. 117.
Handiwork, work ; I. i. 30.
Hands, handwritings ; I. ii. 319.
Have aim, make a guess at ; I. ii. 163.
Have mind, regard, look to ; IV. iii. 36.
Havoc ; "cry 'Havoc,'" in olden times the cry that no quarter was to be given ; III. i. 273.
Head ; "make h.," raise an armed troop ; IV. i. 42.
Health, safety ; IV. iii. 36.
Heavy, depressed ; II. i. 275.
Hedge in, put under restraint ; IV. iii. 30.
Hence, go hence ; II. i. 117.
Hie, hasten ; I. iii. 150.
High-sighted, soaring high, (?) supercilious ; II. i. 118.
Hilts, applied to a single weapon ; V. iii. 43.
Him, himself ; I. iii. 156.
 — ; "by h.," i.e. by his house ; II. i. 218.
His, its ; I. ii. 124 ; II. i. 251 ; IV. iii. 8.
Hold, consider, look upon ; I. ii. 78.
 —, keep, detain ; I. ii. 83 ; II. i. 201.

- Holds on his rank*, stands firm, continues to hold his place; III. i. 69.
Honey-heavy; "h. dew," heavy with honey (with perhaps a reference to the belief that dew was honey-laden; hence the honey-flowers); II. i. 230.
Honourable, honourably; V. i. 60.
Hooted, shouted with wonder (Johnson's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, "howted"; Folio 4, "houted"; Hanmer, "shouted"); I. ii. 244.
Hooting, crying; I. iii. 28.
Horse, cavalry; IV. ii. 29.
However, although; I. ii. 302.
Humour, distemper, caprice; II. i. 250.
 —, distempered humour, passing caprice; IV. iii. 109.
Humours, damp airs; II. i. 262.
Hurtled, clashed; II. ii. 22.
Hybla, a town in Sicily famous for its honey; V. i. 34.
Ides of March, i.e. fifteenth of March; I. ii. 18. (Cp. the coin of Brutus, reverse Eid. Mar.)

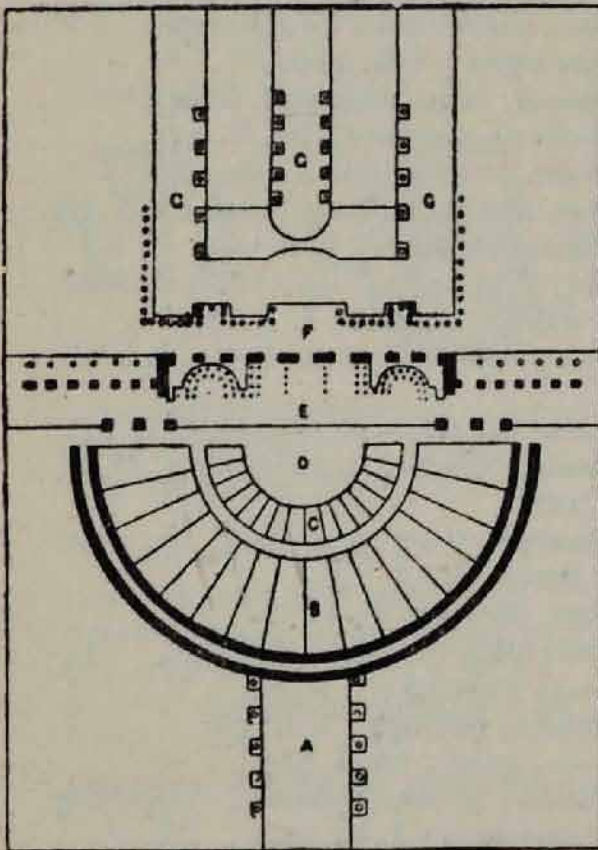


- Idle bed*, bed of idleness; II. i. 117.
Illuminate, illumine; I. iii. 110.
Images, statues of Cæsar; I. i. 69.
In, on; IV. i. 27.
 —, into; V. iii. 96.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 96.
Incorporate, closely united; I. iii. 135.
Indifferently, impartially; I. ii. 87.
Indirection, dishonest practice; IV. iii. 75.
Insuppressive, not to be suppressed, II. i. 134.
Intermit, delay; I. i. 59.
Jade, a term of contempt for a worthless horse; IV. ii. 26.

- Jealous on*, suspicious about; I. ii. 71.
Jigging, rhyming; IV. iii. 137.
Joy, rejoice; V. v. 34.
Kerchief, a covering for the head (a sign of illness); II. i. 315.
Kind, nature; I. iii. 64.
 —, species; II. i. 33.
Knave, boy; IV. iii. 241.
Labour'd; "but I," laboured but; V. v. 42.
Labouring; "a l. day," i.e. a working day; I. i. 4.
Laughter, jester (Folios, "Laughter" ? = object of laughter; I. ii. 72.
Lay off, take away from; I. ii. 242.
Left, left off; IV. iii. 274.
Legions, bodies of infantry; IV. iii. 76.
Lend me your hand, help me; III. i. 297.
Let blood, used equivocally with a play upon the surgical operation of "blood-letting"; III. i. 152.
Lethe, death; perhaps a technical term for the deer's life-blood (Folio 1, "Lethee"; cp. lethal, L. *lethalis* or *letalis*, from *letum*, death); III. i. 206.
 LIABLE, subject; II. ii. 104.
Lief; "had as I," would as willingly, gladly (with a play upon "live"); I. ii. 95.
Lies, halts; III. i. 286.
Light, alight; V. iii. 31.
Light on, come down on; I. i. 59.
Like; "every I. is not the same," i.e. to be like a thing is not to be that same thing; II. ii. 127.
Like, same; IV. ii. 50.
Like, likely; I. ii. 175.
Listen, listen to; IV. i. 41.
Live, if I live; III. i. 159.
Look, be sure, see; I. iii. 143.
Look for, expect; IV. iii. 262.
Lover, friend; II. iii. 10.

- Low-crooked*, lowly bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.
- Lupercal*; "the feast of L.," i.e. the Lupercalia; a feast of purification and fertilization held every year on 15th February (*v. course*); I. i. 71.
- Lusty*, strong; II. ii. 78.
- Main*, confident, firm; II. i. 196.
- Make forth*, go on, forward; V. i. 25.
- Makes to*, presses towards; III. i. 18.
- Make to*, advance; V. iii. 29.
- Mark*, notice, observe; I. ii. 120.
- Marr'd*, disfigured; III. ii. 201.
- Mart*, traffic; IV. iii. 11.
- May but*, only may; I. iii. 144.
- Me*; "plucked me ope" (Ethic dative); I. ii. 266.
- Mean*, means; III. i. 161.
- Mechanical*, belonging to the working-classes, mechanics; I. i. 3.
- Metal*, mettle, temper (*Folios*, "mettle"); I. i. 65.
- Mettle*; "quick m.," full of spirit; I. ii. 300.
- Mind*, presentiment; III. i. 144.
- Misgiving*, presentiment, foreboding of ill; III. i. 145.
- Mistook*, mistaken; I. ii. 48.
- Mock*, taunt; II. ii. 96.
- Modesty*, moderation; III. i. 213.
- Moe*, more; II. i. 72.
- Monstrous*, unnatural; I. iii. 68, 71.
- Mortal instruments*, bodily powers; II. i. 66.
- Mortified*, deadened; II. i. 324.
- Motion*, impulse; II. i. 64.
- Napkins*, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 138.
- Neats-leather*, ox-hide; I. i. 29.
- Nervii*, a fierce Belgic tribe conquered by Cæsar at the great battle of the Sambre, B.C. 57; III. ii. 177.
- New-added*, re-inforced; IV. iii. 209.
- Nice*, trivial; IV. iii. 8.
- Niggard*, stint, supply sparingly; IV. iii. 228.
- Night-gown*, dressing-gown; II. ii. (direc.).
- Noted*, stigmatized; IV. iii. 2.
- No whit*, not at all; II. i. 148.
- Observe*, take notice; IV. iii. 45.
- Occupation*; "a man of o.," a mechanic; probably used with play upon secondary meaning, "a man of business"; I. ii. 268.
- O'ershot myself*, gone too far, said more than I intended; III. ii. 155.
- O'er-watch'd*, weary, worn out with watching; IV. iii. 241.
- Of*, in; II. i. 157.
- Offal*, worthless rubbish; I. iii. 109.
- Offence*; "sick o.," malady which makes you sick; II. i. 268.
- Offence*, harm, injury; IV. iii. 201.
- Officers*, "by ill o.," the ill conduct of his officers (*Johnson conj. "offices"*); IV. ii. 7.
- Omitted*, neglected; IV. iii. 220.
- Once*, some time; IV. iii. 191.
- Ope*, open; I. ii. 266.
- Opinion*, reputation; II. i. 145.
- Orchards*, gardens; III. ii. 253.
- Order*, course; III. i. 230.
- Orts*, remnants, fragments; IV. i. 37.
- Other*, the other; I. ii. 229.
- Out*; "be not o.," do not be at odds, do not quarrel; I. i. 17.
- , "be o.," out at heels; I. i. 18.
- Palm*, the prize of victory; I. ii. 131.
- Palter*, shuffle, equivocate; II. i. 126.
- Pardon*; "by your p.," by your leave; III. i. 235.
- Part*, divide; V. v. 81.
- Pass*, pass through; I. i. 47.
- , pass on; I. ii. 24.
- Passion*, feelings; I. ii. 48.
- , grief; III. i. 283.
- Passions of some difference*, conflicting emotions; I. ii. 40.
- Path*, walk abroad; II. i. 83.
- Peevish*, wayward (used contemptuously); V. i. 61.

Phantasma, vision; II. i. 65.
Philippi, in the east of Macedonia, on the borders of Thrace; V. i. 83.
Physical, healthy; II. i. 261.
Pitch, a technical term used of the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; I. i. 77.
Pitiful, full of pity, merciful; III. i. 169.
Pleasures, pleasantries, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 255.
Pluck'd, pulled down; II. i. 73.
Plutus', of the god of riches (Folios, "Pluto's"); IV. iii. 102.
Pompey's porch (*Porticus Pompeii*), the portico of Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius; it was also called *Hecatostylon*, or "Hall of the hundred columns"; I. iii. 126.
Pompey's theatre; I. iii. 152. (Cp. illustration.)



From Fairholt's engraving of Bellori's copy of the ground-plan, preserved in the Museum of the Capitol.

Portentous, ominous; I. iii. 31.
Posture, position, direction (Singer conj. "puncture"; Bulloch conj. "portents"; Schmidt conj. "nature"; Herr conj. "powers"); V. i. 33.
Powers, armed forces, troops; IV. i. 42; IV. iii. 307.
Prefer, present; III. i. 28.
 —, recommend; V. v. 62.
Preformed, originally intended; I. iii. 67.
Pre-ordnance, what has been previously ordained; III. i. 38.
Presage, foreshow future events; V. i. 79.
Present, present time; I. ii. 165.
 —, immediate; II. ii. 5.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 28.
Press, crowd, throng; I. ii. 15.
Prewail'd upon, influenced; II. i. 254.
Prevent, anticipate; II. i. 28; V. i. 105.
Prevention, detection; II. i. 85.
 —, hindrance; III. i. 19.
Prick, incite; II. i. 124.
Prick'd, marked down, marked on the list; III. i. 216; IV. i. 1.
Proceeded, taken place; I. ii. 181.
 —, acted; III. i. 183.
Proceeding, course of conduct; II. ii. 103.
Prodigious, portentous; I. iii. 77.
Produce, bring out; III. i. 228.
Profess myself, make professions of affection; I. ii. 77.
Proof; "common p.," common experience; II. i. 21.
Proper, handsome; I. i. 28.
 —, own; V. iii. 96.
Proper to, belonging to; I. ii. 41.
Property, tool; IV. i. 40.
Protester, one who protests or professes love or friendship to another; I. ii. 74.
Public chair, the pulpit or *rostra*; III. ii. 68.
Puissant, powerful; III. i. 33.
Pulpits, rostra, platforms; III. i. 80.
Purgers, healers; II. i. 180.

- Purpose*; "to the p.," to hit the purpose; III. i. 146.
Put on, betray; II. i. 225.
Puts on, assumes; I. ii. 302.
- Quality*, natural disposition; I. iii. 64.
Question, subject; III. ii. 41.
Question; "call in q.," discuss, consider; IV. iii. 165.
Quick, lively; I. ii. 29.
- Rabblement*, rabble; I. ii. 244.
Raise, rouse; IV. iii. 247.
Range, roam (derived from falconry, used of hawks and falcons in search of game); II. i. 118.
Ranging, roaming; III. i. 270.
Rank, too full of blood; III. i. 152.
Rascal, worthless; IV. iii. 80.
Rears, raises; III. i. 30.
Regard, consideration; III. i. 224.
 —, notice; V. iii. 21.
Regarded, respected; V. iii. 88.
Remorse, pity; II. i. 19.
Render'd, given in reply; II. ii. 97.
Repealing, recalling; III. i. 51.
Replication, echo; I. i. 50.
Resolved, satisfied; III. i. 131.
Respect; "of the best r.," held in the greatest respect; I. ii. 59.
 —, take notice of; IV. iii. 69.
 —; "in r. of," i.e. in comparison with; I. i. 10.
Rest, remain; V. i. 96.
Resting, not subject to motion; III. i. 61.
Retentive, restraining; I. iii. 95.
Rheumy, moist; II. i. 266.
Right on, straight on; III. ii. 227.
Rived, split, torn; I. iii. 6; IV. iii. 84.
Rome, used quibblingly with a play upon "room"; the pronunciation of the words was almost identical; I. ii. 156.
Round, rung, step; II. i. 24.
Rout, disorderly company, mob; I. ii. 78.
Rude, brutal; III. ii. 33.
- Sad*, serious; I. ii. 217.
Satisfied, given satisfaction, convinced; III. i. 141.
Save only, except; V. v. 69.
Saving, in saving; V. iii. 38.
Scandal, defame, speak ill of; I. ii. 76.
Scaped, escaped; IV. iii. 150.
Schedule, paper written on (Folios 1, 2, "scedule"); III. i. 3.
Scope, full play; IV. iii. 108.
Search, pierce; V. iii. 42.
Security, over-confidence; II. iii. 8.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet, or trumpet; I. ii. 24-25.
Served, attended to; III. i. 8.
Set on, proceed; I. ii. 11.
 —, set forward; IV. iii. 307.
Several, different; I. ii. 319.
 —, special; II. i. 138.
 —, separate; III. ii. 247.
Shadow, reflected image; I. ii. 58.
Shallows, sandbanks; IV. iii. 221.
Show, demonstration; I. ii. 34.
Shrewd, mischievous; II. i. 158.
Shrewdly, close enough (used with an intensive force); III. i. 146.
Sign'd, stamped, stained; III. i. 206.
Sirrah, a form of address to inferiors; IV. iii. 300.
Slaughter; "have added s.," have added another victim; V. i. 55.
Slight, worthless; IV. i. 12.
Slighted off, treated with contempt; IV. iii. 5.
Slip; "let s.," unleash; III. i. 273.
Smatch, smack, taste; V. v. 46.
So, if only; I. ii. 166.
Sober, calm; IV. ii. 40.
Softly, slowly; V. i. 16.
Soil, blemish; I. ii. 42.
Sometime, sometimes; II. i. 251.
Sooth, in sooth, in truth; II. iv. 20.
So please him, if it please him to; III. i. 140.
Sort, rank; I. i. 61.
 —, way; I. ii. 205.
 —; "in s.," in a manner, after a fashion; II. i. 283.

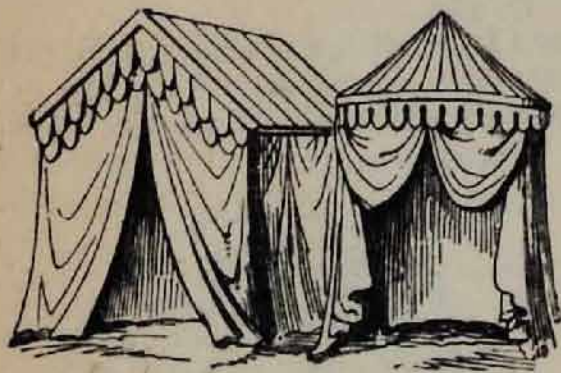
Spare, lean; I. ii. 201.
Speak to me, tell me; IV. iii. 281.
Speed, prosper; I. ii. 88.
Spleen, passion; IV. iii. 47.
Spoil; "sign'd in thy spoil," *i.e.* having the stains of thy blood as their badges; "spoil" was perhaps used in technical sense for the capture of the prey, and the division among those who have taken part in the chase; III. i. 206
Stale, make common; I. ii. 73.
Staled, made stale or common; IV. i. 38.
Stand upon, trouble about; III. i. 100.
Stare, stand on end; IV. iii. 280.
Stars, fortunes, fates, alluding to the old belief in the influence of the stars under which men were born; I. ii. 140.
State, court; I. ii. 160.
 —, state of things; I. iii. 71.
 —, kingdom, microcosm; II. i. 67.
Statuë (trissyllabic); II. ii. 76; "at the base of Pompey's statue; III. ii. 192.



Pompey's Statue,
 From a drawing by Fairholt.

Stay, wait; I. iii. 125.
 —, await; V. i. 107.
Stays, detains, keeps; II. ii. 75.
Sterile curse, the curse of being barren; I. ii. 9.
Still, always; I. ii. 245.
Stir, stirring; I. iii. 127.
Stirr'd, stirring; II. ii. 110.
Stole, stolen; II. i. 238.
Stomachs, inclination; V. i. 66.
Stood on, regarded, attached any importance to; II. ii. 13.
Strain, race; V. i. 59.
Strange-disposed, strangely disposed; I. iii. 33.
Strength of malice (*v.* Note); III. i. 174.
Stricken, struck; II. i. 192.
Strucken, struck (Folio 1, "stroken"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "stricken"); III. i. 209.
Suburbs, outskirts (with probably an allusion to the fact that the suburbs in London and other cities were the general resort of disorderly persons); II. i. 285.
Success, good fortune; II. ii. 6.
 —, issue; V. iii. 66.
Sudden, quick; III. i. 19.
Sufferance, patience; I. iii. 84.
 —, suffering; II. i. 115.
Surest, most safely; IV. i. 47.
Surly, sullenly; I. iii. 21.
Sway, "the s. of earth," equilibrium (? "the government and established order of the earth," Schmidt); I. iii. 3.
Swear, let swear; II. i. 129.
Swore, caused to take an oath; V. iii. 38.
Swound, swoon; I. ii. 252.
Swounded, swooned (Folios, "swooned"); I. ii. 249.
Tag-rag people, the common people, rabble; I. ii. 259.
Take thought, give way to melancholy; II. i. 187.
Tardy, slow, laggard; I. ii. 302.

Taste, sort, way; IV. i. 34.
Temper, constitution; I. ii. 129.
Tenour, contents; IV. iii. 171.
Tent; IV. iii. 246. (The annexed examples of Roman tents of the time of Julius Cæsar are from ancient bas-reliefs at Rome.)



Thasos, an Island in the Ægean, off the coast of Thrace (Folios, "Tharsus"); V. iii. 104.
That, suppose that done; II. i. 15.
Then, in that case; V. i. 100.
These and these, such and such; II. i. 31.
Thews, muscles, strength; I. iii. 81.
Thick, dim, short-sighted; V. iii. 21.
This; "by this," *i.e.* by this time, now; I. iii. 125.
Threat, threaten; V. i. 38.
Thunder-stone, thunderbolt; I. iii. 46.
Tiber banks, the banks of the Tiber; I. i. 62.
Tide of times, course of times; III. i. 257.
Time of life, full period of life; V. i. 106.
Time's abuse, abuses of the time; II. i. 115.
Tinctures, memorial blood-stains; II. ii. 89.
'Tis just, just so, exactly; I. ii. 54.
To friend, for our friend, as our friend; III. i. 143.
Toils, snares, nets; II. i. 206.

To-night, last night; II. ii. 76.
Took, taken; II. i. 50.
Trash, rubbish, worthless stuff; I. iii. 108.
Trophies, tokens of victory; I. i. 73.
True, honest; I. ii. 262.
Turn him going, send him off; III. iii. 38.
Unbraced, unbuttoned; I. iii. 48; II. i. 262.
Undergo, undertake; I. iii. 123.
Underlings, serfs, mean fellows; I. ii. 141.
Unfirm, not fixed, not firm; I. iii. 4.
Ungently, unkindly; II. i. 237.
Unicorns; "u. may be betrayed with trees"; alluding to the belief that unicorns were captured by the huntsmen standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged; its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast; II. i. 204.
Unluckily, foreshowing misfortune ominously; III. iii. 2.
Unmeritable, undeserving; IV. i. 12.
Unpurged; "u. air," *i.e.* unpurged by the sun; II. i. 266.
Unshaked of; "u. o. motion," *i.e.* undisturbed by any motion; III. i. 70.
Untrod; "this u. state," *i.e.* this new state of affairs; III. i. 136.
Upmost, uppermost, topmost; II. i. 24.
Upon; "u. a heap," in a heap, crowded all together; I. iii. 23.
 —, in intruding upon; II. i. 86.
 —, conditionally upon; III. i. 221.
 —; "u. a wish," as soon as wished for; III. ii. 271.
 —, in consequence of, from; IV. iii. 152.
Use, custom; II. ii. 25.
 —; "did u.," were accustomed; I. ii. 72.
Vaunting, boasting; IV. iii. 52.

Glossary

THE TRAGEDY OF

Ventures, what we have ventured, risked; IV. iii. 224.
Vesture, garment; III. ii. 200.
Voice, vote; III. i. 177.
Void, open; II. iv. 36.
Vouchsafe, vouchsafe to accept; II. i. 313.
Vulgar, common herd, common people; I. i. 74.

Wafture, waving; II. i. 246.
Warn, summon; V. i. 5.
Waspish, petulant; IV. iii. 50.
Weep, shed; I. i. 62.
Weighing, taking into consideration; II. i. 108.
Well, in a friendly way; IV. ii. 6.
Well given, well disposed; I. ii. 197.
What; "what night," *i.e.* what a night; I. iii. 42.
 —, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 1.
When, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 5.
Where, when; I. ii. 59.
Whet, instigate; II. i. 61.
Whether (monosyllabic; *Folios*, "where"); I. i. 65.
Who, the man who; I. iii. 120.
 —, which; V. i. 83.
Whole, well, healthy; II. i. 327.
Wind, turn, wheel; IV. i. 32.
Wit, intelligence (so *Folio 2*; *Folio 1*, "writ"); III. ii. 225.

With, by; I. iii. 83; III. i. 42; III. ii. 201.
With a thought, quick as thought; V. iii. 19.
Wives, women; III. i. 97.
Woe the while!, alas the time!; I. iii. 82.
Word; "at a w.," at his word; I. ii. 269.
World, condition of affairs; I. ii. 310.
Worthless, unworthy; V. i. 61.
Wreath of victory; V. iii. 82. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a brass coin of Augustus, struck for use in *Cæsarea Augusti*, a city of Phœnicia.

Yearns, grieves (*Folios 1, 2, 3*, "earnes"; *Folio 4*, "earns"); II. ii. 128.
Yet, still; II. i. 245.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Notes.

I. i. 25. 'with awl. I'; Folios, 'withal I'; the correction was made by Farmer.

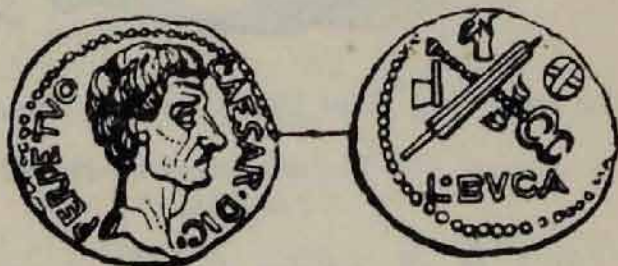
I. ii. 19. The line is evidently to be read thus:—

"A soothsay'r bids you'ware the ides of March."

I. ii. 79, 80. 'I do fear the people choose Cæsar for their king.' (Cp. the annexed copy of a silver denarius struck when Cæsar assumed the title of Perpetual Dictator.)

I. ii. 155. 'walls'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'walkes.'

I. ii. 255. 'Tis very like: he hath'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, 'Tis very like he hath.'



I. ii. 318. 'He should not humour me'; i.e. 'he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him'; others take 'he' to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humour me, so as to make me forget my principles."

I. iii. 30. 'These are their reasons'; Jervis conj. 'These have their seasons'; Collier MS., 'These are the seasons.'

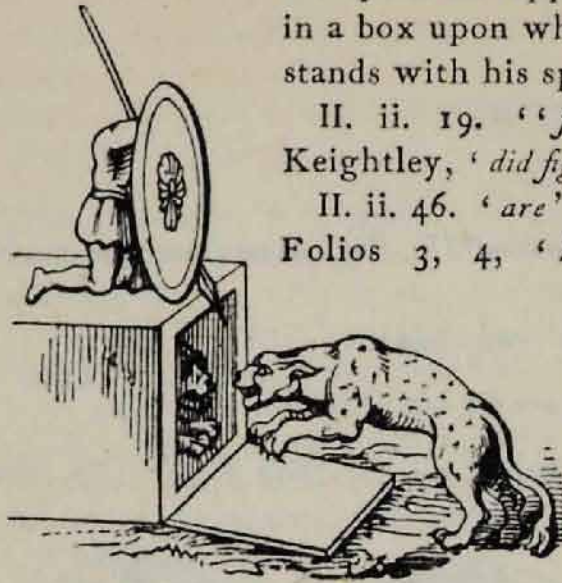
I. iii. 65. 'Why old men fool and'; Mitford conj.; Folios, 'Why old men, Fools, and'; Blackstone conj. 'Why old men fools, and.'

I. iii. 129. 'In favour's like'; Johnson reads 'In favour's, like'; Folios 1, 2, 'Is Favours, like'; Folios 3, 4, 'Is Favours, like'; Rowe, 'Is fear'rous, like'; Capell, 'Is favour'd like'; etc., etc.

II. i. 40. 'the ides of March'; Theobald's correction of Folios, 'the first of March.'

II. i. 83. 'For if thou path, thy native semblance on'; so Folio 2; Folios 1, 3, 4, 'For if thou path thy . . .'; Pope, 'For if thou march, thy . . .'; Singer conj. 'For if thou put'st thy . . .,' etc.; but there is no need to improve on the reading of Folio 2.

II. i. 204, 5. '*unicorns may be betray'd with trees and bears with glasses . . .*' "The passage receives a curious illustration from a painting in the sepulchre of the Nasonian family on the Flaminian way near Rome. It represents a leopard entrapped by its reflection in a mirror placed in a box upon which the hunter (hidden by his shield) stands with his spear."



II. ii. 19. '*fight*'; so Folios; Dyce, '*fought*'; Keightley, '*did fight*.'

II. ii. 46. '*are*'; Upton conj.; Folios 1, 2, '*heare*'; Folios 3, 4, '*hear*'; Rowe, '*heard*'; Theobald, '*were*.'

III. i. 39. '*law of children*'; Johnson's emendation of Folios, '*lane of children*'; Steevens conj. '*line of c.*'; Mason conj. '*play of c.*' Mr Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains '*lane*' in the sense of '*narrow conceits*'; he compares

the following lines from Jonson's *Staple of News* :—

"*A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell
All in a lane.*"

III. i. 47, 48. '*Know, Cæsar, doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied*'; there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva or Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking of his love for Shakespeare on this side of idolatry, expresses a wish "that he had blotted more." "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him '*Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,*' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,*' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these references it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"METELLUS. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*
CÆSAR. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.*"

It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as

seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare or by his editors.

III. i. 77. 'Et tu, Brute'; according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, 'O vile traitor, Casca, what dost thou?' Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek:—"καὶ σὺ, τέκνον," i.e. 'and thou, too, my son.' The words 'Et tu, Brute,' proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar*:—(i) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsar's interfecti*, 1582; (ii) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, 1595; (iii) Acolastus, his *Afterwitte*, 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, these lines occur:—

"O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;
And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

III. i. 105-110. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.

III. i. 174. 'in strength of malice'; so Folios; Pope, 'exempt from malice'; Capell, 'no strength of malice'; Seymour, 'reproof of malice'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, 'in strength of welcome'; Badham conj. 'unstring their malice,' etc. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but 'in strength of malice' may mean 'in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny,' and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.

III. i. 262. 'limbs of men'; so Folios; Hanmer, 'kind of men'; Johnson conj. 'lives of' or 'lymmes of men'; Jackson, 'imps of men'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, 'loins of men'; Bulloch, 'limbs of Rome,' etc.

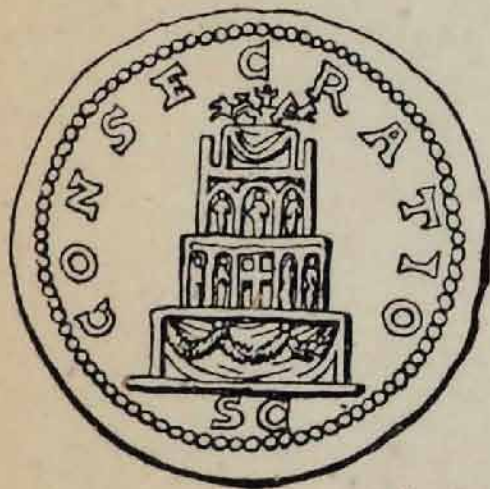
III. ii. 254. 'On this side Tiber'; Theobald proposed 'that' for 'this.' Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare followed

North's *Plutarch*, and North merely translated the words in Amyot.

III. ii. 259. 'We'll burn his body in the holy place.' Cp. the annexed illustration from a brass coin struck in honour of M. Aurelius after his death in 180 A.D., exhibiting on the reverse the funeral pile of four stories high used at his consecration.

IV. i. 37. 'objects, orts'; Staunton's reading; Theobald, 'object orts'; Folios, 'Obiects, Arts'; Becket conj. 'object arts'; Gould conj. 'objects, orts.'

IV. i. 44. 'our means stretch'd'; Folio 1, 'our meanes stretcht'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'and our best meanes stretcht out'; Johnson, 'our best means stretcht'; Malone, 'our means stretch'd to the utmost.'



IV. ii. 50, 52. Craik's suggestion that '*Lucilius*' and '*Lucius*' have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.

IV. iii. 129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer":—

*"My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than suchie three."*

(North's *Plutarch*).

IV. iii. 133. '*vilely*'; so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, '*wildely*'; Folio 3, '*wildly*.'

V. i. 20. '*I will do so,*' i.e. 'I will do as you wish, and keep on the left'; according to some editors, the words may mean 'I will not wrangle, but will have my way.'

V. i. 53. '*three and thirty*'; Theobald, '*three and twenty*' (the number given in *Plutarch*).

V. iii. 99. '*The last*'; Rowe unnecessarily suggested, '*Thou last*'; but *cp.* North's *Plutarch*, "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."

V. v. 33. '*Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen.*'

V. v. 71. '*in a general honest thought And*'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads '*in a generous honest thought Of.*'

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EDINBURGH