The Cambridge Shakespeare.
THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOLUME IX.

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Additions and Corrections                   | 750  |
PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was first published, in Quarto, in the year 1609, with the following title-page:

The late, | And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lese strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by | his Maisties Servants, at the Globe on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Pater-noster row, &c. | 1609. |

Another edition was issued in the same year. As the title-pages are absolutely identical, it has hitherto been supposed that there was but one edition, and that the discrepancies between the copies were due to printers’ corrections made while the sheets were passing through the press. A careful examination of the different copies has however convinced us that there were two distinct editions, and certain minute indications have enabled us to decide which of the two was the earlier. This we call Q₁. The second we term Q₂. We have consulted three copies of Q₁; which are found in the Bodleian, the Capell Collection, and the British Museum. The last is marked in the catalogue C. 12. h. 5. Of Q₂ we have collated two copies, one in the Duke of Devonshire’s library and one in the British Museum, marked C. 34. k. 36.

VOL. IX.
Another copy of *Pericles* 1609 is in the Public Library at Hamburg. From a sample of the various readings given in a note by M. Tycho Mommsen, in the preface to his reprint of Wilkins' Novel, we recognize it as a copy of Q₂.

Besides these, we know of no other copies of the two editions of 1609.

There is also in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 37) a unique copy of an edition in Quarto dated 1611, which formerly belonged to Mr Halliwell. The title-page is as follows:

*THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole History, | adventures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince : | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath beene diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiestyes Servants, at the Globe on | the Banck-side. | By William Shakespeare. | Printed at London by S.S. | 1611. |

This we call Q₄. It is printed from a copy of the second Quarto. Two leaves containing part of the second Act are wanting. It is so extremely ill printed, especially in the latter part, that it is in many cases impossible to determine with certainty the punctuation and even the reading.

The Quarto of 1619, our Q₄, of which there are two copies in the British Museum and one in the Capell Collection, has the following title-page:

*THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | called, | Pericles, Prince | of | Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole His- | story, adventures, and fortunes of | the saide Prince. | Written by w. Shakes- | speare. | Printed for T. P. 1619.

The signatures of this edition are a continuation of those of 'The Whole Contention &c.,' published without date but by the same publisher, shewing that the two plays originally formed part of the same volume. See Vol. v. of the present work, Pref. pp. ix. x.

1 It is now known that a copy of Q₁, which formerly belonged to Mr George Daniel, is in Mr Huth's library. [W. A. W.]
The edition of 1619 seems to have been printed from that of 1611. With the average number of misprints, it presents many corrections of the text, sometimes certain and generally happy, but all probably conjectural.

There was also an edition in Quarto of 1630, which we term Qs. Two copies of this are found in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 39. and C. 34. k. 40), which differ in the imprint but are in other respects identical.

The imprint of the former, which is the same as that in the Capell Collection, is as follows:

LONDON, | Printed by I. N. for R. B. and are to be sould | at his shop in Cheapside, at the signe of the | Bible. 1630. |

That of the latter:

LONDON, | Printed by J. N. for R. B. 1630. |

This fifth Quarto is extremely incorrect.

Another edition, which we call Qs, was printed five years later, from the fourth Quarto. It bears the following imprint:

Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, 1635.

The play of *Pericles* was not included in either the first or the second Folio. It was however reprinted, together with other plays wrongly attributed to Shakespeare, in the Folio of 1664 and in that of 1685. The text of the third Folio is taken from that of the sixth Quarto, but with a considerable number of conjectural alterations.

A duodecimo reprint of *Pericles*, taken from the fourth Folio, appeared in 1734.

Rowe included, in both his editions, *Pericles* and the other plays given as Shakespeare's in the third and fourth Folios but not found in the first and second. They were excluded by Pope and subsequent editors, nor were they republished in any edition of Shakespeare till Malone printed them in his Supplement to Steevens' Shakespeare of 1778, which appeared two years later. Malone, acting on the suggestion of Farmer, included *Pericles* in his edition of Shakespeare, published in
1790. Steevens in 1793 followed his example, and *Pericles* has been republished by all subsequent editors except Mr Keightley. Mr Knight reprinted it with *Locrine* and the other spurious plays. There can be no doubt that the hand of Shakespeare is traceable in many of the scenes, and that throughout the play he largely retouched, and even rewrote, the work of some inferior dramatist. But the text has come down to us in so maimed and imperfect a state that we can no more judge of what the play was when it left the master's hand than we should have been able to judge of *Romeo and Juliet* if we had only had the first Quarto as authority for the text. The plot was founded on Twine's novel, called *The Patterne of Painsfull Adventurers:* first published in 1576 and reprinted by Mr Collier in the first volume of Shakespeare's Library, together with the story of *Appollinus, the Prince of Tyr,* from Gower’s *Confessio Amantis,* a poetical version of the same romance.

Another novel by George Wilkins, avowedly based on the acted drama, was published in 1608, with the following title-page:

**THE** | **Painfull** | **Adventures** | **of** | *Pericles* | **Prince of** | *Tyre.* | **Being** | The true History of the Play of *Pericles,* as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an- | cient Poet John Gower. | **AT** | **LONDON** | **Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter,** | **1608.** |

Before the imprint is a picture of John Gower.

The work, which is interesting as being the first of all ‘Tales from Shakespeare’ and of considerable use in determining the text of the play, was reprinted by M. Tycho Mommsen in 1857, from a copy in the Public Library at Zurich, with a Preface of his own and an Introduction by Mr Collier.

*Venus and Adonis* was first published in Quarto, in 1593, with the following title-page:

**Venus** | **and Adonis** | *Vilia miratur vulgus: mihi stans Apollo* | *Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* | **LONDON** | Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at | the signe of the white Greyhound in | **Paules Church-yard.** | **1593.** |
The printer's device is an anchor, with the motto, 'Anchora Spei.'

This we call Q₄. It is printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's own manuscript.

A second edition, also in Quarto, was published in the following year. The title-page is exactly similar to that of the first edition, except that the date 1594 is substituted for 1593. We call this Q₅.

A third edition was issued in 1596 from the same printing office, with the following imprint:

Imprinted at London by R. F. for | John Harison. | 1596. |

This edition, like all the subsequent ones, is in Octavo, but in order to avoid using a different set of symbols, we term it Q₅.

The fourth edition¹, Q₆ [now Q₇], bears this imprint:

LONDON | Printed by I. H. | for Iohn Harison. | 1600. |

In the Bodleian copy the title-page is supplied in manuscript.

This edition was printed from Q₆.² It contains many erroneous readings, due, it would seem, partly to carelessness and partly to wilful alteration, which were repeated in later copies.

The Bodleian copy once belonged to Malone and was given to him by Farmer. He says in a manuscript note: 'I have carefully collated the Venus and Adonis with the edition of 1596, with which I have been furnished by Mr T. Warton; and have noted the variations in the margin. March 24, 1785.'
E. M.' Like most careful collations, which have not been revised, this of Malone's leaves many discrepancies unrecorded.

Two new editions were published, as we have discovered, in the year 1602.

There is extant, as we believe, only a single copy of each, one in the British Museum and one in the Bodleian Library.

The imprint of the former is as follows:

Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling at the signe of the Holy Ghost, in Paules Church-yard. 1602.

The title-page of the Bodleian copy is the same as that of the Museum copy, excepting that it has 'vulgus: mihi' for 'vulgus, mihi,' and 'Pauls Churchyard' for 'Paules Church-yard,' and the printer's device is different. The similarity of title-page and identity of date have led to the supposition that these were copies of the same edition, but a comparison of the two proves to demonstration that they were different editions. The Bodleian copy is very inferior to the Museum copy in typography, in the quality of the paper, and in accuracy.

The Museum copy formerly belonged to the late Mr George Daniel, who has written in a fly-leaf the following note: 'No other copy of this excessively rare edition is known. Mr Evans was wrong in stating that a copy is in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library. No copy is mentioned in the catalogue, nor is there one to be found there.' Mr Daniel had overlooked the existence of the Bodleian copy of 1602, but, as it turns out,

1 Another has since been discovered in the Earl of Macclesfield's Library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. This has the same printer's device as the copy in the British Museum, viz. a winged globe surrounded by a laureated skull, an hour-glass, and an open book bearing the inscription 'I live to dy, I dy to liue.' But I learn from a minute description kindly furnished by Lady Macclesfield that it differs from it in several particulars, which shew that it was from a different setting of the type. It also has a colon for a comma after 'vulgus' in the motto. It is possible therefore that there was a third edition issued in the same year. In the Bagford Collection of title-pages is one which appears to be identical with that of Lord Macclesfield's copy. For this information, as well as for many other acts of courtesy and kindness, I am indebted to Mr W. Y. Fletcher. [W. A. W.]

2 This is a mistake. Both copies have 'Paules Church-yard.' [W. A. W.]
his own copy is unique after all. That in the Bodleian has the autograph of R. Burton, author of the Anatomy of Melancholy.

We term the Museum copy Q₈ [Q₈] and the Bodleian Q₆ [Q₆]. Neither was printed from the other, but both from Q₆ [Q₆].

The next edition known to us has the following imprint:

LONDON, | Printed for W. B. 1617.

This we term Q₉ [Q₉].

The next, our Q₈ [Q₈], has the imprint:

LONDON, | Printed for J. P. 1620.

A copy exists in the Capell Collection. Dr Bandinel also purchased one for the Bodleian, but it cannot now be found.

The next edition, which we call Q₉ [Q₉], is remarkable as having been printed at Edinburgh. It is also in Octavo, but longer than the English editions. The title page is as follows:

VENUS | AND | ADONIS. | Viæta miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo | Pocula Castalid plena ministret aqua. | EDINBURGH, | Printed by John Wrettown, and | are to bee sold in his Shop a little be- | neath the salt Trone. 1627.

We believe that this was printed from a manuscript which the writer had copied from Q₈ [Q₈], but in which he had introduced, probably by happy conjecture, several emendations agreeing with the text of the three earliest editions. The only copy known to exist is in the British Museum.

An edition in the Bodleian wanting the title page, but catalogued with the date 1630, is referred to us as Q₇ [Q₇].

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1 The copy bought by Dr Bandinel in 1839 has no title-page and is the one catalogued with the date 1630, now Malone 891 [Q₉]. The date 1620 was supplied by conjecture, but it is a different edition from that of 1620 in the Capell Collection.

2 According to Mr Edmonds, another copy was sold at Sotheby's in 1864, and as I learn from Dr Justin Winsor's Bibliography of Shakespeare's Poems it is now 'in the Library of Almon W. Griswold, New York City.' [W. A. W.]

3 A copy formerly in the Ashmolean Museum, and now in the Bodleian (Wood 79, 9), has a title-page bearing date 1630. This is quoted as Q₁₁, and was printed by J. H., who is probably the same as I. H., the printer of the edition of 1636 for the same publisher. [W. A. W.]
Whatever be the true date, it is certainly earlier than the next, which we call $Q_2$ [$Q_2$], bearing the following imprint:

**London. | Printed by I. H. and are to be sold by Francis Coules in | the Old Bailey without Newgate. 1636. |**

In the Bodleian catalogue a copy is mentioned of the date 1675, but none such exists in the library itself.

The first edition of *Lucrece*, which we have called $Q_1$, was published in Quarto in 1594. It has the following title:

**LVCRECE. | London. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound | in Paules Churc-yard. 1594. |**

The running title is ‘The Rape of Lucrece.’

Copies of this edition are in the Duke of Devonshire’s Library, the British Museum, and the Library of Sion College. In the Bodleian there are two copies, differing from each other in some important readings, which we have distinguished as $Q_1$ (Bodl. 1) and $Q_2$ (Bodl. 2). The former is marked ‘Malone 34’; the latter ‘Malone Add. 886’.

The second edition was printed in 1598. In order to avoid a different notation we have called this, though in reality an octavo, $Q_3$. It has the following title:

**LVCRECE. | AT London, | Printed by P. S. for John Harrison. 1598. |**

A copy of this edition is in the Capell Collection, which has been collated by Capell with a copy of $Q_1$, apparently that in Sion College Library.

The third edition, our $Q_3$, also in small octavo, was published in 1600, with the following title:

**LVCRECE. | London. | Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison. 1600. |**

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1 It is stated by Dr Winsor that ‘Capell’s copy is missing from the Collection in Trinity College.’ This is incorrect. Capell never possessed the edition of 1694, but enumerates it in his list as in the Library of Sion College. [W. A. W.]

2 And in the British Museum. [W. A. W.]
The only copy of this edition with which we are acquainted is in the Bodleian Library. It is bound up with the Venus and Adonis of [?] 1600 and was given by Farmer to Malone.

In 1607 appeared, also in octavo, what we have quoted as Q₂. Its title is:

LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed be N. O. for John Har- |
   rison. 1607. |

In 1616, the year of Shakespeare’s death, it was reissued with the author’s name as ‘newly revised’; but as the readings are generally inferior to those of the earlier editions there is no reason for attaching any importance to an assertion which was merely intended to allure purchasers. The title-page of this edition, which we call Q₄, is as follows:

THE | RAPE | or | LVCRECE. | By | Mr. William Shakespeare. |
   Newly Revised. | LONDON: | Printed by T. S. for Roger Jackson, |
   and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street. |
   1616. |

Copies of this edition are in the British Museum and the Bodleian.

The sixth and last of the earlier editions of any importance appeared in 1624 with the following title:

THE | RAPE | or | LVCRECE. | By | Mr. William Shakespeare. |
   Newly Revised. | LONDON. | Printed by I. B. for Roger Jackson, |
   and are | to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street. |
   1624. |

A copy of this edition, which we call Q₆, is in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum. Through the kindness of Mr P. H. Frere, we have been enabled to collate another copy which formerly belonged to Sir John Fenn, the editor of the Paston Letters.

Of these six editions, the fifth and sixth differ considerably in their readings from the first four, which follow each other without any important variations. An edition bearing the date of 1632 is mentioned in Lowndes’ Bibliographer’s Manual, ed.
Bohn, but we have not been able to find it. The last of all, which we have quoted as Q, [Qm], appeared in 1655 and forms part of the same volume with Quarles's Banishment of Tarquin.

The Sonnets appeared for the first time in 1609. The title of some copies is as follows:

SHAKE-SPEARES | Sonnets. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be solde by William Aspley. | 1609. |

In others the imprint is

AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be solde by John Wright, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609. |

At the end of the Sonnets was printed in the same edition A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM was first printed in 1599 with the following title:

THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIM. | By W. Shakespeare. | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599. |

In the middle of sheet C is a second title:

SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke. | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. |

1 I have since discovered two copies of this edition, Q, with the imprint, 'LONDON, | Printed by B. B. for John Harrison, and | are to be sold at his shop at the golden | Unicorn in Pater-noster Row. | 1632. | ' One of these is in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford (A. 4. 8), and is bound with Hudson's translation of the History of Judith (no title). The other formerly belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at his sale in 1800 by Mr Heber for fifteen shillings. It afterwards came into the possession of the late Mr Christie Miller and is now at Britwell. It is bound with a copy of Charles FitzGeoffry's Blessed Birthday (Oxf. 1686). [W. A. W.]

2 The date 1599 has been cut off by the binder. [W. A. W.]
A unique copy of this edition, bound up with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1620, is in the Capell Collection. It was once in the possession of 'honest' Tom Martin of Palgrave, and a MS. note informs us that the volume cost a former owner 'but 3 halfpence.'

It was reprinted, together with some poems by Thomas Heywood, in 1612, and the whole were attributed to Shakespeare. The title at first stood thus:


In the Bodleian copy of this edition Malone has written the following note. 'All the poems from Sig. D 5 were written by Thomas Heywood, who was so offended at Jaggard for printing them under the name of Shakespeare, that he has added a postscript to his *Apoloogy for Actors*, 4to 1612, on this subject, and Jaggard in consequence of it appears to have printed a new title-page to please Heywood, without the name of Shakespeare in it. The former title-page was no doubt intended to be cancelled, but by some inadvertence, they were both prefixed to this copy and I have retained them as a curiosity.'

The corrected title-page on the opposite leaf, A verso, is, except in the use of italics and Roman letters, the same, omitting 'By W. Shakespere.'

This is called 'The third Edition,' but no other between 1599 and 1612 is known to exist.

In 1640 a number of the Sonnets, together with some of the Poems from *The Passionate Pilgrim* and *A Lover's Complaint*, were collected into a volume, with some translations from Ovid

1 It is no longer unique. In 1867 a second copy was discovered in the Library of Sir Charles Isham, at Lamport Hall, bound with the Venus and Adonis of 1699. [W. A. W.]
and other pieces evidently not by Shakespeare, and published with the following title:


The order of the poems in this volume is very arbitrary, but it is followed in the editions by Gildon (1710), and Sewell (1725 and 1728), as well as those published by Ewing (1771) and by Evans (1775). In all these editions, Sonnets 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96 and 126 are omitted, and Sonnets 138 and 144 are given in the form in which they appear in the 'Passionate Pilgrim.'

It was in 1709 (according to Lowndes, Bibliographer's Manual, ed. Bohn) that the whole of Shakespeare's Minor Poems were issued in a small 8vo form, under the title,

A Collection of Poems, in Two Volumes; Being all the Miscellanies of Mr. William Shakespeare, which were Publish'd by himself in the Year 1609. and now correctly Printed from those Editions. The First Volume contains, I. Venus and Adonis. II. The Rape of Lucrece. III. The Passionate Pilgrim. IV. Some Sonnets set to sundry Notes of Musick. The Second Volume contains One Hundred and Fifty Four Sonnets, all of them in Praise of his Mistress. II. A Lover's Complaint of his Angry Mistress. LONDON: Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys, between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-street.

No editor's name is given, and in Bohn's edition of Lowndes it is wrongly assigned to Gildon, who, as appears by Sewell's Preface, edited the Poems in 1710 with an introduction containing remarks upon the plays. The readings from this edition are therefore quoted by us as those of Lintott. In Capell's copy, with which he evidently intended to go to press, there are many corrections and emendations, which we have referred to as 'Capell MS.' This volume appears afterwards to have passed through Farmer's hands, as there is a note in his handwriting at the end of the 'Advertisement.' Possibly therefore it may
have been seen by Malone, and as many of the alterations proposed by Capell were adopted by Malone or subsequent editors, we have indicated this coincidence by quoting them as 'Malone (Capell MS.),' or the like. Capell has left in the same volume a preface to the poems in MS., from the date to which we learn that it was prepared for press in 1766. The separate title-pages to the pieces in this collection all bear the same date 1609, which is that of the first edition of the Sonnets. But in another copy of the first volume only, which is in the Bodleian, the title-pages bear different dates and are in other respects different, though, so far as we have been able to judge, the text of the poems in the Capell and Bodleian copies is identical.

The Phoenix and the Turtle first appeared, with Shakespeare's name appended to it, in Chester's 'Loves Martyr: or, Rosalins Complaint,' which was published in 1601.

We have been unable to see a copy of this extremely rare book, and have therefore been compelled to depend upon the excellent facsimile of the poem published by Mr Halliwell in the last volume of his recently completed edition of Shakespeare.

For the collation of those pieces in the Passionate Pilgrim which are printed in somewhat different forms in England's Helicon, Griffin's Fidessa, and by Barnfield, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr H. Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. The originals are in the Bodleian Library. Mr Bradshaw informs us that the pieces which were printed by Barnfield, numbered viii and [xxi] in the present edition, are not, as is usually stated, in 'The Encomion of Lady Pecunia,' but among the 'Poems: in divers humors' at the end of a volume of which the first poem is 'The Complaint of Poetrie, for the Death of Liberalitie.' This, though bound with 'The Encomion &c.,' has a distinct title and separate signatures.
We have now brought to completion a task which has cost us nearly six years' labour.

The labour, though severe, has been lightened by the assistance and sympathy of many friends, and of others personally unknown to us: we have throughout been encouraged by kindly criticism, and by a confident hope that the result would be a contribution of permanent value to English literature.

Neither, again, is the work of collating and editing, at least when undertaken on the large scale which we have attempted, merely the dry, mechanical, repulsive task which it is popularly supposed to be. The judgement has to be exercised at every step, in the settlement of the text, in the application of rules previously laid down, and in discriminating between essential and unessential variations. Thus the labour of a conscientious editor, however humble and unambitious in its aim, is neither servile nor mechanical. If it is often unduly depreciated in public opinion, this is in some degree because each successive editor, being bound to correct the errors of his predecessors, necessarily brings these into undue prominence, while as he cannot in all cases acknowledge, he seems to ignore, the services which they have rendered.

'The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.'

The plan which we have adopted gives to each his due, and will, we trust, secure a tardy justice for those whose merits have not been sufficiently recognized. But an editor of Shakespeare, even if he misses his meed of fame and praise, finds a sufficient reward in the labour itself. He feels that he is not, in Hallam's

1 We have great pleasure in inscribing on the roll of our benefactors the names of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the Rev. Canon Robertson, the Rev. W. C. Sidgwick of Merton College, Oxford, Mr C. Knight Watson, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, and Mr P. A. Daniel. In the present volume we have had especial assistance from the Rev. H. O. Coxe, Librarian of the Bodleian, and Mr Deutsch and Mr Hamilton, of the British Museum. During the progress of the work we have been much indebted to Mr C. J. Clay, of Trinity College, and to the accurate and intelligent printers who work under his direction at the University Press.
phrase, 'trimming the lamp of an ancient sepulchre,' but trimming a lamp which lights modern dwellings, and which will continue to light the dwellings of many generations of men yet to come. It is no mean task, but a noble privilege, to live in daily intercourse with the greatest of merely human men, to acquire a constantly increasing familiarity with the thoughts of the subtlest of thinkers and the language of the most eloquent of poets. The more we endeavour to fathom and to grasp the mind of Shakespeare, the more we appreciate his depth and his sublimity. As our knowledge grows, so also our admiration and our pleasure in the study increase, dashed only by a growing sense of the textual imperfections and uncertainties which stand between the author and his readers. For, besides the recognized difficulties, we are convinced that there are many passages, still easily scanned and construed, and therefore not generally suspected of corruption, which nevertheless have not been printed exactly as they were first written. Some ruder hand has effaced the touch of the master.

And these blemishes cannot be entirely removed, even by the most brilliant conjectural criticism, because the materials are wanting. Little more can be done than has been done already by successive editors and commentators. The attentive readers of our notes will, we are persuaded, come to the same conclusion that we have come to: viz. that the value of these men's labours has been greatly underrated. Nothing can be more unfounded than the notion, so prevalent in Germany, that Shakespeare has till of late years been neglected and under-valued by his countrymen. Even in England this erroneous assertion is frequently repeated, as if it were too obvious to require proof. The genius of Shakespeare and the stupidity of his commentators is a popular antithesis as trite as it is unjust. In this despised class are found some of the most famous and most accomplished Englishmen of their time. And it is a study of great interest to follow them as they exercise their varied talents on the noblest field which the literature of their
country afforded: Rowe, himself a dramatist of no mean skill; Pope, with his deep poetic insight; Theobald, with his fine tact and marvellous ingenuity; Hanmer, whose guesses, however they may pass the sober limits of criticism, are sometimes brilliant, often instructive, and never foolish; Warburton, audacious and arrogant, but now and then singularly happy; Johnson, with his masculine common sense; Capell, the most useful of all, whose conscientious diligence is untiring, whose minute accuracy is scarcely ever at fault; Steevens, Malone, Blackstone, Farmer, Tyrwhitt, Rann, Boswell, Singer and Sidney Walker, with all their varied learning; together with their successors of the present generation in England, Germany and America, who have devoted themselves to the illustration of Shakespeare as to a labour of love.

For the contempt into which the earlier editors have fallen, they may thank, in part, their own quarrels. People are content to take each at his rival's estimate. Theobald is held to be the worst of dunces because Pope made him the hero of the Dunciad. Bearing this in mind, we have great satisfaction in the thought that there is scarcely an editor of Shakespeare now living to whom we are not indebted for some act of courtesy and kindness.

In the course of our inquiries we have been led to the study of other authors contemporary with or immediately subsequent to Shakespeare, and have thus gathered materials for the elucidation of his text, which must serve for another work, since our limits have compelled us rigorously to exclude them from this. Nevertheless the footnotes of the present work are in effect explanatory, because they contain not only all the material for criticism, but also, in a condensed form, the results of successive speculations. A vast mass of recent criticism, to which we hope to do full justice hereafter, finds no records in these pages, because its results, as far as the improvement of the text is concerned, have been anticipated by earlier commentators.
We take this opportunity of re-stating, more explicitly than before, some of the rules by which we have been guided in the present work, together with our reasons for adopting them.

1. We have given the text according to modern spelling. A recurrence to antiquated and disused forms would be productive of far more inconvenience than advantage. What is called 'modern' spelling is, in fact, not so much an alteration of the old spelling as a reduction to uniformity, which obviates numberless misinterpretations. Hardly a word can be found which was not in old days occasionally spelt as we spell it now. If Shakespeare himself could come to life again and read his own works in a modern edition, nothing in the spelling would seem to him strange.

Moreover the editions which come nearest to the hand of Shakespeare are, as a rule, the most uniform, that is, the most modern, in spelling: it follows therefore that the variations found in other copies are due to the caprice or indifference of transcribers or printers, and are not generally worth recording, much less worth repeating. We have recorded every variation which seemed instructive or curious in itself, besides all such as might help in the determination of doubtful readings.

Had there been any ground for supposing that Shakespeare corrected his own works as they passed through the press, we might have thought ourselves bound to retain the original spelling and even the punctuation, at least in those works which were printed during his lifetime. But in all probability not one of his works was thus corrected, nor, with few exceptions, were they printed from the author's manuscript. In earlier writers, like Chaucer, spelling is of importance, because it indicates the changes which were undergone by words before they came into their present shape, and so marks the various stages in their history, while at the same time it helps to preserve the inflections which were disused altogether before the time of Elizabeth. In the case of Spenser, the spelling is
an essential part of the affectedly archaic character of his chief poem, and on this account should be retained. But none of these reasons apply to Shakespeare.

2. We have somewhere read, or heard, a suggestion that the text of the first Folio ought to be taken as a basis for a critical edition of Shakespeare. Those who have made such a proposal can scarcely be aware of the multitude of errors in reading and punctuation, and of the important omissions, which are found in the first Folio. That volume is far from containing the 'complete works' of Shakespeare. And in the great majority of cases where a previous Quarto exists, the Quarto and not the Folio is our best authority.

Besides, another reprint of the first Folio is unnecessary, since the splendid reproduction by photo-zincography, executed under Mr Staunton's superintendence, and the extremely accurate reprint published by Mr L. Booth, and edited, as we understand, by Mr Charles Wright.

3. In the selection of readings for the text we have conformed to the practice of all judicious editors of ancient classics. The more experience an editor has, the more cautious he will be in the introduction of conjectural emendations, not, assuredly, because his confidence in the earliest text increases, but because he gains a greater insight into the manifold and far-removed sources of error. The insertions, marginal and interlinear, and doubtless occasional errors, of the author's own manuscript, the mistakes, deliberate alterations and attempted corrections of successive transcribers and of the earliest printer, result at last in corruptions which no conjecture can with certainty emend. Therefore in all cases of doubt we have inclined to the retention of the text which has the best authority. But we have throughout endeavoured to bear in mind that rules are good servants but bad masters, and that high above all rules stands the golden rule of moderation dictated by common sense.
4. While dealing freely with the spelling, we have desired to leave intact the diction of Shakespeare. This has not prevented us from adopting frequent corrections of the grammar of the most ancient texts. Many false concords found in the Folio do not occur in the corresponding passages of the earlier Quartos and are consequently due to the copyist or printer; we are therefore justified in adopting similar corrections in other cases where the earlier authority is wanting. No doubt, grammatical rules were less rigorous in Shakespeare's time, and the necessities of rhyme often led him to employ constructions which would be inadmissible now. These we of course retain. And again, in the discourse of his clowns and rustics the author used a language suitable to the speakers. This no one would think of changing.

But it is sometimes difficult to draw the line and determine what belongs to orthography and what to diction. With all possible vigilance, perfect consistency is unattainable.

5. With regard to punctuation, we have introduced no novelty. As a general rule we have been sparing in the use of stops, but the clearness of each sentence has been our paramount consideration.

6. In the use of the apostrophe as a guide to the metrical pronunciation, which is very arbitrary and irregular in the older texts and has been generally disused by modern poets, we have adopted the following rule: to retain the 'e' when it is an essential part of the verb and to substitute an apostrophe where the 'e' is a part of the inflection. Thus we write in all cases 'loved,' 'assumed,' 'approved,' not 'lov'd,' 'assum'd,' 'approv'd,' and 'touch'd,' 'mark'd,' 'restrain'd,' whenever the metre requires them to be so pronounced. This via media, which avoids metrical uncertainties on the one hand and verbal ambiguities on the other, is sanctioned by the practice of the Poet Laureate.

6. We have retained one archaism: namely, 'ld' as an abbreviation of 'would,' the most general form in the Quartos.
and Folios. Our reason is that such a form cannot possibly mislead a reader, while the modern form ‘d’, used indifferently as the abbreviation of ‘would’ and ‘had’, leads to obscurity in all cases where the present tense and the past participle of a verb are identical in form, or where the present tense of one verb is identical with the past participle of another.

Subjoined is a list in chronological order of the editions which we have completely collated, and of the works which we have consulted throughout. We have not included a multitude of other books which we have occasionally referred to, but which have not furnished us with any various readings. Neither, except in one instance, have we included periodicals in our list. Many names attached in our foot-notes to conjectural emendations will not be found in the following list, because the authors did not publish their notes in a separate form, but only communicated them to different editors or to periodicals, or else left them in manuscript.

1577. Holinshed, Chronicles.
1593. Venus and Adonia.
1594. Venus and Adonia. Lucrece.
1597. Richard II.
1598. Richard II.
1599. Romeo and Juliet.
1600. Much Ado about Nothing.


The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

[Venues and Adoni.] The Passionate Pilgrim. Midsummer Night's Dream Qr.

1599. Romeo and Juliet.
1600. Much Ado about Nothing.

Midsummer Night's Dream Qr, Merchant of Venice Qr, Merchant of Venice Qr, Henry IV. part 2. The Chronicle History of Henry the fift.

The First part of the Contention, &c.
Titus Andronicus.
(?) Venus and Adonis.
Lucrece.
England's Helicon.
England's Parnassus.

Chester, Love's Martyr.

Merry Wives of Windsor.
The Chronicle History of
Henry the fift.
Richard III.
Venus and Adonis Q4 [Q7].
Venus and Adonis Q3 [Q9].

Hamlet.

Henry IV. part 1.

Richard III.
Hamlet.

Lucrece.

Richard II.

Henry IV. part 1.
The Chronicle History of
Henry the fift.
King Lear Q1.
King Lear Q2.
Wilkins, The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of
Tyre.

Trollius and Cressida Q.
Trollius and Cressida Q.
Romeo and Juliet.
Pericles Q1.
Pericles Q2.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.
The First and second Part
of the troublesome Raigne of
John King of England.
Titus Andronicus.
Hamlet.
Pericles.

Richard III.
The Passionate Pilgrim.

Henry IV. part 1.

Richard II.
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1664. Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies (Third Folio).
1669. The Tempest, altered by Dryden and D'Avenant.
1673. Macbeth, adapted by D'Avenant.
The Law against Lovers (altered from Measure for Measure and Much Ado about Nothing, by D'Avenant).
1674. Macbeth (players' edition).
1685. Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies (Fourth Folio).
Hamlet (players' edition).
1687. Titus Andronicus, altered by Ravenscroft.
1691. Julius Cæsar (players' ed.).
Othello (players' edition).
1700. Measure for Measure (players' edition).
1701. The Jew of Venice (adapted from The Merchant of Venice by Lord Lansdowne).
†Hamlet, ed. Hughes. [See vol. viii. Pref. p. xiii]
A Collection of Poems, &c. (Lintott).

1726. Theobald, Shakespeare Restored.
1731. Jortin, Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors Ancient and Modern, vol. 2 (containing Theobald's conjectures on Shakespeare's Poems).
[Johnson,] Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, &c.
1748. Whalley, An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare.
1754. Grey, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare.
Antony and Cleopatra, adapted by Capell and Garrick.
PREFACE.

1762. Cymbeline, with alterations (Garrick).
1765. Heath, A Revision of Shakespeare's Text.
Shakespeare, ed. Johnson.
1766. Tyrwhitt, Observations and Conjectures upon some Passages of Shakespeare.
Steevens, Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare (reprints).
1768. Shakespeare, ed. Capell.
1771. Shakespeare, Plays (Johnson's text) and Poems (published by Ewing).
1773. Shakespeare, ed. Johnson and Stevens.
Hamlet, ed. Jennens.
Othello, ed. Jennens.
Macbeth, ed. Jennens.
Capell, Notes and Various Readings to Shakespeare, Vol. I.
1775. Griffiths (Mrs), The Morality of Shakespeare's Dramas illustrated.
Poems written by Mr William Shakespeare (Reprinted for Thomas Evans. n.d.).
1778. Shakespeare, ed. Johnson and Stevens.
1783. Ritson, Remarks, critical and illustrative, on the text and notes of the last edition of Shakespeare.
1785 Mason, Comments on the last edition of Shakespeare's Plays.
Shakespeare, ed. Steevens.
1793. Shakespeare, ed. Steevens.
Cymbeline, ed. Eccles.
Whiter, Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare.
1796. Plumptre, Observations on Hamlet.
1798. Mason, Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, with an Appendix containing some further observations on Shakespeare.
1799. Macbeth, ed. Harry Rowe [Dr. A. Hunter]. 2nd ed.
1803. Shakespeare, ed. Reed (First Variorum edition).
1805. Chedworth (Lord), Notes upon some of the obscure passages in Shakespeare's Plays.
Seymour, Remarks, critical, conjectural, and explanatory, upon the Plays of Shakespeare.
[Merchant of Venice, ed. Eccles.]
1807. Douce, Illustrations of Shakespeare.
Mason, Comments on the several editions of Shakespeare's Plays.
PREFACE.

1808. Weston, Short Notes on Shakespere.
1815. Becket, Shakespeare Himself Again.
1820. Hamlet and As You Like It, ed. Caldecott.
1822. Nares, Glossary.
1826. Shakespeare, ed. Singer.
1832. The Poems of Shakespeare, ed. Dyce. Hamlet and As You Like It, ed. Caldecott. 2nd ed.
1836. Coleridge, Literary Remains.
1838. Shakespeare, ed. Campbell.
1843. Collier, Shakespeare's Library.

[Macbeth, ed. Travers.]

1844. Dyce, Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr Knight's editions of Shakespeare.
The Shakespeare Society's Papers, Vol. i. (containing Blackstone's conjectures).

[Macbeth, ed. Travers.]

1844, 1845. Clarke (Mrs Cowden), Concordance to Shakespeare. The vols. of the Gentleman's Magazine for these years contain Mitford's Conjectures.

1845. Hunter, New Illustrations of the Life, Studies and Writings of Shakespeare.
The Shakespeare Society's Papers, Vol. ii. (containing Barron Field's conjectures).

1846. Badham, Criticism applied to Shakespeare.

1851, 1852. Shakespeare, ed. Hazlitt.
Shakespeare, ed. Phelps.

1853. Collier, Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays from Early Manuscript corrections in a copy of the Folio, 1632. Delius, Shakespeare Lexicon.

Singer, The Text of Shakespeare vindicated from the interpolations and corruptions advocated by John Payne Collier, Esq. in his Notes and Emendations.
Dyce, A Few Notes on Shakespeare.
Hunter, A Few Words in reply
PREFACE.


Mitford, Curious Notes on various passages in the Text of Beaumont and Fletcher, as edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce; and on his 'Few Notes on Shakespeare.' Collier, Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, by the late S. T. Coleridge. With a list of all the MS. Emendations in Mr Collier's Folio Shakespeare of 1632. Badham, The Text of Shakespeare (Cambridge Essays).


1862—1864. Shakespeare (reprint by Booth of the first Folio).

[1864—1869. Shakespeare, ed. Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (4 vols.).]
1864. Shakespeare, ed. Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (one vol.).
Shakespeare, ed. Clark and Wright (Globe edition).
[1866]

Ingleby, The Still Lion.
1868. Richard II., ed. Clark and Wright.
The Merchant of Venice, ed. Clark and Wright.
1869. Macbeth, ed. Clark and Wright.
Hamlet, ed. Stratmann.
Hamlet, ed. Tschirschwitz.
1870. Daniel, Notes and Conjectural Emendations.
The Merchant of Venice, ed. Rolfe.
The Tempest, ed. Hunter.
Venus and Adonis and The Passionate Pilgrimage (Isham Reprints), ed. Edmonds.
The Tempest, ed. Rolfe.
Romeo and Juliet, ed. Furness.
Hamlet, ed. Clark and Wright.
Was Shakespeare a Lawyer? by H. T.
As You Like It, ed. Moberly.
Julius Caesar, ed. Rolfe.
Shakespeare, ed. Keightley.
Coriolanus, ed. Leo.
1865. Wellsley, Stray Notes on the Text of Shakespeare.
Arrowsmith, Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators.
Pericles (reprinted by Booth from the third Folio).
Bailey, On the received Text of Shakespeare, &c. Vol. II.
Massey, Shakespeare's Sonnets never before interpreted, &c.
[W. G. C.
W. A. W.]

Hamlet, ed. Moberly.
Macbeth, ed. Furness.
D. Wilson, Caliban: the Missing Link.
Brue, Prospero's Clothes-Line &c.
1874. Romeo and Juliet, ed. Daniel.
Ingleby, The Still Lion (2nd ed.).
The Tempest, ed. Wright.
Corson, Jottings on the Text of Hamlet.
1874—5. Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon.
1875. King Lear, ed. Wright.
Ingleby, Shakespeare Hermeneutics, or The Still Lion, (3rd ed.).
1876. King Lear, ed. Moberly.
Richard II., ed. Rolfe.
As You Like It, ed. Wright.
Shakespeare, ed. Delius (4th ed.).
Midsummer Night's Dream, ed. Rolfe.
Henry V., ed. Rolfe.
Hamlet, ed. Furness.

1878. As You Like It, ed. Rolfe.
Coriolanus, ed. Schmidt.
The Merchant of Venice, ed. Fritsche.
Hamlet, ed. Rolfe.
Henry V., ed. Wagner.
Much Ado about Nothing, ed. Rolfe.
Bulloch, Studies on the Text of Shakespeare.
(King John—2 Hen. IV.).
Delius, Abhandlungen zu Shakespeare.

1879. Hamlet, ed. Hudson.
King Lear, ed. Hudson.
King Lear, ed. Schmidt.
Romeo and Juliet, ed. Neil.
Romeo and Juliet, ed. Rolfe.
Othello, ed. Rolfe.
Twelfth Night, ed. Rolfe.
Winter's Tale, ed. Rolfe.
King John, ed. Rolfe.
Harr, Scattered Notes on the Text of Shakespeare.
The Tempest, ed. Wagner.

1880. Romeo and Juliet, ed. Moberly.
Henry V., ed. Stone.
King Lear, ed. Furness.
Elze, Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists.

Hamlet, ed. Fritsche.
Othello, ed. Hudson.
The Tempest, ed. Riehelmann.
Antony and Cleopatra, ed. Hudson.
Cymbeline, ed. Hudson.
Elze, Alexandrines in The Winter's Tale and K. Richard II.
Gould, Corrigenda and Emendations of the Text of Shakespeare.
Ingleby, Shakespeare, The Man and The Book, Part II.

Elze, Notes.

1883. Kinnear, Cruces Shakespeareanae.
King John, ed. Moberly.
Othello, ed. Furnell.
Cymbeline, ed. Craig.
Shakespeare's Historical Plays, 3 vols., ed. Wordsworth.

1884. Elze, Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists, 2nd Series.

1885. Hamlet, ed. Mull.
Hamlet, ed. Macdonald.
Leo, Shakespeare-Notes.
Perring, Hard Knots in Shakespeare.

King Lear, ed. Victor.
Othello, ed. Furness.
Cymbeline, ed. Ingleby.
Merry Wives, ed. Wheatley.
Elze, Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists, 3rd Series.
Vaughan, New Readings &c.
Vaughan, New Readings &c.


1887. The Merchant of Venice, ed. Parry.

Much Ado about Nothing, ed.
Deighton.
Richard III., ed. Tawney.
The Merchant of Venice, ed.
Furness.
Hamlet, ed. Maclachlan.

1889. Winter’s Tale, ed. Deighton.
Twelfth Night, ed. Deighton.
The Tempest, ed. Deighton.
Cymbeline, ed. Deighton.
Othello, ed. Deighton.
1 Henry IV., ed. Elton.

2 Henry IV., ed. Innes.
Hamlet, ed. Mull.
Elze, Notes on Elizabethan
Dramatists, new ed.
Schmidt, Gesammelte Abhand-
lungen.

King John, ed. Deighton.
Macbeth, ed. Deighton.
Julius Caesar, ed. Deighton.
Macbeth, ed. A. Wagner.
Sonnets, ed. Tyler.
As You Like It, ed. Furness.
Orger, Critical Notes on Shaks-
per’s Plays.

Hamlet, ed. Deighton.
Hamlet, ed. Vistor.
Coriolanus, ed. Dawson.
Coriolanus, ed. Deighton.

1892. The Tempest, ed. Furness.
The following editions are undated:

King John, ed. Fleay.
Richard II., ed. Morris.
Henry V., ed. Moberly.
Richard III., ed. Lawson.
Henry VIII., ed. Lawson.
Coriolanus, ed. Colville.

Hamlet, ed. Neil.
King Lear, ed. Kemahed.
The Oxford Shakespeare, ed.
Craig. [1891.]

The readings from Warburton’s MS. notes (see vol. vii.
Preface, p. xiv), now in the possession of Mr Norman Bennet
(formerly Bennett), have appeared in the numbers of Notes and
Queries for February 25, March 18, and April 8, 1893.

W. A. W.

1893.
PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE delay in the appearance of the present volume has been mainly due to the fact that for the last three months of 1892 I was unable to attempt any literary work, and it has only now been completed under the pressure of other duties which had the first claim upon my time. Since the publication of the last volume of the Cambridge Shakespeare in 1866, there have been discovered two editions of Venus and Adonis and one of Lucrece, which were then unknown to the editors. The readings furnished by these have been incorporated in the present edition, which it is necessary for me to say is a really new edition and not, as has been erroneously stated by some high authorities, a mere reprint of the first. The pages of copy sent to the printers would shew that the additions and corrections amount to many thousands, and that scarcely a page is free from them. A comparison of the notes on some crucial passages, as for instance The Tempest, iii. 1. 15, All's Well, iv. 1. 38, and Hamlet, i. 4. 36—38, with the corresponding notes in the first edition, will alone furnish sufficient evidence of this. My endeavour has been to include all that was overlooked in our former work, to correct what was erroneous, and to add to it what has appeared since. That I have been completely successful, I am not vain enough to hope, but I trust that although I may not have recorded all the various readings which are due to printers' errors, or all the changes of versification which have
been suggested, I have not neglected anything of real importance. In any case, should such negligence appear, it has not been intentional.

The reprints of the early quartos, which in the first edition followed the plays to which they respectively belong, have been relegated to this concluding volume in order to effect a better arrangement of the volumes which precede it. In the first edition, Henry VIII., the last of the Historical Plays, was the first play in Volume VI., which began the Tragedies. In the present edition the Comedies are in three volumes as before, the Histories in two, and the Tragedies in three, while the last volume contains the doubtful Pericles, the Poems, and the reprints of the early quartos. Of these reprints I must say a few words in self-defence, as a comparison between them and the facsimiles by photolithography which have appeared in recent years might lead to the conclusion that the reprints are incorrect. The contrary will be found to be the case, for in all doubtful instances the originals have been appealed to and followed. In minute particulars the facsimiles are by no means a certain guide, for they turn commas into full stops, notes of interrogation into colons, semicolons into commas, and render it impossible to distinguish between 'c' and 'e,' 'r' and 't,' 'n' and 'u,' 'm' and 'in,' and the like. I make no complaint against them for these imperfections, because it would have been impossible to avoid them without incurring greater cost than was consistent with the object for which the series was issued. But when in the First Part of the Contention (iv. 10. 36, p. 562) the facsimile of the first quarto contains the words 'to the King' which were only added in the third quarto; when in Romeo and Juliet (ii. 2. 53, p. 654), 'entreat' is changed to 'enter at'; and when in Hamlet not only is 'ourse' altered to 'coarse' (i. 1. 31, p. 700), 'becke' to 'backe' (ii. 2. 170, p. 719), 'ghost' to 'ghost' (vi. 1. 48, p. 743), but the speakers' names are changed from 'Mar.' to 'Ham.' (i. 5. 155, p. 712), and from 'Hor.' to 'Ham.' (iii. 2. 182, p. 730),
all confidence in the facsimiles as trustworthy authorities disappears.

In conclusion, I desire to thank the many friends who have assisted me in the work, and without whose help my difficulties would have been greatly increased. I would especially record my obligations to Mr E. Maunde Thompson, Principal Librarian, to Dr Garnett, Mr W. Y. Fletcher, and Mr W. Barclay Squire, of the British Museum; to Mr Falconer Madan, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian, and to Mr George Parker; to Mr G. T. Pilcher and Mr A. E. Haigh of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; to the late Mr Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian, and Mr W. White, Sub-Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge; to Mr Alfred H. Huth; the Rev. W. H. Milman, Librarian of Sion College; to Dr Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.; and above all to my constant friend Dr Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia, whose monumental volumes are the admiration of every true student of Shakespeare.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
5 May, 1893.
POSTSCRIPT.

As the change of notation consequent upon the discovery of two new editions of Venus and Adonis and of one of The Rape of Lucrece may cause confusion I append the following Table.

W. A. W.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- Antiochus, king of Antioch.
  Pericles, prince of Tyre.
  Helicanus, \^ two lords of Tyre.
  Escanes, \^ two lords of Tyre.
- Simonides, king of Pentapolis.
  Cleon, governor of Tarsus.
  Lysimachus, governor of Mytilene.
- Cerimon, a lord of Ephesus.
  Thaliard, a lord of Antioch.
  Philemon, servant to Cerimon.
  Leonine, servant to Dionysa.
  Marshal.
  A Pandar.
  Boulç, his servant.

The daughter of Antiochus.
Dionysa, wife to Cleon.
Thaisa, daughter to Simonides.
Marina, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
Lychorida, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE: Dispersely in various countries.

1 Dramatis Personæ.\] See note (1). 2 Escanes,\] Aeschines, S. Walker 3 Cerimon,\] Charemon, S. Walker 4 Thaliard,\] Thaliarch, Steevens conj. (from Twine's novel).
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whose ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:

17, 18 This...for] This city then, Antioch
the great Built up for Steevens.
18 up, this city,] up a city Nicholson
conj.
20 mine] my QₛQ₅
21 fere] phears Malone. Peere Qq,
Peer F₄F₅
23 full] fair Keightley conj.
27 Bad child, worse father! ] Bad
father! Steevens.

27, 28 own To] owns To Q₄Q₅ own.
To Q₄Q₅Q₅Q₅ own. To F₄F₅.
29 But] By Malone.
custom] custome QqF₅, custom F₄,
custom'd Anon. conj.
30 account] Malone. account'd Q₄Q₅Q₅
accounted Q₄Q₅Q₅ counted F₄F₅.
33 as a] as o Q₅
38 told not, lost] would, not lost Q₄.
PERICLES.

So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.

[Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and Followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,

39 a wight] F*F* of wight Q1Q2Q3Q4
Q6 of weight Q6 of might Steevens
conj.
40 yond] yond Collier.
41 new] Q1Q2Q6 The rest omit.
41, 42 to......I give, my] I give to the
judgment of your eye. My Steevens
conj., putting What now ensues in a
separate line.
41, 42 eye I....who] Malone. eye, I give
my cause, who Q6F6.
42 justify] justifie Q1Q2Q3Q4 justifie
Q6 justifie Q6 justifie F6F6.
Antioch......palace.] Malone (1790).
The Palace of Antioch. Malone
(1790).
Followers.] Attendants. Malone.

3—5 I......enterprise.] Arranged as by
Malone. Lines 3, 4 emd emboldned
hazard, in Q1F6F6.
6 Bring in] See note (III).
7 For the] Malone (1780). For Qq
F6F6. Fit for Anon. conj. Fit for
the Else conj.
8 At whose] Art chose Jackson conj.
whose conception] whose concession or
her conception, Steevens conj., trans-
posing lines 8 and 9.
8, 9 till......presence,] In a parenthesis,
Malone conj.
8 reign'd] F6F6. reigned Q1. reigned
Q6Q6 reigned Q1Q6.
9 gave] gane Q6.
10 senate] Seannate Q1.
10 sit] fit Q6.
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring, Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king Of every virtue gives renown to men! Her face the book of praises, where is read Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath Could never be her mild companion.

You gods that made me man and sway in love, That have inflamed desire in my breast To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree Or die in the adventure, be my helps, As I am son and servant to your will, To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
SCENE I. PERICLES.

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe

29 death-like dragons here affright]  
death, like dragons, here affrights  
Hudson, 1881 (Daniel conj.).

dead-like] Hyphened by Malone.
affright] affront S. Walker conj.
affronts Hudson conj.

30 Her] Here Q_{3}.
her countless] A countless Steevens.

31 Her countless] A countless Steevens.

33 thy...heasp] the...head Jackson conj.
thy...head Collier (ed. 2). thy...shape Bailey conj.
thy] Malone. the QqF_{5}F_{4}

34 Yon] Yond Collier.
sometimes] sometime Malone (1780).

38 Her they] They here Steevens.
advise] advice Q_{3}.
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [To the Princess.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'

55—57 See note 14.
58 before thee thou] before thee, thou Q1 Q2.
58 before thou] before thou Q1 Q2 Q4 Q5 F5 F6.
59, 60 Of all 'say'd yet.] In all, save that, Steevens (Mason conj.). O false! and yet Mitford conj.
'say'd] Knight (Percy conj.). sayd Q1 Q2 Q4. said The rest.
59 mayst] Q1 Q4 Q5. The rest omit.
60 may] Rowe.
60 [Ex. Hesperides. Rowe.
64 [He reads...] Steevens. The Riddle. Qq F5 F6.
65 which] that Wilkins' Novel.
66 labour] rather Steevens conj.
67 that kindness in] the kindness of Steevens conj.
67 that] from Wilkins' Novel.
70 they] this Hudson, 1881 (Wilkins' Novel).
SCENE I. PERICLES.

[Aside] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts, Why cloud they not their sights perpetually, If this be true, which makes me pale to read it? Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still, Were not this glorious casket stored with ill: But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt; For he's no man on whom perfections wait That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. You are a fair viol and your sense the strings, Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music, Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken, But being play'd upon before your time, Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime. Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life, For that's an article within our law, As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired: Either expound now or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act; 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it. Who has a book of all that monarchs do, He's more secure to keep it shut than shown: For vice repeated is like the wandering wind, Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't. Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will; And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill? It is enough you know; and it is fit, What being more known grows worse, to smother it. All love the womb that their first being bred, Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [Aside] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre, Though by the tenour of our strict edict, Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days; Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be

99, 100 clear To...them. The] Steevens
(Mason conj.). clear: To...them,
the Q_1Q_2Q_3 clear. To...them, the
Q_4Q_5 clear. To...them the Q_6.
clear. To...them, the F_3F_4.
100 cast] castes Q_1Q_2 cast. The rest.
towards] Q_4Q_5 towards Q_6 toward. The rest.
throng’d] wrong’d Steevens.
104 dares] dare Q_3Q_2.
ill] Steevens. ill: Q_3. ill. The rest.
105 know] know it F_3F_4.
it is] 'tis F_3F_4.
for] for Q_6

106 known...to] Pointed as by Malone.
knowne, groves worse, to Q_1Q_2Q_3 knowne, groves worse to Q_1Q_2Q_3
known, groves worse to F_3F_4.
107 their] there F_4.
first] Q_1Q_2. Omitted in the rest.
being] beings Boswell.
had thy head] had thy head;
Q_1Q_3 had thy; Q_5 had it;
Q_4Q_6F_3F_4.
111 our F_3F_4. your Qq.
counsel of Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_6. counsel of Q_6.
As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120
[Exeunt all but Pericles.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy, 145
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you. 155
Thaliard, behold, here’s poison, and here’s gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:

143 Re-enter...] Malone. Enter... Qq
143, 144 He...head.] Arranged as in
Malone. The first line ends mean-
ing, in QqF₂F₄.
143 meaning, for the which] Malone
(1780). meaning, For which QqF₂
F₄. meaning out, for which Anon.
conj.
146 Antiochus] Annochus Q₃Q₅. Antio-
ch Q₆.
147 manner] manner with his daughter
Else conj., ending lines 143, 144 at
meaning...must.
149 high] F₂F₄. his Qq.
150 us] on us Stevens.
there] here F₂F₄.

152—156 Thaliard...gold;] Arranged
as by Collier. Five lines, ending
Chamber, Thaliard, actions,
faythfulnes, Thaliard: Gold: in
Q₃Q₅Q₆. Five lines, ending cham-
ber, actions, faithfulness, Tha-
liard: gold, in the rest. Four
lines, ending mind, secrecy, you
...gold; in Malone.
153 You are] you’re Malone (1780).
chamber,] Chamber, Thaliard, QqQ₅
Q₆.
partakes] Q₅F₄. pertakes The rest.
155, 156 you. Thaliard,] Malone. you,
Thaliard: Q₅Q₆Q₇ you Thaliard:
Q₆ you Thaliard; Q₅ you,
Thaliard. F₂F₄.
It suits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
’Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.
Ant. As thou Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot From a well experienced archer hits the mark His eye doth level at, so thou ne’er return Unless thou say ‘Prince Pericles is dead.’
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol’s length,
I’ll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [Exit Thal.] Till Pericles be dead, My heart can lend no succour to my head.

166, 159 why,...it.] Pointed as by Malone. why?...it: Q.q. why:...it:
F,F, why:...it, Malone conj.
169, 160 My......done.] Divided as by Steevens. One line in Qq,F,F.
161, 162 Enough...haste.] Divided as by Malone. Prose in Qq,F,F.
  Enough. Let] Enough; Lest Steevens (Mason conj.).
162 Enter a Messenger.] As in Dyce. After done, line 160, in Qq,F,F.
  yourself] itself Anon. conj.
  om. Qq,F,F.
163—167 As thou...dead.] Divided as by Malone. Prose in Qq,F,F.
164 like] Q.q. as F.F.
165 a well] an Anon. conj.
  experienced] experiens Q,q,Q, exper-
  ient. The rest.
166 a] it Q,q,Q, thosn neer] Malone. thou never Q,q Q,q. do thou never The rest.
  neer Boswell.
168—170 My lord,...highness.] As in Dyce. Prose in Qq,F,F.
169, 170 him...sure enough:] him once ...
sure: Steevens, ending the lines if I...length,...highness.
171 Ant.] om. Q,q,Q,q.
  [Exit Thal.] As in Dyce. Exit.
  Rowe, after highness. om. Qq,F,F.
172 [Exit.] om. Q,q.
Scene II. Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [To Lords without] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts, The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy, Be my so used a guest as not an hour, In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night, 4 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet? Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them, And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch, Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here: Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits, Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind, That have their first conception by mis-dread,
SCENE II.
PERICLES.

Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

14 but] by Rowe.
16 so with] Qq. so 'tis with F. F.
17 too] to Qq.
18 he's so] he, so Collier, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.).
20 honour him] Rowe. honour, Qq F.
21 the ostent] th' ostent Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). the stant Qq F. F. the dist Malone conj. (withdrawn).
23 which] which Qq. which Q. which Q.
25 who] who Qq. who Q. who Q.
27 to] to Qq.
28 ne'er] never Q. Q. never Q. Q. 
28 The rest.
29 who am] Steevens (Farmer conj.).
30, 31 am ... Which] ous ... To Anon. conj.
33 would punish] would anguish or would vanquish Anon. conj.
Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us, Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life. Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o' erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.] Helicanus, thou

Enter...Lords.] Dyce, substantially. Enter all the Lords to Pericles. Q. Enter all the Lords with Pericles. Q. Omitted in the rest. 35, 36 And...comfortable?] Divided as in Q, Q, Q. Prose in Q, Q, Q, F, F. 35 mind, till...us.] As in Malone. No stops in Q, Q, F, F.
you] Q, Q, Q, ye The rest. 37 peace,] peace, my lords, Steevens. peace, young lords, or babblers, peace, or praters, peace, or princes, peace, Anon. conj. tongue] a tongue or his tongue Anon. conj. 40 flatter'd] Rowe. flattered Q, Q, F, F. 41 blast] Collier (Mason conj.). sparks Q, spark F, F, breath Malone (1790). wind Steevens conj.
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

_Hel._ An angry brow, dread lord.

_Per._ If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

_Hel._ How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

_Per._ Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

_Hel._ [Kneeling] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

_Per._ Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

_Hel._

51 moved] Malone. _Mooude_ Q₁, _Moou’d_ Q₂Q₃Q₅. _Moov’d_ Q₄F₅. _Moov’d_ F₆.
55, 56 _How...nourishment_] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends _heaven_ in Q₄F₅F₆.
55 _dare the plants_] Malone. _dare the plants_ Q₁. _dare the planets_ Q₄. _The rest._ _dare the planets_ Rowe (ed. 2).
56, 57 _Thou...thee_] Divided as by Malone. One line in Q₄F₅F₆.
58 _knowest_] F₅F₆. _knowest_ Q₇.
56, 57 _I have_] I've Elze conj.
58, 59 _...blow_] Divided as in Q₄F₅F₆.
The first line ends _axe_ in Malone.

_Vol. IX._
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus, That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
"Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:

kingly boys has been lost.

46 To...yourself.] Divided as in
Knight. The first line ends griefes,
in Q₄Q₆Q₂F₅F₄. Prose in Q₁Q₂Q₄.
66 you yourself[j] you Steevens.
67 speak'st[speak]s speakest Q₂Q₄Q₂Q₄Q₄Q₅.

ministers The rest.

and bringing Wray conj.
bring...subjects] to subjects joys Steevens. See note (v).

76 rest...ear—] rest (hark in thine ear)
F₅F₄. rest harks in thine ears, Q₁.
rest (harks in thine ears) Q₂Q₃Q₄
Q₁Q₄.

79 seem] seems Q₁.
83 me] Rowe. om. QqF₅F₄.
84 feares] F₅. feares Q₄. fear F₃.
85 the years] the yeares Q₄. their years Steevens.
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason

96 doubt it.] Malone (Steevens). doo't,
Q. doo't Q. Q. thinks, Q.Q.Q. think, F.f.F. doubt on't, Steevens
conj.
98 bloods] blouds Q.Q.Q. bloud Q.Q.
F.F. bloud Q. 98 stop this] Q.Q.Q.Q. stop their Q.Q.
F.F., stope there Q. 99 relieve] relieve Q.
100 grievre] Q.Q. griue for Q. griue
for The rest.
102, 103 Freely...tyrant.] Freely will I
speak. You fear the tyrant, An-
tiochus, and justly too, I think, or I
will speak freely. Antiochus you
fear, The tyrant, and justly too, I
think, Elze conj.
102 will I?] I'll Steevens.

2—2
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [Exeunt.

105—110 Will...be.] Arranged as by Rowe. Prose in QkFkFk.
his thread of] the thread of his FkFk.
109 any; if] any if Qk. any, if The rest.
to me] QkQkQk. unto me The rest.
110 serves] serves Qk.
112 my liberties] thy liberties Collier conj. Tyre's liberties Else conj. my absence?] QkFkFk. my absence—Malone. absence—Steevens.
113 our] om. Steevens.
115 Tarsus] Tharsus QkFkFk and elsewhere.
118 subjects] Malone. subjects QkFkFk. subject Mason conj.
120 word...not] Pointed as in QkFkFk.

word, for faith not Qk. word for faith not The rest.
121 sure] FkFk. om. Qk.
After this line Malone conjectures that a line is lost.
122 we'll] Malone. will Qk. we The rest.
round] round Hudson conj.
123 ne'er] all Wray conj.
124 show'dst] show'dst Qk. showest The rest.
subject's shine, I] subject shine, I Mason conj. subject, shine I Jackson conj. subject's sign, I Collier conj.
Scene III. Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, to question me of your king's departure: His seal'd commission left in trust with me Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [Aside] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [Aside] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged
now, although I would; but since he's gone, the king's
seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the
sea. I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionysia and others.

Cle. My Dionysia, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

30—38 From......Tyre.] Verse first by
32 I] as I Steevens.
33 has betook] has betook Q,F,Q r as Q,F,Q r as Q,F,Q r has
betake Q t. hath betook Q,F,Q r has taken.Steevens.
34 My] now Q,F,Q r my The rest.
35 desire] enquire S. Walker conj. in-
quire of Hudson (1881).
[.] it told— Malone conj. it, since
Stevens. it, thus Collier conj.
38 feast] feast Q t.
[Exeunt.] Exit. Q r.
Scene IV.] Malone.
Tarsus.] Tarsus. Malone.

A room...] Steevens.
Enter...] Enter Cleon the Gourn-
our of Tarsus, with his wife and
others. QqF,F 4.
Dionisa Q,F,Q r. Dionisias Q,F,Q r Q,F,F 4. Q,F r
Dionysia F 4.
5 aspire] aspire? Q,F,Q r aspire, The
rest.
7 are] om. Steevens.
8 they're but] Rowe. they are but Qq
F,F 4. they are Hudson (1881).
and seen] unseen Malone.
mischief's eyes] mistful eyes Steevens.
mischief-sise Anon. conj. (1814).
mistis eyes Singer (ed. 2). misery's
PERICLES.  
ACT I.

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle.  O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio.  I'll do my best, sir.

Cle.  This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;  

eyes] Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
weakness' eyes Kinnear conj.
topp'd] topp'd Hudson (1881).
higher] stronger Kinnear conj.
Dioniza, Q4Q5Q6. Dionizia, Q4Q5Q6.
13—17 Our tongues...them.] Arranged as by Collier. In Malone (1790) the first line ends woes. Six lines, ending deeps...weeps...proclains...while......awake...them, in Q4F5F6.
Five, ending woes...lungs...that...want,...them, in Malone (1780).
tongues] tongues Q4.
13, 14 and...woes] do sound our woes and deep woes Hudson (1881), arranging the lines as Malone (1780).
do] Q4Q5F5F6. doe Q4Q5Q6 to Q1.
too Malone.
tongues] Q4Q5Q6F5F6. tongues Q4Q5Q6.
lungs Malone (Steevens).
heaven] the gods Singer, reading the rest as Malone (1780).
or] of Staunton conj.
I have] I've Rowe. the] om. Steevens.
23 For] Where Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
riches] richness Mason conj.
herself] her self Jackson conj.
the] her Q1Q2.
bore heads] bore-heads Q4Q5.
ne'er] newer Q5.
wonder'd] F5F6. wondred Q1Q3Q4Q6.
woundred Q5. wondered Q6.
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.


Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

33 too] Q₂Q₄Q₅. The rest omit.
33 do / By] Malone. doe by Q₁Q₂Q₅.
do by The rest.
34 These] Those Dyce (ed. 2).
who] Q₅F₂F₄ whom Malone.
36 abundance] abundance Q₂Q₅.
39 palates] pallates Q₅F₂F₄.
yet......younger] Steevens (Mason conj.). yet too savers younger Q₁.
yet too savers yonger Q₅. yet to savers yonger Q₂Q₄Q₅. yet to savers yonger Q₅. yet to savers younger F₅F₄. w'd to hunger's savour Malone. yet being slaves to hunger Steevens conj. (withdrawn). w'd to savour hunger Dyce. See note (vi).
42 noulse] noussel Q₅. noulse F₅F₄.
nurse Steevens conj.
 Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

_Enter a Lord._

Lord. Where's the lord governor?
Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,

---

54 hear] head Collier (ed. 2).
57—59 Here...expect.] Verse first by
Malone. Prose in QqF3F4.
58 thy] the Steevens conj.
   thou bring'st] thee bringst Q1, thee
   bring'st Q4, y' bring'st Q6.
65 in] is Else conj.
   these] Malone, 1780 (Steevens). the
   QqF3F4.
69 of unhappy me] of unhappy men

---

Malone (1780). of unhappy we
Steevens conj. O unhappy me Jack-

son conj.

70 glory's] Malone. glories Q,QQ,Q5.
glory is Q,QQ,QF3F4.

71—73 That's...foes.] Arranged as by
Malone. Four lines, ending fear...
displeat,...favours,...foes, in Rowe.
In QqF3F4, the first line ends at
fears, the rest is prose.

72 white] om. F3F4 and Rowe.
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff’d within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we’ll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne’er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we’ll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.  

[Exeunt.]
ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass’d necessity.
I’ll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?
Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them.
Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom case;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below

---

that] Q1 F2 F4, hath Malone (Steevens).
for thy Singer (ed. 2). for-though Nicholson conj., putting that......
labours in a parenthesis, and reading keeps in line 20. though Hudson, (1881), for through Kinnear conj.
20 keep] F2 F4, keeps Q1, keeps Malone (Steevens conj. withdrawn).
21 And] But Staunton conj.
prince] Malone. prince Q1 Q4 Q5. princes Q4 Q5 Q5 F2 F4. prince's Rowe.
22 Sends word] Malone (Steevens).
Sav'd one Q1 Q4 Q5 Q6. Sav'd one Q6 F2 F4. See note (vi).
23 Thaliard] Thaliari Q1.
24 had] hid Q1 (Bodl.) Q2 Q4 Q5.
intent] in Tent Q1 (Bodl.).
murder] murdered Q4 (Bodl.).
27 doing] knowing Malone (Steevens).
trowing Kinnear conj.
28 been] Q1 Q2 Q5. bin The rest.
PERICLES.

Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck’d and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [Exit. 40

SCENE I. Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, vest.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven! 
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man 
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash’d me from shore to shore, and left me breath

31 Make] Rowe (ed. 2). Makes QqF,
F. F. ship] sweet Steevens conj.
32 wreck’d] Malone. wrackt QqF,F.
34 to coast] Omitted in QqF.
36 aught] Malone (1790). ought QqF,
F. escape] Steevens (Percy conj.). escapeand Q,
escape’d The rest. escaped Percy conj.
37 tried] tried Q.
38 give] make Percy conj.
40 Gower,—] Dyce. Gower, QqF,F.
Gower; Rowe. this longs] this longs Singer. this
long’s Qq. thus long’s F,F.
[Exit.] Malone. om. QqF,F.
Pentapolis.] Malone.
An...sea-side.] Malone (1790).
wet.] wette. Q,F.
1 you] your QqQ. ye Malone (1780).
stars] stores Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
1, 2 heaven!...thunder,) Pointed as by
Malone. heaven,...thunder, Q.
heaven,...thunder: The rest.
5 sea hath] Rowe (ed. 2). Seas hath
QqF,F. seas have Anon. conj.
6 me breath] Malone. my breath Qq
F,F. my breast Steevens conj.
(withdrawn).
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!
First Fish. What, Patchbreesh, I say!
Third Fish. What say you, master?
First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.
Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us even now.
First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them,
when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.
Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I
saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say
they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er
come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how
the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones
eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers
to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles,
driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them
all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the
land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the
whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.


Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I
would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me
too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have
kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never
have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish,
up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my
mind,—

Per. [Aside] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones,
that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [Aside] How from the finny subject of the
sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

30 a'] a Q₃Q₄Q₅. he Q₄Q₆F₄F₅. om.
Q₆
31 devour3] F₄. devour Q₁. devour
Q₃Q₄Q₅. devour Q₆. devour F₅.
32 o' the] Dyce. a'th Q₄F₄F₅. a'th'
Rowe (ed. 2). a' the Malone. the
Collier.
33 they've Malone. they Q₄F₄F₅. they
ha' Edd. conj.

VOL. IX.
Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,

53—55 Honest!...it.] Prose first in Malone. Two lines, the first ending you, in QqF3F4.
53 Honest!...that.] Pointed as in Malone (1790). Honest good...that, Q1. Honest, good...that, The rest.
54 search] scratch it Malone, 1790 (Steevens). scratch 't Singer (ed. 2). scratch Staunton. steal it Anon. conj. steal't Hudson (1881).
56 May...coast.] Q2Q3Q4Q5 May.... coast: Q2Q5 Y may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast. F3F4.

You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast. Malone (1780). Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—Malone, 1790 (Steevens). Me, see, ...coast. Anon. conj. May see....me on your coast. Nicholson conj. You see.....me on your coast Hudson. (1881).

57, 58 What...way/] Prose first in Malone. Two lines in QqF3F4.
60 have] Dye. hath QqF3F4.
63—65 No...working.] Prose first in Malone. Three lines in QqF3F4.
73 throng'd] shrunk Steevens (Malone conj.).
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid’t! And
I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm.
Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt
go home, and we’ll have flesh for holidays, fish for
fasting-days, and moreo’er puddings and flap-jacks, and
thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could
not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I’ll turn craver too, and
so I shall ’scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office
than to be beadle. But, master, I’ll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.

Per. [Aside] How well this honest mirth becomes their
labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

77 that] om. Steevens.
78 quoth-a?] Malone. ke-tha; Q1Q3Q5
ke-tha, The rest. ko-tha, Rowe.
 forfeiture] Q1Q2Q3Q5 The rest.
And] Q1Q2Q5. The rest omit.
90 all your] you Q1Q3Q5.
91 O,] O, no, Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker
conj.).
93 up] Q1Q3Q5. The rest omit.
95 ye] you Malone.

3—2
First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Penta-
polis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called
for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his
subjects the name of good by his government. How far
is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll
tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her
birthday; and there are princes and knights come from
all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could
wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and
what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his
wife's soul.
scene i.

pericles.

37

re-enter second and third fishermen, drawing up a net.

sec. fish. help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in
the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly
come out. ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis
turned to a rusty armour.

per. an armour, friends! i pray you, let me see it.
thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
and though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
which my dead father did bequeath to me,
with this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'keep it, my pericles; it hath been a shield
'twixt me and death:'—and pointed to this brace—

'for that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
the which the gods protect thee from!—may defend
thee.'

it kept where i kept, i so dearly loved it;
till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:

i thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill,

114 re-enter second and third.....] dyce. re-enter the two... malone. enter the two fisher-men,
drawing vp a net. qqf

118 ut] it if qq qq

119 thy] delius (from wilkins). om.
qqf4, my malone.

120 myself] my losses elze conj.

121 and] as s. walker conj.
on, partf4, own, part qq, own
part qq qq qq, own part qqf

122 to] qqf

125 brace] malone. prayse qq. braye
the rest.

126 ut; in] malone. it in qqf

127 the which...from!—may] from the

which...thee! may't nicholson conj.
the which the gods] which gods
steevens.
thee from!—may] thee from! may
dyce (ed. 1). thee, fame may qq

129 spare] malone. spares qqf

130 have given 't] qq. hath given't the
rest. they've given't malone (1780).
have given it malone (1790). they
give't steevens.

131 thee] ye anon. conj.

shipwreck] ship-warke qq.
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?
Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court.
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?
Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do'e take it, and the gods give
thee good on't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that
made up this garment through the rough seams of the
waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I
hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence
you had them.

Per. Believe't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:

132 father's gift in 's] Father gave in his
his Q₃Q₄Q₅ Q₁ his father's gift in his
Malone. father's gift by Steevens.
133 First Fish.] om. Q₆.
137 his] this F₄.
139 with i] with 't Steevens.
140 fortune's] QₒFₒFₒFₒ fortune Steevens (Mason conj.).
141 pay your] pay you Q₆Q₅.
144 do 'e] Q₁, do's Q₃Q₅. The rest
omit. do ye Malone (1790).
145 on 't] F₄, an't The rest.
146 Ay, but] I but Q₄Q₅Q₆ But Q₄Q₅
QₒFₒFₒ. 150 them] QₒFₒFₒ. it Malone. the
means Anon. conj.
151 't] Q₃Q₄Q₅ it The rest.
152 By your furtherance] Now, by your
furtherance Steevens. By your
forbearance Steevens conj. Since
(or As) by your furtherance Nichol-
son conj.
153 rapture] Rowe (ed. 2). rupture
QₒFₒFₒ raptures Wilkins' Novel.
154 building] building Q₄, gilding
Malone, 1780 (Steevens conj.). bid-
ing Malone (1790) and Steevens.
binding Anon. conj.
SCENE I. PERICLES. 39

Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to
the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt. 164

SCENE II. The same. A public way or platform leading to the
lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the
King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty’s child, whom nature gat  
For men to see and seeing wonder at.  

[Exit a Lord.  

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit’s less.  

Sim. It’s fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.  
’Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain  
The labour of each knight in his device.  

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I’ll perform.  

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield  
to the Princess.  

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?  

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun;  
The word, ‘Lux tua vita mihi.’  

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.  

[The Second Knight passes.  

4, 10, &c. Sim.] King. QqF₂F₄.  
4 daughter] Malone (1780). daughter  
here] QqF₂F₄ (here QqF₂F₄).  
7 [Exit a Lord.] Malone. om. QqF₃  
F₄.  
10 It’s] ‘Tis Malone (1780).  
11 like to] Q₁Q₂Q₃. like Q₁Q₂Q₃F₄.  
of Rowe (ed. 2).  
12 lose] loose Q₁Q₂Q₃. lost Q₉.  
13 renown] renown Malone (1780).  
14, 15 honour...labour] office...labour  
Steevens conj. labour......honor  

Dyce conj.  
14 entertain] F₃F₄. entertaine Qq. explain Malone (Steevens). entreat  
Anon. conj. emblason Anon. conj. interpret Schmidt conj. (Shakes-  
speare Lexicon, s. v. entertain).  
16 preserve] prefer Percy conj.  
honour] office Steevens conj.  
17 Enter...over...] Enter......over the  
stage...Malone. The first Knight  
passes by. QqF₂F₄.  
22 [The Second......] Malone. The  
second Knight. QqF₂F₄.
SCENE II. PERICLES. 41

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm’d knight that’s conquer’d by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, ‘Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.’

Sim. And what’s the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, ‘Me pompæ provexit apex.’

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that’s turned upside down;
The word, ‘Quod me alit, me extinguit.’

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that’s by the touchstone tried;

26 arm’d] Rowe. Armed QqF₂F₄.
conquer’d] F₂F₄. conquered Q₉.
27 ‘Piu......fuerza.’] Dyce. Pue Per dolorea koe per forsa. QqF₄F₄. Pue per dolorea chi por sforsa. Wilkins’ Novel. Pue Por dolorea chi por forsa.
[The Third...] Malone. 3. Knight.
Q₁Q₃Q₅. The third Knight. Q₄Q₆Q₈ F₂F₄.
28 what’s] with Q₁Q₃Q₅.
28–30 The third......apex.’] Divided as by Steevens. Two lines, the first ending device, in QqF₂F₄.
29 chivalry] Chivally Q₁.
30 pompæ] Malone (Steevens). pompæ
Wilkins’ Novel. Pompey QqF₂F₄.
Pompey Rowe (ed. 2).
[The Fourth...] Malone. 4. Knight.
Q₁Q₃Q₅. The fourth Knight. Q₄Q₆Q₈ F₂F₄.
31 fourth f] fourth. Q₁Q₃Q₅.
32 turned] QqF₄. turn’d F₄.
33 Quod] Malone. Qui QqF₂F₄. Quæ
Nicholson conj.
34 his] her S. Walker conj.
35 [The Fifth...] Malone. 5. Knight.
Q₁Q₃Q₅. The fifth knight. Q₄Q₆Q₈.
The fifth Knight. F₂F₄.
36 5t] F₂F₄. 5th Qq.
an] a Collier.
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

*Sim.* And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

*That.* He seems to be a stranger; but his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

*Sim.* A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;

For by his rusty outside he appears

To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

*Sec. Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

---

38 [The Sixth......] Dyce. 6. Knight.
Q_qQ. The sixt Knight. QQ_qQ.
The sixth Knight. F_qF_q.
The sixth Knight passes. Malone.

39—41 And what's...deliver'd?] As in Dyce. Two lines, the first ending the which, in Q_q. Prose in the rest.

40 the which] which Steevens, reading And...himself as one line.

41 With] w Q_q.

deliver'd] F_q. delivered F_q. delivered Qq.

42 to be] om. Steevens.

present] impress Singer (ed. 2).
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.

[Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean knight!']

SCENE III. The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

57 The...by] By th' outward habit Elze
    conj.
    outward...inward] inward...outward
    Steevens conj. and Anon. MS. apud
    Farmer.
    habit by the] habit by, the Singer, ed.
    2 (Mason conj.). habit: try the
    Jackson conj. habit, not the Nichol-
    son conj. (withdrawn). habit for
    the Anon. conj.
58, 59 But......gallery.] Divided as by
    Malone. The first line ends com-
    ming, in QqFF4 (coming, F4).
58 we will] we'll Malone.
    shouts within.] Dyce. shouts, Qq
    shouts, F4F4. shouts, The rest.

The same...] Malone (1790).
Enter......] Malone (1790). Enter
the King and Knights from Tilting.
QqFF4.
1, &c. Sim.] King. QqFF4.
1, 2 Knights...superfluous.] Divided as
in Malone. One line in QqFF4.
2 you're] you're QqQQ you are Ma-
    lone.

3 To place] F4. I place QqF4.
7 mirth becomes] Q4. mirth becomes Q4.
mirth comes at The rest.
8 princes and] om. Steevens.
12 by fortune] my fortune Anon. conj.
my merit] Q4QQ. by merit The rest.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours; And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed; And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place: Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. 20

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love; For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

[Aside] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

13 yours] your Q₁Q₂Q₃₅₇
15 an artist] artists Steevens (Malone conj.).
17 you are] Q₁Q₂Q₃₅₇ you The rest. you're Malone.
labour'd] Q₁Q₂F₃F₆ labourd Q₁ laboured Q₁Q₂Q₃₇ o' the] o' th' Rowe. a th' Q₁Q₂Q₃₇ of th' Q₁Q₂Q₆ oth' F₃F₆.
Martial F₆.
their] his Q₁. thy Rowe (ed. 2).
20 honour'd] Q₁Q₂Q₃₅₇ honoured The rest.
days] dais Anon. conj.
yonder is] yond' s Steevens.
25 That] Have Q₁Q₂Q₃₅₇
26 Envy] Envies Q₁Q₂Q₃₅₇ do] shall Q₁Q₂Q₃₅₇
27 Sit.] Sit, sit, Steevens.
sir] Q₁Q₂Q₃₅₇ sit The rest.
28, 30, 36, 37 [Aside] Edd.
28, 29 By...upon.] Given to Pericles by Malone (Steevens). that...thoughts] at this kind of thought Jackson conj.
29 resist] distant Collier conj.
he] not] Q₁Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆F₃F₆ hee not Q₁. she] not Malone. he now Malone conj. be not Singer (Steevens conj.). she but Dyce, ed. 1 (Mason conj.). he but Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).
SCENE III. PERICLES. 45

Thai. [Aside] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury, Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman; Has done no more than other knights have done; Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [Aside] To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. [Aside] Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

30—32 By...gentleman.] Arranged as in QqF4F4. Steevens ends the lines queen...eat...meat!...gentleman.
31 viands] the viands Steevens.
33—35 He's......pass.] Divided as by Boswell. The lines end more...... Staffe,...pass, in QqF4F4. Malone ends the lines he has...done;...pass.
Stevens ends them but...gentleman;
...done;...pass.
33 He's] Daughter, he's Else conj.
34 Has] he's Q1Q3Q3. has The rest. he has Malone.
35 Has] He has Malone. om. Steevens. so let Q1Q3. let The rest.
36 seems] seemed Qd.

37 Yon king'] Q1Q3Q4F4. You Kings Q1. You king's QdQd.
38 me] om. Q1Q3Q3.
39 Had princes sit] Q1Q3Q3. And princes sat The rest. Had princes set Boswell conj.
43 son's like a] Malone. sonne like a Q1Q3QdQdQ3. sonne like a Qd. son, like a F4F4. son's a Steevens. son's like Hudson (1881).

46 He's both their parent] Q1Q3Q3. For he's their parents The rest. For he's their parent Malone.

presence'] presence. Q1Q3. presence Qd.
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thaisa. What is't to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

50 stored] stor'd Malone (Steevens).
52—54 We....knight] One line, Nicholson conj.
53 [rising and preparing to quit the tables. Nicholson conj.
54 [to Thaisa. Nicholson conj.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,

Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

_Thai_. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

_Sim_. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

_Thai_. [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

_Sim_. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

_Thai_. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

_Per_. I thank him.

_Thai_. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

_Per_. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

_Thai_. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

_Per_. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

_Thai._ He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

_Sim._ Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

_[The Knights dance._

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir, here's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
SCENE III. PERICLES.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied Of your fair courtesy. [The Knights and Ladies dance.

Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[To Pericles] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.}

SCENE IV. Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,

107 [The Knights and Ladies dance.] Malone. They dance. Qq,F,F, (daunce Q,q), after the line.
110, 111 Yours...own.] Divided as by Malone. One line in Qq,F,F.
110 [Yours] Your Qq.
114 And] For Malone.
116 [Exeunt.] Malone. om. Qq,F,F.

Tyre.] Malone.
A room...] Malone (1790).

1 No.] No, no, my Steevens. Know,
Malone conj. Now, Elze conj.

3—10 For...stunk; In Qq,F,F, the lines
end minding,.......that......heynous...
pride.......seated in...daughter...shri-
veld...stoune.

3—6 For......glory,] Arranged as by Malone.

5 this] his Q,F,F.

VOL. IX.
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference  
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

7—9 When......up] Arranged as by Dyce. The lines end of...daughter ...up in Malone (1780). Four lines, ending chariot...value, and...him... up, in Malone (1790).

7, 8 in...him,] and his daughter with him, In a chariot of inestimable value, Steevens.

8 om] om. Hudson (1881), reading When...Of as one line. and his] his or and's Anon. conj.

10 Their] Steevens, and Wilkins' Novel. those QqF,F4.

11 those] whose Anon. conj.

13 'Twas] T was QqQr. It was The rest.

13—15 And...reward.] Divided as by Malone. The lines end great,... shaft,...reward in QqF,F4. Four lines, ending justice...great,...shaft, ...reward in Rowe.

13 but justice] by justice Qr. but just Steevens, ending the lines as Malone.

14 no] so Qr.

15 shaft, but] shaft, But Qr. shaft. By The rest.

17 Enter two or three...] Enter three... Malone.

18 has] ha's QqQr. hath The rest.


22 welcome: happy] welcome happy Qr. welcome, happy The rest.
Scene Iv.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top, And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane; But if the prince do live, let us salute him, Or know what ground's made happy by his breath. If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; And be resolved he lives to govern us, Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral, And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—

Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:

25 Your.....love.] One line in Rowe.
Two in QqF,F.
your prince] the prince Steevens.
your love] your love Qq.

32 give's] Q,F,Q,F,F,F,F.
gives Qq.
Rowe (ed. 2), and Malone.

33 leave] leaves Malone.

34 death's] Malone. death QqF,F.
censure] censure Qq.

35 is] if Malone.

36 Like...roof] Put in a parenthesis by Malone.

37 Soon...ruin] Will soon to ruin fall Steevens. Shall soon (or Soon shall) fall to ruin Nicholson conj. (reading if in line 35).

40 All.] Malone (1790). Omnes. QqF,F.

41 For honour's cause.] Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce). Try honours cause; QqF,F.
Try honour's course; Steevens conj. Cry, honour's cause! Jackson conj. By honour's cause, Anon. conj.
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt.

43 seas] seat Malone (1790). see Jackson conj.
44 trouble.....ease] trouble: for a minute cease Jackson conj.
45 longer] longer yet Anon. conj.
etreat you] then entreat you Strevens. entreat of you Anon. conj.
you entreat Hudson (1881).
46 To forbear the] To forbear choice i the Strevens. to Forbear the Edd.
(Globe ed.), ending line 45 at to.
To further bear the Bailey conj.
Still to forbear the Hudson, 1881
(Anon. conj.). Yet to forbear Nicholson conj.
50 like nobles] like noblemen Steevens.
like nobles and Anon. conj. your
noble king Anon. conj.
51 your search] such search Qo.
52 return] renown Steevens conj.
54 will] would Rowe (ed. 2).
55 us] it or thus Edd. conj.
56 endeavour it.] Malone, 1780 (Steevens).
endeavour. Qo Q2 F3 F4. endeav. Qo endeavor. The rest. endeavour—Malone (1790). endeavour
so. Collier conj. endeavour us. Edd.
(Globe ed.).
Omitted in Q4 Q5.
SCENE V. Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know, That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known, Which from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.[Exeunt Knights.

Pentapolis.] Malone.
A room...] Malone (1790).
Simonides,] Malone. the King Fq
a letter,] of a letter QqFqFq.
at one door] om. Malone.
the] QqQq.
and the QqQqQqFqFq.
3 she'll] she will Malone.
4—6 A....get.] Divided as by Steevens. Two lines, the first ending knowne in QqFqFq. Three, ending herself...means...get, in Malone.
6 from her] QqQqQqQq from her, Qq.
get from her FqFq from herself Steevens.

7 get] have S. Walker conj.
8, 9 Faith...impossible.] Divided as in QqFqFq. The first line ends ty'd her in Malone. It ends tied in Globe ed.
9 that 'tis] that it is Malone. 'tis Anon. conj.
11 vow'd] Rowe. vowed QqFqFq.
12 break it.] breaks it. QqQqQqFq.
we] will we Anon. conj.
[Exeunt Knights.] Dyce. Exeunt.
Malone. Exit. QqQqQqFqFq. om. QqQq.
Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you; Ay, so well, that you must be her master, And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [Aside] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art A villain.

32, 33 Let...sir? Prose by Edd. Two lines, the first ending thing: in QqF>F. Two, the first ending think, in Malone.

32 ask you] ask Steevens.

thing: what...daughter, sir?] thing, sir: What...daughter? Nicholson conj., reading What...princess as one line.

think...sir?] think, sir, of My daughter? Steevens, ending the line at of.

34 As of a Steevens.

35 she is] Q1, shows Q2Q4Q4Q0, she's F2F4.

36 wondrous fair.] See note (viii). wondrous] wondrous Q1. wondrous Q0.


38 Ay, so well] Malone. I so well Qq.

39 she...scholar] she'll your scholar be Steevens.

40 I...for] Unworthy I to be Steevens.

41 ] for] Q1Q4Q0, for] to be The rest.

42 [Aside] First marked by Malone.

43 What's...Tyre?] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF>F. Two lines, the first ending letter, in Rowe.

45 entrap me, gracious] entrap, my gracious Malone.

47 aim'd] F2F4, aims'd Q4Q0. aymed Q1Q4Q0, aimed Q0.

49, 50 Thou...villain.] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends daughter, in QqF>F.
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [Aside] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory? [Aside] I am glad on't with all my heart.— I' ll tame you; I' ll bring you in subjection. Will you, not having my consent, Bestow your love and your affections Upon a stranger? [Aside] who, for aught I know, May be, nor can I think the contrary, As great in blood as I myself.— Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you, Either be ruled by me, or I' ll make you—
Man and wife:

70, 71 Why,...glad?] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends offence in QqF,F.
70 say] Q4. The rest omit.
71 offence at] Malone. offence? At Q1 Q4Q6. offence, At The rest.
73 [Aside] Opposite heart in Q4Q6F,F,F.
Opposite line 74 in the rest.
73—83 I am,...wife:] Divided as in QqF,F.
Nine lines, ending tame you;...will you,...love,...who,...think myself,...will,...be,...wife; in Malone (1780). In Malone (1790) the fourth line ends stranger? The lines and tame you;...subjection.—...bestow,stranger?...contrary,...I.)...mine,—...me;...wife.— in Steevens.
73 on't] Q1. o'nt Q4Q6 of it The rest.
with all] Qq. with all F,F withal F.F.
75 you, not] QqQqF,F,F. you not, Q1 Q4 Qq. you not Q4. consent] consent thereto Else conj.

77 Upon] on Malone (1780) and Steevens.
[Aside] Opposite know in QqQqQqQqF,F.F. Opposite line 78 in QqQqQq. aught] Malone (1790). ought QqF,F.
77—79 who...myself.] (Who, for aught I know to the contrary, Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) Steevens.
79—83 As...wife:] Four lines, ending Therefore...mine,—...me,—...wife, Elze conj.
80 Therefore hear you.] Hear, therefore, Steevens. mistress] young mistress Anon. conj. either] om. Steevens.
81 mine] wine Qq.
hear you] hear you too Anon. conj.
82 I'U] I will Steevens.
you—] QqQqQqQqQq. you, Q1Q4Q3.
83—87 Man...pleased?] Arranged as by Knight. Four lines, ending hands...yoynd,...grieves;...pleased? in QqF,F,F. 
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?

_Thai._ Yes, if you love me, sir.

_Per._ Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

_Sim._ What, are you both agreed?

_Both._ Yes, if 't please your majesty.

_Sim._ It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[Exeunt.]

**ACT III.**

_Enter_ Gower._

_Gow._ Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

---84—87 Nay...pleased?] Arranged as by Malone.  
86 a further] Malone. further QqF4F4.  
88 life my] QqQq. life, my Q1. life or Q5. life, or The rest. life;—the Mason conj.  
if 't please] QqQqQqQq. if it please The rest. 'please Steevens, reading What,...majesty as one line.  
91 that I will] that I'll Malone. I'll Steevens.  
92 And then] Then Malone.  

[Exeunt.] QqQqQq. Omitted in the rest.  
1 sleep y-slaked] sleeps yslacked Q1. sleeps yslaked Q5. ysleep slaked F4. ysleep slaked The rest.  
2 the house about] Malone. about the house QqF4F4.  
3 o'er-fed] orefed Q1. ore-fed QqQqQq. ore-fe QqQqQqQq ore-fe F4F4.  
4 this] his Q5.  

---
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attend,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly echo:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger
meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it
Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with
child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she
rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with
Lychorida and their Attendants. Then excurt Simonides and the
rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence.
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:

21 stead] Malone. stead Qq F_{3} F_{4}.
  guest. At] Malone. guest; at Rowe
  (ed. 2). guest at Qq F_{3} F_{4}.
  Tyre,] Tyre: Q_{2}.
22 strange] strong Malone (1790).
25 daughter] Q_{4} Q_{3} Q_{5} daughter's The
  rest.
29 mutiny he there] mutiny there he
  Steevens. mutine there he Staunton-
  hastes] hastes Q_{2}.
  oppress] oppresse Steevens.
30 'em] Q_{4} Q_{3} Q_{5} them The rest.
31, 32 home...moons,...dooms] in twice
  six moons, home,...doom Steevens.
34 Pentapolis] Q_{4} F_{3} F_{4}. Pentapolis The
  rest.
  Iranyshed Q_{1}. Irany shed Q_{2}. Irony
  shed The rest.
36 one] on Q_{2}.
  can']gan Malone.
  dreamt? F_{3} F_{4}.
41 cross?—] cross?) Malone (1790).
  cross, Rowe. cross Malone (1780).
  cross Q_{4} F_{5} cross F_{4}.
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea: their vessel shakes 
On Neptune’s billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut: but fortune’s mood 
Varies again; the grisled north 
Disgorges such a tempest forth, 
That, as a duck for life that dives, 
So up and down the poor ship drives:  
The lady shrieks and well-a-near 
Does fall in travail with her fear: 
And what ensues in this fell storm 
Shall for itself itself perform. 
I will relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey; 
Which might not what by me is told. 
In your imagination hold 
This stage the ship, upon whose deck 
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit. 

44 their] Q, then The rest. 
46 fortune’s mood] Malone (Steevens). 
fortune mood’d, Q, fortune mood’d 
Q, Q, Q, fortune mood’d The rest. 
47 grisled] Q, grisled Q, Q, Q, grisled 
Q, grisly F, F. 
49, 50 dives...drives] Q, Q, Q, drives... 
dives The rest. 
51 and well-a-near] and, well-a-near! 
Steevens (Reed). welladay Wilkins’ 
Novel. 
52 Does] Do’s Q, Q, Q, Doth The rest. 
travail] travaile Q, travaile Q, Q, 
travails Q, travaile Q, travaile Q, travaile F, travel F, 

53 fall] Q, selfe Q, Q, Q, Q, Q, Q, self F, 
F. 
54 itself itself] it selfe, if selfe Q, Q, 
55 action] the action Anon. conj. 
57 not what] Malone. not? what Q, Q, 
F, 
told.] Malone. told; Q, told, The 
rest. 
58 hold] Malone. hold: Q, F, F, 
60 sea-tost] Rowe (ed. 2). seas tost Q 
F, F, F, 
Pericles prince Steevens. 
[Exit.] Exit Gower. Q. Omitted in 
the rest.
Scene I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges, Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast Upon the winds command, bind them in brass, Having call’d them from the deep! O, still Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida, How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously; Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman’s whistle Is as a whisper in the ears of death, Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O Divinest patroness and midwife gentle To those that cry by night, convey thy deity Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place, Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I Am like to do: take in your arms this piece Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm. Here's all that is left living of your queen, A little daughter: for the sake of it, Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away? We here below Recall not what we give, and therein may Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir, Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life! For a more blustrous birth had never babe: Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for

14 queen's travails] Queens travels Fs.
Queen travels F4. queen's travel Dyce.
Lychorida / Lychorida—Malone.
15 Enter......Infant.] Steevens. Enter Lychorida. QqFfF4 Enter...infant. Dyce, after travails/ 15—16 Here......queen.] Divided as by Malone. Three lines, ending place,....dos.....Queens, in QqF3F4. Four lines, ending thing...had...do.... queen, in Steevens.
16 a thing] nothing Q5.
18 How, how.] How now Q5.
20 your] Qq. our F3F4.
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world. That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the
ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed; and we are strong in custom. There-
fore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements

Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,

My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe

Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
PERICLES. ACT III.

A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.]

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus! There will I visit Cleon, for the babe Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner: I'll bring the body presently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

70, 71 Sir...ready.] prose in Malone. Two lines, the first ending hatches, in QqF₂F₄.
70 we have] we've S. Walker conj., reading Sir...caulk'd as one line. have a chest beneath] have a Chest beneath Q₁; heave a Chest beneath Q₂Q₃.
75 for Tyre] from Tyre Collier conj. (from Wilkins' Novel).
78 Cleon] Cleon Q₅.
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
’T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne’er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There’s nothing can be minister’d to nature
That can recover him. [To Philemon] Give this to the
’pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[Exeunt all but Cerimon.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early; "Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
"Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. "Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'erre authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances

21—24 But...strange,] Arranged as by Malone. Three lines, ending Lord-
ship,...hovers,...strange, in QqF,F4.
tire] Q,Q,Q,Q,Tyres The rest. Tyre
Jackson conj. 'tires Collier (ed. 2).
24 'Tis] It is Malone.
26—30 I...delight] Arranged as by Ma-
lone. Twelve lines, ending cunning,
...riches;...expend;...former,...god:
...physickes;...authoritie;...familiari,
...dwell...of the...cures;...delight, in
QqF,F. In F4 which...delight, lines
38, 39, is read as two lines, the first
ending content.
26 hold] held Malone.
26, 27 ever,...cunning were] Malone.
euer Virtue and Cunnings, Were Q,F,
Q,F,Q,F,euer virtue and cunning.
Were The rest.
27 endowments] endowments Q,F.
33 authorities] Q,F, authoritie or au-
thority The rest.
35 bless,] Q,F,Q,F,best The rest.
36 dwell] F,F, dwells Q,F.dwell F,F.
37, 38 And...nature] One line in Col-
lies, reading can for I can.
37 I can] Malone. can QqF,F,F.
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never ...

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What's that?
First Serv. Sir,

38 doth give] gives Malone (1780). give Reed (1803).
40, 41 Than...Or] One line in Q1Q2Q5.
41 treasure] Steevens. pleasures Q6
pleasure The rest.
43—45 Your...never...] S. Walker, who
suspects an omission of one line after knowledge, omits your be-
fore personal pain, and would end
the lines has......charity;......who... knowledge......open,......renown...... never—.
43, 44 Your......themselves] Divided as
by Malone. The first line ends
Ephesus in QqF3F4.
43 has] Q1. has Q4Q5 hath The
rest.
The rest.
44 hundreds] hundereds Q6. hundred
F3F4.
46 your personal] personal Steevens.
46, 47 but......Cerimon] As in Malone.
One line in QqF3F4.
48 time shall never...] time shall never.
Q1Q2Q5. never shall decay. QqQ5 Q5
F3F4. time shall never— Malone.
time shall never raise Dyce. time
shall never decay. Staunton. time
shall never end. Anon. conj.
49 Enter...] Enter two or three with a
Chest. Qq (Chist Q1Q5) F3F4. Enter
two Servants with a Chest. Malone.
49, 51, 62 First Serv.] Dyce. Serv. or
Ser. QqF3F4.
50 What's] What is Steevens.
51—53 Sir,......wreck.] Divided as by
Malone. Two lines, the first end-
ing shore, in QqF3F4. Three, end-
ing now...chest;......wreck, in Stee-
vens.
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set 't down, let's look upon 't.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be, 'tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulked and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?
First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open: soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.
Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!
First Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entrea-

52 up] Qq F4F4, om. Malone (1780) and Steevens.

53, 54 This...let's] This...let us Malone, reading as one line.

53 chest] Chist Q1Q8.

54 Set't...let's...upon't] Q1Q6Q8. Set it...let us...upon it The rest. Set't...let's...on it Steevens. Set it...let's...on it Boswell.

55, 56 Whate'er...straight:] Arranged as by Malone. The first line ends heavie in Qq F4F4.

58 'Tis] It is Malone, ending the line fortune, it.


belch't Kinnear conj.

belief that It Steevens.

60 bitumed] Wilkins' Novel. bitum'd Malone. bottomed Q1Q9Q9 bottomd Q1Q6Q8 bottom'd F4F4.

64 Wrench] Come, wrench Steevens.

open: soft / open soft; Q1Q9Q8 open; Q1Q9Q9Q8F4F4 open; Soft, soft—Malone.

68 gods] god Boswell.

70—72 Shrouded...characters.] Prose in Q1Q9Q8. Three lines, ending en-
treasured......Apollo,.....characters, in Q1Q9Q6Q8F4F4. Three, ending en-
treasur'd...too !.....characters in Stee-
vens. Four, ending state !...spices !

...me...characters, in Malone.
SCENE II.  

PERICLES.  

sured with full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo,  
perfect me in the characters!  

[Reads from a scroll.]

'Here I give to understand,  
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,  
I, King Pericles, have lost  
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.  
Who finds her, give her burying;  
She was the daughter of a king:  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods require his charity!'  

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.  

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.  

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;  
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough  
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.  
[Exit a servant.  
Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian  

---71 full bags of spices] bags of spices full  
Steevens.  

too! Apollo,] Malone. to Apollo,  
QqF,F.  

---72 in the] 't the Steevens.  

[Reads...] He reads out of a scroll.  
Malone. om. QqF,F.  

---74 drive] drives QqQQ.  
a-land] aland QqQQ. a land The  
rest.  

---80 requisite] requite Qq.  

---82 ever] ever QqQQ.  

---83—91 Nay...recovered.] Divided as by  
Dyce. Seven lines, ending looks...  
sea...Closed...yet...spirits...dead,...  
recovered, in QqQQ, and in the rest,  
except that the fourth line ends  
hours in QqQQ, and the first  
line is divided into two in F.  
Nine  

---84 rough] rash Malone conj.  

---85 That] they QqQ.  
a fire] fire Steevens.  

---86 my boxes] the boxes Steevens.  

[Exit...] Dyce. om. QqF,F.  

---89 o'express'd] o'er-pressed Malone, 1790  
(ending the line have heard). over- 
pressed Steevens.  

---89—91 I heard...recovered.] Spoken by  
First Gent. Elze conj. Of an Egyp-
tian I have heard who had by good  
appliances Recover'd bodies nine  
hours lying dead Hudson conj.  

---89 I heard] I have heard Malone and  
Steevens.
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!  
The music there! I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent.  
The heavens,

90 That had] had Steevens, reading Of
...dead as one line.
lian] Q,F,F,F, been Q, been Q,
been F,F,F.
dead] dead like this Else conj., ending
the line at was.

91 Who...appliance] Q,F,F,F.  By good
appliances was Steevens.  Who was
by good appliances Dyce.
recovered] Q,F,F,F, recover'd Singer
(reading with Steevens) and Dyce.

92 Re-enter...] Dyce.  Enter......Steev-
vens.  Enter one with Napkins and
Fire.  Q,F,F,F.

92—96 Well...air.] Divided as in Q,F,F.
Q,F,F,F.  Four lines, ending rough
and......you......blocks!......ayre: in
Q,F,F,F.

92 clothes] the clothes Malone.  clothes Q,
clothes F,F, clothes The rest.

93 rough] slow Collier conj.  soft or
low or sweet Else conj.
[Music behind the scene. Else conj.

94 beseech] Q,F,F,F.  I beseech The rest.

95 viol] viol Q,F,F,F.  viol Q,F,F,F.

96 there] their Q,F,F.

97—101 Gentlemen...again?] Divided
as in Steevens.  Four lines, ending
live...her;...hovers;...againe, in Q
F,F,F.  The lines end awakes;...been
...'gins......again / in Malone.  S.
Walker would end the lines awakes;
...been...'gins...again.

98,99 awakes...Breathes] Malone (Stee-
vens).  awakes a warmth breath Q,
awakes a warme breath The rest.

99 entranced] entranc'd Q,F,F.  entran-
strat F,F, entranc'est Q,F,F, entran-
est Q,F,F, entranc'est Q,F,F.

101—103 The......over.] As in Malone.
Two lines, the first ending wonder,
in Q,F,F,F.

101 heavens,] heavens, sir, Steevens.
heavens, my lord, Else conj. (with-
drawn).
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!

Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her. Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us! [Exeunt, carrying her away.

102 see] Malone. sets QqF,F,f.
103—110 She......be.] Ed. (S. Walker
conj.). Six lines, ending eyelids...
lost,...gold,...appear,...weep...bee,
in QqF,F,f. Eight lines, ending
behind,...jewels......lost,...gold ;
water......live......creature...be, in
Malone.

107 praised] prized Hudson (1881).
Steevens.

108, 109 To make......make] One line,
Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.), read-
ing O live.

again Elze conj.

109 weep] weeps. Q,F,Q,Q,q. A comma in
the rest.

110, 111 O...this!] Divided as by Ma-
lone. The first line ends lord? in
QqF,F,f.

114—118 Hush......us?] Divided as by
Malone (1780). Four lines, ending
hands,...linnen......relapse...us, in
QqF,F,f. Four lines, ending hands:
...now......relapse...us / in Malone
(1790).


117 her] Q,F, he Q,F,Q,Q. the The rest.

118 And Æsculapius] and Esculapius
Q,F, and Esculapius Q,F,Q,Q,Q,Q,q,
and, Esculapius, F,F,F.

[Exeunt....] Rowe. They carry
her away. Exeunt omnes. QqF,F,f.
Scene III. Tarsus. A room in the Governor’s house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyzza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour’d Cleon, I must needs be gone; My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands In a litigious peace. You, and your lady, Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally, Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen! That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither, To have bless’d mine eyes with her!


1—5 Most.....you [/] Arranged as by Malone. In Q₄Q₅Q₆ Most...peace: is prose, and You...you / two lines, the first ending thankfulness. Four lines, ending gone,...stands...heart... you, in Q₄Q₅Q₆F₃F₄.

1 honour’d] honound Q₅. honoured Q₆ F₃F₄.

2 Tyrus] Q₄Q₅Q₆. Tyre The rest.

3 litigious] Q₄Q₅Q₆. Omitted in the rest.

6, 7 Four...us.] Divided as in Q₄Q₅Q₆. The first line ends you in the rest.

6 shaft] Steevens. shakes Q₄F₄F₄.

through] Although S. Walker conj., ending the lines fortune,...glance... queen ! hurt] Steevens. hunt Q₄, haunt Q₄Q₃Q₅Q₆, hunt of hit Steevens conj. (withdrawn).

7 wanderingly] wanderingly Steevens. wondrously Q₄F₄F₄. woundingly Schmidt conj.

7—9 O...her /] Divided as by Rowe. Two lines, the first ending please’d, in Q₄F₄. Four, ending Queen !... pleased...ither...her, in F₄.

8 you had] you’d Rowe.

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,

9—17 We...born.] Divided as by Steevens. Seven lines, ending ws...;...in,
Marina,...so,...leaving her...give her
...borne, in QqF4F4. The lines end
but......rage......yet...babe,...sea,...
charity,...care ;...training,...born in
Malone.
13 so, here] so here) Malone (1780).
14 leaving] and leave Steevens.
17—25 Fear...generation ] Divided as
by Malone. Eight lines, ending
grace,...which,...child...vile,...re-
tien'd,...that,...it...generation, in Qq
F4F4.
but think] but that Malone conj.
om. Steevens.
19 still] Q1. dayly Q2Q3. daily The
rest.
20 on. If] Malone. on ; if Rowe (ed.
2). on, if QqFf.
neglect] Q1Q2Q3. neglect The
rest.
22 By] by Qq. that's by F3F4.
25—29 I believe...remain,] Divided as
by Malone. Four lines, ending
goodness,...married,......honour,....re-
mayne, in QqF3F4.
26 teach] witch Steevens conj. (with-
drawn).
to 't] too 't Q1Q2Q3. too The rest.
to it Malone. credit Steevens. it
Mason conj.
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
Unscissar’d shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in’t. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,  
Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We’ll bring your grace e’en to the edge o’ the  
shore,  
Then give you up to the mask’d Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears:  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.        

[Exeunt.

27 married.] maried. QsQs.  
28 honour, all] honour all, Malone.  
29 Unscissar’d......hair] Steevens. un-
sister’d...heye QsQsQsQs. unsister’d  
shall his hayres Qs. unsister’d...heire  
Q. unsister’d...heir FsFt.  
of mine] or mine Qs.
30 ill] Singer, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).  
will QsFtFt. vile Seymour conj.  
See note (xi).
32 I have] I’ve Rowe.  
32—34 I have......lord.] Divided as by  
Malone. Prose in QsFtFt. Two  
lines, the first ending dear, in Rowe.  
35—37 We’ll...heaven.] Divided as by  
Malone. Prose in QsFtFt.

35 grace] graces Qs.  
ed’en] ens QsQsQs. The rest omit.  
even Malone.  
o’ the] ath QsQsQs. of the The rest.  
36 mask’d] QsQsQs. masked The rest.  
vast Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).  
moist S. Walker conj. mighty Kin-

near conj. calmest Else conj.
37—41 I will......lord.] Divided as by  
Malone (1780). Prose in QsFtFt.  
Four lines, ending madam...tears:  
...grace...lord, in Malone (1790).
38 dearest] deariest Steevens.  
39 Lychorida] Lichorida Qs. Lichorida  
QsQs.

41 [Exeunt.] Rowe. om. QsFtFt.
SCENE IV. Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels, Lay with you in your coffer: which are At your command. Know you the character?

Thais. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember, Even on my eaning time; but whether there Delivered, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles, My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again, A vestal livery will I take me to, And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak, Diana's temple is not distant far, Where you may abide till your date expire. Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine

SCENE IV.] Malone.
Ephesus. A room...] Malone.
Thaisa.] Tharsa. Qq Qq Qq.
2, 3 Lay...character?] Divided as by Malone, who reads are now for are. Two lines, the first ending command: in QqFp. Three, ending ofer,..... command :...character? in Fp.
2 are] are now Malone. are here Nicholson conj.
4—11 It...joy.] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqFpFp. Seven lines, ending sea,...time;...gods,... Pericles,...again,...to,...joy, in Rowe. Seven lines, ending sea,...time;... no,...say;.....lord,...livery,...joy, in Malone.
4 is my] is, my Fp.
4, 5 lord's. That] lord's; that Fp.

6 on] at So quoted by Mason.
eaning] FpFp. learning Qq. yearning Malone (Steevens). yielding Mason conj. yeaning Grant White (Mason conj.). ailing Jackson conj. labouring Anon. conj.
7 Delivered...gods] Deliver'd of a child, by the holy gods or Deliver'd, by the holy gods, of child Elze conj. Delivered] delivered QqFpFp. delivered or no Malone and Steevens. I was deliver'd Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).
12 ye] you Malone.
14 you...expire] till your date expire, you may abide Hudson, 1881 (Fleay conj.). abide till] 'bide until Malone. 'bide till Elze conj.
Shall there attend you.

_Thai._ My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

_Enter Gower._

_Gow._ Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon

17 _that's_] _that_ Q₃Q₆; _and that is_ Q₄Q₅.
18 _gift_ _gift_ 's_ Anon. conj.
19 _Exeunt_] _Rowe._ Exit. QqF₂F₄.
20 _Act IV._] Malone.
21 _arrived_] _om._ Steevens.
22 _and settled_] _om._ Steevens.
23 _we leave at Ephesus_] _leave at Ephesus_ Steevens.
24 _Unto Diana there as_] _To Dian there_ Steevens.
25 _there as_] Edd. _ther's_ Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆.
26 _that is_ _The rest._ there Malone.
27 _votaress_ _Votaress_ F₄. _Votaress_ Q₅.
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be’t when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon’s wife, with envy rare,

16, 17 and...... Even] even... And Lett-
17 ripe] right Q1.
marricige rite] Singer, ed. 2 (Collier).
marricige rite Percy conj. marriage
sight QqF4F4. marriage sight Ma-
lone (Steevens). marriage night
Steevens conj.
sleided] Malone (1780). sleded Qq
F4. sledded F4.
23 she would] she ld Daniel conj.
needle] need Malone.
24 cambric] Chambricke Qs.

25 to the] Malone. to th’ F3F4. too’th
Qq.
26 night-bird] Malone. night bed Qq
F3F4.
27 with moan] with mone QsQs. within
one The rest.
29 Vail] Wail Singer, ed. 2 (Malone
conj.). Hail Steevens conj.
Dian; still] Malone. Dian still,
Qq. Dion still, F3F4.
32 With the dove...the crow] Steevens
(Mason conj.). The Dove...with the
crow QqF4F4.
34 as debts] by debts Qs.
PERICLES.  ACT IV.

A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to steal,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyzza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyzza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I.  Tarsus.  An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyzza with Leonine.

Dion.  Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit.  Let not conscience,

38 murderer] murder S. Walker conj.
40 stand] stand up Else conj.
43 cursed] cutsed Q.
44 wrath] F,F,F. wrath  Q.
45 blow.  The] Malone.  blow, the  Q
F,F.
46 content] consent Steevens conj.  intend Daniel conj.
47 carry] Steevens.  carried Q,F,F.
48 on] one Q.
51 does] Q.  doth  The rest.
SCENE I.

PERICLES.

Which is but cold, inflaming love i’ thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do’t; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress’ death.
Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,

5 but] best Jackson conj.
inflaming love i’ thy bosom,] Knight.
in flaming, thy love bosome, Q2: in
flaming thy love bosome, Q2Q3Q4Q5
Qv. inflaming thy love bosome, F3
F4. inflame love in thy bosom, Ma-
alone. inflame thy loving bosom, Steevesens conj. in inflaming thy love
bosom Jackson conj. in flaming love,
thy bosom Anon. conj. (1814). infl-
flaming love, thy bosom Singer. in-
fusing love in thy bosom Collier conj.
enfeebles; nor love thy bosom Bailey
conj. enforcing law, thy bosom Hud-
son (1881).

6 Inflame too nicely] om. Malone
conj., reading Nor…purpose as two
lines, the first ending off. Inform
too nicely Collier (ed. 2) and Hudson
(1881).

6, 7 pity, which Even women] that
pity women Steevesens conj., reading
the rest as Malone conj.

7, 8 Even…purpose.] Divided as by
Malone. Rowe ends line 7 at thee.

8—12 A soldier…resolved?] S. Walker
would end the lines yet…..then…
weeping…resolved?

9 I will] I’ll Malone.

10—12 The…resolved?] As prose by

Edd. (Globe ed.). Three lines, the
first two ending her…death, in Qq
F5F4. Malone (1780) ends lines 10,
11 her…mistress. Malone (1790)
ends them here…death.

10 gods] gods above Malone.

11 Here…for] Here comes she weep-
ing for Percy conj. Here she comes,
weeping Mason conj. Here Weeping.
she comes for Steevesens. Here She
comes still weeping Hudson (1881),
dividing the line as Malone (1790).
only mistress’ death.] only Mistress
death, Qq. only Mistress death:
F3. only Mistress Death: F4. only
mistress. Death—Malone (1780). old
mistress’ death. Malone (1790). old
nurse’s death. Steevesens (Percy conj.)
and Hudson (1881). only nurse’s

12 resolved?] resolve. Q4.

14—21 No,…friends.] Divided as by
Rowe. Prose in QqF5F4.

14 No,] No, no: Malone, 1780 (Stee-
veens). Now, Malone conj. (with-
drawn). So; Elze conj.
rob] disrobe Malone conj. (with-
drawn). go rob Anon. conj.
Tellus] gay Tellus Rowe.
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues, 15
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's 25
Changed with this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
SCENE I. PERICLES. 83

And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

Mar. No, I pray you; I’ll not bereave you of your
servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day 35
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it. 40

Dion. Come, come, I know ’tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I’ll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:

29 And it pierces and sharpens] Pierc-
ing, and sharpens well Steevens,
ending the line Come.
sharpens] sharps S. Walker conj. will
sharp Hudson (1881). sharpens well
Elze conj.
31, 32 No...servant.] One line in QqF²
F₄. Two lines, the first ending
pray you; in Rowe.
32—43 Come,...old.] Divided as by
Rowe. Prose in QqF₂F₄.
34 I love] It love Q₄.
36 shall] shall Q₄.
40 to] of Mason conj.
41 reserve] preserve S. Walker conj.
43, 44 Cars...alone.] As in Rowe. Prose
in Q₄Q₂Q₄. As a separate line in
Q₄Q₂Q₄F₂F₄.
44, 45 Well...it.] Divided as by Rowe.
One line in QqF₂F₄.
45 But] And So quoted by S. Walker.
to it] too it Q₄Q₂ to’t S. Walker
conj., ending the line Come, come.
49—51 I’ll...you.] Divided as by Rowe.
Prose in QqF₂F₄.
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

*Mars.*

My thanks, sweet madam.

*Exit Dionysia.*

Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon.*

South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.*

Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, calling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clapping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mar.* When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and

The master calls and trebles their confusion.

50 *Pray,*] Pray you Malone.

heat] hear Rowe (ed. 2).

51 care] Q₁Q₂Q₃ a care The rest.

51, 52 *My...blows?*] Divided as by

Malone. Prose in Q₁F₁F₄.

51 *My thanks*] Thanks Steevens.


52 this] Q₁ the The rest.

53 *Was 't*] F₁F₄ Wast Q₁.

54—55 *My...deck*] Divided as by Mal-

one. Prose in Q₁F₁F₄.

54 *as nurse said*] Malone. as nurse

see Q₁ as nurse see Q₂ as nurseses

Q₃ as nurse saith The rest.

56 *haling ropes*] Q₁Q₂Q₃ haling ropes

The rest. with hauling of the ropes

58—57 See note (xiii).

59—56 *When...confusion.*] Prose in Q₁

F₁F₄.

59—64 *When...skip*] Divided as by

Rowe.

59 *sais*] ses Q₁Q₂Q₃ saith The rest.

60—58 *wilt out?* wolt out? Q₁Q₂Q₃.

63 *dropping*] dripping Collier (ed. 2).

64—66 *From...confusion*] Divided as by

Malone. Three lines, ending stern:

...calls...confusion, in Rowe.

65 *stem to stern*] Malone. sterns to

stern Q₁. stern to stern F₁F₄.

whistles, and] whistles, Steevens.
Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life: I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn To any living creature: believe me, la, I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly: I trod upon a worm against my will,

But I wept for it. How have I offended, Wherein my death might yield her any profit, Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [He seizes her.

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize! 95
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come let's
have her aboard suddenly. [Exeunt Pirates with Marina.

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. Exit.

**Scene II. Mytilene. A room in a brothel.**

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

---

104 by me] om. Q.


Mytilene...] Mitylene... Malone.

Enter...Boult.] F5F4. Enter the three Bawdes. Qg.

1 Boult.[] Boult. QqFgF4. Boult,—

Dyce.

2 Sir?] Edd. Sir. QqFgF4.

4 too much] too much much Q. much

Anon. conj.
Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [To Marina] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

19 pitifully] pitiful full Q7
20 they're too] Malone. ther's two Q7
21 Q7Q7Q7. there's two The rest.
22 o'] Malone. a Q7Q7Q7. in The rest.
23 pooped] popp'd Grant White.
25 or four] are fours Q5
27 Chickins Q7Q7. Chickeens Q7Q7Q7F5.
28 Chickens F5.
34 o'er] over Malone.
35 sorts] trades Malone conj.
39 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter... QqF5
40 F5, substantially. Enter the Pirates, and Boult dragging in Marina.
41 Malone.
42 the] om. F5F5.
44 [To Marina] Malone.
46 ways, my F5. wayes, my F5.
47 virgin?] virgin. Q7Q7Q7.
First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

_Bawd._ Why lament you, pretty one?
_Mar._ 'That I am pretty.
_Bawd._ Come, the gods have done their part in you.
_Mar._ I accuse them not.
_Bawd._ You are light into my hands, where you are
like to live.

_Mar._ The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

_Bawd._ Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

_Mar._ No.

_Bawd._ Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of
all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the
difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your
ears?

_Mar._ Are you a woman?

_Bawd._ What would you have me be, an I be not a
woman?

_Mar._ An honest woman, or not a woman.

_Bawd._ Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall

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65 _Not_ Jackson conj.
   *had*...thrown] did...throw Malone conj.
   *had not* Had Rowe (ed. 2). *had*
   but Malone (1780).
   *o'erboard* over-board Malone (1780).
66 _For to_] to Malone (1780). *forth, to
   Jackson conj., arranging as Malone
   (1780).
67 _lament_] Q1,Q2,Q5 weep or weep The
   rest.
71, 73 You......live_] Prose in Q1,Q2,Q5
   Two lines in the rest.
71 _light_] Lit Malone.
73, 74 The...die_] Divided as by Ma-
   lone (1790). Prose in Q1,Q2,Q5. Two
   lines, the first ending hands, in the
   rest. Malone (1790) ends the first
   line I.
73 _more my fault_] worse my fate, Col-
   lier conj.
   *more*] Q1. *more's* F3,F4.
74 _like_] om. Q1,Q2,Q5
79 _do you_] does you Q1,Q2,Q5 *de* ye The
   rest. _de* ye Rowe (ed. 2).
82 _an_] Malone. *and* Q1,Q2,Q5 *if* The
   rest.
85 _thee_] F3,F4. *thee* Q1,Q2,Q5 *the* Q1,Q2
   Q5.
have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the

86 have] om. Q₄Q₆, you're] you 'r Q₁Q₄Q₅, ye' are Q₆F₅F₄, ye' are Q₆.
88 you.] Q₁Q₄Q₅, ye. The rest.
92 must stir'] Q₄Q₅Q₆F₅F₄, stir Q₆Q₅Q₅.
93 Re-enter Boult.] Collier. Enter Boult. Q₄Q₅Q₆F₄F₄. Omitted in Q₁ Q₆Q₅.
96 And I prithee] And I prithee Q₁Q₂Q₃Q₅. And prithee Q₆Q₅. And prithee F₅F₄.
101 so watered, that] waiired, and Q₁Q₂Q₅ Q₆.
106 courses i' the] coures e'the Q₁Q₄Q₅, coures i' th Q₆Q₆F₅, contes 'th Q₅.
108 Ay, he: he] Edd. (Globe ed.). I, he, he Q₁Q₄Q₅. I, he Q₆Q₆Q₅F₃F₄ Ay, he Rowe.
proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

_Bawd._ Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

_Boult._ Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

_Bawd._ Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

_Mar._ I understand you not.

_Boult._ O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

_Bawd._ Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

_Boult._ Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

_Bawd._ Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

_Boult._ I may so.

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113 in...sun] in, to scatter his crowns in the shadow of our sun Steevens conj. (withdrawn).

in our shadow] on our shadow Mason conj.

in the sun] of the sun S. Walker conj.

116 awhile] Q4 a while The rest.

118 despise] to despise Malone.

120 as ye] Q4 Q5 as yes Q4. as you

The rest.


122 more] more Collier conj.


131 joint,—] Malone. A comma in Q4 Q5; a full stop in the rest.

132 spit.] spit! Anon. conj.
Scene II.  

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

Scene III. Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think

You'll turn a child again.

134 Who...[it?] As in Malone. A separate line in Qq5F5.
139 lose] loose Qq3Q5
144 stir'] Malone. stirs Qq5F5.
150 Diana] Diana, Qq3Q5
151 will you go] Qq3Q5 go The rest. us] Q1. us. The rest.

Scene III. Dyce. Scene IV. Malone.

Tarsus...house.] Malone substantially.
1 Why,] Malone. Why Qq5F5.
are] are Qq3Q5.
foolish?] Malone. foolish, Qq5F5.
3, 4 I...again.] Divided as by Steevens. One line in Qq5F5.
4 child] chidle Qq3Q5
again] agent Qq3Q5.
Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I’d give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o’ the earth
I’ the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison’d too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, ’t had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I’ll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
‘She died by foul play.’

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina’s face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform’d to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish’d, and her epitaphs

25 coward] cow’d Steevens.
27 prime consent] Dyce. prince consent Q1Q2Q5 whole consent The rest.
pre-consent Malone (Steevens).
28 sources] Dyce. courses Q1Q2Q5.
29 does] Q1Q2Q5 doth The rest.
30 know] know now Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
31 distain] Singer (Steevens conj.).
disdain Q1Q2Q5.
33 Marina’s] Marianas Q1.
34 blurted] Q1Q2Q5 blunter Q1Q2Q5Q6.
blurred Q6.
kin The rest.
38, 39 It...daughter.] Malone suspects this passage to be corrupt.
39 your] our Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
40—46 And...done.] Six lines, ending say?...mourn:...epitaph...aspress...
us,...done, in Rowe.
41 say?] say, Q1Q2Q5.
42 yet] even yet Malone.
mourn] mourn for her Elza conj.
43 is] is Q1Q2Q5.
finish’d] Malone. finished Q1Q2Q5.
epitaphs] Q1Q2Q5 epitaph The rest.
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making, to take our imagination,

44 glittering] glittering Q_r. 46—48 Thou.....talons.] Divided as in
Q_r Q_r Q_r F_4 F_4. Thou...harpy as one
line, the rest prose, in Q_r Q_r Q_r.

47, 48 dost...Seize] dost wear thine an-
gel's face; Seize Malone conj. dost
with thine angel's face Hang out fair
shews of love, that thou may'st surer
Seize Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
doth wear an angel's face, Seize Stee-
vens. doth use an angel's face, Then
seize Hudson (1881).

51 advise] advise you S. Walker conj.,
ending the previous lines one...gods
...know.

om. Q_r Q_r.

SCENE IV. Enter Gower...] Malona.
Enter Gower. Q_r. Actus Quartus.
Enter Gower. F_4 F_4. ACT IV. SCENE L
Enter Gower. Rowe.

2 and] Q_r F_4 F_4 an Dyce.
for 't] F_4 F_4 for Q_r Q_r Q_r Q_r for Q_r.

3 Making,] Malone (1780). Making
Q_r F_4.

to...imagination] Put in a paren-
thesis by Malone.

take] task Malone conj.

our] Q_r F_4 F_4 your Malona. on your
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along: behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

**Dumb Show.**

*Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyzia at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyzia, and the rest.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;  
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershowr'd,  
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears  
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:  
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,  
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dionyzia.

*[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

'The fairest, sweetest and best, lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year.  

21 motes] F₄. moates Q₂. moats The rest.  
move awhile] In a separate line in Q₁Q₂Q₄Q₅.  
awhile] Steevens. a while QqF₂F₄.  
23 Dumb Show.] Malone. om. Q₁F₄.  
Enter...departs.] QqF₂F₄.  
Then...rest.] Edd. Then Cleon and Dionyzia retire. Malone (1790). om. QqF₂F₄.  
See The rest.  
24 borrow'd] Rowe. borrowed QqF₂F₄.  
true old] true-told Steevens conj.  
rue-told Jackson conj. true-owed  

29 puts] Malone. put QqF₂F₄.  
31—33 Now...Dionyzia.] Now...Dionyzia.  
Q₁Q₂Q₄. Now take we our way To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionysia. QqQ₄Q₅F₂F₄ (write Q₂).  
32, 33 The...Dionyzia.] As in Malone.  
One line in Q₁Q₄Q₅.  
33 [Reads...] Malone. om. QqF₂F₄.  
34 sweetest and] sweetest, and Steevens (Malone conj.). sweetest, and QqF₂F₄. sweetest, Malone, 1780 (Steevens conj.).  
35 wither'd] Rowe. withered QqF₂F₄.
SCENE IV. PERICLES. 99

She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [Exit.

SCENE V. MYTILENE. A STREET BEFORE THE BROTHEL.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?
Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

38—43 See note (xrv).
39 Thetis] Q. That is The rest.
swallowed] F's F's. swallowed Qq.
o' the] Malone. ath Q1. ath Q's Qq.
of th' The rest.
40, 41 o'erflow'd...bestow'd] overflowed... bestow'd Qq (best owed Q6).
47 ordered] ordered; Q1 Q's Q6.
Steare must play Qq F's; steare Q4 Q's Q6. steare F's. steare must play Mal- lone, 1780 (Steevens conj.). stage must play Malone conj. scenes dis-
play Steevens.
49 daughter's] daughters Q1. daughter
The rest.
well-a-day] well a-day, F's. A full stop in the rest.
[Exit.] Qq. om. F's F's.
Mytilene...brothel.] Malone.
Enter...] Malone. Enter two Gent- tlemen. Qq F's F's.

7—2
First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall’s go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I’ll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne’er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she’s able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she’ll disfurnish us all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there’s no way to be rid on’t but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

7 shall’s] Q₂Q₄Q₆ shall we The rest.
The same... ] Malone.
Enter... ] Malone. Enter Bawdes 3.
Q₁Q₂Q₃. Enter the three Bauds.
Q₄Q₅Q₆. Enter the three Bawdes.
F₅. Enter the three Bawds. F₄.
8 master reasons] Q₂. maisters reasons
Q₂Q₅. Hyphened in Q₄Q₆Q₇F₃F₄.
she] has Q₅.
12 cavaliers] F₅. Cavaleress Q₂. Cava-
leres Q₅. cavalers Q₇. Cavalleers
Q₄Q₅. Cavalleers Q₆Q₇. cavalleria
Anon. conj.
14 on’t] Q₂Q₄Q₆. of it. The rest.
SCENE VI.

PERICLES.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?
Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!
Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.
Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?
Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.
Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.
Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.
Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.
Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—
Lys. What, prithee?
Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

20 to-bless] Hyphened by Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). blesse Qs.
22 may so;] may, so Qs Qs. may so, The rest.
24 iniquity have you that] iniquity have you, that Qs Qs.
impunity have you, that The rest. iniquity? Have you that Malone. See note (xy).
25 surgeon] chirurgeron Qs.
26 here one] Qs Qs. one here Qs Qs.
one here Qs F3 F4. would—but] Malone. would, but Qs Qs. would—But The rest, reading 26, 27 as two lines, the first ending would.
28 deed] deeds Qs Qs deeds Qs Qs.
deeds Qs F3 F4.
32 [Exit Boult. Grant White.
33, 37 Boult] Bawd. Grant White. .
35 but—] Qs Qs Qs F3 F4. but. Qs Qs Qs.
36 prithee] prithi Qs Qs Qs. prithee The rest.
LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[Exit Boult.

BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

LYS. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. [To Marina] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

BAWD. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

38 dignifies Q₄ Q₅ Q₆. dignity is Malone conj.
39 a number] Malone supposes this to be corrupt. a nun here Jackson conj. an anchor Singer. a murderer S. Walker conj. a lecher Anon. conj. a maiden Hudson, 1881 (Anon. conj.) a pander Kinnear conj. a wanton Anon. conj. to be chaste] of the chaste Collier (ed. 2).

[Exit Boult.] Dyce. om. Q₄ F₅ F₆.
40—46 Here...presently.] Irregular lines in Q₄ F₅ F₆. Prose in Malone.
42 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter Marina. Q₄ Q₅ Q₆ F₅ F₆, after chaste, line 39. om. Q₄ Q₅ Q₆.
45, 46 leave: a word,] Malone. leave a word, Q₄ F₅ F₆.
56 any] and Q₆.
MAR. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

LYS. Ha’ you done?

BAWD. My lord, she’s not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boul.]

LYS. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. Why, I cannot name’t but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. E’er since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to’t so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into’t? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place.

61 Ha’] Ha QqQr Qr. Have The rest.
62 paced] pac’est QrQsQrQsQs paste Qs. pace’t Fp. pace’t Fp.
64 Go thy ways.] QrQsQs. Omitted in the rest. Given to Lysimachus by Malone.
[Exeunt......] Malone. Exit Baud QQrQsQrFpFp. om. QsQrQs.
66 trade] trade. Qs.
68 Why, I cannot name’] What I cannot name Malone (Steevens).
name’] FpFp. name Qq.
69, 70 I...it.] Prose in QqFpFp. Two lines, the first ending trade, in Rowe.
72 Eer] Ever Malone.
73 to’] FpFp. too’t Qq. to it Malone.
76 Why, the] Malone. Why’ the QrQs Qs. Why the The rest.
79 into’] into’t QsQrQs. into it The rest.
you are] you’re Qq. you’r QsQs.
80 are] QsQrQs. Omitted in the rest.
Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Rowe and Malone (1780). Seven, ending me,...fortune,...came,...physick...this...to...air, in Malone (1790). Eight lines in Steevens (1793), ending me,...fortune...stie,...sold...good gods...place,...bird...air.

O, that the gods] O that the gods Q4Q6Q6F3F4 that the gods Q4Q6Q6Q6. O that the good gods Malone (1780).

SCENE VI.

LYS. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

HAD I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!

LYS. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it, Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [Exit. 119

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mor. Whither would you have me? 125

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? 130

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like

117—119 Avaunt...Away!] Verse first in Rowe. In Steevens the lines end house...it up...Away! In Collier they end house...would...Away! Prose in QsF4F4.

117 Avaunt.] Avaunt, avaunt, Anon. conj.

118 doth] doeth Q4Q5.
it] it up Steevens.


121 you.] Malone. you? QsF5F4.

122 cope] coop Q4Q5F4F4. coop Q4Q5 Q5Q5.


131 has] Q4Q5Q5 hath The rest.

134 She] Rowe. He QsF5F4.

135 afore] Q4Q5Q5 before The rest.
a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

_Bawd._ Boul't, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

_Boul't._ An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

_Mar._ Hark, hark, you gods!

_Bawd._ She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

[Exit.]

_Boul't._ Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

_Mar._ Whither wilt thou have me?

_Boul't._ To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

_Mar._ Prithee, tell me one thing first.

_Boul't._ Come now, your one thing.

_Mar._ What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

_Boul't._ Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

_Mar._ Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pains'dest fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

142 malleable] F₄, malleable Q₁Q₂Q₃. malle-able Q₄Q₅. male-able Q₆. malleable F₂

143 An if] Malone (1780). And if Qq F₂F₄.

144 ploughed] plowed. Q₁Q₂ Q₅. blown Q₆.

149 women-kind] women-kinde Q₁.

150 bays] bays Q₁Q₂Q₅. bays Q₆. The rest.


155 thing.] thing F₄. 156 be] be. Q₁Q₂Q₅.

159—162 Neither...change:] Arranged as by Rowe. Prose in Q₂F₃F₄.

159 are] are yet Rowe. 162 Of] of Q₁Q₂Q₃. in The rest.
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib; To the choleric fistig of every rogue Thy ear is liable; thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

**Boult.** What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

**Mar.** Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here’s gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I’ll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
can place thee, I will.


Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there’s no going but by their consent: therefore I
will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I
doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
I’ll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.

177 O, that] that Q₃Q₅Q₆. That Ma-
178 deliver......place/] from this place
deliver me] Malone (1780) Stee-
vens and Boswell.
179 here’s] here is Steevens.
180—185 If that...scholars.] Divided as
by Malone. Prose in Q₄F₄F₅F₆.
180 gain] gain aught Malone (1780).
get gain Anon. conj. make gain
Hudson (1881). have gain Kinnear
conj.
181 can] Malone. sow Q₅Q₅Q₆F₅. sow
Q₅Q₅Q₆F₅.
183 I will] Rowe. will Q₅F₅F₆.
186 off] off F₅.
187—189 Prove...house.] As in Rowe.
    Prose in Q₃Q₅Q₆F₅F₆. Prove......
    agains as one line, And...house
prose in Q₃Q₅Q₆.
192 women.] woman. Q₄Q₅Q₆ women?
Malone.
193 amongst] Q₃. among The rest.
194 have] F₄. hath The rest.
ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes 5
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 10
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast 15
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
PERICLES.

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.  [Exit.

SCENE I. On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

19 His] Her Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
20 fervour] former Q,
20—22 hies. In...Pericles;] hies, In your supposing.—Once more put your sight On heavy Pericles; Malone conj.
21, 22 sight Of heavy Pericles;] sight Of heavy Pericles, FqFqQr QqQr QqQr sight, Of heavy Pericles, QqQrQrQr sight On heavy Pericles, FqFqFqFq sight Our heavy Pericles, Rowe. sight; Of heavy Pericles Malone.
23 heavy] heave Qq,
his] the Malone.
23, 24 what is...Shall] of what's... Should Steevens conj.
23 in action, more] in action more Per-ring conj.
more, if might] more if might Qq.
more of might FqFqFq (more, if might) Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1879).

23, 24 more...discover'd] Put in a parenthesis in FqFqFq.
24 discover'd] discovered Qq. discovered The rest.

On board...vessel.] Malone.
Enter...Helicanus.] Malone. Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers. QqQr.
Enter 2. Sayler. Qq. Enter Helicanus with two Saylers. Qq. Enter Helicanus, to him two Saylers.
The rest.

1, 11 Tyr. Sail.] Malone. 1. Say. Qq FqFq.
1—5 Where...will?] As in Steevens.
Prose in QqFqFq.
1 Where is Lord] QqQqQq. Where is the Lord The rest. Where's the lord Steevens.

Helicanus] Helicane Staunton (S. Walker conj.).
O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? 5

_Hel._ That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

_Tyr._ Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

_First Gent._ Doth your lordship call?

_Hel._ Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come
aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on
board the barge.

Enter from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords; with the Gentlemen
and the two Sailors.

_Tyr._ Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

_Lys._ Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

_Hel._ And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,

2 [Enter Helicanus. Staunton.
2, 3 is. _Sir._ Rowe. _is, Sir_, _F_3_F_4. is
_Sir_, Qq.
3 there is] there's Steevens.
7 _Tyr._ Sail.] Malone. 2. Sayl. _Q_3
_Q_7. 2. Sayl. The rest.
8 Enter two or three...] Enter two...
Malone.

_First Gent._ Doth...call?] Omitted
in _F_7.

_Doth_] _Doeth Q_7.

9, 10 _Gentlemen...fairly._] Prose in _Q_7
_F_7_F_7. Verse first by Steevens.

9 some] some one Malone (1790).

10 pray, greet] _pray you greet Q_7. _pray
thee greet F_3_F_7. _pray ye greet Rowe._

pray you, To greet Steevens.

_him] Q_7_Q_7_Q_7. them The rest.

[The Gentlemen...barge.] Malone.

om. _Q_7_F_7_F_7.

11 Enter......] Malone, substantially.
Enter Lysimachus. _Q_7_F_7_F_7.

11—13 _Sir...you._] Divided as by Ma-
lone (1790). Prose in _Q_7_F_7_F_7.


14 reverend] Rowe. _reverent Q_7_F_7_F_7.

15, 16 _And...do._] Divided as by Ma-
lone (1790). Prose in _Q_7_F_7_F_7. Ma-
lone (1780) ends line 16 _am, and._

And die as I would do.

_Lys._ You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

_Hel._ First, what is your place?

_Lys._ I am the governor

Of this place you lie before.

_Hel._ Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prologue his grief.

_Lys._ Upon what ground is his distemperature?

_Hel._ 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

_Lys._ May we not see him?

_Hel._ You may;

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak

---

A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prologue his grief.

Upon what ground is his distemperature?

'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

May we not see him?

You may;

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak

---

16—19 _You...are_ ] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in Qf,F,.
20 First,] First, sir, Steevens. First, say Anon. conj.
20, 21 I...before,] Divided as by Dyer. One line in Qf,F,.
 line 20 I am.
20 the] om. Steevens.
22—26 Sir...grief,] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in Qf,F,.
 Four lines in Rowe.
23 vessel is] QfQ,S,
24 months] munthes QfQ,S,
26 prorogue] QfQ,S, prolong
27 his] Qf,F, this
32—34 You....any,] As in Collier. Prose in Qf,F,.
32 may...may indeed,] sir, Steevens. 
33 bootless is] bootless. Is QfQ,S,
 sight; he will] sight see, will Qf,
sight, hee will Q,S.
 sight, he will The rest.

---

The rest.

'Twould] Twould QfQ,S, It would
The rest. Sir, it would Malone.
28—30 'Twould...wife,] The lines end as in Malone. Prose in Qf,F,.
28 too] too too Collier conj., reading It would.
29 grief] grief of all Malone.
30 him,] him, then? Steevens.
32—34 You....any,] As in Collier. Prose in Qf,F,.
32 may...may indeed,] sir, Steevens.
33 bootless is] bootless. Is QfQ,S,
sight; he will] sight see, will Qf,
sight, hee will Q,S.
sight, he will The rest.
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [Pericles discovered] This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen’d parts,
Which now are midway stopp’d:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon

34 Lys.] See note (xvii).

Yet let] Qq.Qq.Qq. Let The rest.

35—37 Behold...this.] The lines end as in Malone. Prose in QqF,F,F.


36 that...night] that on mortals wait Jackson conj.

night] Malone. weight Qq. weight The rest.

38, 39 Sir...sir/] Prose in QqF,F,F.

The first line ends hail, in Malone.

39 Hail,] hail, Hail, Steevens, dividing as Malone.


Lord. QqF,F,F.

41—43 Sir...him.] As in Dyce. Two lines in Malone (1790). Prose in QqF,F,F.

43 of him] Qq. from him F,F,F.

43—62 'Tis...sorrow.] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF,F,F.

45 chosen] choice Steevens.

46 battery] batt'rie Qq.

defafen’d] Malone. defend Qq. defend’d The rest. defend’d Steevens conj. (withdrawn).

parts] part Qq. parts Steevens conj.

48 She...of all] She, all as happy as of all the fairest Steevens. She is as hardy as the fairest opal Jackson conj.

49 And with her] Malone. and her QqF,F,F.

And...upon] Is, with her fellow maidens, now within Steevens.

M Malone. om. QqF,F,F.

upon] about Mason conj.
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island’s side.

[Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.

_Hel._ Sure, all’s effectless; yet nothing we’ll omit
That bears recovery’s name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch’d thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

_Lys._ O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king’s sorrow.

_Hel._ Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

_Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady._

_Lys._ O, here is

50 The leafy shelter that[...] The lexisell
that close Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
leafy] lewiss Q4Q5Q6 lewiss Q4Q6.
lewis The rest.
shelter] sheltor Malone conj.
51 island’s] island F5F6.
[Whispers Lysimachus.] Malone,
substantially. om. QqF5F6.
52 all’s] Malone. all QqF5F6.
53, 54 That......you] Three lines, ending
name...far...you, in Collier.
54 thus] this Q6.
you] you further, Steevens.
55 provision have] Q4Q5Q6. have provision The rest.
God QqF5F6.
60 inflict] afflict Singer, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).
62, 63 Sit....prevented] Divided as by
Collier. Prose in QqF5F6. Malone
ends line 62 see; Steevens at it.
62 Sit, sir,] F5. Sir, sir, QqF6. Sit sir,
The rest.
to you] om. Steevens.
63 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter...Malone,
substantially. Enter Marina. Qq
F5F6.
63—65 O......presence?] Divided as by
Steevens. Two lines, the first ending for, in QqF5F6. Three, ending
lady....not...presence? in Malone.
63 here is] Steevens. heere Q1. heer’s
QqQ5. heere’s Q4Q6. heere’s Q6. here’s 
F5F6.
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;

64, 65 one!—Is't one. Is't F. F. one,
is't Q. Q. Q. one. Ist Q. Q. Q. one. Ist Q. Q. Q. one. 65
presence] Malone. present Q.q. F. F. 65
She's a] A Steevens.
66—68 She's...wed.] Divided as in Q. 66
Q. Q. Q. F. F. The lines end assure... 66
wish...wed, in Q. Q. Q.
66, 67 such a one...Come] such, that... 66, 67 come...wish.
67 Come of a gentle] She came of gentle 67
Hudson (1881), arranging as in the text.

68 I'd] I'd Q. Q. Q. I'd F. F. I do 68
Q. Q. Q. 68
wed] to wed Q. Q.
69 Fair one, all] Malone. Fairs on all 69
Q. Q. Q. Fairs & all Q. Fairs and all Q. Q. F. F. 69
and all F. F. F. 69
bounty] Malone (Steevens). beauties 69
Q. Q. Q. Q. beauty The rest.

71 prosperous...feal] prosperous artifice 71
prosperous...artifice] prosperous-
prosperous] Steevens. 71
artificial] prosperous artificial] prosperous-
artificial] Prosperous artificial Steevens.
prosperous] Q. Q. 71
fair] Steevens (Percy conj.). fate 71
Q.f. F. 71
72 ought] Malone. ought Q.q. F. 72
74—77 Sir...him.] Divided as by Ma-
lone. Prose in Q.q. F.
75 My] om. Q.
76 provided...maid] Provided none 76
but I and my companion Steevens.

76 maid] maids Malone conj.
77 suffer'd] Malone. suffered Q.q. F.
77, 78 Come...prosperous] Divided as 77, 78
by Steevens. Prose in Q.q. F.
And the gods make her prosperous!  

Lys. Mark'd he your music?  

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [Aside] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

---

78 [Marina sings.] Malone. The Song. QqPF.
82 [Striking her. Anon. conj. from Wilkins' Novel. Pushing her back. Edd. conj.]
83—95 I am...speak:] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF3.F4.
85 like a comet] comet-like Steevens.
87 weigh'd] wayde Q1.Q2.Q3. weighed The rest.
90 equivalent] F4. equivalent The rest.
     [He suddenly places her at arm's length. Nicholson conj.]
95 in] om. Steevens.
96—99 My...violence.] As in Malone. Prose in QqF3.F4.
96, 97 fortunes...To] Malone. fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to Q5.Q6.
97 thus?] Rowe (ed. 1). thus! Rowe (ed. 2). thus, QqF2.F4.
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage, You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me. You are like something that—What countrywoman? 101 Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping. My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one 106 My daughter might have been: my queen’s square brows; Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight, As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like And cased as richly; in pace another Juno; 110 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which 115 You make more rich to owe?

98 said] said Q2Q3Q5.
100–102 I do...shores?] As in Dyce.
Prose in Q2Q3Q5.
100 I do] Put in a separate line by Malone.
Pray...upon] I pray...again upon Steevens (Malone conj.), ending the previous line so.
101 You are] Malone. your Q2Q3Q5.
y are The rest.
101, 102 that— What...shores?] Malone (Charlemont conj.). what, what Countrywomen heare of these shewes? Q2Q3Q5 (Country-woman Q4).
102—131 No...open’d:] Divided as by Malone. Prose in Q2Q3Q5.
102 shores......shores] Malone (Charlemont conj.). shewes......shewes Q5.
shewes......shewes F2F4. shewes...shewes The rest.
106 dearest wife was] dearest wife Methinks was S. Walker conj., ending the two previous lines woe...wife.
108 wand-like straight] wandlike-straight Q2Q3Q5.
110 cas’d] cas’d Malone. caste Q1. cast The rest.
113 stranger: from the deck] stranger, from the decks Q2Q3Q5. stranger from the decks, The rest.
Scene I.

Pericles.

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak: Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee, And make my senses credit thy relation To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends? Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back— Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

117, 118 If I...speak:] Two lines, the first ending lies, Elze conj., reading 'twould; or, reading it would, three lines, ending tell...disdain'd...speak.
117 If I should] Should I Steevens, ending the line history.
119 look'at] Malone. lookest QqFgFf.
120 seem'at] seemest QqQrQs. palace] Malone. Pallas (in italics) QqQrQs.
121 crown'd] crownd Qq. crowned FgFf.
122 my] om. QqQrQs.
123 look'at] lookest QgQrQr.
125 say] Malone. stay QqQrQs.

126 when] ere Anon. conj.
128 my that] thee— that] thee) that Malone. thee that QqFgFf.
129 descendent] Malone. descendent. QgQrQs. descedent. FgFf.
130 thought'st] FgFf. thoughts Qq.
131 open'd] Malone. opened QqFgFf.
131—133 Some...likely...] Divided as by Collier. Prose in QqFgFf. Two lines, the first ending more, in Malone (1780). Three, ending indeed thought'st...likely, in Malone (1790).

131 thing] thing indeed Malone. thing, my lord, Anon. conj.
132 said] said QgQrQs. and said] and said Qq. and fed QgQs.
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If .thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.

Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

133—143 Tell....me.] Divided as by
Malone. Prose in QqF₃F₄.
134 consider'd] Malone. considered Qq
F₃F₄.
thousandth] Malone. thousand Qq
F₃F₄.
136 suffer'd] Malone. suffered QqF₃F₄.
dost] dost QqQqQ.
139 thou them? Thy name,] Malone.
thur thy name, QqF₃F₄.
141 name] name, sr, Steevens.
143 to laugh] laugh Steevens.
144 Patience...cease.] Divided as
by Steevens. One line in QqF₃F₄.
Good sir, Patience, or here I 'll
cease. Elze conj.
144—149 Nay,....Marina?] Divided,
substantially, as by Steevens.
Prose in QqF₃F₄. Five lines, end-
ing knowest....thyself....one....king...
Marina? in Malone.
146, 147 To call...me] One line, S.
Walker conj.
146 name] name Marina Steevens.
148 daughter?] Steevens. daughter Qq,
daughter, The rest.
149 call'd] F₃F₄. clad Qq. called The rest.
Mar. You said you would believe me; But, not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy? Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born? And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king; Who died the minute I was born, As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little! [Aside.] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:

149—151 You.....here.] Divided as by Malone (1780). Two lines, the first ending to be, in Malone (1790). Prose in Qq[F,F,

149 said] said Q., seed Q.,Q,

150 trouble] Q,Q, trouble The rest.

152 pulse?] Malone. pulse, Qq[F,F,


154—159 Call'd...weeping.] Divided as by Malone (1780). Prose in Qq F,F,F.

155 sea/ what] sea, what Q,Q,Q,Q. sea/ who was thy Q,Q,Q,Q. sea who/ was thy Q., sea? who was thy F,F,F,F and Malone. sea? thy Steevens.

157 Who] She Steevens conj. minute] very minute Malone. minute after Anon. conj.

158 Lychorida] Licherida Q,Q,Q,Q,

159 Deliver'd] Malone. delivered Qq F,F,F.

159—161 O, stop...withal:] As in Malone. Two lines, the first ending dream, in Qq[F,F,F.

160 [Aside] First marked by Malone. dull] dull Q,Q,Q.

161 withal] with all Q,Q.

161—168 this...bred?] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in Qq[F,F,F.

161, 162 be: My daughter's buried.] be. My daughter's buried. Steevens. be my daughter, buried, Qq. be my daughter; buried! F,F,F.
My daughter's buried.—Well: where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour’d sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O’erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget’st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother’s name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm’d enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

182—184 Most......weep.] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF5F6.
Two lines, the first ending is, in the rest.

184 me] we QqF6.
weeps? The rest.

184—186 I know......her.] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF5F6.

185 Here is] Malone. here’s F5F6.
here Qq.

186—188 She...weep.] Arranged as by Malone. Two lines, the first ending parentage, in QqF5F6.
188 never would] would never Steevens.

187 demanded that,] QqF5F6 demanded that Qq demanded, that Qq.

189—193 O......hither,] As in Malone. Prose in QqF5F6.

190 honour’d sir] Malone. honored Qq.

193 sweetness] surges Bailey conj.

196 again] agen QqQ5Q6

Helicanus] Helicanus Staunton.

199 me but that,] me, but that Qq me, but Qq.

201, 202 Though...pray,] One line in Steevens.
Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?  

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
My drown’d queen’s name, as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,  
And another like to Pericles thy father.  

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother’s name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.  

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess. Who is this?  

Hel. Sir, ’tis the governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear.

[Music.

Per. Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head:

[Sleeps.

--- Scene I. ---

MALONE.

1790. Five lines, ending
robes... girls... Marina... doat...
musick! in QQF,F,F. MALONE \(1790\) ends line \(220\) at Give me.

220 you! you, sir Steevens.

223 heavens] Q1 Q2 Q4 heaven The rest.

223, 224 music! Tell] Steevens. musick!—Tell MALONE \(1790\). Musics tell, Q1Q2Q5 musick this Q4 Q4Q7 musick's this F7. musick this F7.


224 doubt,] Malone. doat. Q1. doat, Q2Q9F,F,F. doat, Q4Q7Q6.

225 where's this The rest.

227 None!] Put in a separate line by MALONE.

W. S. ROWE (ed. 2).

Rarest Rarest S. Walker conj.

My lord, I hear. [Music.] See note \(x\).

nips] raps (i.e. rapts) Collier conj.

upon mine eyes] on mine eyes MALONE \(1780\). on mine eye-lids Steevens.

[Sleeps.] He sleeps. MALONE. om. QQF,F,F.

Mar. Singer (ed. 2).

234, 235 A...all.] Divided as by Steevens. One line in QQF,F,F.

head:] head; [The Curtain before the Pavilion of Pericles is closed. Steevens.
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends, If this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you. [Exeunt all but Pericles.

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither, And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together, Before the people all, Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife: To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call, And give them repetition to the life. Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe; Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!

235 So, leave] Steevens. so leave Qq F4 F4.
235—237 Well......you.] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in Qq F4 F4. Malone ends the lines all...answer to...you. Spoken by Marina, Malone conj.
235 companion friends] Hyphened by Malone. companion-friend Singer, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).
238 Diana...vision.] Edd. (Globe ed.). Diana. Qq. Actus Quintus. Diana. F4 F4. ACT v. SCENE i. Diana appearing to Pericles asleep. Rowe. SCENE ii. The same. Pericles on deck asleep; Diana appearing to him as in a vision. Malone. Scene continued first by Dyce. My...thither.] As two lines, the first ending Ephesus, Nicholson conj.
238—247 My...dream.] Divided, substantially, as by Rowe. My... Ephesus, as one line, the rest prose in Qq F4 F4. See note (xvi).
241, 242 Before...Reveal] As in Malone. One line in Rowe.
241 the people all] Qq Qq Qr all the people The rest.
242 lose] loose Qq Qq Qr.
243 daughter's, call] Malone. daughters, call Qq. daughters call The rest.
244 life] Malone (Charlemont conj.). like Qq F4 F4.
245 Or perform] Perform Malone.
246 Do it, and] Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce). doo't, and Qq. do't, and F4 F4. Do't, and be Malone. happy; by...bow!] Dyce. happy, by...bow. Steevens. happie, by... bow, Qq Qq Qr happy by...bow; Qq Qq Qr happy by...bow, Qq happy: by...bow Malone.
Awake, and tell thy dream.  

    Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,  
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

_Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina._

_Hel._ Sir?  

    Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike 250  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I’ll tell thee why.  
[To Lysimachus] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision 255  
As our intents will need?  

    Lys. Sir,  
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.  

    Per. You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems 260  
You have been noble towards her.  

    Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.  

    Per. Come, my Marina.  

_247 [Disappears.] Diana disappears._  
Malone. om. QqF₂F₄.  
_249 thee. Helicanus?] thee: Helicanus._  
QqQ₄QqF₂F₄. thee Helicanus. Q₁  
Q₂Q₃.  
_Re-enter...and Marina.] Re-enter  
...Marina, &c. Dyce. Enter Lysi-  
machus, Helicanus, and Marina._  
om. QqF₂F₄.  
_Hel. Sir?] Dyce. Hel. Sir. Qq. Omitted in F₂F₄._  
_250—256 My......need?] Divided as by  
Malone. My...sails as three lines,  
the rest prose in QqF₂F₄._  
_253 thee?] Q₁Q₂Q₃. _om. the rest._  

_254 [To Lysimachus] Malone (1780)._  
_255 [To Helicanus. Malone (1780)._  
_256 need?] Rowe (ed. 2). A full stop  
in QqF₂F₄._  
_257, 258 Sir, With...ashore.] As in Ma-  
lone. With all my heart, sir; and  
...ashore, Steevens. One line in  
QqF₂F₄._  
_259 suit] Malone. slight QqF₂F₄._  
_260 ü] om. Q₃._  
_259—261 You......her.] Divided as by  
Malone. Prose in QqF₂F₄._  
_261 Sir,] om. Else conj., or, retaining  
Sir, he would end the line at ma.  
me] om. Steevens._  

_254[Exeunt._
PERICLES.

ACT V.

SCENE II.

Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom.  

[Exit.

SCENE II.] Staunton.
Enter...Ephesus.] Malone. Enter
Gower. Q, Q, Q, Q, F, F, om. Q, Q, Q, Q.
Gow.] Gower. Q, Q, Q, Q, om. Q, Q, Q, Q.
F, F, F, F.
2 dumb] Malone. dum QqF, dum
F, done Rowe.
3 my] as my Malone (Steevens). then,
as my Steevens conj.
give] design to give Dyce conj. freely
give Staunton conj. pray you, give
Hudson (1881). please you give
Kimler conj.

7 and] Q, what The rest.
8 Mytilene.] A full stop in Q, Q, Q, Q.
9 thrived] QqF, F, has thriv'd Malone.
12 sacrifice.] A full stop in Q, Q, Q, Q.
14 pray you.] Malone. pray, you Qq
F, F, pray you Rowe (ed. 2).
all] at Q, Q.
16 they're] they'r Q, thei'r Q, Q, Q, Q,
Q, their F, F, F, F.
will'd] F, F, F, wild Qq.
20 fancies] Edd. (S. Walker conj.).
fancies QqF, F, fancy's Rowe.
doorn] boorn Steevens.

[Exit.] om. Q, Q, Q, Q.
SCENE III. The temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, fretted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call’d Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; ’gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

SCENE III.] Malone. SCENE II.

Dyce.

The...attending.] Malone.
Enter...Lady.] Malone. Omitted in
Q,F,Q,F,

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Helianus, Marina, and others.
Q,F,F,F,F,

Enter...Marina, Thaisa, Cerymon, and others. Rowe.

3—13 Who...daughter.] Divided, except lines 10, 11, as by Rowe. Prose in Q,F,F.

4 At...Thaisa.] The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis. Malone (1780).


Marina] Marnia Q.

who] F,F whom The rest.

VOL. IX.
Cer. Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.  

Per. Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.  

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.  

Per. 'Tis most certain.  

Cer. Look to the lady. O, she's but overjoy'd.  
Early in blustering morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her  
Here in Diana's temple.  

Per. May we see them?  

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is  
Recovered.  

Thai. O, let me look!  

If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
SCENE III.  PERICLES.  131

But curb it, spite of seeing.  O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles?  Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per.  The voice of dead Thaisa!  35

Thai.  That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown’d.

Per.  Immortal Dian!

Thai.  Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.  [Shows a ring.

Per.  This, this: no more, you gods!  your present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.  O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar.  My heart 45
Leaps to be gone into my mother’s bosom.  [Kneels to Thaisa.

Per.  Look, who kneels here!  Flesh of thy flesh,

Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call’d Marina
For she was yielded there.

33 speak] Q, speaks QqQqQq  speak
QqQqF,F,F.

35—37 The voice...drown’d] Two lines, the first ending That Thaisa, Else conj.

36, 37 That...drown’d.] Divided as by Malone (1790).  One line in QqQqF,F,
dead And drown’d] drown’d And
dead Malone (1780).

36 That Thaisa] That Thaisa Qq
37 Immortal] I mortal QqQqQq
38—40 Now......ring.] Divided as by Rowe.  Prose in QqQqF,F.

40 you] yon F.*

[Shows a ring.] Malone.

41—45 This......arms.] Divided as by Malone.  Prose in QqQqF,F.  Rowe ends the lines gods,...sport...tis...
seen;....arms.

41 This, this: no] This no Qq.

42 sports] QqQqQq  sport The rest.

45, 46 My...bosom.] Divided as by Malone.  Prose in QqQqF,F.

47—59 Look...miracle.] Divided as by Rowe.  Prose in QqQqF,F.

9—2
Thaï. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thaï. I know you not. 50

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from

Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

Thaï. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thaï. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,

Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord. 65

53 man?] Rowe. man, QqFf4.
57 found ;] Rowe. found, QqFf.
58 preserved ;] Rowe. preserved, QqFf4.

who] whom Malone.
59 miracle.] Rowe. myracle? QqQ5.
miracle? The rest.
60—62 Lord.....you.] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqFf4. Rowe
ends the lines whom...first...you.
60 this man] this is the man Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
61 that] 'tis he that Dyce conj., ending line 60 at whom.

65—69 I will...omitted.] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqFf4. Five lines, ending me...all...her;...temple, ...

omitted, in Rowe.

lord.] Malone. lord; Rowe (ed. 2).

Lord Q5. Lord, The rest.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house, Where shall be shown you all was found with her; How she came placed here in the temple; No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter, Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now, This ornament Makes me look dismal will I clip to form; And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd, To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

That. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir, My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [Exeunt. 85

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well desery
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [Exit.

85 lead's] lead Malone.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Q1Q2Q3Q4F3
F2. om. Q1Q2Q3.
Enter Gower.] Q4Q5Q6Q7F8F9. Finis.
Gower. Q1Q2Q3.
86 Antiochus] Antioch Malone (Steevens).
87 due] true Q8.
88 In.] om. Q8.
89 Although] hough Q6.
90 preserved] preserv'd Malone. preferred Q2.
prefer'd Q4. preferred F3F4.
from] for from Q3.
91 Lead] Lead Q1.
92 of loyalty] and loyalty Q2Q3.
93 reverend] reverent Q2Q3.
97 their] his Q1Q2Q3.
and] F3F9. the Qq. to th' Collier
 conj. and the Anon. conj.
99 seemed] seemde Q1. seem'd Q2Q9.
so content] to contend Q2Q3.
101 punish] punish them Malone. punish
crime Hudson, 1881 (Anon. conj.).
103 has] Q2Q3Q6. hath The rest.
QqFf.
NOTES.

NOTE I.

No list of Dramatis Personae is found in any Quarto edition. It is first given after the play in the third Folio and prefixed to it in the fourth. It is called as usual in both 'The Actors names.'

Antiochus is there described as 'a Tyrant of Greece.' Then follows 'Hesperides Daughter to Antiochus.' 'Dionyza' is called Dionysia, and 'Mytilene' 'Metaline.' Another character is introduced, viz. 'Philoten Daughter to Cleon.' The errors and omissions were partly corrected by Rowe and partly by Malone in his supplement to Steevens' edition of 1778, published two years afterwards. He also added the words 'Scene dispersedly in various countries.'

The list, as given in this and in the Globe edition, is literatim as in Mr Dyce's first edition, except that we have written 'Tarsus' for 'Tharsus.'

NOTE II.

ACT I. The Folios have here Actus Primus. Scena Prima; in the rest of the play the Acts are marked, but not the Scenes. There is no indication of either in the Quartos.

NOTE III.

1. 1. 6. The first, fourth, fifth and sixth Quartos read thus:

'Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, &c.'

The second and third Quartos have the same reading, only putting a comma after 'Musicke.'

The Folios read 'Ant. Musick bring in our daughter, &c.'
PERICLES.

Malone corrected the error, making *Musick* a stage direction. Mr Dyce first transferred this stage direction to follow line 11.

**Note IV.**

1. 1. 55—57. The first Quarto, followed substantially by the rest, has here:

'I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice; read the conclusion then:
Which read &c.'

The Folios:

'I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice. Reade the conclusion then.
*Ant.* Which read &c.'

Malone first made the correction adopted in our text.

Steevens gave the following arrangement:

'I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

*Ant.* Read the conclusion then;
Which read, &c.'

**Note V.**

1. 2. 74. Steevens (1793) tells us that he once thought a line was wanting to complete the sense of the passage, and that the deficiency might be supplied as follows:

.... 'a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate;
For royal progeny are general blessings,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joy.'

In Malone's edition of 1780 the last line in Steevens's note stands as it does in our text.

**Note VI.**

1. 4. 39. We have followed Steevens in adopting Mason's conjecture, on account of its agreement with the following passage from Wilkins'
NOTES.

Novel: 'The ground of which forced lamentation was, to see the power of change, that this their City, who not two summers younger, did so excell in pompe, &c.'

The reading 'Sends word,' ii. prol. 22, adopted by Malone and Steevens, and suggested, according to Mr Halliwell, by a MS. note of Theobald's, is also confirmed by the novel. 'Good Helycanus as prouidant at home, as his Prince was prosperous abroade, let no occasion slip wherein hee might send word to Tharsus of what occurrents sceuier had happened in his absence, &c.' See other instances; ii. 1. 48, 119, 153; ii. 2. 30; ii. 4. 10.

Note VII.

ii. 1. 52—55. Steevens conjectures that the dialogue originally ran thus:

'Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
The day is rough and thwart your occupation.
2. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be not a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.'

He inserts in his text 'scratch it' and 'will,' but not the former alterations.

Perhaps, as Malone suggested, Pericles had said: 'Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen! good day.' And the fisherman replies 'Honest! Good! Fellow what's that?'

Note VIII.

ii. 3. 74. Two leaves, signatures D₁ and D₂, are wanting in the unique copy of the Quarto of 1611, which is now in the British Museum. The part omitted extends from ii. 3. 74 to ii. 5. 36 inclusive.

Note IX.

iii. 1. 51—54. The first Quarto reads:

'1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obsuered.
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,
Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight:
Most wretched Queene.'
The second and third Quartos omit the colon after 'straight,' and the fourth and sixth put a comma. The second and third have 'yeeld'er,' the rest 'yeeld her.' For 'ouer board,' the fourth has 'ore board' and the sixth 'ore boord.' The fifth Quarto has:

1. Pardon vs sir; this is a lye with vs at Sea it hath bin still observed And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.

Per. As you think meete, for she must ore board straight,
Most wretched Queene.'

The Folios follow as usual the sixth Quarto, reading however, 'still hath bin' (F₃) and 'still hath been' (F₄) instead of 'hath beene still' (Q₄).

They also read 'Eastern' for 'easterne' (Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆) and 'Easterne' (Q₄).

F₄ reads Pericles' speech as three lines.

Malone was the first who read the whole passage as prose, and transferred the words 'for she must over-board straight' to the Sailor's speech.

For 'eastern' Steevens first adopted Mason's conjecture 'earnest,' and Singer first adopted Boswell's conjecture 'custom.' Steevens himself had guessed 'credence.'

Mr Knight, adopting Jackson's conjecture, reads, 'And we are strong in, astern,' i.e. we are driving strongly in shore astern. Malone, who retained 'Eastern,' supposed the words to mean 'There is a strong Easterly wind.'

Steevens reads 'Be it as you think meet' for the sake of metre.

[Sir Philip Perring conjectures 'strong in extreme.]

**Note X.**

iii. 2. 60—65. We have left the arrangement of this passage as it stands in the Quartos and Folios. Various attempts have been made to turn it into verse.

**Note XI.**

iii. 3. 30. The conjectures of Steevens and Malone are confirmed by the following from Wilkins' Novel: 'vowing solemnly by othe to himselfe, his head should grow uncomely, his beard vntrimmed, himselfe in all uncomely, since he had lost his Queene, &c.'
NOTES.

Note XII.

iv. 1. 58—67. Steevens makes a violent alteration here, reading:

‘That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash’d off a canvas-climber . . . .
. . . . . . . . . confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.’

This transposition was suggested to him by Mr M. Mason’s note to lines 61 sqq.: “Malone suspects that some line preceding these has been lost, but that I believe is not the case, this being merely a continuation of Marina’s description of the storm which was interrupted by Leonine’s asking her, When was that? and by her answer, When I was born, never were waves nor wind more violent. Put this question and answer in a parenthesis, and the description goes on without difficulty:

. . . . . . ‘endur’d a sea
That almost burst the deck,
And from the ladder-tackle washes off, &c.’”

The line which Malone supposed to have dropped out between lines 60 and 61 of the text “may,” he says, “perhaps have been of this import:

‘O’er the good ship the foaming billow breaks.’”

Note XIII.

iv. 4. 13—16. The first Quarto, followed substantially by the rest, arranges this passage as follows:

‘Old Helicanus goes along behind,
Is left to governo it, you beare in mind.
Old Escenes, whom Helicanus late
Aduanode in time to great and his estate.’

Dr Nicholson would punctuate thus:

‘. . . . . . . . . behind.
Is left to govern it (you bear in mind)
Old &c.’
Mr Daniel, adopting the arrangement of the early copies, punctuates thus:

'Old Helicanus goes along. Behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, &c.'

His punctuation is substantially adopted by Hudson (1881), and as it gives a certain kind of sense it seems preferable to the more violent alteration, proposed by Steevens and followed by Malone, which we put in the text of our first edition:

'Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind
Old Helicanus goes along behind.'

**Note XIV.**

iv. 4. 38—43. Steevens proposes to read these lines as follows:

'Marina call'd; and at her birth
Proud Thetis swallow'd part o' the earth:
The earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth on heaven bestow'd:
Wherefore she swears she'll never stint
Make battery upon shores of flint.'

**Note XV.**

iv. 6. 24. Mr Collier suggests that 'impunity,' the reading of some of the early copies, is a misprint for 'impurity.'

**Note XVI.**

v. 13. Malone says that the corresponding rhyme, *coast*, shews that *lest*, in the first edition, was only a misprint for *lost*. The three copies of the first edition with which we are acquainted including that at the Bodleian which once belonged to Malone himself, all read 'left' not 'lest.'
NOTES.

Note XVII.

v. 1. 32. There is a confusion in the distribution of the dialogue in the first three Quartos; the first, followed by the other two, reads:

'Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight see, will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.
Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person.
Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight drone him to this.'

The necessary correction was made in Q4.

Note XVIII.

v. 1. 153. Mr Grant White thinks it "more than probable that 'Motion' is a stage direction which has slipped into the text, and that here Marina was to beckon or motion to Pericles to cease his rhapsody."

Note XIX.

v. 1. 205, 206. The first Quarto, followed substantially by the rest, reads thus:

'Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to Pericles thy father.'

Malone suggests, "Perhaps the poet wrote,

'—— As in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like-perfect, so go on;
Proceed and tell me but thy mother's name,
The heir of kingdoms, and a mother like
To Pericles thy father.'"

In his edition of 1780 he printed substantially the old text. But in 1790 he reads as follows:

'(as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like-perfect;) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles, thy father.'

In this reading he is followed substantially by Boswell.
Steevens says, "I would read,

'I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name: In all the rest thou said'st
Thou hast been god-like, perhaps the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.'"

But in his edition of 1793 he printed the passage thus:

'I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

Mason proposed,

'Thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

Jackson would read,

'But tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been god-like perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, then thou 'rt the heir of kingdoms.'

Singer, in his first edition, printed the passage thus:

'I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest thou hast
Been godlike perfect), thou 'rt the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

In his second edition he reads,

'I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect), the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

In this reading he is followed by Mr Collier in his second edition, except that in the third line he reads 'thou heir' for 'the heir.' Mr Staunton also adopts the reading of Singer (ed. 2), but prints 'another-life' for 'another life.' He suggests as another emendation,

'And mother-like to Pericles thy father.'

Mr Dyce (ed. 1) proposes,

'Thou hast been godlike perfect,—thou art then
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.'
NOTES.

As the passage is so corrupt that it cannot be corrected with any approach to certainty by conjecture, we have left it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

[Sir Philip Perring thinks it may so stand, and that, so standing, it very well admits of being explained. Hudson (1881) reads,

'(as in the rest you 've said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) and thou art
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.]

Note XX.

v. 1. 230. The first three Quartos read,

'Lys. Musicke my Lord! I heare.'

The fourth and fifth have,

'Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.'

The sixth,

'Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare?'

The Folios,

'Lys. Musick, my Lord, I hear.'

Malone reads,

'Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear——'

Steevens, following Malone, arranges Do ye...hear—— as one line.

Mr Dyce first suggested that 'Music' should be printed as a stage direction, and in this he has been followed by Mr Staunton, Mr Grant White, Dr Delius, and, though with some hesitation, by ourselves in the Globe edition. No music is mentioned in Wilkins' Novel, and any music of earth would be likely to jar with that 'music of the spheres' which was already lulling Pericles to sleep. Perhaps the passage might be arranged thus:

'Lys. Music, my lord?
Per. I hear most heavenly music.'

[This arrangement is followed by Hudson (1881). Sir Philip Perring suggests,

Rarest sounds. Do ye not hear music?

Lys. My lord!
Per. I hear

Most heavenly music.]
Note XXI.

v. l. 238—247. Steevens supposes that Diana's revelation was originally delivered in rhyme, thus:

'My temple stands in Ephesus; his thither
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all, in solemn wise
Recount the progress of thy miseries.
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
How mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's: go,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.'

Note XXII.

v. 3. 15. The word 'nun' which Mr Collier had conjectured in a note to his first edition, is given by a MS. corrector in Capell's copy of the first Quarto.

Note XXIII.

v. 3. 80. 'Heavens' is the reading of all the Quartos and Folios in the text, but in the first three Quartos 'Heaven' is the catchword on the previous page.
POEMS.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.
TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE HENRIE WROTHESLEY,
EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onelye if your Honour seeeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention prove deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for fear it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1 The Edinburgh ed. 1627, Q4, has 'in' for 'to'.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:

Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;

Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed

A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:

Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

1 purple-colour'd] purple-coloured Q₃Q₂
Q₅ purple coloured Q₄ purple
coloured The rest.
8 chief] sweet Sewell.
10 or roses] and roses Farmer conj.
14 rein] reigns Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆. reigns Q₁₀.
      raine Q₃Q₅Q₆Q₇. reine The rest.
     15 deign] daigne Q₃Q₅Q₇.
      17 sit] fit Q₁₅.
   never serpent hisses] serpents never
      hisses Q₁₅. serpent never hisses Gil-
don.
'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
    A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:  
    Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
    She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimbly she fastens—O, how quick is love!—  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove:  
    Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
‘If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.’

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

50 maiden burning] Hyphenated in Lintott.
51 hairs] haires Q12Q12 heares The rest.
53 saith] sayes Q12Q12 miss Malone.
54 murders] murtheres Q1Q2Q4Q4 smotheres The rest.
56 feathers] feather Q4Q2Q4Q4.
Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and swed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
    Rain added to a river that is rank
    Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
    'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
    Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
    Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
    Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
    And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;

68 fasten'd] Gildon. fastned Qq.
74 ear] care Q12. air Malone conj.
75 is he] he is Q4 Q11 Q15 Q18.
      sullen] sullein Q1 Q2.
      he] she Q3 Q4.
76 shame, and anger] shame and anger,
      ashy-pale] Hyphenated by Malone.
78 Her best] Her breast Q11 Q15 Q18. Her
      breast Lintott and Gildon.
    better'd] betterd Q4 Q5 Q8 Q9. bettered
    The rest. fatter'd Theobald conj.
    MS., reading breast.
    a more delight] an o'er-delight Warburton conj.
79 choose] Malone. chuse Qq.
82 take] takes Q4.
84 countless] comptless Q3 Q15. comptless
      Q6 Q4.
86 dive-dapper] die-dapper Q5 Q10.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!  
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;  
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:

89 her lips] his lips Q₉Q₁₁Q₁₂Q₁₃  
90 winks, and turns] winkt, and turnde  
91 Q₁₃  
94 yet her] Q₁Q₆Q₇  
96 woo'd] wooed Q₁Q₁₀  
98 sinewy] sinewie Q₁₀  
99 sinewy Q₁₀Q₁₁  
Q₁₂Q₁₃  
100 sinowie Q₄  
101 sinowie The rest.  
102 shall] shall Q₁₀.  
103 hung] hong Q₁Q₂.  
104 batter'd] battered Q₉  
105 Q₁₀  
106 toy] Q₁Q₅  
107 coy The rest.  
108 oversway'd] overswayed Q₁₃  
109 over-sway'd Q₁₃  
110 red-rose] Hyphened in Q₁₀.
Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil’d the god of fight!

‘Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:
What see’st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

‘Art thou ashamed to, kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

‘The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripen; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather’d in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

111 Strong-temper’d] Strong-tempered Q₃
Q₄ Strong temper’d Q₅ Strong
tempered Q₆ Q₇ Strong tempred Q₈
Strøg tempred Q₉ Strong tempred Q₁₀
The rest.

114 mastering] maustring Q₁₁ Q₁₂
Q₁₃ Q₁₄ Q₁₅
maustring The rest.

116 are they] are Gildon.

118 in the ground] on the ground So-
well.

119 there] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ where The rest.

120 in eyes] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ Q₅ on eyes The
rest.

123 revels] rivals Q₁₀ there are] Q₁ they be Q₁₀ there
be The rest.

126 know not] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ know they
The rest.

130 should] would Lintott and Gildon.

131 gather’d] Gildon. gathered Q₁ Q₂ Q₃
Q₄ Q₅ Q₆ Q₇ gathered Q₈ Q₉ Q₁₀ Q₁₁ Q₁₂ Q₁₃
gath’red Q₁₄.
Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,

Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?
'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected? Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left? Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected, Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft. Narcissus so himself himself forsook, And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear, Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use, Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear; Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse: Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty; Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed, Unless the earth with thy increase be fed? By law of nature thou art bound to breed, That thine may live when thou thyself art dead; And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive, In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat, For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them, And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat, With burning eye did hotly overlook them, Wishing Adonis had his team to guide, 'So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright, And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye, His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight, Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries ‘Fie, no more of love! The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.’

‘Ay me,’ quoth Venus, ‘young, and so unkind! What bare excuses makest thou to be gone! I’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I’ll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I’ll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm, And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm, Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

‘Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman’s son, and canst not feel
What ’tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

‘What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?

185 Souring] So wring Q1.
186 face; I]face I Q1. face, I The rest.
187 Ay] Ah Lintott.
unkind/] unkinde, Q1 Q4 Q5. unkind,
Qv unkind? Malone (1790).
188 gone/] Pointed as in Qv. A note of interrogation in the rest.
190 heart Qv.
191 hairs] haires Q4 Q10. heares The rest.
194 that] the Q13 Q15.
198 and] and this Q1 Q10.
199, 200 steel?...relethet:] steel,...re-
 lenteth? Malone.
200 Nay, more than] Nay more, than Gildon.
202 love?] Malone. love, Qq.
203 hard] Q1. bad The rest.
205 this] thus Q10 and Capell MS.
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain. 210

‘Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion, 215
For men will kiss even by their own direction.’

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause: 220
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intentions break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band: 225
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.
'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
  Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
  Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,'
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
  Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
  No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
  Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
  Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!
Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.
Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

277 Sometimes] Q₃ Q₄ Q₅. Sometimes The rest.
281 thus] Q₂ Q₅ Q₆. thus The rest.
283 stir] sturre Q₂ Q₃ Q₅. stur The rest.
284 say?] Q₃ Q₄ Q₅ Q₆. say, The rest.
285 spur?] Gildon. spurre, Q₄ Q₅ Q₆. spur, The rest.
290 limning] Lintott and Gildon. limning Q₉.
293 this] Q₁ Q₄ Q₅ Q₆. his Q₉ Q₄ Q₅ Q₆. a] each Kinneer conj.
296 eye] Q₁ Q₄ Q₅. see Q₄. eyes The rest.

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Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
   For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
   Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
   His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
   As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

301 Sometimes
302 stars] starness
303 a base] a base
304 And whether] And where Qq. And who (Malone 1780). And who's
305 through] though Qq.
306 who wave] which wave Qq. who have Lintott. which have Gildon.
   feather'd] Q13. feather'd Q1. feather'd Q10 Q11 Q12.

Q6, fether'd Q4, fether'd Q10 Q11 Q12.
feather'd Q5, feather'd Q6 Q7 Q8.
311 and] om. Lintott.
312 malecontent] Q1 Q4 Q5. male content Qq. malecontent The rest.
314 vailes] vailes Qq, Qq, Qq. vaile Sewell.
315 buttocks] buttocks Q1 Q2 Q3. buttocks The rest.
317 war] Q1 Q3. is The rest.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
    For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
    When it is barr’d the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp’d, or river stay’d,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love’s fire doth assuage;
    But when the heart’s attorney once is mute,
    The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
    Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
    For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
    But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
    It flash’d forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;

325 chafing] chasing Q₄,Q₆,Q₁₀
328 Love] In capitals in Q₁₀; italics in the rest, except Q₂.
324 fire] fer Q₄,Q₆.
doth] doth oft Sewell.
341 notice] notich Q₄.

343 view] view? Q₄.
345 hue] Gildon. hue Q₁,Q₄,Q₆,Q₈(Q₁₀ hue The rest.
348 as] and Q₄,Q₆,Q₁₁,Q₁₅ Q₁₀.
350 lowly] slowly Q₄.

11—2
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
  His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
  As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
  And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
  With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
  This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
  Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
  For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
  Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'
VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Give me my hand,' saith he; 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,' 375
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest, 395
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

373, 374 said...said...said Q_{19}
374 my heart] thy heart Gildon.
380 day's] daies Q_{4} Q_{5} Q_{6} Q_{17}.
380...Q_{17}.
380...The rest.
384 from the mare] for the mare Q_{10}.
385 replies:] replies! Q_{9}.
385...Q_{11} Q_{12} Q_{13}.
385...should] shold Q_{9}.
388 suffer'd] sufferd Q_{4} Q_{5} Q_{6} Q_{11}.
388...Q_{13} Q_{12} Q_{13}.
388...suffered The rest.
391 the tree] Q_{4} Q_{5} Q_{6} Q_{13}.
391...tree The rest.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

‘Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?

Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

‘Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:

O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.’

‘I know not love,’ quoth he, ‘nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
’Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;

For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

‘Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish’d?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish’d,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:

The colt that’s back’d and burthen’d being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.
'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part, 
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat: 
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart; 
To love’s alarms it will not ope the gate: 
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery; 425 
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.’ 

‘What! canst thou talk?’ quoth she, ‘hast thou a tongue? 
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing! 
Thy mermaid’s voice hath done me double wrong; 
I had my load before, now press’d with bearing: 430 
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding, 
Ear’s deep-sweet music, and heart’s deep-sore wounding. 

‘Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love 
That inward beauty and invisible; 
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move 435 
Each part in me that were but sensible: 
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see, 
Yet should I be in love by touching thee. 

‘Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me, 
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch, 440 
And nothing but the very smell were left me, 
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

443 stillitory] Q₄Q₃Q₁₅Q₁₅ stillitiorie  
stillitiorie The rest. stillitory
Malone.
excelling] exhalint Staunton conj.
withdrawn (Athen., 1874).
447 might] Q₄Q₅ should The rest.
448 double-lock] Hyphened by Sewell.
doors] doores Q₄Q₁₅
450 stealing in] stealing; in Q₁₀
feast] feast Q₁₀
451 ruby-colour'd] rubi-coloured Q₄Q₅Q₅
ruby-coloured Q₄Q₅Q₅ ruby-col-
loured Q₁₀
454 Wreck] Wrack Q₄Q₁₀ Wracks
The rest.
seaman] Sea-men Q₁₀
455 shepherds] the shepheards Q₄
456 Gusts] Q₄Q₅Q₅Q₅ Gust The rest.
herdmen] beard-men Q₅ Q₉ Q₁₀
460 staineth] straineth Q₄ staines Q₁₀
462 struck] strucks Q₄Q₅Q₅ stroaks
Q₁₀ stroke Q₁₃Q₁₅ strooks The
rest.
And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

464 kill[Q₄] kills Q₄
466 But[Q₄] And Malone conj. (withdrawn).
bankrupt[Q₄] bankrupt Q₁,Q₂,Q₃,Q₄
bankrupt[Q₃] bankrupt Q₁,Q₃ Q₁₅ banquenout The rest.
469 all amazed[Q₄] all amain'd Q₄,Q₃,Q₄ all in a maze Q₄ in amainse Q₁₀ all in a maze Q₄ in amainse Q₁₀ Boswell.
in a maze The rest. all-amaid
472 Fair fall[Q₄] Hyphened in Q₁,Q₂,Q₃,Q₄ Q₃,Q₄,Q₃ Q₄ breatheth ] breathed Q₁₀
474 breathed Q₁₀
484 earth[Q₄] earth The rest. world The rest. relieveth relieue the Q₁₀ relieue the Q₁₀.
Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;

But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she; 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?

But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!

That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

488 borrowed] borrow'd Q2Q11Q2Q12Q13
490 clouded with] clouded, with Qq.
493 I' quoth she:] I (quoth she,) Q3Q2
494 fire?] fire: Q1Q3Q12
495 this?] Gildon. this, Qq.
even?] even, Q3Q2
500 Thy?] The Q4.
eyes, shrewd] Malone. eyes shrewd Q1Q4Q2Q3Q6 ey's shrewd Q4. eyes, shrewd Q1Q6Q11.
eyes, shrewd Q12. eyes, shrewd Q12
Q13. eyes,—shrewd Capell MS.
502 murder'd] murdered Q3. murdered
The rest.
503 mine eyes] my eyes Q10.
liveries] liverie Q10.
507 verdure] verdour Q1Q3Q5. virtue
Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
509 star-gazers] stars-gazers Q4.
'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripen years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.
'Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you; 535
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face. 540
Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth, 545
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeteth; 550
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.
And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil, 555
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.
Venus and Adonis.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling, 560
Or as the fleet-foot roe that’s tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still’d with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering, 565
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass’d oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck’d.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet ’tis pluck’d:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast, 575
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid’s bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

560 with] by Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
too] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ Q₅ Q₆ Q₇ Q₈ Q₉ Q₁₀ Q₁₁ Q₁₂ Q₁₃ Q₁₄ Q₁₅ to The rest.
565 tempering] tempering Q₂. temp’ring
Sewell.
567 venturing] venturing Q₂. vent’ring
Sewell.
574 prickles] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₄. pricks The rest.
'tis] tis Q₂ Q₃ Q₄ Q₅. is it The rest.
it is Lintott and Gildon.
pluck’d:] plucks? Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ 582 incaged] engaged Lintott. ingaged Gildon. See note (1).
'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow, 585
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'

He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.

The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay’d as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She’s Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.

‘Fie, fie,’ he says, ‘you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.’

‘Thou hadst been gone,’ quoth she, ‘sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told’st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised: thou know’st not what it is

With javelin’s point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

‘On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where’er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate’er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

‘His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ursful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.
'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
    But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—  
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.  

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:  
Come not within his danger by thy will;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
    When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.  

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
    My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.  

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'  
    Distempering gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.
VENUS AND ADONIS. 177

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:

655  bate-breeding] Hyphened in all but lattice.
657  carry-tale] Hyphened in all but lattice.
658  That sometime] That sometimes Q₂
660  should] shall Q₁₀
662  angry-chafing] Hyphened by Ma-

655  bare-breeding Q₄.
657  dissentious] dissensions Q₄.
658  That sometim Q₆ Q₇.
660  shall Q₁₀.
662  angry-chafed So quoted by S. Walker.
666  them] 'em Gildon.
667  indeed!] indeed? Q₁ Q₂.
668  trembling] Q₁ Q₂.
670  lone. angry chasing Q₄.
666  droop] Q₂. drop Lintott and Gil- don. See note (1).
667  indeed,] indeed? Q₁ Q₂.
668  trembling] Q₁ Q₂.
670  imagination?] Q₄ Q₄ Q₄.

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Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall,'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips

700 *their* [with Q₄Q₆.
703 *dew-bedabbled*] Hyphened in all but Q₄Q₆.
704 *indenting* $\rightarrow$ intending Q₄.
705 *doth* [do Q₄Q₆Q₉.
707 *trod* [trod Q₅Q₆Q₈Q₁₀.
712 *myself*] thy selfe Q₃Q₅Q₇Q₁₀Q₁₆.
717 *that*? guoth she.] that (quoth she)
Q₃Q₁₀. that (quoth she?) Q₄Q₆Q₇.
Q₅. that (quoth she?) The rest.
724 *preys* [prayes Q₈Q₉.
true men thieves] true-men thieves Q₉Q₁₀ rich-men theues Q₅. rich
men theues The rest.

12—2
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
    Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
    To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
    Making it subject to the tyranny
    Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain'd
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
    Surfeits, impostumes, grief and damn'd despair,
    Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

‘Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,

Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

‘What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?

If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

‘So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that’s put to use more gold begets.’

‘Nay, then,’ quoth Adon, ‘you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;

For, by this black-faced night, desire’s foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.
'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
   For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
   And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
   No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
   But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
   You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
   When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
   Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
   As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

775 have] hath Q_{10} Q_{12} Q_{13}.
777 mermaid's] Mermaids Q_{1} Q_{2} Q_{3} mir-
maid's Q_{4}.
779 in mine] Q_{1} Q_{2} Q_{3} Q_{4} Q_{10} in my The rest.
781 run] roonne Q_{1} Q_{2} Q_{3}.
784 bedchamber] bed-chalmer Q_{10}.
788 on to] Q_{1} Q_{2} Q_{3} unto The rest.
789 device] Q_{1} Q_{2} Q_{3} Q_{11} Q_{12} Q_{13} device The rest.
794 usurp'd] usurpe Q_{4} usurps Lintott and Gildon.
'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
   Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
   Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
   Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
   Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
   Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
   So glides he in the night from Venus' eye:

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
   So did the merciless and pitchy night
   Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

801 always] alway Q10
802 Lust] lusts Q15
804 truth] truth Q10
809 talk] calls Lintott and Gildon. See note (1).
813 lawnd] Q2 Q10 Q15 lawnes The rest.
lanes Lintott and Gildon.
815 Look, how] Looks how Qq.

sky,] skye; Q2 Q10. A comma in the rest.
818 Gazing] Gazeth Capell MS.
late-embarked] Hyphenated by Malone (Capell MS.).
822 Fold in] Hyphenated in Q6 Q8 Q11 Q12 Q15.
Whereast amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
   Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
   Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
   'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!'
   And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
   Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
   And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
   Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
   End without audience, and are never done.
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For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?

She says 'Tis so:' they answer all 'Tis so;
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

848 idle sounds resembling] idle, sounds-
resembling, Staunton.
parasites ] parasites] Q_{1}Q_{2}Q_{2}.
850 wits?] Q_{4}Q_{5}Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13} wits, Q_{1}Q_{2}
Q_{5}Q_{1} wits: Q_{6}Q_{6}Q_{6}Q_{10} wights.
Theobald conj.
says] says] Q_{1}Q_{2} says] Q_{2} said
The rest.
858 That[ The Lintott and Gildon.
Cedar tops Q_{1}Q_{2}Q_{3} Cedar tops

The rest.
859 this] his Q_{10}.
862 beauteous] beauties Lintott.
863 Their Q_{4}.
864 dost] doest Q_{4}Q_{5}.
865 morning ... o'erworn] morne ... over-
worne Q_{10}.
867 tidings] tithings Q_{10}.
868 his hounds] houndes Q_{4}.
870 coasteth] posteth Q_{10}.
And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
    Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
    Hastening to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
    Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
    Appalls her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
    Finding their enemy to be so curst,
    They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
    Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
    They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.
Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay’d,
She tells them ’tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
   Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
   And with that word she spied the hunted boar;
Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
   This way she runs, and now she will no further,
   But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
   Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting:
   In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell’d in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary catifff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
’Gainst venom’d sores the only sovereign plaster;
   And here she meets another sadly scowling,
   To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.
When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;

So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,

Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

919 hath] Q₁, Q₁₀, Q₁₄, Q₄. had The rest.
il-resounding] Hyphened in Q₁₉.
921 volleys] volies Q₁, Q₁₀, Q₄. volies The rest.
924 scratch'd ears] scratcht-ears Q₁, Q₁₀, Q₄.
925 Look, how the] Looks how, the Q₁₀.
Lookes how the The rest.
amazed] amaz'd Sewell (ed. 2).
gazed] gaz'd Sewell (ed. 2).
929 these] the Q₁₀.
932 Q₂, Q₅. Hard favourd Q₁, Q₁₀, Q₁₄, Q₄, Q₅. Hard favour'd Q₁₀. Hard-favour'd Q₁₄.
933 Grim-grinning] Hyphened in all but Q₁₀, Q₁₄.
934, 936 breath,......violet f] Malone. breath f...violet. Qq.
935 set] set, Q₁₀.
940 random] randon Q₁, Q₁₀, Q₄.
'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.
Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
    But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holloa;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
    For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass:
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
    To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous:

967 through] through Q₁₀.
968 who] Q₂ Q₂₉ ḥ QS₉, which The rest.
969 passion labours] passions labour Q₁.
970 present] present Q₁₀.
971 all together] altogether Q₄, altogether Q₁₀.
973 this, far off] Malone. this farre off, Q₂ Q₉ Q₃ this far off, Q₄ Q₁₀.
975 dire] Q₅ Q₆ Q₇ Q₈ Q₉ Q₁₀ Q₁₁ Q₁₂ Q₁₃, dyre Q₁.
976 Adonis'] Sewell. Adonis Qq.
978 eye like...glasse:] eye: like...glasse, Q₂ Q₃ Q₅ eie like...glasse, Q₄ eye, like...glasse: The rest.
981 sometimes] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₄, sometime The rest.
982 pass] passe, Q₃ Q₄, passe: Q₁₀. No stop in the rest.
984 drunken] drunken Q₁ Q₅.
985 hard-believing] Hyphened in Q₄, Q₁₀.
988 makes] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₄, make The rest.
Venus and Adonis.

The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;

989 in thoughts] in thought Q_{10}.
990 In likely] Q_{1} Q_{2}. The likely Q_{3} Q_{4}.
With likely The rest.
991 hath] Q_{1} Q_{2} Q_{3} Q_{4}. had The rest.
992 to blame] Q_{1} Q_{10} Q_{12} Q_{15}. too blame The rest.
993 all to nought] Q_{1} Q_{3} Q_{4} Q_{5} Q_{13}. all to naught Q_{6} Q_{7} Q_{8} Q_{9} Q_{10} Q_{11}. all-to-naught Dyce (1832). all-to-naught Dyce (1857). all-to-naught Delius.
994 honours] Q_{1}. honours Q_{2} Q_{3} Q_{4}. honour The rest.
996 Imperious] Q_{1} Q_{2} Q_{3} Q_{4}. Imperial Q_{6} Q_{7}. Imperiall The rest.
999 When as] Q_{4}. Whenas Dyce.
1002 my] thy Q_{4}.
1003 fault: the] fault the Q_{10}.
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;

Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,

Long after fearing to creep forth again;

1013 statues] statues Q₃Q₄.
tomb[s] domes Theobald conj.
1013, 1014 stories His] Malone (Theo-
bald conj.). stories, His Q₂.
1019 with him[)] with hith him Q₄.
1027 falcons] Faulcons Q₁₀Q₃Q₄Q₅. Fal-
con Q₁₀Q₁₂Q₁₅ Faulcon The rest.
1031 as murder'd] as murdered Q₃Q₄Q₅.

Q₆Q₇Q₈Q₉Q₁₁Q₁₂Q₁₅ are murdered
Q₁₆Q₁₅.
1033 the snail[)] a snails Q₁₆.
1035 smother'd] smothered Q₁₆ smoothred
Q₁₀Q₁₂Q₁₅ smothered The rest.
up in shade] up, in shade Lintott
and Gildon.
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
   Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:
Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
   Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
   By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,
Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
   This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
   That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;
And being open'd threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonded lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
   No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
   But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;

1037 his] this Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
1038 deep-dark] Hyphened in Q1 Q2 Q9.
   cabin] Q4 Q6 Q8 Q11 Q12. cabin The rest.
   Q10 cabin The rest.
1039 resign] resign'd Lintott and Gil- don.
1040 her] their Q10.
1041 ugly] ugly Q1.
1044 suggestion] suggestions Q6 Q11 Q12 Q13.
1046 imprison'd] imprisoned Q4 Q9 Q4.

imprisoned The rest.
1047 foundation] fundation Q10.
1048 terror] terrors Lintott.
   minds] mind Lintott.
1051 open'd] open Q1 Q2 Q3 Q4. opened The rest.
   light] Q4 Q5. night Q3 Q4. right
   The rest.
1052 trench'd] drencht Q2 Q4. trench The rest.
1054 was] had Q2 Q3 Q4 Q10.

VOL. IX.
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
   Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
   Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
   His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
   For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

‘My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,’ quoth she, ‘behold two Adons dead!’
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
   Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
   So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

‘Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
   The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
   But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

‘Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:

---

1062 wept[ wpept Q₁₀
1066 more gashes[ no gashes Q₁₀
   should]should Q₁₁[ aild Q₁₁ Q₁₀
1067 limb[ lim Q₁
1073 heart's lead] Hyphenated by Sewell.
   lead, melt Pointed as by Malone, 1790 (Capell M.S.). lead melt Q₁
   eyes' red fire / eyes red fire, Q₁₁
   eyes red as fire, Q₁₀
1077 tongue] tong Q₁₁ Q₁₀
tong Q₁
1078 any thing] any things Q₁₀
1079 The flowers] Thy flowers Malone
   conj.
1080 true-sweet] Hyphenated by Malone.
   with him] Q₁₁ Q₁
   in him The rest.
1081 nor] Q₁₁ Q₁₁ Q₁
   Q₁ or The rest.
   henceforth] henceforth Q₁ Q₁₀ henceforth Q₁
   foorth Q₁
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
   But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
   And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:

1063 lose [Q3 Q4 Q8 Q9 Q11 Q13 Q15] loose Q2
1090 locks [Q6 Q8]
1090 lock's [Q3 Q5]
1093 walk'd [Q1 Q4]
walks Lintott and Gildon.
1096 sung [Q11] song The rest.
1097 wolf [Q1 Q4] woffe Q3

1063 [Q3 Q4 Q8 Q9 Q11 Q13 Q15] praise Q1
1085 pray [Q3 Q4 Q6 Q7]
1092 his [Q4]
in the [Q4]
in a [Q5 Q8 Q9 Q11 Q13 Q15]
1093 The] There Q3 Q11 Their Q15
1100 ripe-red] Hyphenated in Q3 Q4 Q5

13—2
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so. 1110
‘Tis true, ’tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

‘Had I been tooth’d like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill’d him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.’

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his concealed blood.
She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late Excell’d,
And every beauty robb’d of his effect:
‘Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

1111 ’Tis true, ’tis true] Tis true, true, true Q5Q10Q12Q18
1113 did] Q1, would The rest.
1115 nuzzling] Malone. nusling Q5
1116 the] Q1, his The rest.
1117 been] bin Q1.
1120 My youth] My mouth Q15
am I] Q5Q10 I am The rest.
1122 congealed] congoalen Gildon.
1125 care] cares Q5Q7Q9 care The rest.
1126 they] Q1Q7Q9Q10, he The rest.
1130 times, and now] times and more, Theobald conj.
1134 thou] Q5Q7Q9 you The rest.
should] shuld Q1Q3Q9 shold Q3 Q5Q10Q12
VENUS AND ADONIS

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud;
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

1136 on] in Q₄.
1139 but high] Q₁Q₂Q₆Q₇ but his Q₄ too high The rest. to high Gildon.
1140 pleasure] pleasures Lintott and Gildon.
1142 Bud, and be] Q₁Q₂Q₇ And shall be The rest (bes Q₁₀).
breathing-while] Hyphened by Malone.
1143 o'erstraw'd] ore-straw, Q₄.
1144 trust] Q₁Q₂Q₇ sharpest The rest.
1146 dumb] dubbe Q₁.
1151 raging-mad] Hyphened by Malone.
1155 severe] seare Q₁Q₄Q₇Q₄.
1157 where] when Lintott and Gildon.
shows] showes Q₁Q₂Q₇ showes Q₅ whenes Q₇ seems Q₅Q₆Q₇Q₁₁ evernes Q₁₁Q₁₄Q₁₅
'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

1159 cause] the cause Sewell (ed. 1).
1161 servile] servill Q₃ Q₄.
1162 combustious] combustious Lintott and Gildon.
1164 loves] Q₃ Q₆ Q₄, love The rest.
1168 purple] purpul'd Q₄, purpul'd Q₄, sprung] sproong Q₄, sprung Q₄.
1169 cause] the cause Q₃ Q₆ Q₄.
1170 chequer'd] checkred Q₄.
1171 new-sprung] Q₆ Q₄ Q₁₁ Q₁₂ Q₁₅, new-
sprung The rest.
1175 crops] crop's Q₄.
1176 green-dropping] Hyphened in all but Q₃ Q₁₆.
1178 sweet-smelling] sweete swelling Q₄.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

1183 here in] Q, Q₂. here is The rest. 1187 in] Q, Q₂, Q₃, Q₄. of The rest.
1185 Lo, in] Low in Q₄. 1192 convey'd] conveyed Gildon.
NOTE I.

582. Malone (1780) says 'The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies have engaged.' In his note on l. 666 he states truly that 'droop' is the reading of the ed. of 1600, but adds 'The subsequent copies have drop.' Again, l. 809, he says that for 'talk' the ed. of 1636 and the modern editions read 'calls.' By the kindness of Mr W. Y. Fletcher of the British Museum, I have been enabled to verify the correctness of my own statements in the notes to these three passages. In l. 582 the Museum copy of ed. 1636 has 'incaged;' in l. 666 it reads 'droop;' and in l. 809, talke.'
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.
TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESELEY,
EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

The louve I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duety would¹ shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

William Shakespeare.

¹ would] Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ should The rest.
THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Wheresupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with encompassing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-pride rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

1 besieq'd Qr.  3 Lust-breathed] Lust breathed Qr.

Lust-breathing Gildon.
8 unhappily] unhappily Qr.Qr.Qr. unhappily Qr.Qr.Qr.Qr. unhappy Qr.
13 stars] star Qr.Qr.Qr.Qr.
17 priceless] priceless Gildon.

heavens] heaven Qr.
19 such high-proud] Malone. such high

proud Qr.Qr.Qr.Qr. so high a Qr.Qr.Qr.
21 peer] peers Qr. prince The rest.
O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

47 his] the Qr.
grows] growses Qr Qd.
48 rash-false] Hyphened by Malone.
50 Collatium] Colatium Q1 (Bodl. 1).
Colatia Q1 (Mus. Sion Coll. Dev.
and Bodl. 2) Qd. Qd. Qe. Qd. Qr.
52 strived] Qq. striv'd Gildon.
56 o'er] Gildon. ore Qr. Qd. Qr. or's Qd.
58 or's Qr. Qd. Qr. or (i.e. gold) Malone
(1780).
61 Their...their] Her...their Gildon.
Her...her Sewell.
62 it] om. Qd.
65 beauty's...virtue's] Sewell. beauties
...virtues Qq.
This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:

Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair wellkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

95 sometime] something Q6, sometimes
Sewell (ed. 2).
99 coped] cop't Q1 Q2Q3Q4Q5Q6, cop't Q3, cop't Q4, cop't Q5.
stranger eyes] Hyphenated by Gildon.
101 subtle-shining] Hyphenated by Mal- lona. subtle shining Q4. substill shining Q3, substill shining The rest.
103 nor] not Q7.

104 sight] sight Malone, 1790 (a misprint).
105 open'd] open Q3.
110 With...victory:] Printed in italics by Gildon.
112 worldless] worldlesse Q6.
113 hither] thither Q7.
117 mother] Q1Q2Q3Q4Q5, and source Q6 Q3 Q4 Q5.
119 stows] shutes Q6 Q4 Q7 Q8.
For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

121 spright] sprite Q3.
122 questioned] question'd Gildon.
124 life's] lifes Q3. lives The rest.
125 themselves betake] himself betakes
Q1 (Bodl. 1).
126 wake] wakes Q1 (Bodl. 1).
132 proposed] Q3. propos'd Gildon.
133 supposed] Q3. suppos'd Gildon.
134 with] of Gildon.
135 That what] Q4 Q4 Q4 Q4. That oft
Q4 Q4 Q4 Q4. Of what Anon. MS. in
Capell's copy of Q3. For what
Hudson, 1881 (Capell MS. and
Staunton conj.). That while Ni-
cholson conj. (reading not that...
possess).
not, that...possess,] not, that...pos-
sess, Q3 Q4 Q4, not that...possess
Q4, not that...possess, Q4 Q4 Q4 Q4.
136 their] the Q4 Q4.
bankrupt Q4 Q4 Q4 Q4. bankrupt
Q4 Q4.
poor-rich] Hyphenated by Malone.
The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle’s rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,

143 in] om. Q₉
145 battle’s] Bell. battles’ Malone. No apostrophe in Qq.
147 all together] Q₉ altogether The rest.
148 ill] all Lintott and Gildon.
150 ambitious foul] ambitious-foul

Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
155 honour] honor Q₉, Q₉.
158 no] not Q₉, Q₉.
161 and] om. Q₉, Q₉. the Lintott and Gildon.
163 eyes] eye Q₉, Q₉, Q₉.
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries; 165
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; 170
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire. 175

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:

'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.' 180

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

165 owls'...wolves'] Apotheosis insert-
ed by Malone.
168 While] Whilst Gildon.
wakes] Qq. wake Malone (Capell
MS.).
174 too too] Qq. too-too Dyce (1857).
177 do] doth Qq.Qg.Qr.Qv.
181 enforced] enforce Qv.
183 premeditate] premeditate Qv.
188 still-slaughter'd] Malone (Capell
MS.). still slaughtered Qq.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:

Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!

True valour still a true respect should have;

Then my digression is so vile, so base,

That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;

Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;

That my posterity, shamed with the note,

Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?

For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,

Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?
'If Collatinus dream of my intent, 
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage 
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 
This siege that hath engirt his marriage, 
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage, 
    This dying virtue, this surviving shame, 
    Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

'O what excuse can my invention make, 
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed? 
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake, 
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed? 
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed; 
    And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, 
    But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill’d my son or sire, 
Or lain in ambush to betray my life, 
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire 
Might have excuse to work upon his wife, 
As in revenge or quittal of such strife: 
    But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend, 
    The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known: 
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving: 
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own: 
The worst is but denial and reproving: 
My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing. 
    Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw 
    Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'
Thus graceless holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.
'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die! 
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age! 
My heart shall never countermand mine eye: 
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage; 
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage: 
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize; 
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear 
Is almost choked by unresisted lust. 
Away he steals with open listening ear, 
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust; 
Both which, as servitors to the unjust, 
So cross him with their opposite persuasion, 
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits, 
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine: 
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits; 
That eye which him beholds, as more divine, 
Unto a view so false will not incline; 
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart, 
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers, 
Who, flatter’d by their leader’s jocund show, 
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours; 
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow, 
Pay ing more slavish tribute than they owe.

274 fear] fear, Malone (1790). 
debating] Qq. debating, Malone (1790). 
275 reason] Qq. reason, Malone. 
276 mine] my Qs. 
277 beseeṃ] beseeṃ Malone. 
282 cloak’d] cloak t Q. cloak’d Gildon. 
283 heartens] hartens Qs Qs. 
286 flatter’d] Gildon. flatter ed Qs Qs Qs Qs Qs.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia’s glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say ‘This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou see’st our mistress’ ornaments are chaste.’

301 marcheth] Q₄Q₆Q₇Q₈ doth march 310 crannies] crannies Q₄Q₈
Q₆Q₇Q₈ Lucrece] Lucrece’s Gildon.
303 retires] recites Q₄Q₆Q₇Q₈ 316 lighted, by the light he] lighted by
307 Night-wandering] Hyphened in Q₃ the light, he Q₄
Q₄Q₆Q₇Q₈ 317 her] he Q₄ the Gildon.
308 he still pursues his] still pursues 319 needle] need Maloney.
Q₄Q₆Q₇Q₈ him Q₄
321 not] nor Q₄Q₈ inured] insur’d Q₄.
But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited the eternal power  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;  
How can they then assist me in the act?'
'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun

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351 my guide] and guide Q_r.
352 resolution] dauntless resolution Capell MS.
354 The blackest] Blackes Q_6Q_7Q_r. Black Q_8 and Gildon.
clear'd] cleared Sewell (ed. 1).
358 his] the Gildon.
361 treason] reason Q_r.
362 aside] a side Q_r.
363 sound sleeping] Hyphened by Steevens conj.
well.
368 eyeballs] eye-ball Q_r.
369 misled] misfed Q_r.
370 full] too Q_6Q_7Q_r.
371 the silver] this silver Hudson, 1881
(S. Walker conj.).
372 fiery-pointed] Hyphened by Malone. fierie pointed Q_3Q_4Q_5. fiery
pointed Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_7Q_8. fire-y-pointed Steevens conj.
To wink, being blinded with a greater light: Whether it is that she reflects so bright, That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed; But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died! Then had they seen the period of their ill; Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side, In his clear bed might have reposed still: But they must ope, this blessed league to kill; And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight Must sell her joy, her life, her world’s delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss; Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder, Swelling on either side to want his bliss; Between whose hills her head entombed is: Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies, To be admired of lewd unhallow’d eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was, On the green coverlet; whose perfect white Show’d like an April daisy on the grass, With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night. Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light, And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, Till they might open to adorn the day.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath; 400
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
    As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
    Who, like a foul usurper, went about
    From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
    Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
    Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:
And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
   Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
   Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.
His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
   Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
   Left their round turrets destitute and pale.
They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
   Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
   Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.
Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp’d and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill’d bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain’s forgeries;

Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart, poor citizen! distress’d,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o’er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;

But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.
Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes
And sung by children in succeeding times.
‘But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
   In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

‘Then, for thy husband and thy children’s sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour’s blot:
   For marks descried in men’s nativity
Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.’

Here with a cockatrice’ dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe’s sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
   To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth’s dark womb some gentle gust doth get,

527  a thought[ though Q₄Q₄.
530  sometime[ sometimes Q₄Q₄.
531  a pure compound[ purest compounds Q₄Q₄ Q₄.
534  bequeath] bequeath’d Gildon.
535  device] Q₄Q₄Q₄Q₄. devise Q₄Q₄Q₄Q₄.
538  descried] describ’d Gildon.
   Cockatrices Q₄Q₄Q₄Q₄Q₄. cocka-tries Q₄.
543  under] beneath Q₄Q₄Q₄Q₄.
544  are[ om. Q₄.
547  But] As Sewell. Look, Malone
   (Capell MS.).
548  mountains] mountains Q₄Q₄Q₄Q₄.
549  dark womb] Hyphened in Q₄Q₄Q₄.
   doth] does Gildon.
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding, 550
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth: 555
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

550 blow[s] Malone. blow Qq.
551 this['] his S. Walker conj.
552 unhallow'd] Gildon. unhallowed Qq.
554 night-waking] Hyphenated in Qq.
557 even] s'en Gildon.
560 wea['] weares Qq. weare Q.
weares QqQq.
weares QqQq.
raining] raining Qq.
raining] raigned Qq.
561 fixed] Qq. fix'd Gildon.
563 mixed] Qq. mix'd Gildon.
572 power] powers QqQq.
573 borrow'd] Gildon. borrowed Qq.
make] may Lintott.
Quoth she: 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.
'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,  
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?  
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wiped away;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.
'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee, 625
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say
He learn'd to sin and thou didst teach the way? 630

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother. 635
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.' 645

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
THE RAPE OF LUCREC.

And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste 650
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood. 655
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root. 665

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despeftfully I mean to bear thee

649  petty[ pretf } petty Q_5Q_4Q_7Q_8.
debs] det Q_6Q_8.
650  falls'] false Gildon.
651  to his] Q_4Q_7 to the Q_5 to this Q_4
Q_6Q_4Q_7Q_8.
  not his] not the Q_7Q_8.
655  seek] seeks Q_3
stain] strains Q_5Q_8.
656  shall] should Gildon.
657  puddle's] puddle Q_3Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8.
  hearsed] heresd Q_1Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8 heresd
Q_6Q_4Q_7Q_8 persed Q_6. burst'd Gildon.
658  puddle] puddles Q_3.
dispers'd] Qq. dispers'd Gildon.
661  fouler grave] fouler, grave Hudson
(1881).
665  low shrubs] Hyphened in Q_5Q_8.
666  state—] Malone. state.— Sewell.
  state, Q_3Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_8 state. Q_3Q_8.
668  to] not Q_3.
  not.] to Q_6.
669  Instead] Q_7Q_8. In stead Q_1Q_3Q_4Q_8.
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll’d
Entombs her outcry in her lips’ sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastelest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk

671 the] some Q₄
675 blind concealing] blind-concealing
   Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
679 tips] Malone. tips Qq.
680 nightly] mighty Q₄Q₆
684 prone] Q₄Q₅Q₆, proud Q₅. foule
   Q₄Q₅Q₆. foul Gildon.
688 lose] Q₄Q₅ Q₆. loose The rest.
696 balk] Gildon. bauk or bauke Qq.
The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
  His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
  Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
   Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
   Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discoulour’d cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
   For there it revels, and when that decays
   The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul’s fair temple is defaced,
   To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
   To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

698 fares] feares Q₃Q₄Q₅.
706 or rain] of reines Q₄Q₅. of reign Gildon.
708 discoulour’d] discoloured Q₅.
709 knit brow] Hyphened in Q₄Q₅.
711 bankrupt] Gildon. bankrout Q₅.
712 proud] proud Q₅.
716 chased] chased Gildon.
718 disgraced] disgraced Gildon.
719 defaced] defac’d Gildon.
She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dogcreeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's 'scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.'
‘They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.’

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

‘O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

‘O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion’d course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

752 be] lie Q₆, Q₉, Q₁₀,
756 my...] their...they Gildon.
760 find] finds Q₉
786 murders] Gildon. murthers Qq.
788 for] of Q₆, Q₉, Q₁₀
771 vaporous] vapours Q₉
774 time] times Q₉.
'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

778 rotten damps] rotting damp Q7
779 unwholesome] vnholdsome Q7 Q7
782 misty] Q2 Q7; mustie Q4 Q7; mystic
Q4; mysty Q6 Q7; vapours] vapour Q7
783 ranks] rakes Q4
smother'd] Lintott and Gildon.
smothered Q1 Q7; smothered The rest.
786 silver-shining] Hyphened by Gildon.
he...distain] he...dissains Q5 Q6 Q7
he...disdain Q7; him...dissain Sewell.
787 too] Q3 Q7; to The rest.
791 palmers' chat makes] Malone. Pal-
mers chat makes Q1 Q5 Q7. Palmers
that makes Q4 Q7. Palmers that makes
Q7.
their] the Q5.
792 Where now I have...me,] Where
now? have I...me? Sewell.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

' O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,

    foul-reeking Gildon.
    reeking] recking Q₃ Q₇.
802 martyr'd] martyred Q₇.
    martyred Q₃ Q₆ Q₇ Q₉ Q₁₀.
807 will] shall Q₃ Q₄ Q₁₀ Q₁₀.
    shall Q₇.
    character'd] characterized Q₄.
    my] thy Q₄.
808 story] stories Q₄.
809 breach] breath Q₅.
    wedlock] wedlocks Q₃ Q₆.
    Q₇ wedlocks Q₅ Q₁₀ Q₁₀.
    wedlock's Gildon.
811 cipher] 'cipher (for decipher) Malone.
812 quote] cote Q₃ Q₁₀.
819 wrong'd] wrong'd Q₅.
821 be kept] he kept Q₄.
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

830 mot[ moto Q, Qr.
831 How...war.] Printed in italics by Malone.
832 many] may Qr.
841, 842 Yet...wrack; Yet for] Yet...
844 talk'd] talks Q, Qr, Qfr. talk Qr
wreck? No; for Malone conj.

841 guilty] guiltless Malone.
844 talk'd] talks Q, Qr, Qfr. talk Qr
wrack; } wracks, Q, Qr, Qfr. wrack.
Qr. wrack, Qr. wracks; Q, Qr.
wrack? Sewall.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. 239

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,

Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours.

848 bud['] Q₃Q₄ Q₅. bud. The rest.
854 impurity] iniquity Q₃Q₄ Q₅.
858 like still-pining] still like pining
Sewall.
still-pining] Hyphenated by Malone
(Capell MS.).
859 barns] bannes Q₃Q₄Q₅ Q₆. Q₅. barns Q₆.

harvest['] hauest Q₇.
863 master'd] Lintott. maistred Q₇Q₈.
866 cursed-blessed] Hyphen omitted in Q₇Q₈.
867 for] oft Q₇Q₈.
871 hisses] Q₃Q₅ Q₆. hisseth The rest.
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spur'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displaceth laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

874 ill-annexed] Hyphen omitted in Q, Q.
878 set'st] setest Q, sets The rest.
879 point'st] pointist Q, point Q.
     points The rest. 'pointist Malone (1790).
880 spur'n'st] spurn'est Q, .
881, 882 him...him] her...her Q, Q, Q, Q.
884 blow'ist] Gildon. blowest Lintott. blowest Q, Q.
885 smoother'ist] smotherest Q, Q, Q.
murder'ist] Gildon. murtherest Q, Q, Q, Q.
     murtherest Q, Q, Q, Q, murtherest Q, Q, Q.
886 abettor] Q, abettro Q, abetter
     The rest.
892 smoothing] smothering Q, Q, Q, Q.
893 sugar'd] Gildon. sugred Q.
     bitter] a bitter Q, Q.
When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers; 945

‘To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens’ wings,
To dry the old oak’s sap and cherish springs, 950
To spoil antiquities of hammer’d steel
And turn the giddy round of Fortune’s wheel;

‘To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

‘Why work’st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage, 960
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack! 965

‘Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,

944 thy hours] their bower] Steevens
conj. his hours Malone conj. (withdrawn).
948 alter] alter Qns after Qns
960 cherish] tarish Warburton conj.
son conj. cherish Becket conj.
964 debtors] Q7 Qns debtors The rest.
966 shun thy] shun this Q6 Qns shunt
his Qns.
968 his] this Lintott.

16—2
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

975 bedrid] Lintott. bedred Qq. stones] stone Q3Q4Q6Q8.
978 harden'd] Gildon. hardened Q7Qg. hardned The rest.
979 lose] Gildon. loose Qq.
980 hearts] Q, Q2 Qg. harts The rest.
983 crime] time Q3Q4Q6Q8.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
   For who so base would such an office have
   As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
   The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
   But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
   Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
   But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:

996 taught'st] taughts Q1Q2Q3Q4Q5.  1016 Out.] Out Q1Q2Q5.  Our The rest.
1001 slave'] slaves. Q1Q2.  Oh! Gildon.
1006 greatest state] greater state Q5.  1018 yourselves] our selves Q1Q2.
1011 snow-white] Hyphen omitted in skill-contending] Hyphened in Q3
Q4Q5Q6Q7.  1020 you'] their Gildon.
1015 eagles] eagle Q1Q2Q3.
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

‘In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm’d despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
    The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

‘Poor hand, why quiver’st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame
    And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.’

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
    As smoke from Ætna that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.
In vain,’ quoth she, ‘I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear’d by Tarquin’s falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear’d I was a loyal wife:
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

‘O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander’s livery,
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol’n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

‘Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graft shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

‘Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol’n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

1046 Tarquin’s] Tarquin Q₃  
1062 graft] grafts Q₃ Q₄ Q₉ grass Q₃ Q₄ Q₅ Q₉ Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₅ Q₉. grass Sewell. graft  
1045 Theobald conj.  
1065 thought] thoughts Q₉.  
1071 forced] forse Q₅. frost Q₉. first Gildon.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

'I will not poison thee with my attain't,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

1073 cleanly-coin'd] Hyphened by Malone.
1074 of] with Qr.
1075 false] falls Qe.
1081 slow sad] Hyphened by Malone.
gait] Malone. gate Qq.
1082 ugly] ouglie Qr. ougly Qr Qr Qr.
1083 will] would Qr Qr Qr Qr.
1085 cloister'd be] Qr cloistered Qr. cloistered be The rest.
1091 piercing] piercing Qr Qr Qr Qr.
1095 nought] naught Qr.
So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometimes her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometimes 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:

1100 deep-drenched] deep trench'd Gildon.
1105 Sometimes her] Q1 Q2 Qg. Sometimes her The rest.
1106 Sometimes 'tis] Sometimes 'tis Sewell (ed. 9).
1112 suffoc'd] suffis'd Qq. surpris'd Gildon.
1117 would] will Gildon.
feather'd] Gildon. feathered Q1 Q7.
feathered The rest.
1123 mute and] ever Q3 Q4 Qg. 

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

‘Come, Philomel, that sing’st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell’d hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I’ll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant’st better skill.

‘And whiles against a thorn thou bear’st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

‘And for, poor bird, thou sing’st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold

descant’s] Sewell (ed. 1). descants
1126 Relish] Relish Q₄, Q₂, Q₄
1127 likes] like Q₄
1129 grove] grove Q₄
1131 a tear] my tear Gildon.
1133 burden-wise] Sewell. burthen-wise Qq.
1133, 1134 Tarquin still...Tereus...... skill] Tarquin’s ill...Tereus...still Steevens conj.
1134 on Tereus] on Tereus Q₄.
1135 while] while Gildon.
1141 tune] turn Q₄. turn Q₄ true] giue Q₄.
1144 dark deep] Hyphened by Dyce (1857).
1145 not] nor Q₄ Q₄ Q₄ Q₄
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion

Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,

His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

1148 men] ms Q3 Q5; me Q3.
1151 encompass'd] in compass Q4.
1155 reproach's] Dyce (Capell MS.). reproaches Q3 Q2 Q7 Q6 Q7 re- reproaches Q6.
1157 pollution] pollution Q4.
1158 lose] Q3 Q6; lose The rest.
1159 swallow'd] Malone (Capell MS.). swallowed Qq.
1163 my soul] souls Qn.

1163—6 dearer,...divine?...nearer,....
Collatine?] Pointed as by Dyce
(1587). dearer?...divine?...nearer?...Colatine: Qq (substantially).
1166 for] from Sewell.
1167 Ay] Ah Malone.

peeled'] Lintott. pild Q6 pild
The rest. peld Gildon.
1169 bark] barked Qq. bars The rest.

peeled'] Lintott. pild Q6 pild
The rest. peld Gildon.
'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
    If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
    Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
    Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
    And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
    For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
    My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
    Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
    And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

'This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it:"
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously
  Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
  Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.  1225

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
  Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
  Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  1235
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
  Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
  And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
  No more than wax shall be accounted evil
  Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

1222 For why her...livery,) (For why, her...livery) Sewell. (For why? her...livery;) Malone.
1224 cloud-eclipsed] Hyphened in Q₂Q₄Q₆
  Q₂Q₄Q₆.
1229 eyne, enforced] eyne, enforce'd Q₂Q₄Q₆.
  eyn, enforce'd Q₂Q₄Q₆.
  eyen inforst, Q₂Q₄Q₆.
1231 salt-waved] Hyphened in Q₂Q₄Q₆
  Q₂Q₄Q₆.
1233 others'] other Q₂Q₄Q₆. others The rest.
1241 are they] they are Gildon.
1243 form'd] form' Q₂
  or skill] and skill Q₂.
1245 be] he Q₂.
Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords to blame
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?
By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen:
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.'
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:

Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.

So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,

Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her

From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

1298 eager] eager Q4.
1299 straight] Q1 Q2 still Q4 still The rest.
1300 curious-good] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
1302 Throng] Through Q5.
1306 love] Love Anon. MS. in Bodl. copy of Q5.

1310 tenour] Malone. tenor Q1 Q2 Q3 Q5.
1312 schedule] Q5 Q6 Codula Q1 Q2 schedule Q3 sedula The rest.
1314 thereof] therefore Gildon.
1316 stain'd excuse] strain'd excuse Sewell.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
    Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
    And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
    Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
    Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
    Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

1322 not] nor Q₆.
1329 sounds] floods Malone conj.
1331 seal'd] sealed Q₆ Q₇.
1334 sour-faced] sooth-fac'd Kinnear conj.
    hie] Q₇ Q₈. high The rest.
1335 fowls['] fowles Q₆ Q₇ fowles Q₃ Q₄ Q₅.
    souls Q₆ Q₇. souls Gildon.
    blast] blasts Q₁ (Sion Coll. Bodl. 1 and Bodl. 2).
1338 villain] villain Malone.

1341 And forth with] Q₇ Q₈. And forth-
    with The rest. For outward Sewell.
    hie] Q₆ Q₇ kye Q₈. lie Q₄ Q₅ Q₆.
    Aye Q₆ and Sewell.
1342 within] doth in Beale conj. (N. and Q. 1574).
    bosoms] bosome Q₆.
When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed but do it leisurely:

Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;

Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;

Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.
A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem’d a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter’d husband by the wife:
The red blood reek’d, to show the painter’s strife;
And dying eyes gleam’d forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces,
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher’d either’s heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax’ eyes blunt rage and rigour roll’d;

1374 lifeless] Gildon. lifeless Qq.
1375 dry] Qq, dry Qq Qo, drie The rest.
1376 the wife] a wife Qq Qo.
1380 pioneer] Qq Qo. Pyoner The rest.
pioneer Lintott and Gildon.
1383 thrust] thurst Qq.
1386 far-off] farre of Qq Qo. farr of Qq.
1387 quick bearing] Hyphened in Qq.
1388 Or Qq Qo.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.
For much imaginary work was there;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear  
Griped in an armed hand; himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield  
That through their light joy seemed to appear,  
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

1425 Grip'd] Grip'd Q₉, Grip't Q₁Q₇Q₁₀  
Gript Q₅, Grip't The rest.  
1429 And from] Upon Capell MS.  
strong-besieged] Hyphened by Severell (ed. 1).  
1431 Trojan] Q₉, Troian Q₁Q₇Q₁₀  
Trojan Q₁, Troians Q₅Q₉Q₁₀  
1435 heavy] braving Kinnear conj.  
1436 strand] Ewing. strond Q₉  
1444 stell'd] Gildon. steld Q₉. st'il'd  
Malone. spell'd Malone conj.
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many moe?'  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:  
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.
She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;  
    Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
    So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.  

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
    That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
    Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
    Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,  
    Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
   And little stars shot from their fixed places,
   When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still
   Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied
   That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look;'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
   And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,
   But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
   With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
   So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

1524  rich-built] Hyphened in Q₁Q₂.
       were] was Q₂.
1527  advisedly] advisedly Hudson, 1881
       (a misprint).
1529  Sinon's] Sinon Q₂.
1531  on him she] she on him Lintott.
1542  sober-sad] Hyphened by Malone
       (Capell MS.).
1544  Tarquin......beguiled] Tarquin;
       armed to beguild Capell MS.
       armed; so beguiled] Pointed as by
       Malone. armed so beguilde Gil-
       don. armed, so beguil'd Sewell.
       armed to beguild Q₁Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆Q₇
       armed to beguilde Q₆ armed; too
       beguil'd Collier.
1547  J] om. Q₂.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

‘Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes, To see those borrow’d tears that Sinon sheds! Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise? For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds: His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds; Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

‘Such devils steal effects from lightless hell; For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold, And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell; These contraries such unity do hold, Only to flatter fools and make them bold: So Priam’s trust false Sinon’s tears doth flatter, That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.’

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails, That patience is quite beaten from her breast. She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails, Comparing him to that unhappy guest Whose deed hath made herself herself detest: At last she smilingly with this gives o’er; ‘Fool, fool!’ quoth she, ‘his wounds will not be sore.’

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow, And time doth weary time with her complaining. She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps. 1575

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their doleour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger come back
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:

These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,

Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.
At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire;
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me moe woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.
For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy."

With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

1626 falchion] Malone. Fauchion Qq. 1644 Rome] Roome Q7Q8
1629 love] loves Q7Q8. 1648 forbade] forbod Q7Q8 forbad
'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessory yielding, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth.
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh

1660 here] heare Q2Q3
this] his Q2
1661 declined] declin'd Q1 inclin'd
The rest.
wretched] wreathed Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
1667 violent roaring] violent-roaring
Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
1671 recall'd in rage, being] recall'd,
the rage being Farmer conj.
1677 by] my Gildon.
slaketh] slacketh Gildon.
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes. 1680

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me 1685
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition 1695
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she, 1700
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of my offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
   The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
   And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
   'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame hereafter living
   By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
   She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
   That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest

1705 low-declined] Hyphened by Mal- 
1707 poison'd] Gildon. poysoned Qq. 
1710 her mind] Q_q, he mind Q_q, the mind The rest. 
1712 The] Her Hudson, 1881 (S.Walker 
1713 Off] Off Q_q. 

VOL. IX.
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. 275

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece's bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;

1752 deprived] deprived Q
1754 unlived] unliv'd Q
1755 derived] deriv'd Q
1760 fair fresh] fresh fair Dyce (1857).
    fair-fresh Staunton.
    old] cold Gildon.
1762 thy] Q, Q
    my The rest.
1763 of] Q, Q from Q, Q, Q, Q, Q, Q.
1765 last] Q, Q hast Q, Q, Q, Q, Q, Q, Q, Q.
    haste Gildon.
1766 they] Q, Q, thou The rest.
1768 faltering] Malone. faltring Gildon. faltring Sewell. foultring Q.
    alive] a lives Q, Q, Q.
1774 key-cold] clay-cold Sewell.

18—2
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begin to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband: 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife;
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd

1781 mad] Q1. made The rest.
1783 Begin] He's given Sewell.
1784 words, so thick come] words so thick, come Staunton.
1787 the name] Q4 Q5 his name The rest.
1788 blow] blew Q5.
1801 too...too] to...too Q4 Q5 to...to Q5.
1803 owed] ow'd Q5. own'd Lintott and Gildon.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.

He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part

1806 Answer'd] Answered Q₅Q₆Q₇Q₉.
1810 folly's] Malone (Caspell MS.). fol-
lies Q₆.
1812 silly-jeering] Hyphened by Ma-
lon. see silly-jeering Q₅Q₆Q₇ silly-jeering Q₈.
1829 relenting] lamenting Q₆Q₇Q₉.

silly-jeering Gildon.
1815 deep] the Q₅Q₆Q₇Q₉. true Sewell.
1822 wounds help] wounds heal S.
Walker conj. wounds salve Staun-
ton conj.
1829 relenting] lamenting Q₆Q₇Q₉.
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife!'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,

The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.
SONNETS.
TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
MC. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTURER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.
SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buryest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
   Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
   To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

1. 2 rose] Rose Q (in italics).
   might] may Gildon.
3 decease] decrease Hudson, 1681 (a misprint).
6 self-substantial] Hyphened by Se-

well.
12 churl] Ewing. chorle Q. churle
Gildon.
14 by the] be thy Steevens conj.
11. 4 tatter'd] Gildon. totter'd Q.
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
   This were to be new made when thou art old,
   And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, un bless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
   But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
   Die single, and thine image dies with thee.
IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty’s legacy?
Nature’s bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb’d with thee,
Which, used, lives th’ executor to be.

V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check’d with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o’ersnow’d and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer’s distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,

14 used] us’d Dyce (1833), reading with Malone.
  th’ executor] thy executor Malone
   (Capell MS.).
v. 1 hours] hovers Q.

7 Sap check’d] Hyphened in Steevens’s reprint of Q.
              leaves] lean’s Q.
8 bareness] barrenness Sewell (ed. 2).
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, ’fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
   So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
   Unlook’d on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear’st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
   Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
   Sings this to thee: ‘Thou single wilt prove none.’

7 beauty still, ] beauty, still Nicholson conj.
9 pitch] pitch Q.
   weary] very Q.
   car] care ed. 1640 and Gildon. car Lintott.
11 ’fore duteous] Ewing (Capell MS.).
   fore duteous Q. fore-duetous Sewell.
12 track] track Sewell (ed. 2).
14 Unlook’d] Gildon. Unlok’d Q.
VIII 1 hear] ear Malone conj.
   sadly?] Gildon. sadly, Q.
8 the parts that] a parts, with MS.
   bear] share Staunton conj. (Athen.
   10 in] on MS.
   sire] sier Q.
   sire and child] Childe, & Syer MS.
12 Who] With MS.
   one...do] this...doth MS.
14 ‘Thou...none’] Marked as a quotation first by Malone.
   wilt] shalt MS.
IX.
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.
For shame! deny that thou bearest love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

ix. 1 Is it] It is ed. 1640.
12 user] we'er Sewell.
13 toward] towards Gildon.

x. 1 shame! deny] Sewell. shame deny Q.
12 kind-hearted] kindhearted Sewell.
kind harted Q.
XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:

She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
SONNETS.

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifstis: dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;

13 scythe| sixth Q.
14 take| take Lintott.
13 dear| dears Q. dare ed. 1640.
14 but, love, you| Gildon. but love
xiii. 1 you Q.
xiv. 4 seasons' Malone. seasons Q.
7 Yourself| Your selfs ed. 1640. You
season's Dyce (1832).
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
    Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

   XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
    And all in war with Time for love of you,
    As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

5 minutes] mynuits Q.
6 Pointing] 'Pointing' Hudson, 1881
         (S. Walker conj.).
8 oft] ought Sewell (ed. 2).
10 And, constant stars, in] And (constant stars) in Malone. And constant stars in Q. And constant Stars; in Sewell.
10—12 art, As truth...convert] art As

'Truth...convert' Dowden.
14 Thy...date] 'Thy...date' Dowden.
xv. 3 stage] state Malone.
6 Cheared...even] Chear'd...e'n Sewell (ed. 2).
8 wear] Gildon. were Q.
10 you most] you,—most Nicholson conj.
SONNETS.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:

xvi. 7 bear your] bear you Lintott and Gildon.
9 lines] lives Malone conj. line Hudson (1881).
xvii. 2 fill'd] Gildon. fill'd Q.
. 7, 8 'This...faces.' Marked as a quotation first by Collier.
10 this...pen] this (Times pensel or my pupil pen) Q. this time's pencil, or my pupil pen, Hudson, 1881 (Massey conj.).
9 yellowed] Q. yellow'd Gildon.
12 metre] Gildon. miter Q.
12 antique] Q. antick Gildon.
SONNETS.

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'est;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:

14 twice, in it] twice;—in it, Malone. twice,—in it, Capell MS. twice in it, Q. twice in it, Lintott and Gil- don.

10 lose] Malone (Capell MS.). loose Q. 
10—12 ow'est......grow'st] ow'est...grow'est Q. ow'est...growest Malone.

3 jaws] Malone (Capell MS.). yaws Q.
4 long-lived] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
5 fleets'] Q. fleets Dyce.

19—2
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

xx.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

xxi.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea’s rich gems,
With April’s first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven’s air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother’s child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix’d in heaven’s air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee’s time’s furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

5 couplement] Malone (Capell MS.).
couplement Q. complement Gildon.
compliment Sewell (ed. 2).
6 sea’s] Ewing (Capell MS.). seas Q.
8, 12 air...air] ayre...ayer Q.
8 air in this] vault in his Staunton
conj. (Athen. 1874).
XXII. 3 furrows] Malone (Capell MS.).
furrows Q. furrows ed. 1640. sorrow Gildon.
4 expiate] expirate Hudson, 1881 (Steevens conj.).
9 therefore, love, be] Sewell. therefore
love be Q.
XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

XXIII. 2 put] but Lintott.
besides] beside Malone (Capell MS.).
strength's abundance] strengths abun-
dance Q. strength abundantance Gil-
don. strength abundant Sewell.
of] or Staunton conj. (Athen. 1874).
rite] Malone. right Q.
burthen] Burden Sewell.
books] Looks Sewell.
that more] that love Staunton conj.

(Athen. 1874).
14 with eyes] ed. 1640. wit eyes Q.
with] ed. 1640. wist Q.
xxiv. 1 stell'd] Dyce (Capell MS.).
stell'd, Q.
4 perspective it] perspective: it Wed-
more conj.
5, 6 you...your] thou...thy Nicholson
conj.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved
 Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:

9 good turns] good-turnes Q.
11 where-through] Q. where through ed. 1640.
xxv. 4 Unlook'd for] Unlook'd on or Un-
honour'd Staunton conj. (Ath. 1874).
9—11 famoused for fight......raised quite] for worth famoused...quite raised Stevens conj.
fight...quite] Malones(Theobald conj.).
worth...quite Q. worth...forth Theo-
bald conj. might...quite Capell MS.
xxvi. 3 ambassage] Q. embassage Ewing.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul’s thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
    Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
    Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.

    Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
    For thee and for myself no quiet find.

5 which] with Sewell.
6 thy] my Sewell.
11 tatter'd] Sewell (ed. 2). totter'd Q.
tatter'd Sewell (ed. 1). totter'd Capell MS.
12 thy] Malone (Capell MS.). their Q.
XXVII. 2 travel] Ewing (Capell MS.).

travaill Q. travailes ed. 1640.
2—4 tired...expired] Q. tir'd...espir'd
Malone (1790).
3 head,) Sewell. head Q.
5 from far] far from Malone conj.
10 thy] Malone (Capell MS.). their Q.
shadow] shaddoe Q.
SONNETS.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

'gild'st the even] guil'dst th' eaven Q.  *gild'st* the even Sewell.
13, 14 longer...strength seem stronger] Dyce, 1857 (Capell MS. and Collier conj.).  longer...length seems stronger Q. stronger......length seem longer  Anon. spud Malone conj.

XXVIII. 4 oppress'd['] Pointed as in Gildon.  *oppress* Q.
5 enemies to either's] Malone.  *enemies* to others Q.  *enemies* to others ed. 1640.
8 farther] further Hudson.
9 him thou art bright;] him, thou art bright Dowden and Hudson (1881).
11 swart-complexion'd] Hyphenated in Gildon.
12 twire not] Q.  *twire*, not ed. 1640.
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven’s gate;
For thy sweet love remember’d such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time’s waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death’s dateless night,
And weep afresh love’s long since cancell’d woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish’d sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o’er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love’s loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

XXXIX. 9 Yet] Yea Steunton conj. (Athen. 1873).
10—12 state, Like...earth.] Pointed as in Ewing. state—Like...earth,—
Capell MS. state (Like...arising)
From sullen earth Q.

12 earth’} earths Gildon.
13 remember’d] Malone. remember’d Q.
XXX. 4 time’s] Sewell. times Q. times’
Dyce (1832).
7 afresh] Sewell. a fresh Q.
8 sight] sigh Malone conj.
SONNETS.

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
   Their images I loved I view in thee,
   And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
   'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
   But since he died, and poets better prove,
   Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'
XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:

XXXIII. 4 alchemy] Dyce (1857). alc-
cumy Q. alchymy Evans.
6 ugly] Gildon. ougly Q.
8 west] rest Steevens conj.
this] his Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker
conj.).
10 all-triumphant] Hyphened by Dyce
(1857).

XXXIV. 4 thy] my Capell MS.
12 region] regent Bell (Anon. conj.).
14 stainath] staynath ed. 1640. staineth
Q.
10—12 loss...cross] Malone (Capell MS.).
losses...loses Q. cross...cross Ewing.
SONNETS.

The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
    Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
    And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
    That I an accessary needs must be
    To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.

12 bears the] bears Gildon. bearth Sewell.
13 sheds] Gildon. sheeds Q.
XXXV. 7 corrupting, salving] corrupt in salving Capell MS.
8 thy...thy] Malone (Capell MS.). their ...their Q.
    are] bear or share Staunton conj. (Athen. 1873).
9 thy sensual] my sensual Gildon.
    bring in] Hyphened by Hudson (1881).
    9, 10 sense—Thy...is] sense, Thy ad- verse party, as Dowden conj.
10 Thy...advocate] Put in a parenthesis by Malone.
14 sourly] sorely Gildon.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
   But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
   As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
   Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
   This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVI. 9 evermore]ever more S. Walker conj.
XXXVII. 7 thy] Malone (Capell MS.).
   their Q.
9 despised] despis'd Q.
SONNETS.

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave

XXXVIII. 2 breathe, that] Ewing. breath, that Sewell. breath that Q.
3 too] ed. 1640. to Q.
4 rehearse?] Ewing (Capell MS.). rehearse: Q.

5 aught] Malone. ought Q.

xxxix. 3 bring?] Gildon. bring; Q.
4 thee?] Lintott and Gildon. thee, Q.
6 lose] Gildon. loose Q.
7 give] Lintott. give: Q.
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
   And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
   Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
   Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;

12 dot\] Malone.  dost Q. do Capell
    MS.

XL. 7 thyself\] thy self Gildon. this
    selves Q.
11 yet, love knows, it] Knight. yet love
    knows it Q. yet love knows, it

Malone.

XLI. 1 pretty\] petty Bell.
2 sometime\] sometimes ed. 1640.
6 therefore\] and therefore Gildon.
6—8 assailed...prevailed\] Q. assail'd
   ...prevail'd Malone.
SONNETS.

And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

7 woos] Sewell. woos ed. 1640. woos Q.
8 she have] Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). he have Q. he has Ewing.

mightst my seat] mightst my seate Q. mightst, my sweet, Malone. mightst my state Delius conj.
XLII. 6 know] knowst Boswell.
9, 11 lose] Gildon. looses Q.
10 losing] Gildon. loosing Q.
XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone.
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.
The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.
Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.

12 attend] Lintott. attend, Q.
13 nought] Sewell. naught Gildon.
 naughts Q.
XLV. 4 present-absent] Hyphenated by
 Malone. present absent Q. present,
 absent, Sewell. present, absent
Massey conj.
8 oppress'd] press'd Capell.
9—11 recured...assured] Q. recur'd...
 assur'd Malone (1790).
12 thy] Malone (Capell MS.). their Q.
XLVI. 3, 8 thy] Malone (Capell MS.).
their Q.

20—2
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

9 'cide] Sewell (ed. 2).  side Q.
12 moiety] Gildon.  moyste Q.
13, 4 thine...thine] Malone (1790).  thy
...thy Malone, 1780 (Capell MS.).
their...their Q.
XLVII. 1 took] strook Capell MS.
9 thy picture or] the picture or Lintott.
the picture of Gildon.
10 are] Malone (Capell MS.).  are Q.
11 nor] ed. 1640.  nor Q.  no Capell
MS.  farther] further Hudson (1881).
SONNETS.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
   And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
   For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
   To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
   Since why to love I can allege no cause.

XLIX. 1 come] comes Ewing.
3 When as] Q. Whet;as Sewell (ed. 2).
4 Call'd] Could Q.
10 desert] Gillon. desert Q.
How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;

l. 4 'Thus...friend!'] Marked as a quotation first by Malone.
6 dully] ed. 1840. duly Q.
11 3 thence?] Gildon. thence, Q.
6 slow?] Gildon. slow, Q.
10 perfect'st] Dyce (1857). perfects Q.
11 neigh—no dull flesh—] neigh (no dull flesh) Malone. neigh no dull flesh Q. neigh to dull flesh, Malone conj. Staunton conjectures that neigh is corrupt. wait no dull flesh Bulloch conj. neigh, no dull flesh Dowden. need no dull flesh Kinnear conj.
SONNETS.

But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
   Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
   Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:

13 wilful-slow] Hyphened by Malone

8 carcanet] Malone. carcanet Q.

(1790).

11 special blest] Hyphened by Malone.

LII 4 fins] fair Ewing.
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer’s breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo’d and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear’d with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,

LIV. 8 masked Q. mask’d Ewing.
9 virtue only is] Q. vertue onely in
ed. 1640. vertue’s onely in Gildon.
10 unwoo’d] unwoo’d ed. 1640. un-
mov’d Gildon.
14 vade] Q. fade Gildon.
by] my Malone (Capell MS.).
LV. 1 monuments] Malone. monument
Q.
SONNETS.

Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
    So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
    You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
    Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
    Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

7 Mars his] Q. Marsis Sewell (ed. 2).
  Marsis Malone (1780).
7, 8 burn The] Gildon. burne: The Q.
  all-oblivious] Hyphened by Malone.
12 wear] wears Q. were ed. 1640.
LVI 3 to-day] Malone (Capell MS.).
  too dais Q.
  alay'd] Malone (Capell MS.). alaied Q.
4 sharpen'd] Malone. sharpened Q.
  to-day] Malone (Capell MS.). to day
  Lintott. too dais Q.
  To-morrow] Malone (Capell MS.).
    Too morrow Q.
  interim] Lintott. Intrim (in italics) Q.
  contracted new] Hyphened by Hudson (1881).
  see] Malone (Capell MS.). see: Q.
    conj. Else Palgrave (Anon. conj.).
LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison’d absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.

LVII. 5 world-without-end hour] Ewing (Capell MS.).
7 patience, tame to sufferance,] Ewing.
9 jealous] ed. 1640. Jealous Q.
13 will] Will Q. ‘Will’ Massey conj.
LVIII. 1 god] Dyce (1857). God Q.
5 patience tame, to sufferance Q.
7 patience tame to sufferance; Capell MS.
SONNETS.

Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
   I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
   Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
   O, sure I am, the wits of former days
   To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

10, 11 time To what] Q. time: Do
   what Malone.

LIX. 1 there] ed. 1640. their Q.
1, 2 is Hath] Gildon. is, Hath Q.
4 burthen] burden Ewing.
6 hundred] Gildon. hundredth Q.
8 mind] minde Q. mine ed. 1640.

character] ed. 1640. correcter Q.
11 we are] we're Hudson (1881).
or whether] Edd. (Globe ed.). or
   where Q. or whe're Malone (Capell
   MS.).

LX. 1 pebbled] Ewing. gibled Q.
   2 minutes] ed. 1640. minutes Q.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown’d,
Crooked eclipses ’gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty’s brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature’s truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send’st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

5 light.] Gildon. light. Q.
12 scythe] Ewing (Capell MS.). sieth
Q. sieth ed. 1640.
13 times in hope my] times in hope, my
Q. Times, in hope, my Sewell (ed.
2). time’s rebuke my Anon. conj.
Time’s washope my Fleay conj.
(Athen., 1874). Time’s own hour my

Bulloch conj.
LXI. 8 tenour] Malone (Capell MS.).
tenure Q.
14 off] Gildon. of Q.
all too near] all too near ed. 1640.
all to near Q. all-too-near Mal-}
lone.
SONNETS.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;

LXII. 7 for...do] for...so S. Walker conj.
so...do Hudson, 1881 (Lettecom conj.)
8 As I all] I do all Capell MS.
10 Beated] 'Bated Malone (1780).
Batter'd Malone conj. (withdrawn).
Blasted Steevens conj. Beaten Collier conj.
chopp'd] choppt Q. chopp'd Dyce.
tann'd] tan'd Q.
self love ed. 1640. selfs love Q.
LXIII. 1 Against] Ag hast, Bulloch conj.
2 crush'd] Gildon. chrusht Q. frush'd
Steevens conj.
3 fill'd] fild Q. fild Anon. conj.
5 travell'd] trave'ld Ewing (Capell MS.).
trausild Q.
stenpy night] sleepy night Hudson,
1881 (Malone conj. withdrawn).
steepy height Malone conj. (with-
drawn).
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
  His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
  And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raised,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
  This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-aways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

LXIV. 1—3 defaced...raised] defaced...
  down-raised] Hyphened by Malone.
  raised Q. defac'd...raised Gildon.
  defac'd...rast'd Sewell.
  2 rich-proud] Hyphened by Malone.
  10 confounded to] Malone. confounded,
  to Q.
  3 sometime] sometimes Gildon.
  14 lose] Ewing (Capell MS.). loose Q.
  LXV. 3 this] his Malone conj.
SONNETS.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

5 honey] Malone (Capell MS.). hungry
Q. hungry ed. 1640.
6 wreckful] Ewing. wreckfull Q.
10 chest] guest Theobald conj. theft
Orger conj.
11 back?] Malone. back, Q.
12 of] Malone. or Q. o'er Capell MS.
on Gildon.
LXVI. 2 born] born Staunton conj.
(Athen., 1874).

3 needy] empty or heavy Staunton
conj. (Athen., 1874).
8 disabled] dishabited Bayne conj. (N.
& Q., 1887). discomforted Anon.
conj. (N. & Q., 1887).
11 simple truth] Gildon. Hyphened in
Q.
12 captive good] Sewell. Hyphened in
Q.
SONNETS.

LXVII.
Ah, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.
Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXVII. 6 seeing] seeming Capell MS. and Farmer conj. essence Bulloch conj.
9 bankrupt] Gildon. banckrount Q. 10—12 veins?...gains.] Gildon. vaines
SONNETS.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;

LXIX. 3 that due] Malone (Capell MS. and Tyrwhitt conj.). that end Q. thy due Sewell (ed. 2).
8 farther] further Hudson (1881).
10 thy] their Anon. conj. MS.
11 churls, their] churls their Q. their churl Sewell (ed. 2).
13 why thy] why thy Sewell. why thy Capell MS.
14 The soil] Edd. (Capell MS. and Delius conj.). The solye Q. The soyle ed. 1640. The toil Gildon.
The sole Malone. The sole Steevens conj. The foil Caldecott conj. MS. Th' assoyl Anon. conj. See note (1).
dost] Gildon. does Q.
LXX. 1 art] ed. 1640. are Q. 6 Thy] Malone (Capell MS.). Their Q.
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.
LXXIV.
But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
  'The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.
So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;

   contented, when Sewell. contented
   when Q.
10 pray] ed. 1640. pray Q.
11 wretch's] Gildon. wretches Q.
12 Too] Gildon. To Q.  
   remembered] Sewell (ed. 1). remem-
   bred Q.

LXXV. 2 sweet-season'd] Hyphened by
   Malone.
   showers] Lintott. showers Q.
3 peace] price or sake Malone conj.
   price Staunton conj. (Athen., 1873).
8 better'd] better Isaac conj. (in Dow-
   den).
SONNETS.

Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
   Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
   For as the sun is daily new and old,
   So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind’s imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
SONNETS.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
    These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
    Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces grace be;
    But thou art all my art, and dost advance
    As high as learning my rude ignorance.

6 the] the ed. 1640.
10 blanks] Malone (Theobald conj. and Capell MS.). blanks Q.
11 deliver'd] delivered Q. delivered ed. 1640.
13, 14 These...book.] See note (iii).
13 so oft] so soft Malone, 1780 (a mis-
print).
14 thy book] my book Capell MS.
LXXVIII. 3 alien] Alien Q (in italics).
6 fly] flue Q (Bridgewater Library).
7 learned's] Gildon. learned Q.
learnedst Anon. conj.
10 born] Gildon. borne Q.
LXXIX.
Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.
O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;

9 word] Sewell. word, Q. word. ed. 1640.
10 behaviour;] Malone. behaviour, Q.

LXXX. 6 humble] humblest Anon. conj.
7 saucy] Gildon. savie Q.
9 afloat] a-float Sewell. a-float Q.
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
    Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
    Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
    You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
    Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
    Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;

11 wreck'd] Sewell (ed. 2). wrackt Q. 
boat] boate ed. 1640. bote Q.
LXXXI. 1, 2 Or I shall...make,...rotten;]
    Or shall I...make?...rotten? Gildon.
1 Or] Whe're Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
SONNETS.

And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
   And their gross painting might be better used
   Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
   There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
   Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXII. 3 time-bettering] Hyphened by Gildon. time's bettering Capell MS.
     7 too] Gildon. to Q.
12 true plain] true-plain Dyce, ed. 2
   (S. Walker conj.).
   true-telling] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).
LXXXIII. 2 your fair] you fair Sewell.
     8 what] that Malone conj. which
       Massey conj. (withdrawn).
     9 for] of ed. 1640.
    10 being] thinking or praising Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
    13 There] Their Malone, 1780 and 1790 (a misprint).
LXXXIV.
Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.
My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well refined pen.
SONNETS.

Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
    Then others for the breath of words respect,
    Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirite taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
    But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
    Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

LXXXVI. 1 proud full[proundfull Sewell.
2 all too precious] (all to precious) Q.
        (all-too-precious) Gildon. (all-too-
        precious) Ewing. all-too-precious
        Dyce.
3 did] bid ed. 1830.
        inhearse] inhears Q.
7 compeers] Gildon. compiers Q.
9 affable familiar] affable-familiar S.
        Walker conj.
11 victors, of] Sewell (ed. 2). victors of
        Q.
SONNETS.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
    Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
    In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
    Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
    That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:

LXXXVII. 5 granting? Malone. granting, Q.
LXXXVIII. 1 disposed] disposed ed. 1640. dispose Q.
SONNETS.

Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;

And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

LXXXIX. 7 disgrace;...will.] Pointed as by Gildon. disgrace,...wil, Q.
9 walks;...tongue] Pointed as by Malone. walks and...tongue, Q. walkes,
...tongue, Lintott.
10 sweet beloved] Hyphened by Malone.

xc. 4 after-loss] Hyphened by Sewell.
6 conquer'd] conquerd Q. conquered ed. 1640.
woe] foe: Palgrave conj.
11 shall] ed. 1640. stall Q.
XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

xci. 2 body's] Malone (Capell MS.).
      bodies Q. bodies Dyce (ed. 2).
   4 horse] horses Hudson (1881).
xci. 9 is better] ed. 1640. is bitter Q.
xcii. 3, 8 thy] my ed. 1640.
SONNETS.

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
   How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
   If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;

13 what's] Lintott and Gildon. what Q.
blessed-fair] Hyphenated by Malone.
blot] Gildon. blot Q.
14 false] false Q.
not] not: Malone.
xciii. 3 alter'd new] alter'd-new Malone.
5 there] Gildon. their Q.
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
   For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
   Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
   Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
   The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;

11 base] foul Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
12 base,] barest S. Walker conj.
10 choose] choose ed. 1640. choose Sewell (ed. 2).
11 praise, ... name, Q. dispraise; ... praise.
    ... name, Sewell.
7, 8 dispraise but...praise; ... name]
     Pointed as by Malone. dispraise, ...
12 turn] Sewell. turns Q.
14 lose] Gildon. loose Q.
SONNETS.

Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
   But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
   As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;

   Q. translate? Capell MS.
11 mightst] Lintott. might Q.
12 state?] Malone. state? Q.
13 year?] Gildon. years? Q.
3 seen?] Dyce. seen? Q.
4 where?] Malone. where? Q.
5 The] And Capell MS. Then Isaac conj. (in Dowden).

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SONNETS.

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCVIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

5 dyed] dy'd Gildon. died Q.
7 marjoram] Sewell. marioram Q.
9 One] Sewell. Our Q.
15 sweet] scent S. Walker conj. colour] ed. 1640. cutler Q.
c. 4 light] Gildon. light. Q.
8 gives] Q. give ed. 1640.
9 resty] restive Malone.
10 have] hath Gildon.
14 prevent'st] Gildon. prevent Q.
   scythe] Ewing (Capell MS.). scythe
   Sewell. sixth Q. sixhe ed. 1640.

22—2
O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd.'
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
SONNETS.

But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,

11 burthens] burdens Sewell.
bough] Gildon. bow Q.
12 lose] Gildon. loose Q.
cih. 10 well\] Lintott and Gildon.
well, Q.
13 sit\] sit Delius conj.

civ. 1 friend\] Q. love ed. 1640.
3, 4 winters...summers\] Malone (Cappell MS.).
winters...summers Q.
winters...summers Dyce (1857).
5 autumn\] Autumnes Q (in italics).
autumnes Anon. conj.
SONNETS.

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
    For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
    Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
    'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
    Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
SONNETS.

Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty’s best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express’d
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look’d but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
   For we, which now behold these present days,
   Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leash of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I’ll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o’er dull and speechless tribes:
   And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
   When tyrants’ crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What’s in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What’s new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?

CVII. 12 skil] Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.)
   and Capell MS.).
   stil Q.
CVII. 11 rhyme] rime Q.
   time Lintott.
CVIII. 2 spirit] Gildon. spirit, Q.
   3 new...new] Malone. new...now Q.
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,

5 sweet boy] Q. sweet-love ed. 1640.  CIX. 11 stain'd] strain'd Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
8 hallowed] Q. hallow'd Gildon.
10 injury] injuries ed. 1640.
SONNETS.

Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These bleaches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
    Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
    Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXL.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
    Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
    Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

Ascance Q. 10 grind] grin'de Q.
8 essays] essies Q. essies ed. 1640. cxl. 1 with] Gildon. wish Q.
9 have what] save what Malone (Tyr.
whitt conj.). 2 harmful] harmeloses ed. 1640.
end:] Malone. end, Q.
9 renew'd] renu'de Q. 10 eisel] Eysell Q.
14 Even] E'en Sewell.
CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:

CXII. 4 o'er-green] o'er-skeen Sewell.
o'er-grieve Steevens conj.
5 all the world, and] all-the-world,
and Malone. all, the world and
Gildon.
8, 10 sense] sense' Dyce (1857).
8 8 or changes] o'er changes Malone conj.
so changes Knight conj.
changes] charges Anon. conj. (in
Palgrave).
9 abyss] Abyss Q (in italics).
11 critic] crysticck Q.

CXIII. 6 bird, of] birds, or ed. 1640.
lack Q.
14 besides methinks are] Malone, 1780
(Capell MS. and Steevens conj.).
besides me thinks y' are Q. besides
me, thinks I'm Sewell. besides you
thinks me Malone conj. (withdrawn).
besides, methinks, is Steevens conj.
(withdrawn). besides methinks they
are Malone (1790). besides methinks
they 're Dyce (1857).
SONNETS.

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed' st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
   Incapable of more, replete with you,
   My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

OXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'growing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
   If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
   That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

10 sweet favour] sweet-favor Q. sweet-
favour'd Delius conj.
12 crow] ed. 1640. Cres Q.
13 more, replete] more, repeat Gildon.
  more repeat, Q.
14 My] Thy Malone conj., reading the
  rest of the line with Q.
  maketh mine untrue] Q. makes mine
  eye untrue Capell MS. and Malone
  conj. maketh my eyne untrue Collier
  conj. maketh mine eye untrue Lett-
som conj. maketh mind untrue
  Anon. conj. (in Tylor).
  cxiv. 3 saith] seeth Anon. conj.
  4 alchemy,] Dyce. alchamy ? Ewing.
  alchemy, Malone (1780). Alcumief
  Q (in italics). Alcumie ed. 1640.
  8 assemble] Gildon. assemble: Q.
  10 kindly] Q. kindly ed. 1640.
  11 'growing] Gildon. growing Q.
CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million’d accidents
Creep in ’twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp’st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time’s tyranny,
Might I not then say ‘Now I love you best,’
When I was certain o’er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth’s unknown, although his height be taken.
Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass come;

cxv. 2 Eva[n] Even Sewell.
3 then] when Lintott.
5 million’d] million’d Q. million Gildon.
10 ‘Now... best,’ ] Printed as a quotation first by Malone.
12 rest?] Gildon. rest: Q.
14 grow?] Gildon. grow. Q.
18 worth’s] north’s S. Walker conj.
orb’s Kinnear conj.
height] higth Q.
SONNETS.

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Where to all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;

13, 14 proved...loved Q. prov'd...lovd
Ewing.

CXVII. 5 been] Lintott. binne Q.
6 time] them Staunton conj. (Athen.,
1874).
dear-purchased] Hyphened by Sewell
(ed. 1).
7 sail] sails Sewell (ed. 2).

9 errors] Q. errour ed. 1640.
10 surmise accumulate] Malone. sur-
mise, accumulate Q. surmise, Accumu-
late Sewell.
12 waken'd] Malone. wakened Q.

CXVIII. 1 as, to make our] as you make
your Sewell (ed. 2).
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.
What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this maddening fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.
CXX.

That you were once unkind befriended me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:

6 you 've] y' have Q. you have Malone (Capell MS.).
7 tyrant] truant Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
8 suffer'd] Sewell (ed. 2). suffered Q.
9 our] sour Staunton conj.
11 soon] shame Staunton conj.
12 bosom] bosom Malone (1780).
13 that... becomes] let... become Massey conj.
13 fee ;] Malone (Capell MS.). fee, Q.
cxxi. 1 vile esteem'd] Q. vile esteem'd Gildon. vile- esteem'd Staunton and Delius (S. Walker conj.).
3 pleasure] pleasure's Sewell.
4, 5 others] Malone (Capell MS.). others Q.

For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
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.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
   To keep an adjunct to remember thee
   Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might

5 falseadulterate] Hyphened by Staunton (S. Walker conj.).
11, 12 bevel; By Ewing. bevel By Q. bevel, By Gildon.
12, 13 shown; Unless] Sewell. shown, Unless Gildon. shown Valesse Q.
cxxii. 1 Thy] Thy Q.
2 lasting] a lasting Gildon.
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.  
No, it was builded far from accident;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thralled discontent,  
Whereeto the inviting time our fashion calls:  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.

7 born] Gildon. borne Q.  
10 past,] Q. past; Sewell.  
11 dotth] do Malone (1790).  
14 scythe] Ewing. syeth Q. sithe ed.  
1640. scithe Sewell.  
8 our fashion] or fashion Capell MS.  
9 heretic] Heretickes Q (in italics).  
10 short-number'd] Hyphened by Mal- 
one. short numbred Q.  
12 growes] dries Capell MS. grows  
Steevens conj.  

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SONNETS.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;

13 fools] Gildon. fooles ed. 1640. foles Q.
cxxv. 1—4 Were't......me......ruining?]
 Where it ought to be,......ruining. Sewell
 (ed. 2).
1 aught] Malone. ought Q.
2 the] thy or thee Staunton conj.
 (Athen., 1874).
3, 4 bases...prove] Sewell (ed. 2). bases
 ...proves Q. basis...proves Anon.
 conj.
7 compound sweet forgoing] Pointed as by Malone. compound sweet;
 Forgoing Q. compound-sweet, for- going Gildon.

7, 8 savour,...spent?] Malone. savour,
 ...spent. Q. savour;...spent/ Sewell.
8 gazing] gaining Staunton conj.
 (Athen., 1873).
11 seconds] seasonings Bulloch conj.
 See note (iv).
13 informer] Informer Q (in italics).
cxxvi. 2 Dost] Malone (Capell MS.).
 Dost Q.
 fickle] tickle Kinnear conj.
 sickle, hour] sickle, hour Q. fickle
 hour Lintott. sickle-hour Hudson,
 1881 (S. Walker conj.). fickle mower
 Bulloch conj. fickle hour Kinnear
 conj. See note (v).
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

4 lovers] lover's Delius conj.
7 skill] Lintott. skill, Q.
8 wretched] wasteful Kinnear conj.
   minute] Malone. minutus Capell
   MS. mynuit Q.
11, 12 audite...quietus] Audite...Quietus
   Q (in italics). See note (vi).

CXXVII. 2 were] ed. 1640. were Q.
6 false borrow'd] Hyphened by Malone.
7 bower] ed. 1640. bour i Q. hour

Malone.
8 if not lives] if not, lives Sewell (ed. 2).
9 mistress] Sewell. Mistress Q.
   9, 10 eyes...eyes] Q. eyes...hairs Capell
   MS. hairs...eyes Hudson, 1881 (S.
   Walker and Delius conj.). brows...
   eyes Edd., Globe ed. (Staunton and
   Brae conj.). eyes...brows Staunton
   conj. hairs...brows Kinnear conj.
10 and] that Gildon. as Dyce (1857).

23—2
CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
    Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
    Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:

CXXVIII. 1 my] thy ed. 1640.
music play'st] musick-play'st Sewell,
ed. 2 (reading thy).
4 wiry] wity Gildon. witty Sewell.
8 thee] the Lintott.

CXXIX. 3 bloody, full] Lintott and Gil-
don. bloudby full Q.
7 swallowed] ed. 1640. swallowed Q.
swallow'd Ewing.
SONNETS.

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips’ red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask’d, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;

9 Mad] Gildon. Made Q.
10 quest to have, extreme] Malone (Capell MS.). quest, to have extreme Q.
11 proved, a very] prov’d a very Sewell (ed. 1). prov’d, a very Malone (Capell MS.). proved and very Q. prov’d, and very Gildon.
14 heaven] haven ed. 1640.

5 damask’d, red and] damask, red, and Gildon.
CXXXI. 1 art as...so as] Q. art a...so as ed. 1640. art as...yes so Gildon.
so as] yes so Gildon.
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
          In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
          And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well besee my heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

3 dear doting] dear-doting Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
9, 10 swear, A] Pointed as by Gildon.
     No stop in Q.
  CXXXII. 2 heart torments] ed. 1640.

heart torment Q. heart, torment Malone. See note (vii).
6 the east] Sewell. th' East Q.
9 mourning] Gildon. morning Q.
12 like] 'like Allen conj.
CXXXIII.
Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
   And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
   Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.
So, now I have confess’d that he is thine
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I’ll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put’st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
   Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
   He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
   Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
   Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.

12 love] Gildon. loose Q.
14 am I] I am ed. 1640.
cxxxv. 1 'Will'] See note (viii).
2 to] Sewell. too Q.
6—8 thine f...shine f] Gildon. thine,
   ...shine; Q.
13 no unkind, no] no unkind 'No'
   Dowden conj.
   kill] skill Rossetti conj.
cxxxvi. 4 love-suit, sweet,] Pointed as
   by Malone. love-suit (sweet) Capell
   MS. love-suit sweet Q.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

6 Ay, fill] Malone (Capell MS.). I fill Q.
12 nothing me] Hyphenated by Gildon.
something sweet] something, sweet,
Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
cxxxvii. 2 see?] Gildon. see: Q.
11, 12 not, To] Sewell. not To Q.
12 face?] Malone (Capell MS.). face, Q.
13 right true] right-true, Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
13, 14 erred...transferred] Q. err'd... transarrayd Gildon.
CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor’d youth,
Unlearned in the world’s false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress’d.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love’s best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter’d be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need’st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o’er-press’d defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;

CXXXVIII. See note (ix).
4 subtilities] forgeries ed. 1640.
7 false-speaking] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).
12 to have] Passionate Pilgrim and

Malone (Capell MS.). t’have Q.
cxxxix. 10 mine] Q. my ed. 1640.
SONNETS.

And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
    Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad.
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
    That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
   Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
   That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou loveth those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
   If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
   By self-example mayst thou be denied!
SONNETS.

CXLIII.
Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'许 thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.
Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLIII. 1 housewife] Ewing. huswife Q.
2 feather'd] Gildon. fethered Q.
cxliv. See note (ix).
2 suggest] ed. 1640. sugiest Q.
6 side] Passionate Pilgrim and Malone
(Capell MS.). sight Q.
9 fiend] Malone (Capell MS.). fiends
Q. fiend Passionate Pilgrim.
CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
........... these rebel powers that thee array,
SONNETS.

Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant’s loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there’s no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen’s are,
At random from the truth vainly express’d;

4 so costly gay] in costly gay ed. 1640. in costly clay Sewell.
6 fading] faded Sewell.
7 inheritors] in heritors ed. 1640.
10 thy store] Q. my store Lintott.
See note (x).
CXLVII. 4 uncertain sickly] Hyphened by Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell MS.).
7, 8 approve Desire] approve, Desire ed. 1640. approoue. Desire Q. approve; Desire Gildon.
11 madmen’s] Ewing. mad mens Q.
SONNETS.

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
   Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
   O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
   Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?

CXLVIII. 2 sight?] Gildon. sight, Q.
7 love] that Hudson, 1881 (Lett som conj.).
8 all] om. Sewell.
   all men's: no,] all men: no, Q. all men's: no. S. Walker conj. all men's 'No.' Edd., Globe ed. (Lett som conj.), taking eye as a pun on 'Ay.'
13 Love?] Love, Gildon. love, Q. love!

Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
CXLIX. 2 partake?] Sewell. partake: Q.
4 Am] All Sewell.
   all tyrant,] Malone. all tyrant Q.
   all, tyrant, Sewell. all tyrant Ma lone conj.
5 hateth thee] hateth thou Gildon.
   hateth thou Sewell.
   friend?] Sewell (ed. 2). friend, Q.
6 upon?] Sewell. upon, Q.
SONNETS.

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?

O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLII.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:

12 eyes] Ewing. eyes. Q.
13 love.] lous Q. Love, Gildon.
cl. 2 sway?] Gildon. sway, Q.

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For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

7, 8 may Triumph] Lintott. may, Triumph Q.
8 farther] further Hudson (1881).

prize, proud Q. this] his S. Walker conj.
13 call] Sewell. call, Q. CLII. 6 twenty?] Gildon. twenty: Q.
13 ] Sewell. eye Q.
SONNETS.

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.

CLIII. 5 this] his Sewell.
6 dateless lively] dateless-lively Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
8 strange] ed. 1640. strang Q.
9—11 new-fired...desired] new fired... desired Q. new-fir'd...desir'd Malone (1790).
11 withal] with all Q. with all ed. 1640.
bath] See note (xii).
12 thither] Gildon. thether Q.
sad distemper'd] sad distempered ed. 1640. Hyphenated by Delius.
14 eyes] ed. 1640. eye Q.
8 virgin hand] Hyphenated by Ewing.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
   Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
   Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.
NOTES.

NOTE I.

LXIX. 14. As the verb ‘to soil’ is not uncommon in old English, meaning ‘to solve,’ as, for example: ‘This question could not one of theim all soile’ (Udal’s Erasmus, Lute, fol. 154 b), so the substantive ‘soil’ may be used in the sense of ‘solution.’ The play upon words thus suggested is in the author’s manner.

NOTE II.

LXX. 6. The conjecture of Malone’s correspondent ‘O.’ (probably Capell) is given differently in his two editions: ‘wood oftyme’ (1780) and ‘wood of time’ (1790).

NOTE III.

LXXVII. 13, 14. In place of the two concluding lines of this Sonnet, Ewing’s edition, by a strange error, gives the final couplet of Sonnet CVIII:

‘Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would shew it dead.’

NOTE IV.

CXXV. 11. Mr Dyce in his edition of 1832 suggests that ‘seconds’ is a misprint.

NOTE V.

CXXVI. 2. Capell in his copy of Lintott’s edition has corrected ‘hower’ to ‘hoar,’ leaving ‘fickle.’ Doubtless he intended to read ‘sickle hoar.’

NOTE VI.

CXXVI. 12. After the last line an omission of two lines is marked in the Quarto by two pairs of parentheses.
NOTE VII.

cxxxii. 2. Mr Collier attributes this emendation, "torments" for "torment," to a correspondent of his, Mr J. O'Connell. It is found in the edition of 1640, and in those of Sewell and Ewing. The same correction was made by Capell in his copy of Lintott's edition.

NOTE VIII.

cxxxv. In Sonnets cxxxv., cxxxvi., and cxxliii., we have printed 'Will' wherever Will (in italics) is found in the original edition.

Mr Massey says: "The lady's Will is a personification of her wilfulness; the speaker's 'Will' is his name." The latter he marks by inverted commas, thus: in Sonnet cxxxv., my 'will' (line 6), my 'will' (line 8), One 'will' (line 12), and one ('Will' line 14); in Sonnet cxxxvi., thy 'will' (line 2), my 'Will' (line 4), and 'Will' (line 14). He also prints 'rich' (line 11 of the former Sonnet) in capital letters, supposing this and other Sonnets to be addressed by William Lord Herbert to Lady Rich.

In line 13 of Sonnet xvii., which he classes in the same series, he prints 'Will' as a proper name.

NOTE IX.

cxxxviii. The edition of 1640 has this Sonnet in the form in which it appears in the Passionate Pilgrim. The same may be said of Sonnet cxxxiv.

NOTE X.

cxlvii. 10. Malone says that the original copy and all the subsequent impressions read 'my' instead of 'thy.' The copies of the edition of 1609 in the Bodleian, one of which belonged to Malone himself, in the Bridgewater Library, and in the Capell collection, as well as Steevens's reprint, have 'thy.'

NOTE XI.

clxiii. 11. Steevens supposes that 'bath' should be printed 'Bath,' as being a proper name. In the original Quarto it is printed 'bath.'
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of scar'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceived characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;

3 to attend] Malone. t' attend Q. 12 scythed] Ewing. sithed Q.
   double] doble Q. 14 lattice] Sewell (ed. 2). lattice Q.
sad-tuned] Hyphened by Sewell. 18 season'd] Gildon. seasoned Q.
7 world] worlds Sewell. sorrow's wind] Sewell (ed. 2). sor-
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  20
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend  25
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.  35

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall  40
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

20 shrieking pl shrieking Q.
23 to the pl to these ed. 1640.
24 Sometimes pl Sometimes Gildon.
26 gases pl ed. 1640. gasses Q.
  lend pl tend Anon. conj. (N. & Q., 1884).
28 commix'd pl commixt ed. 1640. comm-
  mixt Q.
31 shov'd pl shov'd Sewell (ed. 1). shov'd Q.
  shov'd ed. 1640. shov'd Sewell.  (ed. 2).
33 threaden pl Gildon. threden Q.
37 amber, crystal pl amber, christall ed.
  1640. amber christall Q.
  beaded pl Sewell. beded Gildon.
  beded Q.
39 weeping margent pl margent weeping
  Malone conj.
40 usury pl ed. 1640. very Q.
41 monarch's pl Ewing. monarchs Q.
  monarchs' Malone (Capell MS.).
  let pl let Sewell.
42 cries pl cruves Malone conj.
  some pl Printed in italics by Malone.
A LOVER’S COMPLAINT.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh’d, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack’d many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn’d in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal’d to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss’d, and often ’gan to tear;
Cried ‘O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem’d more black and damned here!’
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied

43 schedules] Gildon. schedules Q.
44 flood] flood Q.
47 moe] mo Q. more Sewell (ed. 2).
51 ’gan to tear] Malone. gave to tears
    Q. gave a tear Gildon.
53 thou] Q. him ed. 1640.
54 here] ed. 1640. hears Q.
56 discontent so] Gildon. discontent so Q.
57—60 nigh—...flew—] ny,...flew, Q.
58—60 sometime...hours,] Put in a parenthesis by Malone.
60 swiftest hours, observed] swift hours, unobserved Capell MS.
64 grained] greyned Q.
68 aught] Malone. ought Q.
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear: 95
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,

95 were] weare ed. 1640. were Q.
96 show'd] sho'd Sewell. sheved Q.
98 were] were Gildon.
99 more] most Lintott and Gildon.
100 maiden-tongued] Hyphened by Sewell.
102 of] of ed. 1640.
103 breathe] Sewell. breath Q.
106—109 say,...makes/] Sewell. No
112 his manage] his mannag'd, Q. his mannag'd, ed. 1640. his, manag'd Sewell (ed. 2).
113 this] his Malone conj. and Capell MS.
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:
'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.

O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!

142 mistress] mistress Dyce (ed. 2).
144 fee-simple, not in part.] fee simple, not in part, Gildon. fee simple (not in part) Q. fee simple not (in part)
ed. 1640.
145 a-while] Evans. a-while Sewell (ed. 1).
146, advice] ed. 1640. advise Q.
149 To be] Or be Capell MS.
150 forbid] Q. forbid ed. 1640.
151 my ed. 1640.
153 sweets that seem] Sweets, that seem
Gildon. sweets that seemes Q. sweet that seems Capell MS.
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

"'For further I could say "This man's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart."

"'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

""All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains
By how much of me their reproach contains.

""Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

""Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the en crimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

""And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality.

""The diamond, why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend

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With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon’d, smiled or made some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow’d with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.
""But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

""O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

""How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:

239 labour is't] Gildon. labour is't Q. labourist Lintott.
240 have] love Hudson, 1881 (Barron Field conj.).
244 the flight] her flight Steevens conj.
250 Religion's] religious Lintott.
251, 252 immured...procured] Gildon. enur'd...procure Q. inur'd...procure'd ed. 1640. in mure...procure Capell MS.
252 now, to tempt all,] Malone. now to tempt all Q. now to tempt, all Gildon.

25—2
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

""My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

""When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

""Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;

260 nun] Dyce, 1857 (Capell MS. and Malone conj.). Sunne Q.
I dieted Q. and dieted Malone.
See note.
262 they to assail] they t' assail Q. I the assail Malone (1780).
265 sting] string Capell MS. strength Kinnear conj.
268 Of] Or Capell MS.
270 kindred, fame ed. 1640. kindred fame Q.
271 Love's arms are peace,] Love's arms are proof Hudson, 1881 (Capell MS. and Malone conj.). Love aims at peace, Steevens conj. Love arms our peace Dyce conj. Love charms our peace Lettsom conj. Love's ardour speaks Bulloch conj. Love's shaft can pierce Kinnear conj. Love aims a piece Orson conj.
272 And] Yet Steevens conj.
pangs] pungues Q. pang ed. 1640.
275 bleeding] beading Lintott.
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extintence hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!'
NOTE.

261. Malone in his edition of 1780, quotes the reading of the Quarto in this line as 'I dieted,' and in his edition of 1790 as 'I died.' The Bridgewater Quarto, and that from which Capell supplemented in manuscript his own imperfect copy, read 'I dieted.' Both the copies in the Bodleian have the same reading.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor’d youth,
Unskilful in the world’s false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love’s ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love’s best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I’ll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother’d be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour’d ill.

1. See Sonnet CXXVIII.  
7 false-speaking] Hyphened by Delius.  
11 soothing] smoothing Gildon.  
II. See Sonnet CXLIV.  
4 spirit] ed. 1612.  spirites ed. 1599.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn’d fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another’s hell:
   The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
   Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain’d cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
   If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
   To break an oath, to win a paradise?

III. See Love’s Labour’s Lost, iv. 3. 56—69.
2 could not M. cannot Malone, 1780 (from
Love’s Labour’s Lost).
3 perjury = perjurie: edd. 1599, 1612.

10, 11 that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale] which on my earth dost
shine, Exhal’est Malone, 1780 (from
Love’s Labour’s Lost).
IV.
Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

V.
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:

iv. 5 ear] Mal. ears edd. 1599, 1612.
8 soft still] soft, still ed. 1612.
10 figured] sugard Collier conj.
12 jest] ed. 1640. jest edd. 1599, 1612.
v. See Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2.
100—113.
1 swear] swore ed. 1599 and Lintott.
swore ed. 1612.
2—4 vowed...bowed] vow'd...bow'd Gildon.
6 lives] lives ed. 1640.
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.

He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
The Passionate Pilgrim.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;

7—9 joined...coined] Collier. join'd...
coined Gildon. join'd...coined Sewell.
11 midst] ed. 1640. midst edd. 1599, 1612.
13, 14 burn'd...burn'd] Malone (1790).
burnt edd. 1599, 1612.
13 flameth] flaming Sewell (ed. 1).
14 out-burneth] Hyphenated by Malone
(1790). out burning Sewell.
a-turning] Hyphenated by Dyce
(1857).

VIII. 1 See note (1).
7 Spenser] Spencer ed. 1612.
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
  One god is god of both, as poets feign;
  One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
  'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,'
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
  She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
  Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
‘Even thus,’ quoth she, ‘the warlike god embraced me,’
And then she clipp’d Adonis in her arms;
‘Even thus,’ quoth she, ‘the warlike god unlaced me,’
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
‘Even thus,’ quoth she, ‘he seized on my lips,’
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;

9, 9 left'st] Malone. lefts edd. 1599, 1612. left's Ewing.

xi. 1 Venus, with young] Venus and yong Griffin. Venus with ed. 1599, 1612. Fair Venus with Malone (Farmer conj.). Venus with coy Anon. conj. MS. (in Bodleian copy

of 1612).

4 so fell she] Griffin. she fell edd. 1599, 1612.

5 warlike] wanton Griffin.

6 clipp’d] clasp’d Griffin.

9—14 See note (9).


xii. 1—12 Crabbed......long.] Twelve lines in edd. 1599, 1612. Twenty in Malone.
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport, age’s breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;  
O, my love, my love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay’st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;  
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;  
A flower that dies when first it ’gins to bud;  
A brittle glass that’s broken presently:  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,  
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
As flowers dead lie wither’d on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,

12 stay’s[t] Ewing. stayst Sewell. stays edd. 1599, 1612. stays Lintott.  
XIII. 1, 5 doubtful] fleeting Anon. MS.  
(Gent. Mag. xx. 521). See note (iii).  
2 vadeth] fadeth Gildon.  
3 first...bud] almost in the bud Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).  
4 that’s broken] that’s broken Lintott.  
 that breaketh Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).  
6, 8 vaded faded Gildon.  
7 And...found] As goods, when lost, are wondrous seldom found Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).  
8—10 will refresh...redress] can extis ...units Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).  
9 dead lie wither’d] when dead, are trampled Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).  
wither’d] Malone. withered edd. 1599, 1612.  
So beauty blemish'd once's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV.'

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descent on the doubts of my decay.

'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow:'
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:

'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

11 once's for ever] Edd. (Globe ed.).
   once, for ever edd. 1599, 1612. once,
   for ever's Gildon. once, is ever Anon.
   MS. (Gent. Mag.).
12 pains] pains Anon. MS. (Gent.
   Mag.).
14. 1 rest. Malone. rest, edd. 1599,
   1612. rest; Sewell (ed. 2).
2 bade] Ewing. bad edd. 1599, 1612.
   1599, 1612.
   cabin] Boswell. cabbit Ewing. cab-
   ben edd. 1599, 1612.
   care] care ed. 1612.
6 Fare well] Farewel Lintott and Gil-
   don.
8 construe] Ewing. conster edd. 1599,
   1612.
9, 10 'T may be] edd. 1599, 1612. It
   may be Gildon. May be Malone
   (1780).
11 a word] As in Malone. Put in a
   parenthesis in edd. 1599, 1612.
15. 2 charge] change Delius conj.
3 cite] Sewell (ed. 2). scite edd. 1599,
   1612.
3, 4 rest. Not...eyes.] Malone. rest,
   Not...ees. edd. 1599, 1612.
26—2
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace and solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

[XVI.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair' st that eye could see,
    Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight, 5
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
    Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain, 10
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
    Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay; 15
    For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
    Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind 5
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
    Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
    But, alas! my hand hath sworn

3 Till...see.] Two lines in ed. 1612.
4 a-turning] Hyphened by Dyce (1857).
5 Long...fight.] Two lines in ed. 1612.
9 refused] refuse'd Ewing.
11 For...disdain:] Two lines, the first ending was, in ed. 1612.
15 Then, lullaby.] Then lullaby edd. 1599, 1612.
XVII. See Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3.
97—118.
7 lover.] Sheepheard England's Heli- con.
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not;
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!

12 thorn] Malone (from England's Heli-
con). throne edd. 1599, 1612.
14 sweet.] sweet. Do not call it sin in
me, That I am forewarn for thee;
Malone (from Love's Labour's Lost).
15 Jove] or 'n Jove Gildon.
XVIII. Printed as by Malone. As three
stanzas of twelve lines each in the
older editions.
5 Love's denying] Malone. Love is
dying edd. 1599, 1612. Love is
denyng England's Helicon.
6 Faith's] Gildon. Faithes ed. 1599,
For now I see
Inconstancy
   More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
   Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
   Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal:
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
   In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
   Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

18 women] women ed. 1599.
   men remain] many men to be Weelkes's Madrigals.
21 Love hath forlorn me] Love forlorn I Steevens conj.
27 can] will Weelkes's Madrigals.
28 weather's] weather's Gildon. weathers edd. 1599, 1612. wethers' Malone.
29 curtal] curtaile edd. 1599, 1612.
30 not at all] not all ed. 1612.
31, 32 My sighs...Procure to] Malone, 1790 (Weelkes's Madrigals). With sighes...procurys to edd. 1599, 1612. With sighs...procurys to England's Helicon. With sighs...Poor curs do Malone conj. (withdrawn).
34 How] His Malone conj.
34 heartless] heartless Malone, 1790 (Weelkes's Madrigals).
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:

Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.
When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
   And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight:
   Take counsel of some wiser head,

Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
   But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;

xix. 1 When as] Whenas Sewell (ed. 2). When ye MS.
shouldst] wouldst Malone (1790) and MS.
4 fancy, partial wight:] Edd. (Capell MS. and Malone conj. withdrawn).
5 wiser] other MS. quoted by Collier.
6 too young] unwise MS. quoted by Collier.
unwed] unwyde MS.
8 Smooth] Whett MS.
a halt] one hault MS.
12 thy...self] Malone, 1790 (from a MS. copy). her...sale edd. 1599, 1612. her...sell Steevens conj. person] body Anon. MS. quoted by Collier.
13—24 What...then.] Transferred by Malone (1790) from a MS. copy to follow line 36.
14 calm ere] calme ere ed. 1640. calme yer edd. 1599, 1612. calm e'er Gildon. clear ere Malone, 1790 (from his MS.).
15 then...will] she perhaps will some MS.
16 thus] she MS.
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say;

‘Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.’

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady’s ear:

The strongest castle, tower and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:

When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
   Have you not heard it said full oft,
   A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
   Were kisses all the joys in bed,
   One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song:
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
   Yet will she blush, here be it said,
   To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX.]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove

39 that...lurk] and means to worke MS.
41 if] that MS.
42 nought?] Sewell. nought. edd. 1599, 1612.
43—46 Think...attaint.] See note (iv).
44 saint:] saint? Doggett conj.
45 by holy?] be holy Collier. by th' holy!
or by holy? Doggett conj.
49 But, soft?] Now hae MS.
   soft! enough?] soft; enough Malone.
   soft enough edd. 1599, 1612.
50 Lest that...song:] Least that...song; Sewell (Lest ed. 2). Least that...song, edd. 1599, 1612. For if...song, Malone (1790), from his MS.
   my] this MS. 51 She will] She'll Malone (1780).
   round me on th' ear] Gildon. round me on th' ear ed. 1599. round me on th' ear ed. 1612. ring mine ear Malone (1790). round me i' th' ear Malone (1780). wring mine ear Boswell conj. warm my ear Collier, from a MS. copy. ring my ear Delius. ringe my eare MS.
52 will] would MS.
54 so] thus MS.
[XX.] See Merry Wives of Windsor, III. 1. 15, &c.
2 pleasures] pleasure Gildon.
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

**LOVE'S ANSWER.**

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

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3, 4 dales and fields......mountains yields] dales and fields...mountaines yields ed. 1640. dales and fields...mountaines yield edd. 1599, 1612. hills and fields...mountaines yields England's Helicon. dales and field......mountains yield Gildon. dales and fields...mountain yields Collier.
6 And see] Seeing England's Helicon.
7 by] to Collier, from England's Helicon and Merry Wives of Windsor.

7, 8 falls...madrigals.] falt...Madrigals. ed. 1599. tales...Madrigals. ed. 1612. falls......Madrigals. Lintott.
9 a bed][ beds England's Helicon and Gildon.
11 kirtle] girdle Gildon.

[XXI.] See note (t).
2 month] moneth ed. 1640.
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And th'ere sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her grieves so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
‘Pity but he were a king;’
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn’d on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

42 ‘Pity...king;’] Marked as a quotation first by Malone.
43—46 If he...commandment:] Omitted in Pepysian MS.
44 him they] ed. 1612. him, they ed. 1599.
45 have as] edd. 1599, 1612. have him as Sewell.
46 commandment] commandment ed. 1599. commandment ed. 1612.
56 doth] ed. 1640. doeth edd. 1599, 1612. doeth Collier.
NOTES.

Note I.

viii. 1. This sonnet is printed by Barnfield among the ‘Poems: in divers humors’ with the following heading: ‘To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie.’ There are no variations except in spelling and punctuation. Number [xxi] occurs in the same collection.

Note II.

xi. 9—14. Instead of these six lines, the following are printed in Griffin’s Fidessa:

‘But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beatuous Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!’

Note III.

xiii. A second copy of this poem ‘from a corrected Manuscript’ appeared in the Gentleman’s Magazine, xxx. 39. The readings are the same as those of the other copy quoted in the notes, except that in line 1 it has ‘a fleeting’ for ‘and fleeting,’ and in line 8 ‘fading’ for ‘faded.’

Note IV.

xix. 43—46. Malone, quoting from a M.S. copy in the possession of Mr Lysons, reads in his edition of 1790:

‘Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint.’

We have printed the text of the old copies.

Dyce (ed. 2) reads with Malone in the third line, and in the rest follows the old copies.
In Halliwell's Folio Shakespeare, vol. 16, a facsimile is given of a MS. copy, which is apparently the same as that quoted by Malone. The readings from this are referred to in the notes as 'MS.'

Note V.

[xx.] 12. Here the edition of 1640 inserts from England's Helicon the following lines:

'A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Faire lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.'

After the next stanza the same edition gives from the same source the following:

'The Shepheards Swaines shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy minde may move,
Then live with me and be my love.'

In the different versions of this song found in England's Helicon, and Walton's Complete Angler, edd. 1 and 2, there are many minor variations recorded by Mr Dyce in his edition of Marlowe, Vol. iii. pp. 299, 300. It probably, as Walton says, was written by Marlowe. In England's Helicon, Love's answer is called 'The Nymphs reply to the Shepheard,' and is in six quatrains, the whole of which are given in the edition of 1640.
THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever’s end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather’d king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
’Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.
Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

21 commence:} commence:— Malone.  
27 division none] but in none ed. 1640.  
31 the turtle] thy turtle ed. 1640.  
34 right] light Malone conj.  
37—40 appalled...called] appall'd...  
39 nature's double] Malone. nature  
43 either neither] Hyphened by Malone.
THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
A pleasant conceited Comedie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of VVindsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Syr Hugh, Maister Page, [ACT I. SCENE I.] and Slender.

Shal. Ere talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it. The Counsell shall know it. (mee.

Pag. Nay good maister Shallow be perswaded by Slen. Nay surely my vnkle shall not put it vp so.

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons M. Slenders?

You should heare reasons.

Shal. Tho be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.

M. Page I will not be wronged. For you Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

Pa. And here my hand, and if my daughter Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly hauie it a match: In the meane time let me intrest you to soiourne Here a while. And on my life Ile vnertake To make you friends.

Sir Hu. I pray you M. Shalowes let it be so.

* The matter is pud to arbitarments.
The first man is M. Page, videliest M. Page.
The second is my selfe, videliest my selfe. (tyr.
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

Enter Syr John Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Nim.

Here is sir John himselfe now, looke you.

Fal. Now M. Shallow, youle complaine of me to the Counsell, I heare! 

Nota. The asterisk * marks the beginning of a page in the original.

6 Slenders] Slender Qr. 14 have it] have't Qr. 18 Shalowes] Shallow Qr. 19 pud] put Qr. 22 And] om. Qr.
Sir John, sir John, you have hurt my keeper,
Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.
Faul. But not kissed your keepers daughter.
Shal. Well this shall be answered.
Faul. Ile answer it strait. I have done all this.
This is now answered.
Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.
Faul. Twere better for you twere knowne in
Youle be laught at. (counsell
Sir Hu. Good vrdes sir John, good vrdes.
Faul. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.
Slender I brake your head,
What matter have you against mee?
Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and
your cogging companions, Pistoll and Nym. They
carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunken,
and afterward picked my pocket.
Faul. What say you to this Pistoll, did you picke
Maister Slenders purse Pistoll?
Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire
shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill
sixpences.
*Faul. What say you to this Pistoll?
Pist. Sir John, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.
Slen. By this light it was he then.
Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.
Faul. You heare these matters denide gentlemé,
You heare it.

Enter Mistresse Foord, Mistresse Page, and her
daughter Anne.

Pa. No more now,
I thinks it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.
Faul. Mistresse Foord, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not.

Syr Iohn kisses her.

Mis. Ford. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the
Mistresse. But my husbands name is Foord sir.
Faul. I shall desire your more acquaintance.
The like of you good misteris Page.

Mis. Pa. With all my hart sir John.

Come husband will you goe?

Dinner staies for vs.

Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

Exit all, but Slender and mistress Anne.

*Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me?

What would you with me?

Slent. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncele can tell you how my living stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You say well M. Slender.

But first you must give me leave to

Be acquainted with your humor,

And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slent. Why by God, there's neuer a man in chri-
stendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse Anne, your dogs barke so?

An. I cannot tell M. Slender, I thinke there be.

Slent. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

An. Yes trust me.

Slent. Now that's meate and drinke to me,

Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the mussels,

You neuer saw the like.

But indeed I cannot blame you,

For they are maruellous rough things.

Anne. Will you goe in to dinner M. Slender?

The meate staies for you.

Slent. No faith not I. I thanke you,

I cannot abide the small of hot meate

Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came

By my troth. A Fence and I plaid three venice

For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward

Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

*Enter Maister Page.


Slent. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

86 your] y' are Q3 (and elsewhere).

426  A pleasant Comedie, of

Pa.  You shall not choose I say.
Slen.  Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God misteris Anne, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.
Anne.  Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Hugh and Simple, from dinner.

Sir Hu.  Hark you Simple, pray you beare this letter
to Doctor Cayus house, the French Doctor.  He is
twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house
for one mistry Quickly, his woman, or his try nurse;
and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister
Slender.  Looke you, will you do it now?
Sim.  I warrant you Sir.
Sir Hu.  Pray you do, I must not be absent at the
grace.

I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter,
Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.

Fal.  Mine Host of the Garter.
*Host.  What sees my bully Rooke?
Speake schollerly and wisely.
Fal.  Mine Host, I must turne away some of my
followers.
Host.  Discard bully, Hercules cassaire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.
Fal.  I sit at ten pound a weeke.
Host.  Thou art an Emperour Cesar, Phesseer and
Kesar bully.
Ile entertaine Bardolfe.  He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully Hector?
Fal.  Do good mine Host.
Host.  I haue spoke.  Let him follow.  Bardolfe
Let me see thee froth, and lyme.  I am at
A word.  Follow, follow.

Exit Host.

Fal.  Do Bardolfe, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:
Follow him Bardolfe.

Bar.  I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good
shift to liue.

Exit Bardolfe.
SCENE III.]

the merry wive of windsor.

Pis. O base gongarian wight, wilt thou the spic- 
est willd ?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And therses the 
humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the 
heeles.

Pis. Why then let cybes insue.

Nym. I thankes thee for that humor.

*Fal. Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder 
Boy.

His stealth was too open, his filching was like 
An vnaskifull singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steale at a minutes 
rest.

Pis. Tis so indeed Nym, thou hast hit it right.

Fal. Wel, afore God, I must cheat, I must cony-
catch.

Which of you knowes Foord of this Towne ?

Pis. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what 
I am about.

Pis. Two yards and more.

Fal. No gibes now Pistoll: indeed I am two yards 
In the wast, but now I am about no wast:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make louse to Foords wife,
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she 
Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be constured rightly is, I am 
Syr John Falstaffes.

Pis. He hath studied her well, out of honestie 
Into English.

Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule 
Of her husbands purse. She hath legiens of angels.

Pis. As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy say I.

Fal. Heres a Letter to her. Heres another to 
misteris Page.

*Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined 
my exteriors with such a greedy intentió, with the 
beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would 
a scorched me vp like a burning glasse. Here is ano-
other Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They 
shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to 
them both. They shall be my East and West Indies,
and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to mistresse Foord. And thou this to mistresse Page. Weele thrive Lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of Troy become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theeres the humor of it.

Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
Hence slanes, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffs will learn the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.

Exit Falstaffs,
and the Boy.

Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are
humors of reuenge.

Pis. Wilt thou reuenge?
Nym. By Welkin and her Fairies.
Pis. By wit, or sword?

Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this louse to Page. Ile poses him with Iallowes,
*And theeres the humor of it.

Pis. And I to Foord will likewise tell
How Falstaffe varlet vilde,
Woulds haue her louse, his done would proue,
And eke his bed desile.

Nym. Let vs about it then. (on.
Pis. Ile second thee: sir Corporall Nym troope

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistress Quickly, and Simple.

Quic. M. Slender is your Masters name say you?
Sim. I indeed that is his name.
Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.
Quic. Kane colour, you say well.
And is this Letter from sir Yon, about Misteris An,
Is it not?
Sim. I indeed is it.

72 were] weare Q3.
96 Let vs] Let's Q3.
SCENE IV. [ the merry wifes of windsor. 429

Quic. So: and your Maister would haue me as it twere to speake to misteris Anne concerning him:
I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse Anne himselfe. And if he should know that I should as they say, give my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so:
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my
Or else it would be but a woe house. (hands,

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,

\*Is very painful.

Quic. Are you auised of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paiue all, all goo through my hands,
And he is such a honest man, and he should chance
To come home and finde a man here, we should
Have no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord besse me, who knocks there?
For Gods sake step into the Counting-house,
While I goo see whose at doore.

He steps into the Counting-house.

What John Rugby, John,
Are you come home sir alreadie?

And she opens the doore.

Doc. I begar I be forget my oynment,
VVhere be John Rugby?

Enter John.

Rug. Here sir, do you call?

Doc. I you be John Rugby, and you be Jack Rugby
Goe run vp met your bedles, and bring away
De oynment in de vindoe present:
Make hast John Rugby. O I am almost forget
My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house:
O Ieshu vat be here, a dewella, a dewella?
My Repier John Rugby, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-house?
I tink you be a teeche.

Quic. Ieshu' blesse me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord sir no: I am no theepe,

19, 26 and] if Q2. 29 who] hoe Q2. 33 whose] who's Q2.
A pleasant Comedie, of

I am a Servuingman:
*My name is John Simple, I brought a Letter sir
From my M. Slender, about misteris Anne Page
Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

Doc. I begar is dat all! John Rugby giue a ma pen
An Inck: tarche vn petit tarche a little.

The Doctor writes.

Sim. O God what a furios man is this?
Quic. Nay it is well he is no worse:
I am glad he is so quiet.

Doc. Here giue dat same to sir Hu, it ber ve chalage
Begar tell him I will cut his nase, will you?

Sim. I sir, Ile tell him so.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier John Rugby, follow

Exit Doctor.

Quic. VWell my friend, I cannot tarry, tell your
Maister Ile doo what I can for him,
And so farewell.

Sim. Mary will I, I am glad I am got hence.

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Page, reading of
a Letter.

[Mistresse Page]

(Misz. Pa) Mistresse Page I loue you. Ask me no
Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire,
And I am fat. Yon loue sack, so do I:
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue,
So I know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes
A souldier doth not vse many words, where a
A letter may serve for a sentence. I loue you,
And so I leave you.

Yours Syr John Falstaffe.

*Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised?
I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man see in me, that thus he shoots
at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I shoule scarcely perswade my selfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreasonable woollack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gane such assurance with my cies, Ide pul
them out, they should neuer see more holie daies.
Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for

ii. r. 5 grant] grant. Halliwell.
10 methomorphised] metaphorphosed Qe.
15 twice] but twice Qe.
SCENE I.  

the merry wives of windsor.

his sake. O God that I knew how to be revenged of him. But in good time, here’s mistresse Foord.

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Miss For. How now Mistris Page, are you reading Louse Letters? How do you woman?

Miss Pa. O woman I am I know not what:
In louse vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case in my life.

Miss Ford. In louse, now in the name of God with whom?

Miss Pa. With one that sweares he louses me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie lookes on that Letter.

Miss For. Ile match your letter just with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of mistres Page, and mistres Foord disagrees:
Do me the kindness to looke vpon this.

Miss Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villain!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be revenged what so ere we do.

Miss For. Reuenged, if we line weel be revenged.
*O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifsith this would euyn glue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

Miss Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine’s as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst:
Beware, take heed, for Falstaffe louses thy wife:
When Pistoll lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He woos both yong and old, both rich and
None comes amisa. I say he louses thy wife: (poore
Faire warning did I glue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare;
Page believe him what he sees. Away sir Corporall

Exit Pistoll:  (Nym.

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he louses your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:
I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is Nym.
Farwell, I louse not the humor of bread and cheese:
And there’s the humor of it.  Exit Nym.

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you:

85 kindness] kindness Halliwell.  56 ha] hause Q2.
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

*Mis. Pa.* How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

*Pa.* How now man? How do you mistris Ford?

*Mis. For.* Well I thanks you good M. Page.

How now husband, how chaunce thou art so melancholy?

*Ford.* Melancholy, I am not melancholy.

Goe get you in, goe.

*Mis. For.* God saue me, see who yonder is:

*Weele set her a workes in this businesse.*

*Mis. Pa.* O sheele seerue excellent.

Now you come to see my daughter An I am sure.

Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.


*Mis. For.* I follow you Mistresse Page.

Exit Mistresse Ford, Mis. Page, and Quickly.

*For.* M. Page did you heare what these fellowes

*Pa.* Yes M. Ford, what of that sir? (said?)

*For.* Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?

*Pa.* No by my troth do I not,

I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,

Such as rather speakes of enuie,

Then of any certaine they haue

Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps

He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men

Are: But should he love my wife,

Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:

And what he got more of her,

Then ill looke, and shrowd words,

Why let me beare the penaltie of it.

*For.* Nay I do not mistrust my wife,

Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,

A man may be too confident.

Enter Host and Shallow.

*Pa.* Here comes my ramping host of the garter,

Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,

That he lookee so merily. Now mine Host?

*Host.* God bless you my bully rookees, God bless

Camerers justice I say. (you.

*Shal.* At hand mine host, at hand. M. Ford god den

God den an twentie good M. Page. (to you.

*I tell you air we haue sport in hand.

---

65 melancholy[Q] melancholy. Halliwell. 72 I am] Ime Qe. 73 that is] that's Qe.
81 speaks] speakes Qe. 82 certaine] certainty Qe. 98 to you] te Qe.
SCENE I.  the merry wives of windsor.

Host. Tell him cauillira Iustice: tell him bully

Ford. Mine Host a the garter:  (rooke.

Host. What see my bully rooke?

Ford. A word with you sir.

Ford and the Host talkes.

Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport

Doctor Cauus and sir Hu are to fight,  (shall be,

My merrie Host hath had the measuring

Of their weapons, and hath  (eare:

Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your

Host: Hast thou no shute against my knight,

My guest, my cauillira:

For. None I protest: But tell him my name

Is Brooks, onlie for a Iest.

Host: My hand bully: Thou shalt

Haue egres and regres, and thy

Name shall be Brooks: Sed I well bully Hector?

Shal. I tell you what M. Page, I beleue

The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on:

For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,

And Church men, yet we are

The sonnes of women M. Page:

Pa: True maister Shallow:

Shal: It will be found so maister Pages:

Pa. Maister Shallow, you your selfe

Haue bene a great fighter;

Tho now a man of peace:

Shal: M. Page, I haue scene the day that yong

Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,

I haue made them trudge Maister Page,

A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I

*Haue scene the day, with my two hand sword

I would a made you foure tall Fencers

Scipped like Rattes.

Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

Exit Host and Shallow.

Pa. Come M. Ford, shall we to dinner?

I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For. No in good sadnesse not in mine:

Yet for all this Ile try it further,

I will not leaue it so:

Come M. Page, shall we to dinner?


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A pleasant Comedie, of

Pa. With all my hart sir, Ie follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll.

Fal. Ie not lend thee a peny.

Pis. I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: I haue beene content you shuld lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow Nym, else you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. I am damned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good soldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistrisse Briget lost the handle of her Fan, I tooked on my ho-thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif- teene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue, reason.

Doest thou thinketh Ie indanger my soule gratis? In briefe, hang no more about mee, I am no gybit for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner *of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable baseness thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, leaving the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch. And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

Pis. I do recant: what wouldest thou more of man?

Fal. Well, gotoo, away, no more.

Enter Mistressse Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den sir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not so ant like your worship.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother

The first houre I was borne. (was

Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne household.

Quic. Are they so? Now God blesses them, and make them his seruants.

Syr I come from Mistressse Foord.

3 beene] bin Q₃. 6 a] have Q₃. 9 mistrissse] mistrisses Halliwell.
10 ho:] honesty Q₃. 17 A] I Halliwell.
SCENE II.]  the merry wiues of windsor.  435

Fal.  So from Mistresse Foord.  Goe on.

Qui.  I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter,  (dit.
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her cre-
Fal.  Well, come Misteres Ford, Misteres Ford.

Qui.  I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

Fal.  Nay pretty be briefe my good she Mercury.

Qui.  Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between
eight and nine.

*Fal.  So betweene eight and nine:  (birding,
Qui.  I forsooth, for then her husband goes a
Fal.  Well commend me to thy mistria, tel her
I will not faile her:  Boy giue her my purses.

Qui.  Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From misteres Page :

Fal.  From misteres Page?  I prettie what of her?

Qui.  By my troth I think you work by Inchant-
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo:  (ments,

Fal.  Not I, I assure thee:  setting the attraction of my
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments :

Qui.  Well sir, she loues you extremely :
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leave to do all :
For he is not halfe so isalousie as M. Ford is.  (Ford,

Fal.  But harke thee, hath misteres Page & mistris
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?

Qui.  O God no sir:  there were a iest indeed.

Fal.  Well farwel, commend me to misteres Ford,
I will not faile her say.

Qui.  God be with your worship.

Enter Bardolfo.

Bar.  Sir heer's a Gentleman,
One M. Brookes, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

Fal.  M. Brookes, hees welcome:  Bid him come vp.

Such Brookes are alwaies welcome to me :
A Jack, will thy old bodie yet hold out ?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer?  Good bodie I thanke thee,
And I ha make more of thee then I ha done :

48 let me] I Qr.  

stands upon] that stands on Qr.  

58 they could] could they Qr.  

64 isalousie] isalous Qr.  

78 bodie] booty Qr.  

79 ha] have Qr.  

28—2
*Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue I caught you a the hip? go too.

Enter Foord disguised like Brooke.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. And you too, would you speak with me?

Fal. Mary would I sir, I am somewhat holde to

My name is Brooke.

Fal. Good M. Brooke your verie welcome.

For. Ipfaith sir I am a gentleman and a traueller,

That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard

That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.

Fal. Mony is a good soouldier sir, and will on.

For. Ipfaith sir, and I have a bag here,

Would you woud helpe me to beare it.

Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserve

To be your porter.

For. That may you easilly sir John: I haue an ear-

Sute to you. But good sir John when I haue (nest

Told you my grieafe, cast one eie of your owne

Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be

Such an offender.

Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.

For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one Fords wife

Of this Towne. Now sir John you are a gentleman

Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,

A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.

Fal. O good sir. (loue

For. Nay beleue it sir John, for tis time. Now my

Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue

I shall hardly live.

Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means?

Ford. No neuer Sir.

*Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue then?

Ford. Ipfaith sir, like a faire house set vpon

Another mans foundation. (me?

Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to

For. O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you

For she sir stands so pure in the firme state (all:

Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detectio, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice

Tearmes that sheele stand vpon.
SCENE II.] *the merry wives of windsor.*

Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie of your affection, (joy! That another should possesse what you would en-
Meethinks you prescribe verie proposterously
To your selfe.

For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be cer-
taine of that which I now misdoubt.

Fal. Wel M. Brooks, I se first make bold with your
Next, give me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,
And you will, enjoy Fords wife.

For. O good sir.

Fal. M. Brooks, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no mony Sir John, you shall want

Fal. Want no Misters Ford M. Brooks, (none.

You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokses mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. Brooks, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Jealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how
I speed M. Brooks.

*Ford. Sir do you know Ford? (him not,

Fal. Hang him poore cuckoldly knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckoldly knaue hath legions of angels,

Ford. Meethinkes sir it were good that you
For, that you might shun him. (knew

Fal. Hang him cuckoldly knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. Brooks thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. Brooks
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night.

*Exit Falstaffe.*

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this!

My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:

*Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my*

131 And] If Q3. 125 proposterously] preposterously Q3.
Aguaniuia bottle, Sir Hu our person with my cheese,
A theefe to walke my ambling gelding, the my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breakes her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my jealouse:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an nonre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

Exit Ford.

*Enter the Doctor and his man.*

**Doc.** John Rugbie goe looke met your eies ore de
And spie and you can see de parson.  (stall,
**Rug.** Sir I cannot toll whether he be there or no,
But I see a great many comming.

**Doc.** Bully moy, mon rapier John Rugbie, begar
Hearing be not so dea as I shall make him.  de

*Enter Shalow, Page, my Host, and Slender.*

**Pa.** God saue you M. Doctor Cayus.
**Shal.** How do you M. Doctor?  (thee,
**Host.** God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse
**Doc.** Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a? 
**Host.** Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to
see thee tramere, to see thee here, to see thee there,
to see thee passe the punto.  The stock, the reuercse,
the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes?
Is a dead my Ethiopian?  Ha what see my gallon?
my escuclapis?  Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

**Doc.** Begar de preest be a coward Jack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.

**Host.** Thou art a castallian king vrinall.

**Hector of Greece my boy.**

**Shal.** He hath shouen himselfe the wiser man
M. Doctor:

Sir Hugh is a Parson, and you a Phisition.  You must
Goee with me M. Doctor.

**Host.** Pardon bully Justice.  A word monsire
**Doc.** Mockwater, vat me dat?  (mockwater.
**Host.** That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,
vallor.

*Doc.** Begar den I haue as mockwater as de Inglish
lack dog, knaue.

2 de] the Qr. 7 my Host.] Host, Qr 26 we] be Qr
SCENE III. \[ the merry wiuues of windsor. \]

*Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

  Doc. Claperclawa, vat be dat?

  *Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

  Doc. Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me de,

And Ile prouke him to do it, or let him wag:

And moreover bully, but M. Page and M. Shallow,
And eke cauellira Slender, go you all ouer the fields
to Frogmore?

  Pa. Sir Hugh is there, is hee?

  *Host. He is there: goe see what humor hee is in,

Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields:

Will it do well?

  Shal. We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor.

  Exit all but the Host and Doctor.

  Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,

He is make a foole of moy.

  *Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,

Throw cold water on your collor, com go with me
Through the fields to Frogmore, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris An Page is a feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried game: sed I wel bully

  Doc. Begar excellent vel: and if you speak pour
moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentlemé
mon patinces. I begar I sall.

  *Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary

To misteris An Page: Sed I well!

  Doc. I begar excellent.

  *Host. Let vs wag then.

  Doc. Alon, alon, alon.

  Exit omnes.

*Enter Syr Hugh and Simple. \[Act III. Sc. 1.\]

(sepie

Sir Hu. I pray you do so much as see if you can
Doctor Cayus comming, and glue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.

Sim. I will Sir.

Sir Hu. Jeshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in Babylon,
To shallow riuers and to falles,

49 a feasting feasting Q3. 52 gesse] guests Q3 (and elsewhere).
50 bully bully. Q3. 58 patinces] patients Q3.
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

_Sim._ Sir here is M. Page, and M. Shalow, (sword,)
Comming hither as fast as they can.

_Sir Hu._ Then it is verie necessary I put vp my
Pray give me my owne too, marke you.

_Enter Page, shalow, and Slender._

_pa._ God saue you Sir Hugh.
_shal._ God saue you M. parson. (now.
_sir hu._ God plesse you all from his mercies sake
_pa._ What the word and the sword, doth that
agree well?

_sir hu._ There is reasons and causes in all things,
I warrant you now.

_pa._ Well sir Hugh, we are come to crave
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

_sir hu._ What is I pray you?
_pa._ Faith tis this sir Hugh. There is an auncient
friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes
*with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily
grieue to see him. Now Sir Hugh, you are a scholler
well red, and verie perswasiue, we would intreate
you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

_sir hu._ I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.
_pa._ I am shure you know him, tis Doctor Cayus.

_sir hu._ I had as leese you should tel me of a messe
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of pordege,
And he is a coward beside.

_pa._ Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

_Enter Doctor and the Host, they
 offer to fight.

_shal._ Keep them aounder, take away their wea-
_host._ Disarme, let them question. (pons.
_shal._ Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack
our English.

_doc._ Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de Jack, coward preest.

_sir hu._ Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes
to other mens humora. By Ieshu I will knock your
vrimalls about your knaues cockoomes, for missing
your meetings and appointmentes.

_doc._ O Ieshu mine host of de garter, John Rogoby,
Hauue I not met him at de place he make apoint,
Hauue I not?

26 is] is it Qr. 34 I am] Ime Qr. 48 cockoomes] coxcomb Qr.
SCENE II.]  the merry wive of windsor.

Sir Hu.  So kyd vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Host of the garter.  (place,
   Host.  Peace I say gawle and gawlie, French and
Soule curer, and bodie curer.  (Welch,
   Doc.  This be verie braue, excellant.
   Host.  Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,
   *Am I wise? am I pollitick? am I Matchaul?
   Shall I lose my doctor?  No, he giues me the motios
   And the potions.  Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu?
   No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
   Giue me thy hand terestiall,
   So giue me thy hand celestiall:
   So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
   I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skines are whole,
   Bardofy laie their swords to pawns.  Follow me lads
   Of peace, follow me.  Ha, ra, la.  Follow.  Exit Host.
   Shal.  Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.
   Doc.  I begar haue you mocka may thus?
   I will be suen met you my Iack Host.
   Sir Hu.  Giue me your hand Doctor Cayus
   We be all friends:
But for mine hosts foolish knauary, let me alone.
   Doc.  I dat be vell begar I be friends. (Exit omnes.
   Enter M. Foord.
   For.  The time drawes on he shuld come to my
Well wife, you had best worke closely,  (house,
   Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
   And in good time see where they all are come.
   Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor,
   and sir Hugh.
By my faith a knot well met:  your welcome all.
   For.  Welcome good M. Page,
I would your daughter were here.
   Pa.  I thank you sir, she is very well at home.
   Slen.  Father Page I hope I haue your consent
   For Misteris Anne?
*Pa.  You haue sonne Slender, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maister Doctor.
   Doc.  Begar I tanck her hartily:
   Host.  But what say you to yong Maister Fenton?
He capers, he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles

70 let vs] let's Q3.  ii. 4 guesse that comes] guesse that come Q4.
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betnes he wil carita.

Pa. My host not with my consent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her simply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me
M. Page, and so shall you sir Hugh, and you Maister
Doctor.

S. Hu If there be one in the company, I shal make
Doc. And dere be ven to, I sall make de tird:
Sir Hu, In your teeth for shame,
Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the
Wooing at Maister Pages:

Exit Shallow and Slender,

Host Ile to my honest knight sir John Falstaffe,
And drinke Canary with him. Exit host.

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
First come gentlemen. Exit omnes. (wine,

Enter Mistress Ford, with two of her men, and

a great buck bucket.

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to bestow it?

Ser. I warrant you misteris. Exit servant.

*Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir John,
I beleue I shall serue you such a trick,
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter Sir John.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. I haue liued long enough,
This is the happie hour I haue desired to see,
Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.

Mis. For. Why how then sir John?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.

Mis. For. Alas sir John, I should be a verie simple
Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate
the Diamond.

And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire velocet,

30 to] two Qs.
Or anie Venetian attire, I see it. (better.

Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir John, would fit me

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so:
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too

I loue thee:

Mistris Ford, I cannot cug, I cannot prate, like one
Of these fellowes that smels like Bucklers-berie,
In simple time, but I loue thee,
And none but thee.

Mis. For. Sir John, I am afraid you loue misteris

Fal. I thou mightest as well saie (Page.
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
Which is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

* Enter Mistresse Page.

Mis. Pa. Mistresse Ford, Mis. Ford, where are you?
Mis. For. O Lord step aside good sir John.

Falstaff stands behind the aras.
How now Misteris Page whates the matter?

Mis. Pa. Why your husband woman is coming,
With halfe Windsor at his heeles,
To looks for a gentleman that he sees
Is hid in his house: his wifes sweet hart.

Mis. For. Speak louder. But I hope tis not true

Misteris Page.

Mis. Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you
Have any here, away with him, or your vndone for
euer.

Mis. For. Alas mistresse Page, what shall I do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?

Mis. Pa. Gode body woman, do not stand what
shal I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather
then you shamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-bas-
et, if he be a man of any reasonable sise, heele in
 here.

Mis. For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counsell. (Aside.

Mis. Pa. Fie sir John is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Help me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

42 his] this Qb. 50 Gode] Gode Qb.
A pleasant Comedie, of

*Sir John goes into the basket, they put cloathes over him, the two men carries it away: Foord mestes it, and all the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all. How now who goes heares? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.

Mis. For. Now let it go, you had best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maister Page take my keyes: helpe to search. Good Sir Hugh pray come along, helpe a little, a little, Ile shew you all.

Sir Hu. By Ieshu these are jealosies & distempers.

Exit omnes.

Mis. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Mis. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them set downe the basket.

Mis. Pa. Hang him dishonest slaeue, we cannot vse Him bad inough. This is excellent for your Husbands jealousie.

Mi. For. Alas poore soule it grieues me at the hart, But this will be a meanes to make him cease His jealous fits, if Falstaffs loue increase.

Mis. Pa. Nay we wil send to Falstaffs once again, Tis great pittie we should leasue him:
What wiuues may be merry, and yet honest too.

Mi. For. Shall we be cōdemnd because we laugh?
Tis old, but true: still sowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

Mis. Pa. Here comes your husband, stand aside.
For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Mis. Pa. Did you heare that?

Mis. For. I, I, peace.

For. Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further.

S. Hu. By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchin Or the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God plese me:
You serve me well, do you not?

Pa. Fie M. Ford you are too blame:

Mis. Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. Ford to suspect Her thus without cause.

Doc. No by my trot it be no vell:

For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. Page pardō ma.
I suffer for it, I suffer for it: (now: Sir Hu: You suffer for a bad conscience looke you

98 What] What, Qs.

97 cause] a cause Qs.
SCENE III.]

the merry wiuues of windsor.  

Ford: Well I pray no more, another time Ile tell you all:
The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
I am sore. M. Page pray goe in to dinner,
Another time Ile tell you all.

Pa: Wel let it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my house to dinner: and in the morning weelee
A birding, I have an excellent Hauke for the bush.

Ford: Let it be so: Come M. Page, come wife;
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come.

Sir Hu: By so kad vdgme, M. Fordes is (in.
Not in his right wittes:

Exit omnes:

Enter Sir John Falstaffe.  [Sc. v.]

Fal: Bardolphs brew me a pottle sack presently:
Bar: With Egges sir?

Fal: Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these pullets
In my drinke: goe make haste. (sperme
Haue I lued to be carried in a basket
and throwne into the Thames like a barow of But-
cchers offall. Well, and I be serued such another
tricke, Ile give them leaue to take out my braines
and butter them, and give them to a dog for a new-
years gift. Shlood, the rogues alid me in with as
little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind
bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know
by my sise I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and
the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe.
I had bene drowned, but that the shore was shelue
and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre.
For you know the water swelles a man: and what a
thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled?
By the Lord a mountain of money. Now is the
Sacke brewed?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake
with you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke
among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I
had swallowed snow-balles for pillesa.

Enter Mistressess Quickly.

Now whates the newes with you?

Quick. I come from misteris Ford forsooth.

Fal. Misteres Ford, I haue had Ford inough,
I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full

112 Forde] Ford Q2.  [Sc. v.] Q2 adds and Bardolphs.  6, 13 and] if Q2.
Oft Ford: she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfulest woman that her servants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betwene ten and ele-

uen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

*Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her I le meet her. Let her but think Of mans frailties: Let her judge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

Quic. Youle not faile sir?

Exit mistress Quickly.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. Brooks, I like his Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter Brooks.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. Brooks. You come to know how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed sir John.

Fal. M. Brooks I will not lie to you sir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir?

Fal. Verie ilfavouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No M. Brooks, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the prologue of our incounter, who should come, but the jealous knewe her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither proouked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiuues loue. Euen so, plainly so.

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilst I was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare Sir, as God would haue it,

A little before comes me one Pages wife,

*Gives her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her invention, and Fords wiuues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck basket, rammed me in

SCENE V.]  the merry wiues of windsor.  447

With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. Brookes, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
Nle tell you M. Brookes, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circonference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horahoo hot:
Maister Brookes, thinke of that hisaing heate, Maister
Brookes.

    Ford. Well sir, then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

    Fal. M. Brookes, Nle be throwne into Etna
As I haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leave her: I haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

    Ford. Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

    Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe
For my appointment: M. Brookes, come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how I speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enjoy her loue:
You shall cuckold Foord: Come to mee soone at
at night.  Exit Falstaffe.

*For. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision?

Maister Ford, maister Ford, awake maister Ford,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. Ford,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, Barbasone good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Upon my hornes: Well Nle home, I ferit him,
And vnsesse the diuel himselfe should side him,
Nle search vnpossible places: Nle about it,
Least I repent too late:

Exit omnes.

Enter M. Fenton, Page, and mistresse [Sc. iv.]

    Quickly, (resolue,
    Fen: Tell me sweet Nan, how doest thou yet

89 I thus] thus I Qb.  97, 98 at at] at Qb.  [Sc. iv.] Page] Anne Page Qb.
Shall foolish Slender have thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enjoy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowest that I have alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. Fenton, you may assure your selfe
My hart is seted vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall have mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confess at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee Nan, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

[Quic:] *Godes pittie here comes her father.
Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. M. Fenton I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to see me thus.

Fen. But heare me speakes sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne Slender let me speak with you. (they whisper.

Quic. Speake to Misteris Page.

Fen. Pray misteris Page let me have your consent.

Mis. Pa. If faith M. Fentō tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

Quic. How say you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you speake to misteris Page.

Fen. Here nurse, there's a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. (Exit Fen.

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart. (Slēder

Pa. Come wife, you an I will in, weelee leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. Shallow,
You may stay sir if you please.

Exit Page and his wife.

Shal. Mary I thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slēn. If faith I know not what to say.

An. Now M. Slender, what's your will?

Slēn. Godeso, there's a jest indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: I thak God I am wise enougeh

Shal. Fie cuuse fie, thou art not right, (for that.
O thou hadst a father.

16 [Quic:] from the catchword. 19 to blame you are "r
32 an] & Q2.
SCENE IV.] the merry wiues of windsor. 449

Slde. I had a father misteris Anne, good uncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse Anne. 45

*Shal. He will make you ioyneter of three hun-
dred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentle-
woman.

Slend. I be God that I will, come out and long
taile, as good as any is in Glostershire, vnder the de-
gree of a Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And covered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. Slender, within a day or two Ile tell you
more.

Slend. I thanke you good mistres Anne, vnclc I
shall haue her.

Qui. M. Shallow, M. Page would pray you to
come you, and you M. Slender, and you mistris An.

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile telke of.

Exit omnes but Quickly.

Qui. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. Fenton:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter misteris Ford and her two men. [ACT IV. SC. II.

Mis. Ford. Do you heare? when your M. comes
take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M.
bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter Syr John.

Mis. Ford. Syr John welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. He is gone a birding sir John, and I hope
will not come home yet.

*Enter mistresse Page.

Gods body here is mistresis Page,
Step behind the arras good sir John.

He steps behind the arras.

Mis. Pa. Misteris Ford, why woman your husband
is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search
for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

50 be] by Q_2. will] will Q_2. 60 come you] come in Q_3.

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Mis. For. O God misteris Page the knight is here, What shall I do? * 15
Mis. Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.
Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket, 20
Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peecees.
Mis. For. There they vse to discharge their Fow-
Fal. Why then Ile goe out of dooress.
Mi. Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.
Fal. For Gods sake devise any extremitie, 25
Rather then a mischiefe.

Mis. Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make, If there were any womans apparell would fit him, He might put on a gowne and a muffler, And so escape. 30
Mi. For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt Gillian of Brainford, hath a gowne aboue.
Mis. Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.
Mis. For. I that will serue him of my word.
Mis. Pa. Come goe with me sir John, Ile helpe to 35
dresse you.
Fal. Come for God sake, any thing. 
Exit Mis. Page, & Sir John.

*Enter M. Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow, the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.

For. Come along I pray, you shal know the cause, How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you? Set downe the basket you issue, 40
You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus?
Mis. For. What is the reason that you vse me
For. Come hither set downe the basket,
Misteris Ford the modest woman,
Misteris Ford the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause do I not? 45
Mis. For. I Gods my record do you. And if you mistrust me in any ill sort.
Ford. Well sed brasen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basket, come out here,
SCENE II.  the merry wives of windsor.  

Pull out the cloathes, search.  
  (cloathes?)
  
_Hu._ Ieshu plesse me, will you pull vp your wives
  _Pa._ Fie M. Ford you are not to go abroad if you
  be in these fits.

_Sir Hu._ By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie
He were put in pethlem.

_For._ M. Page, as I am an honest man M. Page,
There was one conueyd out of my house here yester-
day out of this basket, why may he not be here
now?

_Mi. For._ Come mistris Page, bring the old woma
  _For._ Old woman, what old woman?
  (downe.
  _Mi. For._ Why my maidens Ant, Gillia of Brainford.
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house,
Alas we are simple we, we know not what
*Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

_Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and mi-
steris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee
runnes away.

Away you witch get you gone.  (indeed,
  _Sir Hu._ By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch
I espied vnder her mufler a great beard.
  _Ford._ Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.
  _Pa._ Come weele go for his minds saka.
  
  _Exit omnes._

_Mi. For._ By my troth he beat him most extremly.
  _Mi. Pa._ I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any
  further?

_Mi. For._ No faith, now if you will let vs tell our
husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fret-
ted himselfe to death.
  _Mi. Pa._ Content, come weele goe tell them all,
  And as they agree, so will we proceed.  
  _Exit both._

  _Enter Host and Bardolfe._

  _Bar._ Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from
the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.
  _Host._ The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with
the Gentlemen, do they speake English?
  _Bar._ Ile call them to you sir.
  _Host._ No Bardolfe, let them alone, Ile sauce them:
They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other gusses,

56 By so] So Q_p  62 Come] om. Q_p  64 maidens] maids Q_p
65 A witch,] For.  A witch, Q_p  78 I am] Isee Q_p  82 Stanger] stranger Q_p.
They shall have my horses Bardolph,
They must come off, I see them. Exit omnes. 10

Enter Ford, Page, their wives, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.  

*Ford. Well wife, hear take my hand, upon my soul I love thee dearer then I do my life, and joy I have so true and constant wife, my jealousie shall never more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I have done, 5
Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Pa. I misteris Ford, Falstaff hath all the grieves,
And in this knauerie my wife was the chief.

Mi. Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth. 10
Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

Mi. For. But sweete heart shall wee leave olde Falstaffe so?

Mi. Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe. 15
Pa. I do not thinke heele come be so much deceived.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once again like Brooks, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.  

Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not 20

Mi. Pa. Let vs alone for that, Heare my device.

Oft haue you heard since Horne the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their little children,
See that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that Falstaff hath bene so deceiued, 25
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like Horne, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe just betweene twelve and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand, 30
With little boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat Falstaff in the woods.
*And then to make a period to the Iest,
Tell Falstaff all, I thinke this will do best. 35

Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter Anne,
Shall like a little Fayrie be disguised.

Mi. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor steale my daughter Ann, & ere my husband knowes it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes? 40

Mi. For. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the
11 and Slender.] Slender, and Qs.
Pa. That will I do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise Slender
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,
And unknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Hu. So ked vdge me the deuises is excellent.
I will also be there, and be like a Jackanapes,
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

Mis. Pa. Why then we are reuenged sufficiently.
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.
Pa. Well lets about this stratagem, I long
To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

For. Well send to Falstaffe, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs smile and laugh one moneth togeth-er.

Exit omnes.

Enter Host and Simple. (skinf

Host. What would thou haue boore, what thick-
Speake, breath, discus, short, quick, briefe, snap.

Sim. Sir, I am sent from my M. to sir John Falstaffe.

Host. Sir John, there is his Castle, his standing bed,
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock,
heele speake like an Antrippophiginian to thee:

*Knock I say.

Sim. Sir I should speak with an old woman that
went vp into his chamber.

Host. An old woman, the knight may be robbed,
Ile call bully knight, bully sir John. Speake from thy
Lungs military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.

Fal. Now mine Host.

Host: Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her desced
bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable,
pah priusias, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with
But she is gone.

Enter Sir John.

Sim. Pray sir was it not the wise woman of Brain-
ford?

Fal. Marry was it Musselshell, what would you.
Sim. Marry sir my maister Slender sent me to her.
To know whether one Nim that hath his chaine,
Consoned him of it, or no.

45 deuises] deuise Q5  

v. 7 Antrippophiginian] Antrippophigan Q5.

14 Q5 adds, he speakes above.
Fal. I talked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray sir what sees she?

Fal. Marry she sees the very same man that Beguiled maister Slender of his chaine,

Cousoned him of it.

Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maister so sir?

Fal. I tike, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings, God be with you sir.

Host. Thou art clarkly sir John, thou art clarkly,

Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Marry was there mine host, one that taught

*Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,

And I paid nothing for it,

But was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfo.

Bar. O Lord sir cousinage, plaine cousinage.

Host. Why man, where be my horses? where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horses:

After I came beyond Maidenhead,

They flung me in a slow of myre, & away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where be my Host de gartyre?

Host. O here sir in perplextity.

Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,

But begar I will tell you van ting,

Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,

Has oosened all de host of Branford,

And Redding: begar I tell you for good will,

Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen meet you? Exit.

Enter Sir Hugh.

Sir Hu. Where is mine Host of the gartyr?

Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,

To haue a case of your entertainments,

For there is three sorts of oosen garmombles,

Is oosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,

Now you are an honest man, and a scurvy beg-

gerly loweie knaue beside:

And can point wrong places,

I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host. Exit.

Host. I am oosened Hugh, and ooy Bardolfo,

Sweet knight assist me, I am oosened. Exit.

Fal. Would all the worell were oosened for me,

SCENE V.] the merry wivues of windsor. 455

*For I am cousened and beaten too.
Well, I neuer prospered since I forewore
My selfe at Primero: and my winde
Were but long enowh to say my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties forsooth.
Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both bestowed.
I haue endured more for their sakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorrowfulst creatures
That euer liued: specially mistresse Ford,
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all
Blacke and blew poore soule.

Fal. What tellest me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my escape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of Brainford, and set in the stockes.

Quic. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile
haere thee. Exit omnem.

Enter Host and Fenton. [Sc. vi.]

Host. Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,
I haue had a great losse.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your
 counsell.

Fen. The thus my host. Tis not vknown to you,
*The feruent loue I bear to young Anne Page,
And mutally her loue againe to mee:
But her father still against her choyce,
Doth seake to marrie her to foolish Slender,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat Faustaffe had a mightie scare,
Must Slender take her and carry her to Caten,
And there vknowne to any, marrie her.

Now her mother still against that match,
And firme for Doctor Cayus, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,

84 bene] om. Qv.  85 a bene] have bin Qv.  90 Ile] And Ile Qv.
91 mutually] mutually Qv.  16 mother] mother's Qv.
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

_Host._ Now which means she to deceaue, father or mother?

_Fen._ Both my good Host, to go along with me. Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest, And tarrie readie at the appointment place, To giue our harts united matrimonie. (among thè?)

_Host._ But how will you come to steale her from

_Fen._ That hath sweet Nan and I agreed vpon, And by a robe of white, the which she weares, With ribones pendant flaring bout her head, I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence, And bring her where the priest abides our coming, And by thy furtherance there be married.

_Host._ Well, husband your devise, Ile to the Vicar, Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

_Fen._ So shall I euermore be bound unto thee. Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

_Enter sir John with a Buck's head vpon him._ [ACT v. SCENE v.]

_Fal._ This is the third time, well Ile venter, They say there is good luck in old numbers, _Iowe_ transformed himselfe into a bull, *And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest In all Windsor forrest: well I stand here For Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

_Enter mistris Page, and mistris Ford._

_Mis. Pa._ Sir John, where are you?

_Fal._ Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?

_Welcome Ladies._

_Mis. For._ I I sir John, I see you will not faile, Therefore you deserve far better then our loues, But it grieues me for your late crosses.

_Fal._ This makes amends for all. Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch, For my horns Ile bequeath thè to your husbands,

_Do I speak like Horne the hunter, had?_  

_Mis. Pa._ God forgiue me, what noise is this?

_There is a noyes of hornes, the two women run away._

_Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes dreest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speakes._

(grousers,

_Quic._ You Fayries that do haunt these shady

2 old] odde Qr. 10 I I] I Qr.
Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,
And leave not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giu them their charge Puck ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither Peas, go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,
*And sweare to mend her sluttish huswiferie.

Fal. I warrant you I will performe your will.
     Where is Peas? go you & see where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase, (sleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowe Seriants face:
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.

Quic. Away begun, his mind fulfill,
And looks that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.

Sir Hu. I smell a man of middle earth.
     God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.

Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

Sir Hu. See I have spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.

Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care
     Go strait, and do as I commaund, (not.
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers endes,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be shure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphised youth.

Sir Hu. Give me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he lour venery.

31 Where is] Wher's Q5. 35 they are] th' are Q5. 41 Hir] Sir Q5.
57 he is] he's Q5. 59 metamorphised] metamorphosed Q5.
458  A pleasant Comedie, of  

[ACT V.

*Tey put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.
Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Qui. A little distant from him stand,
And every one take hand in hand,
And compass him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steals away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greens: And Fenton steals misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his buckes head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wives, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost? Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
He lay my life the mad Prince of Wales
Is stealing his fathers Deare. Now how who haue we here, what is all Windsor stirring? Are you there?
Shal. God saue you sir John Falstaffe.
Sir Hu. God plesse you sir John, God plesse you.
Pa. Why how now sir John, what a pair of horns in your hand?

For. Those horns he ment to place upon my
And M. Brooks and he should be the men: (head, Why how now sir John, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
*And what to come sir John, that can we tell.
M. Pa. Sir John tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs undertake to our best,
To turne your leaund lust to a merry jest.
Fal. Iest, tis well, have I liued to these yearaes
To be gullled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not Fairies?
M. Pa. No sir John but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the
They were not, and yet the grossesse

SCENE V.  

the merry wiues of windsoer.

Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene fests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!

Sir Hu. I trust me boyes Sir John: and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.

Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goates?
With a peece of toasted cheese?

Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheese sir John,
You are all butter, butter.

For. There is a further matter yet sir John,
There's 50. pound you borrowed of M. Brooks Sir
And it must be paid to M. Ford Sir John. (John,

M. Ford. Nay husband let that go to make ames,
Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.

For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.

Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue beene well pinched and washed.

*Enter the Doctor.

M. Pa. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.

Doc. Sonne begar you be de ville woman,
Begar I tinck to marry metrees An, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Jack boy.

M. Pa. How a boy?

Doc. I begar a boy.

Pa. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceius thee so:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. Slender, and see where he comes.

Enter Slender.

Now sonne Slender,
Where's your bride?

Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke theres neuer a
man in the worrell hath that crosse fortune that I
haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.

Page. Why whats the matter sonne Slender?

Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your son.

Pa. No, why so?

Slen. Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue

Pa. How, a boy? why did you mistake the word?

94 and] if Q₂. 102 ridden| written Q₃. 111 here is...all’s] here’s...all is Q₂.
122 daughter’s| daughter is Q₂. 128 begod] by God Q₂. 132 that] om. Halliwell.
460  The merry wives of windsor.  [ACT V. SC. V.

Slen.  No neither, for I came to her in red as you
bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget, so
well as ever you heard, and I have married him.

Sir Hu.  Iseehu. M. Slender, cannot you see but marrie
Pa.  O I am vex at hart, what shal I do?  (boyes!

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Mis. Pa.  Here comes the man that hath deceived
How now daughter, where haue you bin?  (vs all:

An.  At Curch forsooth.

Pa.  At Church, what haue you done there?

*Fen.  Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.

Ford:  Ifaith M. Page neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choice wheras her hart was firt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.

Fal.  I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced

Mi. For.  Come mistris Page, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.

Mis. Pa.  Altho that I have missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. Fenton, take her, and God giue thee joy.

Sir Hu:  Come M. Page, you must needs agree.

Fo.  I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is well plea-

Pa.  I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased,  (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither Fenton, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your chiose is made of one you loue,
Here take her Fenton, & both happie proue.  (dings.

Sir Hu.  I will also dance & eat plums at your wed-

Ford.  All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at Slender, and the Doctors ieast.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you joy,
And sir John Falstaff now shal you keep your word,
For Brooks this night shall lye with mistris Ford.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

189 the man] he Qv.
141 Curch] Church Qv.
148 that] then Hallwell.
155 I yfaith] Ifaith Qv.
162 also] om. Qv.
THE CHRONICLE HISTORIE OF

HENRY THE FIFT.
The Chronicle Historie
of Henry the fift: with his battel fought
at Agincourt in France. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other [Act I. Sc. II.]
Attendants.

Exeter.

Shall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?

King. Not yet my Cousin, till we be resolude
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.
B. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe Salicks which they haue in France,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wise and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reverence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this conjuration, speake my Lord:
And we will judge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

Bish.

*Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peers,

*Shure] Q1 Q2. Sure Q3. 8 vs in] Q1 Q3. in vs Q3.
Which owe your liues, your faith and service
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claimes to France
But one, which they produce from Paramount,
No female shall succeed in salicke land,
Which salicke land the French vnjustly close
To be the realme of France:
And Paramount the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirmes
That the land salicke lyes in Germany,
Between the floads of Sabeck and of Elme,
Where Charles the fift hauing subdued the Saxons,
There left behind, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in salicke land:
Which salicke land as I said before,
Is at this time in Germany called Meene:
Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe
Was not despised for the realme of France,
Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares
After the function of king Paramount,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that vssurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some shewe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady Inger,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorain,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King Pippins title and Hugh Capets claime,
King Charles his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of France vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this sallick lawe
*To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vssurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?)

K. May we with right & conscience make this

89 ] Q3 Qs. I have Qs. 149 naught] nought Q3.
40 called] call'd Qs. 60 Conuaid[Q1. Conuaid'dQs. Convey'dQs.
46 supposed] supposed Q3. 60 imbace] Q1 Qs.  embrace Qs.
SCENE II.

of Henry the fift.

Bi. The sin upon my head dread soveraigne.
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunsire graue,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Vncle Edward the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of France:
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

King. We must not onely armes vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all advantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious soveraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaakt his power for France,
But that the Scot on his vnfruitfull Kingdom,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach
That England being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:
*For heare her but examplified by her selfe,
When all her chialry hath bene in France
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytrife she did lead to France,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottome of the sea
With sunken wrack and shipless treasurie.

64 is it[ Q2 Q3, it is Q2.
74 Whilst[ Q2 Q3.
76 blood] Q2. bloud Q2. the blood Q2.

81 against[ Q1 Q2. gainst Q2.
82 for[ Q2 Q3. against Q2.
94 feared] fear'd Q2.

VOL. IX.


Lord. There is a saying very old and true,
If you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vn furnish nest the waszel Scoot
Would suck her eggs, playing the mouse in absence of the
To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat:

Exit. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curtse necessitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theenues:
Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The advised head controles at home:
For government though high or Iowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicka.

Bi. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions.
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a King and officers of sort,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the sommers veluet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who busied in his maistie, behold
The singing masons building roofes of gold:
*The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
The sad eyde Justice with his surly humme,
Delivering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.

As many Arrowes losed seuerall wayes, flye to one markes:
As many seuerall wayes meets in one towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:
As many lines close in the dyall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to France,
Diuide your happy England into foures,
Of which take you one quarter into France,

116 into] Q1Q2. in Q3. 129 sad eyde] sad ey'd Q3.
And you withall, shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.

K. Call in the messenger sent fro the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble sinewes of our land,
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peces:
Eythwer our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshippt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter Thambassadours from France.
Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subject,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
*Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in France,
From your predecessor king Edward the third,
This he returns.
He saith, theres nought in France that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.

King. What treasure Vncle I.

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept :
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of France shall be disturb'd with chases.
And we understand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what vse we made
of them.
We never valued this poore state of England.
And therefore gaued our selues to barbarous licence:
As tis common scene that men are merriest when they are
from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keep our state,
Be like a King, mightie and comman'd,
When we do rowse vs in throne of France:
For this haue we laied by our Maiestie
And plodded lide a man for working dayes.
But we will rise there with so full of glory,
That we will dasell all the eyes of France,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, (stones
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun
*And his soule shall sit sore charged for the wastfull
vengeance

That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their sonsse, mocke Castles downe,
I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins soorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo

(appeale,

And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His fest will saunour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therfore let our collecte for the wars be soone prouided:
For God before, we will check the Dolphin at his fathers

(doore.

Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.
Enter Nim and Bardolf.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall Nim.
Nim. Godmorrow Lieutenent Bardolf.
Bar. What is antient Pistoll and thee friends yet?
Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serve to taste cheese,
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
And thers the humor of it.
Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,
For thou wart troth plight to her.
Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet shee plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them.
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make Pistoll
And thee friends. What a plague should we carrie kniues
To cut our owne throtes.
Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And thers my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife.
Bar. Godmorrow ancient Pistoll.
Nim. Here comes ancient Pistoll, I prithee Nim be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sware, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my Nell keepe lodging.
Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord half a score honest gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall Nim, now shall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.
Nim. Push.
Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.
The Chronicle Historie

Pist. Solus egregios dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mouthfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talka,
And Pistoll flashing fire cook is vp.

Nim. I am not Barbacom, you cannot confine me:
I haue an humour Pistoll to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me Pistoll, llo scour you with my
*Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And thers the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They draw.

Bar. Hear me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
And thers the humor of it.

Post. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazor kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espouse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host Pistoll. Good Bardolfe
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
(warming pan.

Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
(of these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband youle come?

Bar. Come Pistoll be friends.

Nim prithhee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.

Ni. I shall haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating!

Pist. Base is the slave that payes.

Nim. That now I will haue, and thers the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. They draw.

---

48 Barbacom] Q1Q2. Barbacom Q3.
60 lazor kite] lazarkite Q2.
68 warming] Q1Q2. warming Q3.
72, 79 beating] Q1Q2. beating Q3.
Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must have their course.

*Nim. I shall have my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?

Pist. A noble shalt thou hauie, and readie pry,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:
Ile liue by Nim as Nim shall liue by me:
Is not this just? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will ocurrue.

*Nim. I shall have my noble?
Pist. In cash most truly paid.
*Nim. Why theres the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir John poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

Exeunt omnnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

[Gc. II.]

Glot. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytours.

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.
Glot. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloysed and graced with princely favours
That he should for a foraine purse, to sell
His Soueraigne life to death and trechery.
Exe. O the Lord of Massham.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs the windes faire, and we wil aboard;
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Massham,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not think the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of France?

Mass. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

*Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maestie.

Gray. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Hauie steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnessse,
And shall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.

_Masha._ So service shall with steeld sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant service.

_The King._ Uncle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

_Masha._ That is mercie, but too much securitie:
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, least the example of
(him,
Breed more of such a kinde.

_The King._ O let vs yet be mercifull.

_Cam._ So may your highnesse, and punish too.

_Gray._ You shew great mercie if you give him life,
After the taste of his correction.

_The King._ Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are beazy orisons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on distemper should not bee
(winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs :
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preservation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?

_Cam._ Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for
it to day.

*_Mash._ So did you me my Soueraigne.

_Gray._ And me my Lord.

_The King._ Then Richard Earle of Cambridge there is yours.
There is yours my Lord of Masham.
And sir Thomas Gray knight of Northumberland, this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours:  
Vnckle Exeter, I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers
That hath so chased your blood out of apperance?

_Cam._ I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesses mercie.

Mash. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,

By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to ask for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
These English monsters:

My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this wilde man hath for a fewe light crowne,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of France:

To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then Cambridge is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruel ingratiufl and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsell,
That knewest the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy use:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
*Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth showe as grosse
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Esa. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Richard, Earle of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Henry, Lord of Masham.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Thomas Gray, knight of Northumberland,
Mash. Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your majestie forgiue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercie. Heare your sentence,
You have conspired against our royall person,
Joyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixt.
And fro his coffers received the golden earnest of our death
Touching our person we seeks no redresse.
But we our kingdoms safetie must so tender
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy give you (amisse:
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to France. The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successively.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
Cheerly to see, the signes of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy. [Sc. III]

Host. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as

(Stanzas.

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir John is gone. God be with him.

Host. I, he is in Arthors bosom, if euery any were:
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Jast at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of flores, and smile vpo his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir John quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he criue out on Sack.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

104 ye] Q1 Q2, you Q3.
therefore] Q1 Q2, om. Q3.
1 Stanes] Stanis Q3.
3, 82 God] Peace MS. in Capell's copy

100
dearth, 105
amiass:

SCENE III. of Henry the fift. 475

Boy. Yee that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he never loued. 25

Nim. Well he did cry out on women,

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,

But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of

(Babylon.

Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand

Vpon Bardolfose Nose, and sed it was a blacke soule

Burning in hell fire?

*Bar. Well, God be with him,

That was all the wealth I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we shog off?

The king wil be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,

Looke to my chattels and my moueables.

Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:

Mens words are wafer cakes,

And holdfast is the onely dog my deare.

Therefore ophestua be thy counsellor,

Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.

But adieu.

Pist. Kepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others. [Sc. iv.]

King. Now you Lords of Orleance,

Of Bourbon, and of Berry,

You see the King of England is not slack,

For he is footed on this land alreadia.

Dolphin. My gratious Lord, tis meet we all goe

And arme vs against the foe:

(fourth,

And view the weak & sickly parts of France:

But let vs do it with no show of feare,

No with no more, then if we heard

England were busied with a Moris dance.

For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,

Her scepter so fantastically borne,

So guided by a shallow humorous youth,

That feare attends her not.

Cor. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selfe,

24 he sed] Q1Q2 sed Q3

incarnat] incarnate Q2

81 fire] Q1Q2 om. Q3

88 word] Q1Q2 world Q3

rv. 10 busied] Q1Q2 troubled Q3

15 selfe] om. Q3
*Question your grace the late Ambassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution answered him,
You then would say that Harry was not wilde.

King. Well thinke we Harry strong:
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England.

King. Bid him come in.

You see this chase is hotly followed Lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short.
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglected.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England ?

Exe. From him, and thus he gretts your Maiestie:

He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heaven,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of France, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkaward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorabile lynes,
In euerie branch truly demonstrated :
Willing you overlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euene deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kbourgme, indirectly held
From him, the natue and true challenger.

*King. If not, what followes ?

Exe. Bloody oostaint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rase for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
In thunders, and in earthquake, like a Iove,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it :
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens groans.
For husbands, fathers, and distressed lovers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message.
Vnles the Dolphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,
What to hear from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie sender, doth he prise you at:
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an answer for it,
That causes and wombly vaultes of France
Shall chide your trespasses, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those Paris balles.

Exe. Heele make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie Europe.
And be assured, youle finde a difference
As we his subjectes haue in wonder found:
*Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euem to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses
If he stay in France.

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.  

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy. 

Nim. Before God here is hote service.
Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and there the humor of it.
Boy. Would I were in London:

Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.
Pist. And I. If wishes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewelen and beateth them in.

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.
Bardolfe stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
And sold it for three hapence.
Nim stole a fier shouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine Flewelen, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of Gloster.

*Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines: the concouauties is otherwise,
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe five yardez vnder the countermines:
By Iesus I think heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

[Sc. iii.]

King. How yet resolves the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weele admit:
Therefore to our best mercie gieue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst,
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyd?

Enter Gounour.

Gower. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,

9, 10 Godes... rascals.] One line in Qb.
17 Lute case [Lute-case Qb.
18 hapence] Qb. halfpence Qb.
19 fier shouell] fire-shouell Qb.
22 the Boy.] Boy. Qb.

23 Captain] Qb. Captaine Qb.
29 Iesus] Qb. Jesus Qb.
Sc. iii. Enter...] Alarum. Enter the
King and his Lords. Qb.
18 succour] succout Qb.
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeald our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensiuue now.

Enter Katherine, Allice.

*Kate. Allice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou partie fort bon Angloys englatarsa,
Coman sae pella vou la main en francoy.

*Allice. La main madam de han.

Kate. E da bras.

Allice. De arma madam.

Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.

Allice. Owy e madam.

Kate. E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.

Allice. De neck, e de cin, madam.

Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.

Allice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.

Kate. Ecwrte Ie rehersera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

Allice. De elbo madam.

Kate. O Iesu, Iesu oblye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontersa
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

Allice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys
Asie vous aues ettie en Englatarsa.

*Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle millieur
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.

Allice. Le foot, e le con.

Kate. Le fot, e le con, o Iesu / Ie ne vew point parle,
Sie plus dextant le che cheualieres de francas,

Pur one million ma foy.

*Allice. Madame, de foote, e le con.

Kate. O et ill ausie, ecowte Allice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

Allice. Cet fort bon madam.

Kate. Aloues a diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,
and Burbon.

King. Tis certaine he is past the Riuier Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs.

Sc. iv. Allice] and Alice Q₄.
1, &c. Allice] Alice Q₄.
3 Coman] Comen Q₄.
24 fot] foot Q₄.

vew] vew Q₄.
28 ecwote] ecoute Q₄.
31 diner] dinner Q₄.
*The emptying of our fathers luxeries,
Outgrow their grafters.

   Bur. Normanes, bastard Normanes, mor du
And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,
Ile sell my Dukedom for a foggy farme
In that short nooke Ile of England.

   Const. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath, a drench for sowlne lades
Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?
And shall our quicke blood spirited with wine
Seeeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles
Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

   King. Constable dispatch, send Montiopy forth,
To know what willing raunsome he will giue?
Sonne Dolphin you shall stay in Rome with me.

   Dol. Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.

   King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

   Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

   Go. How now Captain Flewelen, come you fro the bridge?

   Flew. By Iesus there excellest service committet at ye bridge.

   Gour. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

   Flew. The duke of Exeter is a man whom I loue, & I honor,
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,
And my lands and my living,
And my vstermest powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worrell.
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Ensigne
*There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think
He is as valient a man as Marke Anthonie, he doth maintain
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant service.

   Gour. How do you call him?

   Flew. His name is ancient Pistoll.

   Gour. I know him not.

---

16 Icesickles Icesickles Q2Q3
20 giue giue: Q2 giue Q2 giue: Q3
21 Rome Rome Q2 Rome Q3
22 do om. Q3

Enter Gower.]Q1Q2 Enter Gower and

Flewelen. Q4
10 very vern Q4
11 Iesus Iesus Q2 Ieshu Q3
12 a man om. Q3
Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flæw. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me favour,
The Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flæw. I, and I praise God I have merried some loue at
(his hands.

Pist. Bardolf, a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
(stone.

Flæw. By your patience ancient Pistoll,
Fortune, lookes you is painted,
Plind with a moufler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilites:
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellët descriptio of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolfes foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let galloues gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
*But Exeter hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not Bardolfes vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.

Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flæw. Captain Pistoll, I partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flæw. Certainly Antient Pistol, tis not a thing to rejoyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.

Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

Flæw. That is good.

Pist. The figge of Spaine within thy lawe.
Fle. That is very well.
Fle. Captain Gour, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?
Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
Fle. By Jesu, heele ytter as prawe words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.
G. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellows as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will leare by rote where services were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
At such a convoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what terms the enemie stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a bard
Of the Generalls cut, and a horrid shout of the campes
*Will do among the foming bottles and aleswashit wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must leare
To know such slaunderes of this age,
Or else you may marvellously be mistooke.
Fle. Certaine captain Gower, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serve,
I shall tell him a little of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King. How now Flewellyn, come you from the bridge?
Fle. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent service at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost Flewellyn?
Fle. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one Bardolf, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubes,
And pumles, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plow:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
SCENE VI.] of Henry the fift.

And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraidied with disdainfull language:
For when crueltie and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Heralde.

Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well this, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
Hera. My maisters minde.
King. Unfold it.
Heral. Go thee vnto Harry of England, and tell him,
Advantage is a better sooldier then rashnesse:
*Altho we did seeeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunseome,
His petitnesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our footes, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, addde defaynce. So much from the king my maister.

King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.

Herald. Montjoy.

King. Thou doste thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to Callis: for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wisdome to confess so much
Vnto an eminie of craft and vantage.
My sooldiers are with sicknesse much infeebled,
My Army lessoned, and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tall thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one pare of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgue me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of France hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunseome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guarde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If France and such an other neighbour stood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discoulour.
So Montizoy get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our answeare is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:
*Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliever so: thanks to your Maiestie.
Glos. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge;
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.

Const. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Burbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Burb. Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

Bur. I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.

Bur. Tut thou wilt make vs of any thing.

Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

Bur. Will it neuer be morning?

He ride too morrow a mile,
SCENE VII.

of Henry the fifth.

And my way shalbe paued with English faces.

*Con. By my faith so will not I,

For feare I be outfaced of my way.

Bur. Well ial le go arme my selfe, hau.

Gebon. The Duke of Burbon longs for morning

Or. I he longs to eate the English.

Con. I think heele eate all he killea.

Ore. O peace, ill will neuer said well.

Con. Ile cap that prowerbe,

With there is flattery in friendship.

Or. O sir, I can answere that,

With giue the diuel his due.

Con. Haue at the eye of that prowerbe,

With a logge of the diuel.

Or. Well the Duke of Burbon, is simply,

The most actiue Gentleman of Frans.

Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.

Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Or. I hold him to be exesing valiant.

Con. I was told so by one that knows him better the you

Or. Whose that?

Con. Why he told me so himselfe:

And said he cared not who knew it.

Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,

For a hundred English prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mees. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred

Pages of your Tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mees. The Lord Granpeere.

Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away:

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. Exit omnes.

*Enter the King disguised. to him Pistoll. [Act IV. Scene I.]

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?

Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

81 Exit. Qs. 60 a.] Q1. & Q2. om. Qs.

55 neuer] neuer neuer Qs. Enter the King...[Q1. Q2. Enter King...

37 there is] Q1. there's Qs. there's Qs. Qs.

45 off] of Qs. 3 Gentleman] a gentleman Qs.
Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike?
King. Euen so sir. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
Pist. A lad of life, an impe of fame:

Of parents good, of fast most valiant:
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
King. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:

Art thou of Cornish crew?
Kin. No sir, I am a Wealchman.
Pist. A Wealchman: knowest thou Flевellеn?
Kin. I sir, he is my kinsman.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I sir.
Pist. Figa for thee then: my name is Пистол.
Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
Pist. Пистол is my name.

Exit Пистол.

Enter Gower and Flевellen.

Gour. Captaine Flевелен.

Flев. In the name of Issu speakes lower.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatives of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:
*But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
Flев. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Aссе & a Fооle,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?
Gour. Ilе speakes lower.
Flев. I beseech you do, good Captaine Gower.

Exit Gower, and Flевellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. Soul. Is not that the morning yonder?
2. Soul. I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. Soul. Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe

Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,

And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare?

3. S. Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,

Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we

Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.

The Violet smels to him as to vs:

Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. Sol. But the king hath a heavy reckoning to make,

If his cause be not good: when all those soules

Whose bodies shall be slaundered here,

Shall lye neyther at the latter day,

And say I dyed at such a place. Some aweiing:

Some their wives rawly left:

Some leaving their children poore behind them.

*Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter

(to him.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his servaunt

As Factor into another Countrie,

And he by any meanes miscarrie,

You may say the businesse of the maister,

Was the author of his servaunts misfortune.

Or if a sonne be employd by his father,

And he fall into any leaued action, you may say the father

Was the author of his sonnes damnation.

But the master is not to awere for his servaunts,

The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subjectes:

For they purpose not their deaths, whâ€ they cause their ser-

Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:

Murder on them:

Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.

Now if these outstrip the lawe,

Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment,

War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:

Every mans service is the kings:

But every mans soule is his owne.

Therefore I would haue every souldier examine himselfe,

And wash every moath out of his conscience:

48 good] Q2, Q3. good Q1.

50 ende] Q1, Q2. to an end Q3.

52 may be] Q1, Q3. may Q2.

such] om. Q3.

54 as to] Q1, Q2. as unto Q3.

72 servants] servant Q3.
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death: 
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. Lord. Yfaith he saies true:
Every mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.
2. L. I he said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,
And we neuer the wiser.
King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.
2. Lord,

*2 Sol. Mae youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.
King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
King. How shall I know thee?
2. Sol. Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. Sol. Thou darst as well be hangd.
3 Sol. Be friends you foole,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.
Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.
Exit the sooldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and
Attendants.

K. O God of battels steele my sooldiers harts,
Take from them now the sence of rekenoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O. not to day, not to day o' God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I Richards bodie have interred new,
And on it hath bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
A hundred men have I in yearly pay,
*Which every day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I have built two chanceries, more wil I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too litlle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.

King. My brother Glosters voyce.

Glost. My Lord, the Army stays vpon your presence.

King. Stay Gloster stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stays for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.

Exe. There is five to one, and yet they all are fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:

Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,

My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.

Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the rtrue sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen Warwick?

Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,

128 rues] Q1. two Q2Q3.
184 day] day, Q3Q5.
2 There is] Q1Q2. There's Q3.
all are] Q1Q2. are all Q3.
7 Lord] Lords Q3.
9 rues] Q1. true Q2Q3.
10 Enter King.] Enter the King. Q3.
That he that hath no stomache to this feast,
Let him depart, his passport shall be drawne,
And crowne as for conuoy put into his purse.
*We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Crispines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. Harry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,
Warwicke and Yorks.
Familiar in their mouthes as household words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that aheade his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentleman in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day.

Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

Kim. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
War. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not wish more help fro England cousen?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

*[King.] Why well saide. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

88 doome:] doomes, Qs.
40 brother: be]brother. Be Qs.
48 Saint]Qs. S. Qs.
46, 47 And...While any speakes] Qs;Qs.
56 [King.] Added from catchword.

They were not there, when any speakes
Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king Henry,
What thou wilt give for ransome?

Kyn. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of France.

Kyn. I preyeth beare my former answer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus?)
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graves within your realme of France:
Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
For there the Sun shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in France:
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets creasing,
Breakes forth into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:
Let me speake proudly,
Ther’s not a piece of feather in our campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye:
And time hath worne us into fouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night
Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,
And turne them out of service. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransome soone be leuyed.

*Saue thou thy labour Herald:

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herald.
They shal haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as I wil leau am them,
Will yeald them little, tell the Constable.

Her. I shall deliuer so.

Exit Herald.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,
The leading of the vaward.

Kyn. Take it braue Yorke. Come souldiers lets away:

88 are in the trim] Q1 Q2. within are trim 98 am] Q1 Q2. vm Q2.
Q2.
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Ger. O diabolo.

Const. Mor du ma vie.

Or. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is lost.

Con. We are inough yet livin in the field,

To smother vp the English,

If any order might be thought ypon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,

And he that will not follow Burbon now,

Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,

Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,

Why least by a slawe no gentler then my dog,

His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Disorder that hath spyld vs, right vs now,

Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues

Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along,

Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O Monsire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue. I will haue fortie moys.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles ?

French. Monsier Fer.

Boy. He saies his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him :

Boy discus the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, whate French

For fer, ferit and fearkt.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throte.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill vouelles coupele votre gage.

Pist. Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.

Vnlesse thou guie to me egregious raunson, dye.

One poynyt of a foxe.
SCENE VI.

of Henry the first.

French. Qui dit ill monsire.
Ill ditte si vous ny voulez pa domy lay.

Boy. La grant ransome, ill vouz tueres.

French. O Iee vous en pri petit gentelhomme, parle
A cee, grant capataine, pour saez mercie
A moy, ey Iee doneres for mon ransome
Cinquantocios. Ie suyze vngentelhomme de France.

Pist. What sayes he boy?

Boy. Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
House, of France: and for his ransome,
He will gie you 500. crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.
And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of Yorks commends him to your Grace.

King. Lines he good Vnckle, wise I sawe him downe,
Twisse vp againe:

From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which aray, brave soyldeir doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of Suffolkes also lyes.

Suffolkes first dyde, and Yorkes all hasted ore,
Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,
And takes him by the beard, kissee the gashes
That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin Suffolkes:

My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:
Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:

And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept together in our chivaldry.

Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,
Command my seruice to my soueraine.

French keepes still Q2.
9 Yoake fellow] Yoake-fellow Q2.

honour dying] honour-dying Q2.

10 also] om. Q2.
11 hasted] Q1Q2 wounded Q2.
12 steept] Q1Q2 all steept Q2.
14 yane] yawne Q2.
18 well foughten] well-foughten Q2.
So did he turne, and ouer Sufolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,
With blood he sealed. An argument
Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,
Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,
But I not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gave me vp to tears.

Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must convert to tears.

Alarum soundes.

What new alarum is this?
Bid euery soouldier kill his prisoner.


*Enter Flewellen, and Captain Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worrell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left alie,
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselves have done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be out. O he is a worthy king.

Flew. I he was born at Monmouth.

Captain Gower, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gour. Alexander the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is not big great?

As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Sawe the frase is a little variation.

Gour. I thinke Alexander the great
Was borne at Macedon.

His father was called Philip of Macedon,
As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was Macedon indeed where Alexander
Was borne: looke you captaine Gower,
And if you looke into the mapes of the worrell well,
SCENE VII. of *Henry the fift.*

You shall finde little difference betweene

*Macedon* and *Monmouth.* Looke you, there is

A River in *Macedon,* and there is also a River

In *Monmouth,* the River's name at *Monmouth,*

Is called Wye.

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.

Looke you captaine *Gower,* and you marke it,

*You shall finde our King is come after Alexander.*

God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his

Bowles, and his alleys, and his wrath, and his displeasures,

And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus.*

*Gower.* I but our King is not like him in that,

For he never kill'd any of his friends.

*Flew.* Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out

Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:

I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill

His friend *Clitus:* so our King being in his ripe

Wits and judgements, is turne away, the fat knite

With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.

*Gower.* *Sir John Falstaff.*

*Flew.* I, I thinke it is *Sir John Falstaff* indeed,

I can tell you, ther's good men borne at *Monmouth.*

*Enter King and the Lords.*

*King.* I was not angry since I came into *France,*

Vntill this hour.

Take a trumpet *Herald,*

And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:

If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,

Or leave the field, they do offend our sight:

Will they do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skyr away, as fast

As stones enforce from the old Assirian slings.

Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,

And not on e alleue shall taste our mercy.

*Enter the *Herald.*

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not

That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

*Herald.* I come great king for charitable favour,

To sort our Nobles from our common men,

We may haue leave to bury all our dead,

Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

33 is to my] is to Q₃. Lords. Q₂. Enter the King and his
49 Enter...)Q₁. Enter the King and 50 into] Q₁Q₂. in Q₃.
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald, I do not know whether
*The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
Kin. Praised be God therefore.
What Castle call you that?
Hera. We call it Agincourt.
Kin. Then call we this the field of Agincourt.
Fought on the day of Cryspin, Cryspin.
Floew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good service in France.
Kin. Tis true Floewellen.
Floew. Your Maiestie says verie true.
And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good service,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maiestie will take no soorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. Davies day.
Kin. No Floewellen, for I am wealch as well as you.
Floew. All the water in VVye wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preserue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Floew. By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman:
I care not who know it, so long as your maiestie is an honest
K. God keep me so. Our Herald go with him,  
(man. And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Heraldes.

Call yonder sooldier hither.
Floew. You fellow come to the king.
Kin. Fellow why dost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that swagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.
*So hath he sworne the like to me.
K. How think you Floewellen, is it lawfull he keep his oath?
F. And it please your maiestie, tis lawful he keep his vow.
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue.
SCENE VIII. \\
\textit{of Henry the fiift.} \\
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As treads upon too blacke shues. 
\textit{Kin.} His enemy may be a gentleman of worth. 
\textit{Flew.} And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe, 
Tis meete he kepe his vowe, 
\textit{Kin.} Well sirdra keep your word. 
\textit{Vnder what Captain servest thou?} 
\textit{Soul.} Vnder Captaine Gower. 
\textit{Flew.} Captaine Gower is a good Captaine: 
And hath good litterature in the warres.
\textit{Kin.} Go call him hither. 
\textit{Soul} I will my Lord. 
Exit souldier.
\textit{Kin.} Captain Flewollen, when Alonson and I was 
Downe together, I tooke this glowe off from his helmet, 
Here Flewollen, weare it. If any do challenge it, 
He is a friend of Alonson, 
And an enemy to mee.
\textit{Fle.} Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour 
As can be desired in the harts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that should challenge this glowe: 
And it please God of his grace. I would but see him, 
That is all.
\textit{Kin.} Flewollen knowest thou Captaine Gower? 
\textit{Fle.} Captaine Gower is my friend. 
And if it like your maiestie, I know him very well. 
\textit{Kin.} Go call him hither. 
\textit{Flew.} I will and it shall please your maiestie. 
\textit{Kin.} Follow Flewollen closely at the heeles, 
The glowe he weares, it was the souldiers: 
*It may be there will be harme betweene them, 
For I do know Flewollen valiant, 
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder: 
And quickly will returne an injury. 
Go see there be no harme betweene them. 
\textit{Enter Gower, Flewollen, and the Souldier.} 
[Sc. VIII.] 
\textit{Flew.} Captain Gower, in the name of Iesu, 
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you, 
Then you can dreame off.

114 litterature] Q1 Q2; litterature Q8. 
was] Q1 Q2; wore Q8. 
118 off from his] Q1 Q2; from's Q8. 
119 do] Q1 Q2; om. Q8. 

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Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?
Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.  
He strikes him.
Flew. Gode plut, and his. Captain Gower stand away:
Ile guie treason his due presently.

Enter the King, VVarwicke, Clarence, and Exeter,
Kin. How now, what is the matter?
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascal, beggerly rascal, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of Alonson:
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And saouchments, that this is the gloue.
Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gave it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.
Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.
Kin. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.
*And thou thou hast guuen me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?
Flew. Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marshals lawe in the worell.
Soul. My Liege, all offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
You appeard to me as a common man:
Witness the night, your garments, your lowlinesse,
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:

4 Soul.] Flew. Q2.
5 the the] Q1. the Q3 Q5.
his. Captain] Q1 Q3. his Captaine Q5.
9 now. what is] Q1 Q3 now? What Q5.
14 Maiestie] Q1 Q3. maiestie in person Q5.
Alonson] Alamon Q5 (and elsewhere).
15 witnes] Q1. witnesse Q5. witnesses
Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

King. Vnkle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the souldier. Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Glue him the crownes. Come Captaine Flewellen,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Jesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly. Harke you souldier, there is a shilling for you,
And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentioes,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.

Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:
It will serve you to mend your shoes.

King. What men of sort are taken vnkle f

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King.

John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchquall.

Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the field lyes alaine.

Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,
*Charles de la Brute. his Constable of France.
Jaques of Chattillian, Admirall of France.
The Maister of the crosbows, John Duke Alenson.
Lord Rambieres, his Maister of France.
The brave sir Gwigsard, Dolphin. Of Nobelle Charillias,
Gran Prie, and Ross, Fawconbridge and Foy.
Gerard and Verton. Vandemant and Lestra.

Here was a royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Kety, Davy Gam Esquier:
And of all other, but five and twenty.

O God thy arme was here,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.
When without strategem,
And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard
So great, and little losse, on one part and an other.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

King. Come let vs go on procession through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,
To tell how many is kild?

King. Yes Flewellen, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Let there be sung, Nouues and te Deum.
The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
Weele then to Calice, and to England then,
Where nere from France, arriuide more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gover, and Flewellen.

[Gov. But why do you weare your Lecke to day?]

*Sainct Dawies day is past?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine Gover,
Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, Pistolles
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worrell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and sault, and bids me
Eate my Lecke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could moue no discentions:
But if I can see him, I shall tell him,
A little of my desires.

Gow. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,
God plesse you Antient Pistoll, you scall,
Beggerly, loveis knane, God plesse you.
SCENE I.] of Henry the fift. 501

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem? Dost thou thurst base Troyan, To haue me folde vp Parcas fatall web? Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke. 20

Floew. Antient Pistoll. I would desire you because It doth not agree with your stomackle, and your appetite, And your stomach, to eate this Leeke.

Pist. Not for Cadwallerader and all his goates.

Floew. There is one goate for you Antient Pistol. 25

He strikes him.

Pist. Bace Troyan, thou shall dye. 30

Floew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would Desire you to liue and eate this Leeke.

Gover. Inough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Floew. Astonisht him, by Jesu, Ile beate his head

Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile Make him eate some part of my Leeke.

Pist. Well must I byte? *Floew. I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities You must byte. 35

Pistol. Good good.

Floew. I Leekes are good, Antient Pistoll.

There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Floew. If you will not take it, 40

I haue an other Leeke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

Floew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgells, You shalbe a woodmonger,

And by cudgels, God byw you, 45

Antient Pistoll, God blesse you,

And heale your broken pate.

Antient Pistoll, if you see Leekes an other time, Mooke at them, that is all: God byw you.

Exit Floewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this. 50

Doth Fortune play the huswye with me now?
Is honour eudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well France farwell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One mallydie of France,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne, and vse the slyte of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there lye steale.
And patches will I get vnto these skarres,
And sweare I get them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords. And at
the other doore, the King of France, Queens Katherine, the
Duke of Burbon, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
*And to our brother France, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine.
And as a branch, and member of this stock:
We do salute you Duke of Burgondie.

Fran. Brother of England, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, so are we Princes English every one.
Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindered you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If Duke of Burgondye, you wold haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.

Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,
Oreviwd them: pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answere.

Har. Go Lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answere backe.
Yet leave our cousin Katherine here behind.

France. Withall our hearts.
Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katharine, and the Gentlewoman.

Kate. Now Kate, you have a blunt wooer here
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
I'de make compare with any.
But leaving that Kate,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt have me at the worst:
*And in wearing, thou shalt have me better and better,
Thou shalt have a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis,
And Saint George, shall get a boy,
That shall goe to Constantinople,
And take the great Turk by the beard, ha Kate?
Kate. Is it possible that me sall
Loure de enemie de France.

Harry. No Kate, tis vnpossible
You should louse the enemie of France:
For Kate, I loue France so well,
That Ie not leaue a Village,
Ie haue it all mine: then Kate,
When France is mine,
And I am yours,
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No Kate,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.

23 Exit King...] Q1; Exit French King... Q8.
49 beard, ha Kate?] bea?d? ha Kate. Q8.
52 Kate.] Kate? Q8.
Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speed.
Quan France et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douc France ettes a vous:
Kate. Den France shall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie suyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleseue me Kate? tis easier for me To conquer the kingdome, the to speak so much More French.
Kate. A your Maiesty has false France inough To deceiue de best Lady in France.
Harry. No faith Kate not I. But Kate,
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell I
Ile aske them.
Come Kate, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your closet,
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete Kate, vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruely.
That I shall dye Kate, is sure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A straight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe small,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the sun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a souldier: take a souldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue me?
Kate. Dat is as please the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him:
Nay it shall please him Kate.

56 Dennis] Denis Q3
68 enough] enough Q3
70 Kate] Kate prethee tell me Q3.

56 do you] Q1 Q2
71 Dost thou] Q1 Q2
93 the King] Q1 Q2
SCENE II.] of Henry the fift.

And vpon that condition Kate Ile kisse you.

Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelle chose
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynz votrees fashions en fouor.

Harry. What saies she Lady?

Lady. Dat it is not de fasion en France,
For de maides, before da be married to
*May foy ie oblye, what is to bassie?

Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Fashion in France, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.

Lady. Owyse see votriere grace.

Har. Well, weele breake that custome.
Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeld.
Before God Kate, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses:
And may perswade with me more,
Then all the French Counsell.
Your father is returned.

Enter the King of France, and
the Lordes.

How now my Lordes?

France. Brother of England,
We haue odered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.

Ees. Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiestie demaundes,
That the king of France hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.

*Notre treacher fils, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,
*E heare de France. And thus in Latin:

*Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.

_Har._ Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course: And withall,
Your daughter _Katherine_ in mariage.

+_Fran._ This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue.
God that disposeth all, give you much ioy.

_Har._ Why then faire _Katherine_,
Come give me thy hand:
Our mariage will we present solemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of loun.
Then will I sweare to _Kate_, and _Kate_ to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

FINIS.
THE

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION.
THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION OF THE TWO FAMOVS
Houses of Yorke & Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey.

Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humphrey Duke of Gloster, the Duke of Sommerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinal Bewford, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of Suffolk, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke.

Suffolk.

[ACT I. SCENE I.]

S by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your excellency,
To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of France & Cyrrile,
The Dukes of Orlengue, Calabar, Britaine, and Donson.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espousde,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliever vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gratious excellency, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
*The fairest Queene that euer King possett.

King. Suffolk arise.

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,

8 then the] Q1,Q2. twenty Q3.
The first part of the contention of the two famous

The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kinde kiss: Oh gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulness,
For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

Queene. Th' excessiue lowne I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lausih of my tongue,
Least I should speake more then beseeemes a woman:
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

Kin. Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce,
Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side:
And vnkle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.
All. Long live Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.

Queene. We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confirmde of peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

Humphrey. Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French King

Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of Suffolke, Embass-
sador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shal wed
and espose the Ladie Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of
Naples, Cyselei, and Jerusalem, and crowne her Queene of Eng-
land, ere the 30. of the next month.

Item. It is further agreed betwene them, that the Dutches of Ant-
joy and of Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the
King her fa.

Duke Humphrey lets it fall.

Kin. How now vnkle, whates the matter that you stay so sodenly.

*Humph. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,
Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

Vnkle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.

90 her speech] Q1 Q2. speech Q3.
32 Lordly] Lordly Q5.
37 confirmde of peace,] Q1. confirmd of peace Q2.
40 Imprimis] Q1. Imprimis Q3 Q5.
45 80.] Q1 Q2. thirty day Q3.
month Q4. moneth Q2.
46, 78 Dutches] Q1 Q2. Dutchesse Q3.
48 fa.] Q1 Q2. fa— Q4.
50 ouer] Q1 Q2. ore Q3.
51 reade] Q1 Q2. see Q3.
52 Vnkle of Winchester] Q1 Q2. My
Lord of Yorke Q3.
you] Q1 Q2. do you Q3.
SCENE 1. \textit{Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.} 511

Cardinall. Item, It is further agreed between them, that the
Duches of Aniyo and of Mayne, shall be released and delive-
red over to the King her father, & she sent over of the King 55
of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.
King. They please vs well, Lord Marquessse kneele downe, We
here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & girt thee with the
sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from
being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months 60
be full expire.

Thankes vnkle \textit{VVinchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, So-
merset, Salisbury and \textit{WVarwicke.}}

We thanke you all for this great faavour done,
In entertainment to my Princeely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide 65
To see her Coronation be performde.

\textit{Exst} King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke
Humphrey stais all the rest.

Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,
To you Duke \textit{Humphrey} must vnfold his griefe,
What did my brother \textit{Henry} toyle himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquere \textit{France}?
And did my brother \textit{Bedford} spend his time 70
To kepe in aue that stout vnruley Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnkle \textit{Bensford} here,
Done all we could to kepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen away for our King \textit{Henries} Queene,
The Dutches of Aniyo and Mayne vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage censelling our states,
Reversing Monuments of conquered \textit{France},
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

Card. Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this!
*As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leave,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see, 85
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Humphry. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:

Q2. 75 spent] Q1Q2. spent guite Q3.
63 all for] Q1Q2. for all Q3. 81 dare] Q1Q3. dare Q3.
86 Lord] Q1Q2. Lords Q3.
But ile begone, and giue thee leave to speakes. 90
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humphrey.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus bless your royall excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
But I will after him, and if I can
Ie laie a plot to haue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somerset. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolk,
Weele quickly haue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Sateb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
*My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
Swearre, and forswearre himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
Cosin Forke, the victories thou hast wonne,
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue VVarwicke, my thrisce valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reverence of mine age, and Nevells name,
Is of no litle force if I command,
SCENE I.]

Houses, of Yorks and Lancaster. 513

Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possessse,
But wherefore weepes Warwicke my noble sonne.

VVarow. For grieffe that all is lost that VVarwick won.
Sonnes. Aniow and Maine, both gien away at once,
Why VVarwick did win them, & must that then which we wonne
with our swords, be gien away with wordes.

Yorke. As I have read, our Kingses of England were woont to
haue large dowries with their wiuues, but our King Henrie
giues away his owne.

Saxes. Come sonnes away and looke vnnto the maine.

VVar. Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost,
Which VVarwicke by maine force did win from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exeit Saisbure and Warwicke.

Yorke. Aniow and Maine, both gien vnnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when Yorks shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuals parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey:
And vvhen I spie advantage, claime the Crovvne,
For that the golden marke I seeke to hit:

*Nor shall proud Lancaster usurpe my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor vvere the Diadem vnpon his head,
Whose church-like humours fitts not for a Crovonne:

Then Yorks be still a vwhile till time do serue,
Watch thou, and vvake vvhenv others be a sleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till Henrie surfeiting in joyes of loue,
With his newv bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
And Humphrey vwith the Peerez be faue at iarres,
Then vvill I raise aloft the milke-vvhithe Rose,
With vvhose sweete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorks,
To graffle vwith the House of Lancaster:
And force perforce, iie make him yeeld the Crovonne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England dovnne.

Exeit Yorks.

182 Sonnes| Q Qb.  Sonnes (italic) Qb.  156 a sleepe| Q1.  a slepe Q Qb.
141 meant| Q Qb.  meanes Qb.  164 graffe| Q Qb.  grapple Q Qb.

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The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT I

Enter Duke Humphrey, and Dame Ellenor, [SC. II]
Cobham his wife.

Ellnor. Why droopes my Lord like aner ripened corn,
Hanging the head at Cerises plentifuli loade,
What seeest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine armes be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?
Then vvhat shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.

Humph. My lonely Nell, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons against my soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled vvith a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

Ellnor. What dreamp my Lord. Good Humphrey tell it me,
And Ile interpret it, and vvhen thats done,
Ile tell thee then, vvhat I did dreame to night.

Humphrey. This night vvhen I was laid in bed, I dreamt that
*This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,
And William de la Poul first Duke of Suffolk.

Ellnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breaks a stick of Glosters grove,
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreamt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

Humphrey. Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,

2 Cerises] Q1 Q2. Ceres Q3. 5 not thou] Q1 Q2. thou not Q3.
13 dreamp] Q1 Q2. dreamt Q3. 18 the......Winchester] Q1 Q2. Edmund
23 th'] the Q3. 26 Kings] Q1 Q2. the Kings Q3.
81 wife......him.] Q1. wife......him. Q2
82 thus.] Q1. thus! Q2 Q3.

by the Cardinall. What it bodes God
knowes; and on Q3.
18 the......Winchester] Q1 Q2. Edmund
Duke of Somerset Q3.
23 th'] the Q3.
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. Now my Lord. What angry with your Nell,
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

Humphrey. Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messenger. And it please your grace, the King and Queene to
morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones,
and crause your company along with them.

Humphrey. With all my heart, I will attend his grace:
Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

Exet Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

*Enter sir John Hum.

What sir John Hum, what newes with you?
Sir John. Jesus preserve your Maiestie.
Elnor. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.
Sir John. I, but by the grace of God & Humes advise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

Elnor. What hast thou confered with Margery Jordaime, the
   cunning Witch of Ely, with Roger Bullingbrooks and the
   rest, and will they undertake to do me good?

Sir John. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise
   a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your
   grace all questions you demaund.

Elnor. Thanks good sir John. Some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard here,
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,
And so resolve vs of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

Exeunt Elnor.

Sir John. Now sir John Hum, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts are long will make me mightie rich,
The Duches she thinks now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these Treasons against the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.
But whist sir John, no more of that I trow,
*For feare you lose your head before you goe.

Exeunt.

Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the
Armourers mans.

1. Peti. Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our senearl causes.

2. Peti. I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries life,
For but for him a many were vnstone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they
take him for Duke Humphrey, and giues
him their writings.

1. Peti. Oh we are vnstone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.
Queen. Now good fellows, whom would you speak withall?
2 Peti. If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors
Grace.

Queen. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

\[66\text{ vs}] Q_1 Q_2. \text{ om. } Q_3. \quad 4\text{ Duke}] Q_1 Q_2. \text{ om. } Q_3. \quad 6\text{ cannot}] Q_1 Q_2. \text{ can } Q_3. \quad 12\text{ grace.}] Q_1. \text{ grace } Q_4 Q_5. \quad 78\text{ rise}] Q_1 Q_2. \text{ raise } Q_3. \quad 79\text{ trow}] Q_1 Q_2. \text{ tro } Q_3. \quad 81\text{ let vs}] Q_1 Q_2. \text{ lets } Q_3.
SCENE III. | Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster. 517

Suffolks. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done? 15

2. Peti. Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th' are gone together, and I know not where to find them.
Suffolks. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some injury indeed.
But what say you?

Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, 20
that the Duke of Yorks was true heire vnto the Crowne, and
that the King was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurer thou wouldst say.

Peter. I forsooth an vsurer.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurer?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th' other day
when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our
garret.

Suffolks. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there? 30

Enter one or two.
Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Pursuuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the King.

Exet with the Armourers man.

Now sir what yours? Let me see it,
What's here? 35

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolks for enclosing the
comons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue.

1. Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a
      Messenger for the whole town-ship. 40

      He teares the papers.

Suffolks. So now show your petitions to Duke Humphrey.
Villaines get you gone and come not near the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

Exet Petitioneris.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolks, you may see by this,

16, 18 stole] Q1 Q2. stolen Q3.
18 wife,] Q1 Q2. wife? Q3.
that,] Q1 Q2. that's Q3.
21 unto] Q1 Q2. to Q3.
24, 29 I] Q1 Q2. Yea Q3.
31 is] Q1 Q2. om. Q3.
33 here] Q1. heare Q3. here Q3.
this] Q1 Q2. this thing Q3.
38 knaue.] Q1 Q2. knauel Q3.
39 me, me] Q1. mee Q3 (Capell, Devon-
      shire, and Malone 867). it Q9 (Malone
      .). 38). me Q3.
41 petition] Q1 Q2. petition Q3.
42 you] Q1 Q2. ye Q3.
43 thus] Q1. thus? Q3 Q8.
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King Henry:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded Eleanor,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day she wanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any grieve of minde be like to this.
*I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stoled away our Ladyses hearts in France,
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suffolke. Madame content your selfe a little while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I haue set lime-twiggs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall understand.
But staiie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King Henry, and the Duke of Yorkes and the Duke of Somerset on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke Humphrey, Dame Elnor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Winchester.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alys wonne to me.

Yorks. My Lord, if Yorkes haue ill demande himselfe,
Let Somerset enioy his place and go to France.

Somerset. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made the Regent over the French.

VVarwicke. VVhom soeuer you account worthie,

Yorks is the vworthisest.

Cardinall. Pease VVarwicke. Giee thy betters leaue to speake.

VVar. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.

VVar. And Warwicke may leue to be the best of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it vvere best that Somerset
vvere Regent over France.

Humphrey. Madame our King is old inough himselfe,

To give his answer vwithout your consent.

Queene. If he be old inough, vvhat needs your grace

To be Protector over him so long.

*Humphrey. Madame I am but Protector over the land,

And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolks. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,

As who is King but thee. The common state

Doth as we see, all wholly go to wrackes,

And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,

And as for the Regenthip of France,

I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorks.

Yorks. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,

Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthie deeds that York hath done,

Should make him worthie to be honoured here.

Suffolks. Peace headstrong VVarwicke.

VVar. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suffolks. Because here is a man accusde of Treason.

Pray God the Duke of Yorks do cleare himselfe.

Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of 105

high Treason, And his words were these.

That the Duke of Yorks was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and

that your grace was an vsurper.

Yorks. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the

the law will affoord, for his villany.

King. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

78 Pease[Q1. Peace Q2Q3. 79 Cardinall][Q1. Cardinal's Q2. Card-

nal's Q3.

81 the best][Q1Q2. best Q3.

84 our][Q1. our Q2Q3.

86 old][Q1Q2. bold Q3.
Armour. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I never said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsely accused by this villain
Peter. To no matter for that, you did say so. (here.
York. I beseech your grace, let him have the lavv.
Armour. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words,
my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would
be even with me, I have good vwitnesse of this, and therefore
I beseech your Maiestie do not cast away an honest man for a
villaines accusation.
King. Vnkle Gloster, vwhat do you thinke of this?
*Humphrey. The lavv my Lord is this by case, it restes suspitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or vwrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With Eben statues, and Standbags combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

Exst Humphrey.

Armour. And I accept the Combat vvillingly.
Peter. Alas, my Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suffolks. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to prison. Exst vwith them.

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of
Gloster, a boxe on the eare.

Queene. Give me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see?
She strikes her.

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

Elnor. Did you not proud French-vwoman,
    Could I come neare your daintie vissage vvith my nayles.
    Ide set my ten commandments in your face.
King. Be patient gentle Aunt.

It wvas against her vvill.

Elnor. Against her vvill. Good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.
But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,

112 Am'] Q. Am't Q.Q.
116 my Lord] Q.Q. master Q.
      the words] Q.Q. these words Q.
120 Maiestie] Q. majestie Q. worship Q.
126 Which....month] Omitted in Q.
127 Standbags] Q. Standbags Q.Q.
130 to fight] Q.Q. for to fight Q.
132 them] Q.Q. him Q.
138 French-vwoman,] Q.Q. French-woman Q.
141 will'] Q.Q. will Q.
SCENE IV. Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

She shall not strike dame Elnor vnrenuengde.

King. Beleeua me my loue, thou vvart much to blame, 145
I vvould not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

Enter Duke Humphrey.

But see vwhere he comes, I am glad he met her not.

Vnckle Gloster, vvhat answere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of Franoe,
Whom thinks your grace is mestest for to send.

*Humphrey. My gratious Lord, then this is my resoluue,
For that these words the Armourer should speakes,
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent over the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.

We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights against foraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.

Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I think is full expirde.

Somerset. I humbly thankes your royall Maistie,
And take my leave to poste with speed to Franc.

Exet Somerset.

King. Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,

For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day.  165

Exet omnes.

Enter Elnor, with sir John Hum, Koger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer, [Sc. iv.] and Margery Tourdaine a Witch.

Elnor. Here sir John, take this scrol of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask,
And I will stand vnpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

145 wort[Q1, wort Q3Q4] to blame[Q1, too blame Q3Q4]
158 should[Q1Q2, dote Q3]
155 ower[Q1Q2, ore Q3]
156 trials[Q1Q2, trial’s Q3]
159 right gains[t[Q1Q2, right ‘gainst Q3]
165 lets[Q1Q2, let’s Q3]
168 Exet[Q1, exsent Q3. Exit Q5]

Elnor[Q1Q2, Elanor Q3]
Koger[Q1, Roger Q3Q4]
4 here[Q1, heare Q3Q4]
522 The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT I.

Sir John. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then Roger Bullenbrooks about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diews be low,
And conjure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

*Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.

Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupeus,
Send vp I charge you from Soutus lake,
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And bither come in twinkling of an eye,

Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit
riseth vp.

Spirit. Now Bullenbrooks what wouldst thou have me do?

Bullen. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.


Spirit. By water shall he die and take his ende.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie
plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

He sinks downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.
Where Pluto in his fiere Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dytas by the Ruer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Iordaine rise, and staithe thy charming Spels.
Sonnus, we are betraide.

12 be low] Q1.
below Q2 Q3.
out liue] Q1 Q2. out-lue Q3.
25 awayt] Q1. awaits Q2. awaites Q3.
Suffolks.] Q1 Q2. Suffolks Q3.
26 shall he] Q1 Q2. he shall Q2.
29 then] Q1 Q2. om. Q3.
31 poule] Q1. poole Q2 Q3.
84 Stykes] Stitz Q3.
87 Sonnes] Q1 Q2. Zounds Q3.
SCENE IV.] Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster. 523

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham, and others.

Yorke. Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure, This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there? This will be great credit for your husband, That your are plotting Tresouns thus with Cuniurers, The King shall haue notice of this thing.

**Exeunt Elnor above.**

Buck. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Gue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.

*Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

**Exeunt with them.**

Buckingham. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King, Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.

**Exeunt Buckingham.**

Yorke. Whose within there?

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night.

**Exeunt Yorke.**

One. I will my Lord.

**Exeunt.**

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, [*Act II. Sc. IV.*] and Duke Humphrey and Suffolk, and the Cardinall, as if they came from hawkning.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight? But as I cast her off the winde did rise,

And twice ten to one, old lone had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords worke are on earth,

Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,

Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?

And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

Suffolks. No maruell if it please your Maiestie My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,

He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkens pitch.
Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.
Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.
Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on
a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus
with King and common-wealth.
Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs,
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.
Suffolke. Why not Haung so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.
*Humphrey. As how, my Lord?
Suffolke. As you, my Lord. And it like your Lordly
Lords Protectorship.
Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.
King. Cease gentile Queene, and whet not on these furious
Lordees to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on
earth.
Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.
Humphrey. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.
Cardinall. Even when thou darest.
Humphrey. Dare. I tell rhee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer
brooke the dare.
Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of
Gaunt.
Humph. In Bastardie.
Cardin. I sorne thy words.
Humph. Make vp no factious numbers, but even in thine own
person meetes me at the East end of the groue.
Card. Heres my hand, I will.
King. Why how now Lords!
Card. Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soon,
we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord
and buckler.

11 it is] Q1Q2 it's Q2.
12 That...pitch] Q1Q2 (scare Q3). That
sore no higher then a bird can sore
Q2.
14 I] Q1Q2 Yea Q2.
15 flie] Q1 flie Q2 fly Q2.
18 common-wealth] Commonwealth Q2.
20 hote.] Q1 hote! Q2 hot! Q2.
doate.] Q1 dotet! Q2 do't Q2.
21 not Haung...cause.] Q1. not I having
...cause. Q2. not, having...cause? Q2.
23 it like] Q1Q2 t'like Q2.
33 dare] Q1Q2 darst Q2.
34 Dare.] Q1 Dare! Q2 Dare: Q2.
rhee] Q1 thee Q2Q2.
36 Plantagenet] Q1Q2 Plantagenet Q2.
42 Here] Q1Q2 Here's Q2.
SCENE I.]  Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.  525

Humphrey.  Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.
Cardinall.  Protector, protect thy selfe well.
King.  The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.
            Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.
How now, now sirdha, what miracle is it?  50
One.  And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.
King.  Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifie the Lord
with him.
            Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with
            Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind,
            betwenee two in a chaire.
King.  Thou happie man, give God eternall praise,  55
*For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.
Humphrey.  Where wast thou borne?
Poore man.  At Barwickes sird, in the North.
Humph.  At Barwickes, and come thus far for helpe.
Poore man.  I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should glue me my sight againe.
Humphrey.  What art thou lame too?
Poore man.  I indeed sir, God helpe me.
Humphrey.  How cam'est thou lame?
Poore man.  With falling off on a plum-tree.  65
Humph.  Wart thou blind & wold clime plumentrees?
Poore man.  Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.
Humph.  But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?
Poore man.  I truly sir.
Woman.  I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.
Humphrey.  What art thou his mother?
VWoman.  His wife sir.
Humphrey.  Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.  70
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

47 Faith\q1\q2.  Gods mother \q3.  
49 chollour\q1.  color \q3.  choller \q4.
      A miracle, a miracle.\q1\q2, \q3.  a myracle.
      \q4.
50 How now,\q1.  How now? \q2.  How
      now? \q3.
52 8.\q1\q2.  sainte \q3.
      his shrine\q1\q2.  the shrine \q3.
      his\q1.  hether \q2.
53 hither\q1\q2.  hether \q2.
57 Humphrey.  Where...borne \f.  \q1\q2.

Continued to 'King' in \q3.
58 sir\q1\q2.  please your Maaicst\q3.
59 helpe\q1.  help \q2.
60 I sir\q1\q2.  Yea sir \q3.
62 art thou\q1\q2.  are \q3.
63, 70, 71 \q\q1\q2.  Yea \q3.
65 om\q1.  om. \q3.
66 Wart\q1\q2.  Wart \q3.
69 wart\q1\q2.  wart \q3.
72 thou his\q1\q2.  thou, his \q3.
Poore man. Yes truly maister, as clere as day.
Humphrey. Sait thou so. What colours his cloake?
Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.
Humphrey. And his cloake?
Poore man. Why thats greene.
Humphrey. And what colours his hose?
Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.
Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?
Poore man. Blacke sir, as blacke as leat.
King. Then belike he knowes what colour leat is on.
Suffolke. And yet I thinke leat did he never see.
Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a
But tell me sirrha, what's my name? (one.
Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.
Humphrey. What's his name?
Poore man. I know not.
Humphrey. Nor his.
*Poore man. No truly sir.
Humphrey. Nor his name?
Poore man. No indeed maister.
Humphrey. What's thine owne name?
Poore man. Sander, and it please you maister.
Humphrey. Then Sander sit there, the lyeingest knaue in Chri-
stendom. If thou hadest bene born blind, thou mightest aswell have
100 knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo
weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate
them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a
Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that
could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.
Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.
Humphrey. My Maisters of saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne.
And things called whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.
Humph. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exeunt one.

Humph. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.

78 so.] Q1. so | Q2. so: Q3.
78, 82 colours] Q1. colour's Q2Q3.
81 thats] Q1Q2. that's Q3.
84 colours] Q1Q2. colour's Q3.
87 yet] Q1Q2. om. Q3.
89 what] Q1. what's Q2Q3.
100 mightest] Q1. mightest Q2Q3.
103 saint] Q1Q2. S. Q3.
106 again] Q1Q2. against Q3.
107 sain] Q1Q2. S. Q3.
SCENE I.]  

Houses, of Yorks and Lancaster.  

Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,  
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.  

Enter Beadle.  

Poore man.  Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.  

Humph.  Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.  
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.  

Beadle.  I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.  

Poore man.  Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand.  
After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leape ouer  
the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him,  
crying, A miracle, a miracle.  

Hump.  A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt  
through every Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he  
was borne.  

Mayor.  It shall be done my Lord.  

*Suffolke.  My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,  
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.  

Humph.  I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole  
Dukedoms fie in a day.  

Witness France.  

King.  Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.  
Enter the Duke of Buckingham.  

What newes brings Duke Humphrey of Buckingham?  

Buck.  Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,  
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,  
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
By vvicecrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the state,  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,  
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,  
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.  

King.  First of the King, what shall become of him?  

Reads.  The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,  
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.  

Gods will be done in all.  
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?  
By water shall he die and take his end.  

122 do,[ Q2, Q3.  

girkes] Q3.  

128 halt[ Q2, Q3.  

129] Q2.  

132 here[ Q2.  

133 Humphrey[ Q1.  

136 cuniurings[ Q2, Q3.  

137 cuniurings[ Q1.  

145 out liue[ Q2, Q3.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT II.

Suffolks. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
It must be so, or else the diucl doth lie.

King. Let Somerset shun Castles,
For sauer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.

Card. Heres good stuffe, how novv my Lord Protector
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarcely keepe your promise.

Humphrey. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrgy my grieues,
And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne,
For here I svveare vnto your Maistie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious vvife hath falsy done,
And for she vvould betraie her soueraigne Lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
*And leaue her open for the lawv to judge,
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

King. Come my Lords this night vveale lodge in S. Albones,
And to morrovv vve vvill ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vncle Gloster along vvith vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

Exit omnes.

Enter the Duke of Yorks, and the Earles of [Sc. ii.]
Salisbury and Warwick.

Yorks. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reualse vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crowne by liniall descent.

War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neulis are thy subjecta to command.

Yorks. Then thus my Lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first vvas Edwyrd the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second vvas Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.
The third vvas Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

149 die[f] Q3, die : Qs.
154 Protector] Q1, protector? Q3, Protector, Qs.
170 Exit] Q1, exsunt Q3, Exit Qs.
1 ended, thus,] Q1, ended, thus Qs.
11—27 The second...third ] See note (ix).
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
The Duke of Lancaster.  
The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.  
The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.  
William of Winside was the seveth and last.  
Novv, Edvard the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left  
behinde him Richard, that aftervards was King, Crownde by  
the name of Richard the second, and he died vwithout an heire.  
Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two  
daughters, Anne and Elinor.  
Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne,  
and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I  
claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke  
of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the  
time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire  
to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancanster fourth sonne to Edward  
the third, he claime the Crowne, depoede the Merthfull King, and  
as both you know, in Pompheat Castle harmelesse Richard was  
shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of  
Lancaster vnto the Crown.  

Sala. Saving your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne  
of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and  
but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

Yorke. True. But so it fortuned then, by means of that mon-  
strous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death,  
and so euuer since the heirs of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the  
Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should suuceed before the is-  
sue of the younger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdom.

Warwick. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee  
claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Ed-  
ward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne.  
So that till Lynoels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not  
yet, but flourishing in the & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock.  
Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this private  
place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanks you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil  
this sword be sheathed euene in the hart blood of the house of Lan-  
caster.

27 Now sir. In the time] Q1Q5. Now  
sir, in time Q6.  
29 Lancanster] Q1. Lancaster Q6Q5.  
31 both you] Q1Q6. you both Q5.  
Owen Glendour Q2.

38 done] putte Q6.  
40 suuceed] Q1. suuceed Q3Q5.  
plaine,] Q1. plaine & Q6. plain, Q2.
Var. Then Yorke advise thy self and take thy time,
Claiame thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same advance the milke-white Rose,
55
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claim of Yorke,
60
For why my minde presageth I shall live
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorks. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see,
The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England,
*but the King. Come lets goe.

Exst omnes.

Enter King Henry, and the Queene, Duke Humphrey, the Duke of [Sc. III.]
Suffolke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinal, and Dame
Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the
Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Varwicke.

King. Stand forth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloster,
and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons,
that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do
penance barefoote in the streets, with a white sheete about thy
bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou
shalt be banished for euer into the Isle of Man, there to ende thy
wretched daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with
her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

Exst some with Elnor.

King. Greene not noble vnkle, but be thou glad,
In that these Treasons thus are come to light,
Least God had poured his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Humph. Oh gracious Henry, give me leaue awhile,
To leaue your grace, and to depart away,
SCENE III.]  Houses, of Yorks and Lancaster.  531

For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please, 20
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

Humph. My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine, 25
As erst thy noble father made it mine,
And even as willing at thy feaste I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
*May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
No lesse beloved of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer my land.  Exce Gloster.

Queene. Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?  35

York. Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are readie when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes. 40

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking
to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum
before him, and his staffe with a sand-bag fastened to it, and
at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge, and
Prentisses drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well enouh.  (Sacke.
2. Neigh. And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneoco.
3. Neigh. Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke
And be merry, and feare not your man.  45

Armourer. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT II]

1. Prentice. Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.
2. Prent. Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.
3. Prent. And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maister, fght for credit of the Prentises.

Peter. I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I gie thee my hammer,
And Will, thou shalt haue my saperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with
my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.
Salb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirrha, what is thy name?

Petr. Peter forsooth.

Salb. Peter, what more?
Peter. Thumpes.

Salb. Thumpes, then see that thou thumpes thy maister.

Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for be-
fore we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come
hither as it were of my mans instigation, to prooue my selfe an ho-
nest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with down-
right blowes, as Beuyes of South-hampton fell upon Askapart.

Peter. Law you now, I told you hee in his fence alreadie.

Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

Armou. Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. He dies.

Peter. O God I gie thee praise. He kneales downe.

Prent. Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

King. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,

For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in justice hath reuailed to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [Exet omnis.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph Sirrha, what is a clocke?

Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.
Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wanding in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The aibect people gazing on thy face,
With enuous lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-fote, and a white sheete about
her, with a ware candle in her hand, and verses written on
her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sherifes
of London, and Sir John Stanely, and Officers, with billes and
holbards.

Servant. My gratious Lord, see where my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

Humph. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looks at thee,
Shaking their heades, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Humph. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthless flints do cut my tender feste,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be advisd how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his foresorne Duches
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To every idle rascal follower.

Humphrey. My lovely Nell, what wouldst thou have me do? Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence, I should incur the danger of the law, And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

Elnor. Be thou mild, and stir not at my disgrace, Vntill the axe of death hang over thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolk he, The new made Duke, that may do all in all With her that loves him so, and hates vs all, And impious Yorks and Bewford that false Priest, Have all lynde bushes to betraie thy wings,
*And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your Grace, into his highnessse Parliament holden at saint Edmonds-Bury, the first of the next month.

Humphrey. A Parliament and our consent neuer craude Therein before. This is sodeine.

Well, we will be there.

Exe. Herald.

Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extends.

Sheriffe. Please it your grace, my office here doth end, And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

Humphrey. Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

Standly. I my gratious Lord, for so it is decreede, And I am so commanded by the King.

Humph. I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neares the worse, In that I intreat you to vse her well.
The world may smile againe and I may liue, To do you fauour if you do it her, And so sir Iohn farewell.

Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farwell.

Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

Exe. Humphrey and his men.

89 rascald] Q₁ Q₂. rassall Q₃.
46 ouer] Q₁ Q₂. ore Q₃.
51 can] Q₁ Q₂. cannot Q₃.
55 saient] Q₁ Q₂. S. Q₃.
55 This is sodeine.] Q₁ Q₂. This is— Q₃.
60 Standly] Q₁ Q₂. Stanly Q₃.
63 I my] Q₁ Q₂. Yea my Q₃.
65 near] Q₁. mere Q₂ Q₃.
SCENE IV.] Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster. 535

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

Standly. Madam let vs go vnto some house hereby,
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

Elnor. Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

Exst omnes.

Enter to the Parlament. [ACT III. SCENE I.]

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, and the
*Duke of Suffolk, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardi-
nall of VVinchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then
the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of VWarwicks.

King. I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.
Queene. Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him even in the morn,
When every one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither move nor speakes to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troups, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,
And with long life, Iesus preserve his grace,
Honouring him as if he were their King.
Gloster is no little man in England,
And if he list to stir commotions,
Tys likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it passe, and call it a womens feare.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Disprove my Alligations if you can,
And by your speeches, if you can reprove me, I will subscribe and say, I wrong’d the Duke.

Suffol. Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke, And if I had bene licenst first to speake, I thinkes I should haue told your graces tale. Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest. No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man Unsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

King. Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

Som. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is, That all your holds and Townes within those Territores Is overcome my Lord, all is lost.

*King. Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset, But Gods will be done.

Yorks. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France, Even as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke Humphrey.

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

Suffol. Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone, Unless thou proue more loyall then thou art, We do arrest thee on high treason here.

Humph. Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush Nor change my countenance for thine arrest, Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

Yorks. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France, And stopt the soldiers of their paie,

By which his Majestie hath lost all France.

Humph. Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?

So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night Euer intending good for England still, That penie that euor I tooke from France, Be brought against me at the judgement day.

I neuer rob’d the soldiers of their paie, Many a pound of mine owne propper cost Haue I sent euor for the soldiers wants, Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

Car. In your Protectorship you did devise
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

_Hum._ Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonious theefe,
That robs and murthers silly passesengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.

_Suffolk._ Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

_King._ Good vnkle obey to his arrest,
*I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tals me thou art innocent.

_Humph._ Ah gracios Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords firie eyes showes his envious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookez bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:
And you my gracios Lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The Proverbe no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

_Suffolk._ Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,
As if that she with ignomious wrong,
Had sobornde or hired some to swears against his life.

_Queene._ I but I can guie the losser leaue to speake.

_Humph._ Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT III

Beshrovv the vvinners hearts, they plaie me false.

Buck. Hale vvrest the sence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent avay.

Car. Who's vvithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure vvithin my house.

Humph. O! thus King Henry casts avay his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his vvatchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst vvolues stand snarring vvho shall bite him first.
Farvvell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

Exst Humphrey, vvith the Cardinals men.

King. My Lords what to your vvisdoms shal seem best.

Queen. What wil your highnesse leuue the Parliament?

King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlessse meone,
For who's a Traitor, Glesoor he is none.

Exst King, Salisbur, and VVarwicks.

Queen. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.
Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

Suffolka. And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The Fopo barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should line.
No. Let him die, in that he is a Fopo,
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords.

Suffol. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. How now sirrha, what newes?
SCENE I.  [Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Messen.  Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vnoontrolld,
Doth plant themselves within the English pale.

Queene.  What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?

Yorke.  Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.

*To kepee in awe the stubborne Irishmen,

He did so much good when he was in France.

Somer.  Had Yorke bene there with all his far fethot
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

Yorke.  I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before
That France should haue resoleted from Englands rule.

Somer.  I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouerned worse then I.

York.  What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

Somer.  Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

Queene.  Somerset forbear, good Yorke be patiend,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

Yorke.  Woul Madame sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.

Queene.  Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shal suffis him in these needfull warres.

Buck.  Madame I will, and leauie such a band
As soone shal overcome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?

Yorke.  At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.

Buck.  Then theither shall they come, and so farewell.

Exit Buckingham.

Yorke.  Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

138  Lords[ Qf Qg.  lord Qg.
134  Kernes that vncontrold[ Qf Qg.  Kernes, that vncontrold Qg.
135  Dot[ Qf Qg.  Do Qg.
After this line, Qf and Qg insert line
139.
137  very[ Qf Qg.  om. Qg.
139  burnes and spoiles[ Qf Qg.  burne and
spoile Qg.  See note to line 135.
143  Pollices[ Qf.  Pollicies QgQg.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT III.

Queene. Suffolke remember what you have to do. And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey, Twere good that you did see to it in time, Come let us go, that it may be performed.

Exeunt omnes. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now Yorkethink thy self and rowse thee vp, Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire, Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine, Twas men I lack't, and now they giue them me, And now whilst I am busie in Ireland, I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman, John Cade of Ashford.

*Vnder the title of John Mortemer,
To raise commotion, and by that meanes I shall perceiue how the common people Do affect the claime and house of Yorke, Then if he haue successse in his affaires, From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reap the harvest which that coystrill sowed, Now if he should be taken and condemmed, Heelo nere confesse that I did set him on, And therefore ere I go ile send him word, To put in practise and to gather head, That so soone as I am gone he may begin To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines, To helpe him to performe this enterprise. And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away, None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne, But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.

Exeunt Yorke.

Then the Curtaine being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered [Sc. II.] in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolkes to them.

Suffolk. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

Suffolk. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still, That when the King comes, he may perceiue

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165 Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do.
170 Yorke. Now Yorkethink thy self and rowse thee vp,
175 *Vnder the title of John Mortemer,
180 To raise commotion, and by that meanes I shall perceiue how the common people Do affect the claime and house of Yorke, Then if he haue successse in his affaires, From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
185 To reap the harvest which that coystrill sowed, Now if he should be taken and condemmed, Heelo nere confesse that I did set him on, And therefore ere I go ile send him word, To put in practise and to gather head, That so soone as I am gone he may begin To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines, To helpe him to performe this enterprise. And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away, None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne, But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.
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167 Twere] Q2 Q2. Twere Q2.
171 Least] Q2 Q2. Least Q2. it not] Q2 Q2. not it Q2.
172 Twas] Q2 Q2. Twas Q2. 176 John Mortemer.] Q2. Sir John Mortimer, Q2. John Mortimer, (For he is like him every kinds of way) Q2.
173 Twaas] Q2 Q2. Twaas Q2. 177 Yea Q2. Yea Q2. hees] Q2. he is Q2. he's Q2.
SCENE II.] Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster. 541

No other, but that he die of his owne accord.
2. All things is hansom now my Lord.

Suffolke. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

Exit murthere.:

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and
the Duke of Somerset, and the Cardinall.

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

Suffolke. I will my Lord.  

Exit Suffolke.

(Gloster,

King. And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle

*Then by just prove you can affirm,
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle?

Suffolke. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

The King falles in a sound.

Queen. Ay-me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.


Kis. What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?

Came he euon now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my grieses, or ease my heart:
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euon in thine eye-bals murther site,
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske
And kill the silly gazer with thy looke.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,

6 hansom[.] Q₁Q₂  handsome Q₃.
Then enter... Q₁Q₂.  Enter... Q₃.
12 against[.] Q₃.  'gainst Q₃.
Gloster] Q₁Q₂.  om. Q₃.
17 Lord Gloster is Q₁.  Lord, Gloster is Q₃.
5 sound.] Q₁Q₂.  swoome. Q₃.
24 heart.] Q₁.  heart?] Q₂Q₃.
25 messenger out] Q₁Q₂.  messenger, out Q₃.
26 thine] Q₁Q₂.  thy Q₃.
27 Basaliske] Q₁Q₂.  Basaliske Q₃.
29 you had] Q₁Q₂.  y' had Q₃.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT III.

What doest thou turne away and hide thy face? 35
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vp on the sea,
And thrise by awkward winds druen back from Englands bounds.
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds, said, seekes not a scorpiouns neast.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salisbury.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murthred by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,
But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

*Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

Salb. I will sonne. Exeit Salbury.

Varwicke drawes the curtaines and showes Duke

Humphrey in his bed.

King. Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.

Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

Var. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.

Suffolk. A dreadfull oath sworne with a solemnne toong,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

Var. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashe simblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that grasps for life,
Yet was by strength surprisest, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

Var. I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

35 does[t] Q.1, does Q.2.
36 leoper] Q.1, leaper Q.2.
37 nigh] Q.1 Q.2, nie Q.1.
        sea,] Q.1 Q.2, sea Q.2.
38 bounds,] Q.1 Q.2, bounds Q.2.
39 angrie] Q.1, angry Q.1, hungry Q.2.
41 Salbury] Q.1, Salisbury Q.2, Salisbury Q.3.
42 thrise] Q.1, om. Q.2, thrice Q.3.
43 tooch] Q.1, tongue Q.2 Q.3 (and passim).
44 his,] Q.1 Q.2, the Q.3.
45 proportioned] Q.1 Q.2, proportion'd Q.3.
46 choose] Q.1 Q.2, choose Q.3.
48 tue] Q.1 Q.2, tis Q.3.
And tis well seen he found some enemies.
   Card. But have you no greater proofs than these?
   VVar. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttocks nearest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?
Euen so suspisituous is this Tragidie.
   Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talanta?
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?
   Suffolke. I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But heres a vengeful sword rusted with case,
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,
That slanders me with murtherers crimson badge,
*Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

   Ext Cardinall.
   VVar. What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?
   Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogat controwler,
Though Suffolk dare him twentie hundreth times.
   VVar. Madame be still, with reverence may I say it,
That every word you speake in his defence,
Is slander to your royall Maiestie.
   Suffolke. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wronged her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke unto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred charle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And nearer of the Neuels noble race.
   VVar. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraigne presence makes me mutet,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst, That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie, And after all this fearefull homage done, Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell, Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

_Suffol._ Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy blood, If from this presence thou dare go with me.

_VVar._ Away soon now, or I will drag thee hence.

_Warwicke._ Pulls him out.

_Exst Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe, the Duke of Suffolke and VWarwicke, with their weapons drawne._

_King._ Why how now Lords?

_Suf._ The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,

_Set all upon me mightie soueraigne i

*The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earl of Salisbury._

_Salb._ My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me, The vnsesse false Suffolke here be done to death, Or banished faire Englands Territories, That they will erre from your highnesse person, They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died, They say by him they fear the ruine of the realme. And therefore if you loue your subiects weale, They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

_Suf._ Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolishd hinds Would send such message to their soueraigne, But you my Lord were glad to be imployd, To trie how quaint an Orator you were, But all the honour Salisbury hath got, Is, that he was the Lord Embassador Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

_King._ Good Salisbury go backe againe to them, Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their means,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I swear,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I have rule, but three daies more, he dies.

Exeunt Salisbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reverse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishement.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I swears, it is irreuocable.

Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I have great matters to impart to thee.

Exeunt King and Warwicke, Manus Queene
and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.
*Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thine enemies?

Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,
As leave fast envy in her loathsome caue,
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be firm on end, as one distraught,
And every ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a grove of sypris trees.
Their softest tuch as smart as lizards stings.
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.
And boding strike-oules make the consort full.

All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Queene. Inough sweete Suffolke, thou tormentes thyselfe.

Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?

Now by this ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
Or liue where thou wilt vwithin this vworldes globe,
Ie haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not staie, but iel haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.
Avway, I say, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing vvhhilst thou standest here.

Suffolk. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrisse by thee.

Enter Vavvyse.

*Queen. Howe now, vvhither goes Vavvyse so fast?
Vavvyse. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinall Bevfford is at point of death,
Somtimes he raus and cries as he vvere madde,
Somtimes he calles vpon Duke Humphriss Ghost,
And vvhisperes to his pillovv as to him,
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That even now he cald aloude for him.

Queen. Go then good Vavvyse and certifie the King.

Exeit Vavvyse.

Oh vwhat is vvorldly pompe, all men must die,
And vvoe am I for Bevffords heauie ende.
But vwhy mourne I for him, vvhilst thou art here?
Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What vvere it else, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That die with mothers dugge betweene his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elyzam,
By thee to die, were but to die in ease,
From thee to die, were torment more then death,
O let me staie, befall, whate may befall.

Queen. Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy life,
Then shouldst thou staie, but heavens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

Suff. I goe.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

She kisseth him.

Suff. A ieuvell lockt into the vvoefulst caske,
That euery yet containde a thing of vvoorth,
*Thus like a splitted barks so sunder we.
This way fall I to death.

Exet Suffolke.

Exet Queene. [Sc. III.]
Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and
the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he
were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole yeare,
Ile glie thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.

King. Oh see my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghast doth stand,
And staires me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth grize his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall dies.

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgiue his soule.

Salb. So bad an ende did nouer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

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The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT IV.]

King. Forbeare to judge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will judge vs all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

Exeunt omnes.

[ACT IV. SCENE I.]

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, and Water Whickmore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that soorm'd to yeald,
Vnlade their goods with speed and sinkke their ship,
Here Maister, this prisoner I glie to you.
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.

Suffolke. Water! He starteth.

Water. How now, what doest feare me?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe,
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Water.

VWater. Gualter or Water, as one to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suf. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.

VWater. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. Priso. But what shall our ransomes be?

Mai. A hundreth pounds a piece, either paie that or die.

2. Priso. Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

VWater. Come sirilha, thy life shall be the ransome
I will haue.

21 be] Q1, Q2. om. Q3.

Exeunt Q1. exeunt Q3. Exit Q3.

Whickmore] Q1, Q2. Whickemore Q3.

5, 7, 12, 15, 16, 89, 62 Water] Q1, Q3.

Walter Q3.

6 ransomes] Q1, Q2. ransom Q3.

8 Water] Q1, Q2. Walter Q3.

doest] Q1. doest thou Q2. dost Q3.
SCENE I. 

Houses, of York and Lancaster. 549

Suff. Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

Suf. I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
Ioue sometime went disguise, and why not I

Cap. I but Ioue was never alaine as thou shalt be.

Suf. Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suf. Thou darste not for thine owne.

*Cap. Yes Poull.

Suffolke. Poull.

Cap. I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinks and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweep the ground, and thou that
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suffolke. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

Suffolke. Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrrop?
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,

Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

Cap. Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his hed.

1. Prize. Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

Suffolke. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Sane to the God of heauen and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot please
To such a Ladie groome.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him speake,
I long to haue his head for rausome of mine eye.

Suffolke. A Swordar and bandeto slaue,
Murthered sweete Tully.
Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Caesar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

Exit Suffolke, and. Water.

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,
And ransomeesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe delivered vnto her.
Come lets goe.

Exit omnes.

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staues. [Sc. II]

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and
prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue been vp this two
daies.

Nick. Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But sirrha George whats the matter?

George. Why sirrha, Jack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nick. I marry he had need so, for tis gowne threebare,
Twas never merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt never see a Lord weare a lea-
thor aperne now a-daiies.

Nick. But sirrha, who comes more beside Jacke Cade?

George. Why there Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler,
and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry
and Torn, and Gregory that should haue your Farnill, and a great
sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Can-
terbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords
or sieures, assoone as Jack Cade is King.

Nick. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.
SCENE II.] Houses, of Yorks and Lancaster. 551

Enter Jack Cade, Dick Butcher, Robin, VWill, Tom, Harry and the rest, with long staves.

Cade. Proclaim silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I John Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dick. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprates.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nick. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brasses.

VWill. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lasses.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe, she washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure any thing.

For I haue seene him whipt two market daies together.

*Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire.

VWill. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dick. But mee thinke he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaves for a penny, and the three hoopp pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God sau'e your maistrie.

Cade. I thank you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

Dick. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.
Enter **Vill** with the Clarke of Chattam.

**Will.** Oh Captaine a pryse.

**Cade.** Whose that Will?

**Vill.** The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

**Cade.** Sonnes, hees a conjurer bring him hither.

Now sir, whates your name?

**Clarke.** Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

**Dick.** It will go hard with you, I can tell you, For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

**Cade.** And what do you vse to write your name?

Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done, Vse the score and the Tally?

**Clarke.** Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

**Cade.** Oh hees confess, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke. Ext one with the Clarke.

Enter **Tom.**

**Tom.** Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

**Cade.** Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

**Tom.** No, no, hees but a knight.

**Cade.** Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

**Tom.** I his brother.

**Cade.** Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

Now sound vp the Drumme.
Enter sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, with Drumme and souldiers.

_Cade._ As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a pinne, Tis to you good people that I speake.

_Stafford._ Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes, To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade? Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

_Cade._ Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?

But I come of the Mortemers.

_Stafford._ I, the Duke of Yorkes hath taught you that.

_Cade._ The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe, For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

_Stafford._ Well, thats true: But what then?

_Cade._ And by her he had two children at a birth.

_Stafford._ Thats false.

_Cade._ I, but I say, tis true.

_All._ Why then tis true.

_Cade._ And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman, And that was my father, and I am his sonne,

Deny it and you can.

_Nicks._ Nay looke you, I know twas true, For his father built a chimney in my fathers house, And the brickes are alius at this day to testifie.

_Cade._ But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long *as he liues_ Marry alwaies prouided, ils be Protector ouer him.

_Stafford._ O monstrous simplicitie.

_Cade._ And tell him, weelee haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Aniow and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which means 110 England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speak French, and therefore they are traitors.

_Stafford._ As how I prethie?

_Cade._ Why the French men are our enemies be they not? 115

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The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT IV.

And then can see that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a
good subject?
Aunwer me to that.

Staforde. Well sirrah, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings
mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebel-
ious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile
pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be
long.

Staforde. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

Exeunt Staforde and his men.

Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarums to the battale, and sir Humphrey Staforde [Sc. III.]
and his brother is slaine. Then enter Iacke
Cade againe and the rest.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly,
And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house.
And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as
it was. Thou shalt haue licence to kil for four score & one a week.
Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to mor-
row I meane to sit in the Kings seaste at Westminster.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queen, with [Sc. IV.]
the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,
with others.

*King. Sir Humphrey Staforde and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.

Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.
SCENE IV.]  Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster. 555

King. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not have mournde so much for me.

Queen. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Oh fie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstros Rebell Cade, hath sworne
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore fie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therfore with your highnesse leave, iese staie behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs go.

Exet omnes.

Enter the Lord Skayles vpon the Tower
walles walking.

Enter three or foure Citizens below.

Lord Skayles. How now, is Jacke Cade slaine?

I. Citizen. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craneth ayde of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Skayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
*But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exet omnes.

9 death.] Q1;Q2. death ? Q2.
12, 13 Oh...Southwarke] As in Q1;Q2.
One line in Q2.
26 Exet omnes] Q1. exunt omnes Q2.
Exit omnes Q2.

Sord Skayles Q2.
Enter three...] Q1;Q2. Omitted in Q2.
11 I will] Q1;Q2. will I Q2.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT IV.

Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his sword [Sc. vli] vpon London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie, And now sitting vpon London stone, We command, That the first yeares of our raigne, The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine. And now hence forward, it shall be treason 5 For any that calle me any otherwise then Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.


Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them, But first go on and set London Bridge a fire, And if you can, burne dovyne the Towver too. Come lets avay. Exet omnes. Alarms, and then Mathew Goffe is slaine, and all the rest vwith him. Then enter Jacke Cade a- gain, and his company.

Cade. So, sirs now go some and pull down the Sauoy, Others to the Innes of the Court, dovne vvith them all.

Dicke. I have a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it For that vword.

Dicke. That vve may go burne all the Records, And that all vvrting may be put dovne, And nothing vsed but the score and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse. 10
*Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then with a little blotting ouer with inke, a man should vnde himselfe. -

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I
am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

Nick. But when shall we take vp those commodities Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it, Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following: Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocks.

Enter George.

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say, Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord, What answere canst thou make vnto my mightiness,

For delivering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a gramer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, may it will be said to thy face, that thou kepest men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.

And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustisses of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their living, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but bona, terra.

Cade. Bonum terrum, sounds whats that?

Dick. He speaks French.

*VIII. No tis Dutch.

Nick. No tis outtalian, I know it well enought.

---

19—21 Marry...smocks] As in Q1 Q2. As prose in Q3.

30 go with me, and] Q1 Q2. Omitted in Q3.

24—27 Come...France?] As in Q1 Q2. As prose in Q3.

81 kept] Q1, keptet Q3. keep'et Q2.

83 abominable] Q1 Q3. abominable Q2.

84 that] Q1 Q2. this Q3.

peace] Q1 Q3. the peace Q3.

37, 38. Thou...not f] See note [rv].

foot-cloth] Q1 Q2. footcloth Q3.


46 sounds] Q1 Q2. sounds Q3.

what's] Q1 Q2. what's Q3.

49 outtalian] Q1 Q2. Outalian Q3.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT IV.]

Say. Kant, in the Commentaries Cesar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,
Then noble Country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.
Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?
Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.
Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be even
with me, if thou getest away, but ile make the sure inough, now I
haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of
his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir James Cromer his
sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon
two poles presently. (Away with him.

Exet one or two, with the Lord Say.

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there shall not a mayd be married, but he shall fee to me for her.
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiuues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can

Enter Robin.

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.
Cade. Runne to Billingsgate, and fetche pitch and flaxe and
squench it.

Enter Dicks and a Sargiant.

Sargiant. Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this
fellow here.

Cade. Why what has he done?
Sarg. Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

Dicks. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging.
SCENE VII.] Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster. 559

*Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exit with the Sargiant.

Enter two with the Lord Sayes head, and sir James
Cromers, vpon two poles.
So, come carry them before me, and at euerie lanes ends, let them 85
kisse together.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford the
Earle of Comberland.

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?

To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your Countries overthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forsake Cade.

Cade. Why how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?

To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straughtways hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They runne to Cade againe.

Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company

*Blowne every way,
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.
    He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

_Buc._ Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his labour.

Come march away. _Exeunt omnes._

_Enter King Henry and the Queene, and Somerset._ [Sc. ix.]

_King._ Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?
_Som._ This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,
And the Civie is almost sackt.

_King._ Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, so must it be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.
_Queene._ Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.
_Enter the Duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the
Rebels, with halters about their necks._

_Cliff._ Long lieue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

_King._ But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.
_Cliff._ No, my gratious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations
are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall have a thou-
sand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these
their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

_King._ Stand vp you simple men, and gine God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subjectts, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

_All._ God saue the King, God saue the King.

_King._ Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne processions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
And triumps of this happie victorie. _Exeunt omnes._

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115 want[ ] Q1. wants Q2 Q8.
117 and flies[ ] Q1 Q2, and then flies Q8.
121 away[ ] Q1 Q2. way Q8.
1 here[ ] heare Q2 Q8.
4 must[ ] Q1 Q8. it must Q8.
5 be[ ] Q1 Q8. be Q8.
12 there[ ] their Q3 Q8.
16 by that[ ] Q1 Q8. by these Q8.
24 process[ ] Q1. processions Q3 Q8.
26 _Exit[ ] Q1. e exeunt Q8. Exit Q8.
SCENE X.]  Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.  561

Enter Tacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, maister Alexander [Sc. x.]
Eydgen and his men, and Jack Cade lies downe picking of hearbes
and eating them.

Eydgen.  Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This little land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serves me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeald,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade.  Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou
wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my
head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge,
and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

Eydgen.  Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Ist not enoug that thou hast broke my hedges,
And entered into my ground without the leane of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade.  Braue thee and bear thee too, by the best blood of the
Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this five dayes, yet
and I do not leauie thee and thy five men as dead as a doore nayle, I
pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eydgen.  Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand,
that Alexander Eydgen an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat
with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine,
and every way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee.  Sirrha
fetch me wepons, and stand you all aside.

Cade.  Now sword, if thou doest not biew this burly-bond churle
into chines of beece, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths
hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.

Eydgen.  Come on thy way.  (They fight, and Cade fals downe.

Cade.  Oh villaine, thou hast alaine the foure of Kent for chial-
rice, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thou-
sand diewes, and gie me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue

maister] M.  Q.  1 life,] Q.  Q.  life!  Q.  2
6 Sounes] Q.  Q.  Sounes  Q.  heres] here's  Q.  3
Astridge] Q.  Q.  Astridge  Q.  4
12 my ground] Q.  Q.  the ground  Q.  14 too,] Q.  Q.  too!  Q.  16 and I do] Q.  Q.  if do Q.  if I do

18—22 Nay...aside] As seven lines of verse in Q.  ending stands...Kent..., mense...thin...hand...wepons...aside.


VOL. IX.  36
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT IV. X.
daises, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Jacke 30
Cade must die.
(He dies.
Eydyn. Jack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue
slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt
thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great service thou
hast done to me. Ie drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his 35
head, and beare it
Exe.
*Enter the Duke of York with Drum and soundiers.
York. In Armes from Irelond comes York amaine, [ACT V. SCENE I]
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah Sancta Maiesta, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of Buckingham.

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him? 5
Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I svveare:
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?
Buc. I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,
Henry. To knowv the reason of these Armes in peace? 10
Or that thou being a subject as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare vwith colours spred,
Whereas the person of the King doth keeps?
York. A subject as he is.
Oh nowv I hate these spitefull abiect termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who nowv in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I knowv they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remove that monstrous Rebell Cade,
And heauve proud Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yealded vp the Tovvnes in France.
Buc. Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwise but so, 25

32 it] Q2 Q3. this Q2.
38 slaine.] Q2 Q3. slaine Q2.
72] Q1 Q2. I Q3.
39—46 Oh sword...beare it.] As five lines
of verse in Q3, ending chamber...age,...
me.....sword...King.
35, 36 his head] Q1 Q2 (Devonshire and
Malone 86) Q3. head Q3 (Malone 867).
36 it] Q1. it with me. Q2. it to the King.
Q3. See note (v).
5 here] Q1. here! Q2. here, Q3.
8 comes] Q1 Q2. comest Q3.
14 is.] Q1. is! Q2 Q3.
18 And not] Q1 Q2. And Q2.
25 but so] Q1 Q2. then so Q3.

The King doth pardon thee, and grant to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Towyer.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?
Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

York. Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receive your paise of ma.

Exeunt soldierrs.

Buc. Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete vvith vs.

Enter King Henry.

*King. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
That thus thou bringest him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my Lord, and hath discharge his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To haue the Duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

King. Then vwelcome cousin Yorke, give me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great servise done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

Enter maister Eyden vvith Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

King. First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That hast subdued that vvicked traitor thus.
O let me see that head that in his life,
Did vvorke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trencht furrovves in his frowvning browv,
Prestageth vvarlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy revvard,
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.

Kneele dovvne my friend, and tell me vvhat is thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

King. Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely give
A thousand markes a yeares to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme revward that vvwas proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthis act,
And thou shalt vvaight upon the person of the king.

Eydex. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer lie,
Then I proue just and loyall to my king.
(Exit.

Enter the Queene vwith the Duke of Somerset.

King. O Buckingham see vvere Sommerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

*Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Whose that, proud Sommerset at libertie?

Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonorst me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolv'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

Somer. Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast givien the king.

Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,
And send thee there in dispight of him.

Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter the Duke of Yorke's sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and
crook-bacce Richard, at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with
Drumme and soldiers, and Clifford kneesles to Henry, and
speakes.

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.

What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.
King. I, a bedlam frantike humor drives him thus
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.
Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baila.
Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?
Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.
*Richard. And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himself.
Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall hour.
Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwick, with
Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of Buckingham,
with Drumme and souldiers.
Clif. Are these thy beares? weele bayte them soone,
Dispite of thee and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dreame againse,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolud to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that iile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houshold badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,
The Rampant beare chaine to the ragged staffe,
This day iile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cedar showes,
That keepest his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispite the Beare-ward that protects him so.
Yoong Clif. And so renowned souersaigne to Armes,
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.
Richard. Fie, Charitie for shame, speakes it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
Yoong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.

96 I, a] Q1 Q2. Yea, a Q2.
97 leauy] Q1 Q2. leave Q5.
98 doth] Q1 Q2. do Q5.
100 baile] Q1 Q2. suertie Q5.
108 Earles] Q1 Q2. Earle Q5.
other] other doore Q5.

116 age] badge Halliwell conj.
121 affright the] affright thoue Q1 Q2.
125 renowned] Q1. renowned Q3 Q4.
126 compleases] Q1. complizes Q2. com-
plies Q5.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT V.

Alarums to the battle, and then enter the Duke of Somerset [Sc. i.]
and Richard fighting, and Richard kills him under the signe of
the Castle in saint Albones.

Rich. So lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
What's here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
*For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did observe.
And now behold, under a paltry ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissant famous by his death.

Exeunt.

Alarum again, and enter the Earl of
Warwick alone.

VAR. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwick calleth,
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Bear,
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound Alarums,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford speaks within.
Warwick stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with
his murthering Curtalaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde
thee out.
Warwick stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter Yorks.

VAR. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?

York. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fieue horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwick I remaine aliove,
But I did kille his horse he lou'd so well,
The boniest grey that ere was bred in North.

Enter Clifford, and Warwick offers to
fight with him.

Hold Warwick, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

and Richard kills] Q. Q. Qs. Richard kills
saint] S. Q. Qs.
blood Q. Q.
2 what's] what's Q. Q.
saint] Q. Qs. Qs.
tumble in thy
8 enter] Q. Q. then enter Q. Qs.
SCENE II.]  

Houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.  

VVar.  Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farewell, as I entende to prosper well to day,  
It grieues my soule to leave thee vnaasaid.  

Exit VVarwicke.

Yorke.  Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,  
*Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee and all the house of Lancaster.  

Clifford.  And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be alaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoyld the hatefull house of Yorke.  

Alarum, and they fight, and Yorke kills Clifford.  

Yorke.  Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,  
Come fearfull Henry grousing on thy face,  
Yeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.  

Exit Yorke.

Alarum, then enter yoong Clifford alone.

Yoong Clifford.  Father of Comberland,  
Where may I seake my aged father forth?  
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,  
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.  
And thus as old Ankyse's sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,  
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.  

Enter Richard, and then Clifford laies downe his father,  
Fights with him, and Richard flies away againe.  
Out crookthbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,

29 fights] Q4 Q5.  fights Q3.  56 here] heer's Q5.  
40 sinowes] Q4.  sinowes Q3 Q5.  57 with him,] him, Steevens.  
44 may I] Q4 Q5.  I may Q3.  58 crookthbacke] Q1.  crook'tbacke Q3.  
45 O! dismall sight,] Q4.  O dismall sight! Q3.  Oh dismall sight, Q5.
The first part of the contention of the two famous [ACT V.

But I will after thee, and once againe,
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

*Ext yeong Clifford with his
father.

*Alarums againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke
of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.

Alarums still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queen. Ayvay my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,
Come stand not to expostulate, let vs go.

King. Come then faire Queene to London let vs hast,
And sumon a Parliament with speedes,
To stop the fury of these dyre euents.

*Ext King and Queene.

Alarums, and then a flourissh, and enter the Duke of [Sc. III]

Yorks and Richard.

Yorks. Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that so long vs lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still, he fought with courage against his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter Salsbury and Warwick.

Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorks.

Sals. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,

I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preserv'd my life.

Yorke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?

There as I here to hold a Parliament.

*What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay before them if we can.

Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaille wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come,
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

LONDON.
Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.
1594.
NOTES TO THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, &c.

NOTE I.

r. 1. 66. The Quarto of 1594 has 'Exst' throughout this play, which is corrected in the edition of 1619 to 'Exit,' and in that of 1600 to 'Exit' or 'exeunt.' We have only recorded the corrections of 'Exst' to 'Exeunt.'

NOTE II.

r. 2. 45—47. Instead of these lines the Quarto of 1619 has:

'As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde:
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
I'de reach to'th Crowne, or make some hops headlesse.
And being but a woman, Ies not behinde
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to crosse me thus:
Who is within there?'

NOTE III.

r. 2. 11—27. In the edition of 1619 this passage is so much altered that it is necessary to give it at full:

'The second was William of Hatfield,
Who dyed young.
The third was Lyonell, Dukes of Clarence.
The fourth was John of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund of Langley,
Duke of York.
The sixth was William of Windsore,
Who dyed young.
The seventeenth and last was Sir Thomas of Woodstocke, Duke of Yorke.
Now Edward the blacks Prince dyed before his Father, leaung behinde him two sonsnes, Edward borne at Angolesme, who died
young, and Richard that was after crowned King, by the name of Richard the second, who dyed without an heyre.

Lyonell Duke of Clarence dyed, and left him one only daught-er, named Phillip, who was married to Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Vister: and so by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third.'

**Note IV.**

rv. 7. 87, 88. On the line 'Thou ridest on a foot-cloth doest thou not?' Mr Halliwell remarks, 'This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight.' It is indeed omitted by Mr Knight, who follows Steevens, but it is found in Capell's copy of the edition of 1619, 'Thou ridest on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?' We take this opportunity of remarking that, in all cases where the readings given by us from the edition of 1619 differ from those quoted by Mr Halliwell, we have given them as they stand in Capell's copy. Mr Halliwell appears to quote from Mr Knight's reprint. Instances of these variations occur in r. 8. 6, where Steevens and Mr Knight print 'They' for 'That,' the reading of all the Quartos; in r. 4. 41, where they have 'treason' for 'treasons:' in ii. 5. 8, where they have 'against' for 'gainst.' In iii. 2. 76, Mr Halliwell says the edition of 1619 reads 'with the vnbloody beake': in Capell's copy it is 'With vnbloody beake.' In rv. 10. 16 he quotes 'Yet if I do not' as the reading of the edition of 1619 where Capell's copy has 'Yet if do not,' the former being the reading of Steevens's reprint. In rv. 10. 25 'hand' is the reading of all the Quartos, while Steevens has 'hands.' It is possible that these variations may be found in other copies of the ed. of 1619.

**Note V**

rv. 10. 36. In the edition of 1594 the words which follow 'beare it' have dropped out.

The Facsimile by Charles Praetorius, 1889, without any indication that the words are supplied, reads 'beare it to the King.'
THE

TRUE TRAGEDIE.
The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henry the Sixt.


[ACT I. SCENE I.]

Wonder how the king excape our hands.

Warwick. Whilst we pursuede the horsemen of the North,

He sillie stole awaie and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,

Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him

Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abreast (slain. Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers

Edw. Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,

*I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:

Father that this is true behold his bloud.

Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires

Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes joind.

Rick. Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.

York. What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?

Norf. Such hope haue all the line of John of Gawnt,
Thus do I hope to shape king Henry's head.
And so do I victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heavens these eies shall never close.
This is the palace of that fearfull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorks:
For this is thine and not king Henry's heirs.
Assist me then sweet Warwick, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
Thanks gentle Norfolk's. Staie by me my Lords
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorks be king
And bashfull Henry be deposed whose cowardise
Hath made vs by words to our enemies.
Then leave me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp Lancaster.
Dares stirre a wing if Warwick shake his bels.
Ile plant Plantagenet: and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee Richard: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king Henry the sixt, with the Duke of Exeester,
The Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Westmerland
and Clifford, the Earl of Cumberland, with red Roses in
their hata.

Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sitts,
Even in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of Warwick that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he siew thy father.
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge.
On him, his sonses, his favorites, and his friends.
SCENE I.  

Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

North. And if I be not, heauen be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe.
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd!
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
*And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flye.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.
Exet. For shame come downe he made thee D. of
York. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a traytor to the crowne,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.
War. True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stande while thou sittest in my
throne?
York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. Why! he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.
War. And Warwick shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No Warwick I remember it to my grieve,
And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.

West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
*Thy kinamen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines,
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwikes such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.

War. Poore Clifford, how I aslong thy worthles threats
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorks,
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tande the French,
And made the Dolphin stoopes, and seazd vpon their
townes and prouincies.

War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes
you lose,
Father teare the crowne from the Vsurpers head.

Edu. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou louest & honorost armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace sonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaus to
speak.

King. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose
Are we not both both Plantagenets by birth,
*And from two brothers lineallie discant?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in France,
And now in England to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why saint you Lords?

108, 104 upon their Townes] Q1 Q2. upon
109 Their townes Q3.
108 You are] Q1 Q2. Y' are Q3.
112 Lets] Q1 Q2. Let's Q3.
115 leaue] Q1. leave Q2 Q3.
My titles better farre than his.

War. Proue it Henrie and thou shalt be king?
King. Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
York. Twas by rebellion against his soueraigne.
King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull king For Richard
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to Henrie the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
York I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnoonstrains,
Thinke you that were prejudiciall to the Crowne?
Exe. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
*Northum. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus depoosde?
War. Depoosde he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Tush Warwick, Thou art deceived! tis not thy
Southern powers of Essex, Suffolkes, Norfolkes, and of
Kent. that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Cliff. King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me alieue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words renewe my soule.
York. Henry of Lancastre resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
War. Doe right vntto this princeleie Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

126, 180 titles] Q₂Q₅. title’s Q₅.
129 Twas] Q₁. Twas Q₂Q₅.
188 Soueraigne, &] Q₁. Soueraigne, And
Q₂. Soueraigne, And Q₅.
146 laist] Q₁Q₅. layest Q₅.
149—151 Tush...proudt] In Q₅ the lines end deceu’d., Norfolke...proudt.
150, 151 and of Kent. that] Q₁. and of
Kent, That Q₅. And Kent, that Q₂.
159 you f] Q₁Q₅. you, Q₅.
Enter Souldiers.
And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.

King. O Warwike, heare me speake.

Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.

York. Confrme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Capitaine conduct them into Tushill fieldes.

Clif. What wrong is this vnfo to the Prince your son?
War. What good is this for England and himselfe?

Northum. Base, fearfull, and despairing Henry.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
*West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. Exit.

Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.

Northum. Be thou a praine vnfo to the house of Yorke,

And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. Exit.

Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,

Or liue in peace abandon'd and despide. Exit.

Exe. They seekes revenge, and therefore will not

eyeld my Lord.

King. Ah Exeter?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?

King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my sonne,

Whom I vnnaturalie shall disinherit.

But be it as it maie: I heare intaile the Crowne

To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,

That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill

Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and

Souveraigne.

York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

War. Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace

him?

King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.

York. Now Yorke and Lancastre are reconcilida.

Exe. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,

Sound Trumpets.
SCENE I.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.  

Yorke. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield
To my castell.  Exit Yorke and his sonnes.

War. And Ile keepe London with my souldiers. Exit.
Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers. Exit.
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. Exit.

*Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exeunt. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.

King. And so will I.

Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.

Queene. What patience can there? ah timorous man,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And gien our rights vnto the house of Yorke.

Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on on their launces points, before I would haue
 Granted to their wils. The Duke is made

Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge

Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then
To sseepe secure? I heare diuorce me Henry
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalle, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke.

The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy depe disgrace.

Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heare alone.

King. Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be still.

King. Gentle sonne Edwards, wilt thou staie with me?

Queene. I, to be murded by his enemies. Exit.

Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. Exit.

King. Poore Queene, her louse to me and to the prince

*Her sonne,

Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.

Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.
The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Act I.

Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edward. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to speake.

Richard. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

Montague. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a larre amongst your selues?

Richard. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of England father.

York. The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,

And I have sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till

His death.

Edward. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeares.

Richard. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,

Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,

And dispossesse king Henry from the crowne.

York. I prethe Dickes let me heare thy deuise.

Richard. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment

*Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.

Henry is none but doth usurpe your right,

And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.

Then noble father resolve your selfe,

And once more claime the crowne.

York. I saie thou so boie! why then it shall be so.

I am resolue to win the crowne, or die.

Edward, rhou shalt to Edmund Brookes Lord Cobham,

With whome the Kentishmen vwill vwill inglie rise:

Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norfolks straight,

And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,

And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.

And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,

And bid Richard Newell Earle of Warwike.

5–7 No...father] As in Q1. As two lines in Q2, ending which...father.
9, 10 And...death] One line in Q3Q4.
11, 12 But...yeare] One line in Q2, lines in Q3Q4, ending which...father.
17 Then...moment] Two lines in Q3.
23 rhou] Q1, Q2 Q4.
SCENE II.]  Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.  583

To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meet me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.

Now, what newes?  Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Northumberland and Westmerland, and others of the
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield,
To besiege you in your castell heere.

Enter sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer.

Yorks  A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie you with me.

Sir John and sir Hugh Mortemers mine vnclcs,
*Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiege us.

Sir John. Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meets her in the field.

York What with fие thousand souldiers vnclcs?
Rick. I father, with fие hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what should you feare?

York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon
In Normandie, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successse? I am resolu’d. Come lets goe.

Edu. Lets marche auaie, I heare their drums.  Exit.  55

Alarmeres, and then Enter the yong Earle of
Buland and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to Wakefield straight.

38 Saint] Q1, Q2.  S. Q3.
39, 40 Northumberland...Wakefield] As in Q1, Q2. As three lines in Q3, ending
Westmerland...Lancaster,...Wakefield.
48 Souldiers] soludiers Q2.
50 womans] Q1. womans Q2; women’s Q3.
51 woon] Q1. woon Q2. wonne Q3.
55 Lets] Q1, Q2. Let’s Q3. Exit.] Q1, Q2. Exeunt. Q3.
Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.

Clif. Chaplain awake, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.

Clif. Soldiers awake and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine.       Exit the Chaplain.

How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
*And so he walke Mars insulting ouer his praine,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatening looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it again? he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.

Or should I dig vp thy forefatheres graves,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaiines,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of Yorks,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.

Therefore till I root out that cursed line
And leaue not one on earth, Ile lie in hell therefor.

Rut. Oh let me praine, before I take my death.
To thee I praine: Sweet Clifford pittie me.

Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affordes.

Rut. I never did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill
mee?

Clif. Thy father hath.
SCENE III.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 585

But twas ere I was borne.
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
*He be as miserablie slaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore
Die.

Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauning to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. Exit.

Alarums, Enter the Duke of Yorke solus. [SCENE IV.]

Yorke Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know they haue demaend themselves,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came Edward to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilt,
In bloud of those whom he had slaundered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life? And here I staie:
And here my life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
and soldiars.

*Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud.
This is the But, and this abides your shot.

Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.

Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paient lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

York. My ashes like the Phanix maie bring forth

88 twas] Q1Q2. 'twas Q5.
2 lost thou] Q1. lost; thou Q3. lost, 18 fies:] Q1. fies? Q2Q5.
A bird that will revenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heaven,
Skorneing what are you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can file no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Raens piercing talents:
So desperate theseus all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inquestius against the officers.

York. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time;
And bite thy tong that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose vere looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.

Nor. Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What value were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?
*Tis warres prisse to take all advantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

Fight and take him.

Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcoke with the gin.

York. So doth the cunninge with the net.

North. So triumphs thesee upon their conquered

Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.

North. What will your grace have done with him?

Queene. Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland

Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shadow with his hand.
Was it you that resuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechement of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?
Or where is that valiant Crookebackt prodigie?

82 against Q1 Q2: against Q3.
41 death] Q1: deafe Q2 Q3.
44 value] Q1: valour Q2 Q3.
were] Q1 Q2 where Q3.
51 triumphs] Q1 Q2: triumphes Q3.
51, 52 conquered Bootie] Q1: conquered.

booty Q2: conquer'd booty Q3.
robbers Q2.
where is Q1 Q2: wher's Q3.
Crookebackt Q1.
Crookebackt Q2.
SCENE IV.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 587

Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Looke Yorke? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy ferior hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
*Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnsesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him.
So: hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire,
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.
Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes,
York. She wolfe of Frances, but worse than Wolues of
Frances:
Whose tongue more poison'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill beseceming is it in thy sexe,

65 amongst] Q₁ Q₂. mongst Q₂.
67 rapiers] Q₁ Q₂. Rapier Q₂.
72 state] Q₁, state: Q₂. state Q₂.
73 Yorke] Q₁, Yorke: Q₂ Q₃.
75 What?] Q₁ Q₂. What, Q₂.
79 Yorke] Q₁ Q₂. Yorke, Q₂.
80 while] Q₁ Q₂. while Q₂.
81 king] Q₁. King. Q₂ Q₃.
83 aires] Q₁,aires Q₂, heares Q₂.
90 his] this Halliwell.
94 That] Q₁ Q₂. That's Q₂.
97 tongue] Q₁ Q₂. tongue's Q₂.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of  [ACT I.

To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom *Fortune* captiuates?
But that thy face is *visard* like, unchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
  I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
  shamelesse.

*Thy father beares the type of king of *Naples*,
Of both both the *Siasiles* and *Jerusalem*,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
  Vnlesse the Adage must be veriïde:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
  As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be scene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexibell,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorselesse.
Bids thou me rage? why nowv thou hast thy vvill.
Wouldst haue me weepe? vwhy so thou hast thy vviah.
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet *Rutland* obsequies,
And euerie drop beggs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fall *Clifford*, and the false French woman.
  *North.* Beshrevv me but his passions moue me so,

---

101 *visard like*] Q₈ Q₂, *visard-like* Q₉.
106 *T'were* Q₈.Q₂. *T'were* Q₉.
106 *type*] Q₈.Q₂. *tipe* Q₉.
107 *Siasiles*] Q₈.Q₂. *Ciasiles* Q₉.
117 *that*] Q₈.Q₂. om. Q₉.
122 *hide*] Q₁. *hide!* Q₂. *hide;* Q₇.
130 *blowes*] Q₁.Q₂. *blow* Q₃.
131 *alaies*] Q₁. *alaies* Q₂. *alaes* Q₇.
SCENE IV.]

Yorke, and Henrie thesixt.  589

As hardlie can I checke mine eies from teares.

*York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
0 ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.  140
See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipte in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heaunt storie well,  145
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a piteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy tvvo cruel hands.
Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,  150
How inlie anger gripes his hart.

Queene. What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumber-
land?

Think but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.

Cliff. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.  160
Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies forth to meet with thee.

Queene. Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie overlooke the towne of Yorke.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Edward and Richard, with drum [Act II. Scene I]
and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?

Rich. I cannot joy vntil I be resolude,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him bear himself,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neath,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes his pride enough to be his sonne.

Three sunnes appear in the aire.

_Edu._ Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?

_Rich._ Three glorious suns, not seperated by a racking
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they joine, embrace, and seeme to kissse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampa, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

_Edu._ I thinkes it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sunnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May joine in one and overpeer the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou? that lookest so beauitie?

_Mes._ Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

_Edu._ O speake no more, for I can heare no more.

_Rich._ Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

*_Mes._ When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let drue at him and forst the Duke to yeald:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepes,
Gueue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland
By rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his breas they thrust their bloody swordes,

7 his] Q₁Q₂ the Q₃
our] Q₁Q₂ from our Q₃
11 Dasell[ Q₁Q₂ Dame Q₃
eies] Q₁ eies] Q₃ eyes, Q₂
12 seperated[ Q₁Q₂ separated Q₃
15 racking Cloud, but] Q₁ racking cloude: But Q₃ racking cloud But
24 thou' that] Q₁ thou that Q₃Q₄
lookes] Q₂Q₃ look' st Q₄
25 when] Q₁Q₂ when Q₃
34 thee] Q₁ thee Q₂
39 By] But Q₁Q₂ Halliwell.
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorks they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorks our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compass of my breast,
For never shall I haue more ioie.

Rich. I cannot wepe, for all my breasts moisture
Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.

Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my saife in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing against the sunne.

*For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie:
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of Warwike, Montague, with

drum, ancient, and souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what
newes abroad?

Rich. Ah Warwike? should we report the balesfull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorks is slaine.

Edw. Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deere: I, euyn as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befalne.

After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,

---

51 hart] Q1. heart Q2. hate Q3.
54 bare] Q1.Q2. beare Q3.
65—66 Ah...wounds] Q1. In Q3 the lines

---

end reporte...deliuerance...tould...

woundes. In Q2 they end at newes...

flesh...adds...wounds.

---

71 a go] Q1. agoe Q3. agoe Q3.
73 things] Q1.Q2. newes Q3.
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the King,
Mustred my soouldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie vvell appointed as I thought,
March to saint Albons to entercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parlament,
Touching king Henrys heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battyes ioind, and both sides fiercelie fought.
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my soouldiers of their heated spleene
Or whether twas report of his successes,
Or more then common feare of Cliffsords rigor,
Who thunders to his captaine's bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our soouldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a fiaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with justice of the cause,
With promise of his paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to joine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Edu. Thanks gentle Warwick.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fiew miles off the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie sent
SCENE I.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 593

From your kind Aunt, Duchs of Burgundie,
With aide of souldiers against this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwick fled.
Oft hau e I heard thy praises in pursuite,
But here till now thy scandall of retire.

* War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick blame me not,
Twas lone I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whates to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gowns,
Numbring our Auumaries with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our denotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Hau e wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He averse consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I geese them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of Norfolkes and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friendses that thou braue earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
*Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our fomig steedes,
And once againe crie charge upon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

115 gainst] Q1Q2. 'gainst Q3.
127 whates] Q1Q2. what's Q3.
138 mo] Q1Q2. moe Q3.

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145 frustrate] Q1Q2. frustrater Q3.
147 48.] Q1Q2. eight and forty Q3.
The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake:
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retir, when Warwike bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:
Which perill heauen foresend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree, is Englands royall king:
And king of England shalt thou be proclamde,
In enuer burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioe,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie couencill.

War. Why then it sorts braue Lorde. Lets march a-
away.

Execunt Omnes.

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and
the Northerne Earles, with drum
and Souldiers.

Queene. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
*Doth not the object please your eie my Lord?

King. Even as the rockes please them that feare their
wracke.

Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringinge my vow.

Cliff. My gracious Lord, this too much lenite,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth liche?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.
Whose scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?
SCENE II. ] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 595

Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe. 15
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did louell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king, 20
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most vnnaturall father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their yong, 25
And though mans face be fearfull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euon with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearfull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest, 30
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
*should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter saie vnto his child, 35
What my great grandfaather and grandaire got,
My carelessse father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiseth successfull fortune to vs all,
Steale thy melting thoughtes, 40
To keepe thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things euill got had euere bad successe, 45
And happie euere was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the rest is held at such a rate, 50
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the present profit counteraile.
Ah coseen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth greese me that thy head stands there.

Queene. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your fol-

owers faint. 55

You promaide knighthood to your princelie sonne.
Vnseathe your sword and straight doe dub him knight.
Kneale downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparrant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

*Northum. Why that is spoken like a toward prince.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battells, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lords,
Vnseathe your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.
Enter the house of Yorke.

Edward. Now periurde Henrie vvilth thou yeelde thy crowne,
And kneale for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?

Ede. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.

*Clif. And reason George. Who should succeede the fa-
ther but the son?

57 straight doe dub] Q₂. straight do dub

Q₃. straight way dub Q₃.

60 boy] Q₁, Q₂. om. Q₃.

74 those] Q₁, Q₂. that's Q₃.
SCENE II.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 597

Rich. Are you their butcher?
Clif. I crookbacks, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.
Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfie.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords gie synald to the fight.
War. What saieest thou Henry? wilt thou yeald thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde War. dare you speake?
When you and I met at saint Albones last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. I, then twas my turne to fle, but now tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valoure Clifford, that drone mee thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood Warwick, that could make you staie.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarce
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne Hart, against that Clifford there, that Cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kille our tender brother Rutland.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and Heare me speake.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lipes.
*King. I prethee give no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and privilidge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru’d with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vsheath thy sword,

92 their] Q1 Q3 there Q2.
93 ...sort] Two lines in Q3, the first ending thee.
96 synald] Q1 Q3 signal Q2.
98 War.] Q1 Q2 Warwick Q3.
101 fle] Q1 Q2 fye Q3.
102 to] Q1 Q3 e Q3.
104 you] Q1 Q2 yee Q2.
105—109 Northumberland ... child-killer] As in Q1. As prose in Q4. As five lines in Q5 ending hold...reuerently... refraine...heart...child-killer.
113 sunne set] Q1 Q3 sun-set Q2.
114 Hauue...speake] Q1 Q3. Two lines in Q5, ending Lords...speake.
117 am a king and] Q1 Q3 being a King am Q3.
privilidge] Q1. priviledge Q3. privilidge’d Q3.
119 cru’d] Q1. cur’d Q4 Q5.
By him that made us all I am resolu'd,
That Clifford's manhood hangs upon his tongue.

_Edw._ What saist thou _Henry_, shall I have my right
or no?

_A thousand men have broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne._

_War._ If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For _Yorks_ in justice puts his armour on.

_Prin._ If all be right that _Warwicks_ saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.

_Rich._ Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

_Queen._ But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom Todes, or Lizards fainting looke.

_Rich._ Iron of _Naples_, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?

_Edw._ A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of _France_,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoole;
And had he macht according to his state,
*He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracet thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a shoure for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of _France_,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had alipt our claimes vntill an other age.

_George._ But when we saw our summer brought the
gaine,
SCENE III.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

And that the harvest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our salues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewn thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defe thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graine.

Quee. Staie Edward staie.

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.

Exeunt Omnes. Alarum.

Enter Warwick.

War. Sore spent with toiles as runners with the race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
For strokes receiued, and manie bloudes repayde,
*Hath robbd my strong knit sinnewes of their strength,
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauen or strike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmesse line of Yorke's true house?

Enter George.

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why haste thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for Warwick his thirsse valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottering sate vpon his steede,

154 Not] Q1,Q2. Nor Q3.
169 wrangling woman] Q1,Q2. wrangling. woman Q3.
5 perforce] Q1,Q2. per force Q3.
rest] Q1,Q2. yeild Q3.
11 thers] Q1,Q2. there's Q3.
13 Last] Q1,Q2. Least Q3.
20 tottering] Q1. totering Q3. tottring Q3.
He waft his hand to me and cries aloud:
*Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,*
And still he cries Warwike revenge my death,
And with these words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salisbury gane vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his blood,
Ile kill my horse because I will not fly:
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field
Till I am full revenged for his death.

Edu. Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
*And in that vow now joine my soule to thee,*
Thou sett vp and puller downe of kings,
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie:

George. Then let vs haste to cheare the scoulders harta,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And hie you promise to remunerate
Their trustie service, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, give me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To see these dire mishapes continue so.

Warwike farewell.

War. Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarums, and then enter Richard at one dore
and Clifford at the other.


Clif. A Richard a Richard.

Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorks & young Rutlands death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy blood,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slice thy cursed hart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorks,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland.
SCENE V.] Yorke, and Henrié the sixt.  

And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheers these hands that slew sire and brother,
*To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarines. They fight, and then enters Warwick
and rescues Richard, & then execut omnes.
Alarines still, and then enter Henry solus.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant grieses,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful batallie doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side drue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!
Would I had never rain'd, nor nere bin king,
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the fielde,
Sweaing they had best succees when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a private life.

Enter a soouldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sould Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of Yorke,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other soouldier with a dead man.

*Sould. Lie there thou that foughtest with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight
O monstrous times begettynge such euents,
How cruel bloody, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

King. Wo aboue wo, grieves more then common grieues,
Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wrathes:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striving houses,
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you strue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. Soul. How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

2. Sol. How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now miseeme their king,
Oh would my death their minde could satisfie.

1. Soul. Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spill?
2. Soul. Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill?

King. Was euer king thus greeued and vexed still?

1. Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For wo is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. Soul. Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

Exit with his sonne.

*K Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,
Here sits a king as wo Begin to thee.

Alarmes and enter the Queene.

Queen. Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore auaie.

Enter prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter Exeeter.

Exit. Awaie my Lord for vengeance comes along with
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,

(him:
Or else come after, Ile auaie before:

K Hen. Naie staie good Exeeter, for Ile along with thee.
SCENE VI. ] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 

Enter Cliford wounded, with an arrow in his neck.

Clif. Heere burns my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaze king Henry light.
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My louse and feare glude manie friendes to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henries enemie?
Oh Phæbus hadst thou neuer given consent,
That Phaeton should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer soorcht the earth.
And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
And as thy father and his father did,
*Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundses,
No waie to flye, no strength to hold our flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,
Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter Edward, Richard and Warwike,
and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepe an vpward Course, and we are grant with wreathes of victorie.
Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
That now towards Warwike doth poste amaine,
But thinkes you that Cliford is fled awaie with them?
War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

**Clifford** grones and then dies.

**Edu.** Harke, what soule is this that takes his heawy leave?

**Rich.** A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.

**Edu.** See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.

**Rich.** Reuere that doome of mercie, for tis **Clifford**, *Who kild our tender brother **Rutland**, 
And stabd our princelie father Duke of **Yorke**.

**War.** From off the gates of **Yorke** fetch down the 
Head, Your fathers head which **Clifford** placed there.
Instead of that, let his supplie the rooma.
Measure for measure must be answered.

**Edu.** Bring forth that fatal scrichowle to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speaka.

**War.** I thinkes his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say **Clifford**, doost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.

**Rich.** Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that in the time of death,
He might avoide such bitter stormes as he
In his hour of death did glue vnto our father.

**George.** **Richard** if thou thinkest so, vex him with ea-
er words.

**Rich.** **Clifford**, ake mercie and obtaine no grace.

**Edu.** **Clifford**, repent in bootlesse penitence.

**War.** **Clifford** deuise excuses for thy fault.

**George.** Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

**Rich.** Thou pittiedst **Yorke**, and I am sonne to **Yorke**.

**Edu.** Thou pittiedst **Rutland**, and I will pittie thee.

**George.** Wheres captaine **Margaret** to fence you now?

**War.** They mocks thee **Clifford**, sweare as thou wast wont.

**Rich.** What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead.
*Tis hard, when **Clifford** cannot foord his friend an oath.

109 father} Q, Q, om. Qs
110, 111 From...there] As in Q, Q, Qs. In Qs
the first line ends at head.
112 Instead} Q, In stead Qs. Instead Qs.
116 euill} Q, Q, Qs, yll Qs.
122 that in the} Q, Q, in the Qs.
123 Whereas} Q, Wbere's Qs, Where's Qs Qs.
124, 125 hee] Q, hee's Qs Qs.
SCENE VI.]  
Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.  

By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,  
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,  
That I in all contempt might raile at him.  
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,  
Stifle the villaine whose instanched thirst,  
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfy.  

War.  I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,  
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.  
And now to London with triumphant march,  
There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.  
From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,  
And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,  
So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,  
And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dreads,  
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again.  
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.  
First Ise see the coronation done,  
And afterward Ise crosse the seas to France,  
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord.  

Edw.  Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.  
But first before we goe, George kneels downe.  
Wee here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with  
the sword.  

Our younger brother Richard Duke of Gloester.  
Warwike as my selfe shall do & vndo as him pleaseth best.  

Rich.  Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,  
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.  

War.  Tush thats a childish observation.  

*To see these honors in possession.  Exeunt Omnes.  

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.  [ACT III. SCENE I.  

Keeper.  Come, lets take our standes vpon this hill,  
And by and by the deere will come this waie.  
But stale, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.  

Enter king Henrie disguise.  

Hen.  From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
And thus disguise to greet my natuie land.
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble suers sue to thee for right,
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?
Keeper. I marrie sir, here is a deere, his skin is a
Keepers fee. Sirs stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king Edward hath depose.
Hen. My Queens and some poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warwike,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,
If this be true, poore Queens and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For Louie is a prince soone wun with words,
And Warwike is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her Henry is depose,
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?
Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?
*Keeper. I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy selfe.
Hen. Why so I am in mind though not in shew.
Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enioy.
Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crownes content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinkes
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath depose,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaida, and be you kings, command and Ie obey.

Exeunt Omnes.
SCENE II.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Enter king Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, Montague, Hastings, and the Lady Gray.

*K Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloster,
This ladies husband heere sir Richard Gray,
At the battle of saint Albones did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sit in quarrell of the house of Yorke,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute.

Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.

K Edw. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?

Clarence. I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute.

Cla. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.

*K Ed. Widow come some other time to know our mind.

La. May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

K Ed. Lords giue vs leave, wee meane to trie this widowe wis.

Cla. I, good leave haue you.

Glo. For you will haue leave till youth take leave,
And leave you to your crouch.

K Ed. Come hither widdow, how many children haste thou?

Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.

Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.

La. Three my most gratious Lord.

Glo. You shall haue foure and you wil be rule by him.

K Ed. Were it not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?

La. Be pittifull then dred L. and grant it them.

K Edw. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.

La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse service.

K Ed. What service wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?

La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.

1 Glocester] Q1 Q2 Gloster Q3.
3 saint] Q1 Q2. S. Qs.
some thing] Q1 Q2. somthing Q3.
14 Cla.] Q1 Q2. Glo. Qs.
24 heele] Q1. hee't Q2 Q3.
Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close or in good faith
You catch a clap.
Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage
then.
La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.
La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subject.
*K Ed. Why then thy husbandes landes I freellie giue
thee.
La. I take my leave with manie thousand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.
K Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke
I sue so much to get?
La. My humble service, such as subjects owes and
the lawes commands.
K Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie
in prison.
K Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes
lands.
La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.
K Ed. Herein thou wrongest thy children mightillie.
La. Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mightill Lord this marrie inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.
Please it your highnesse to dismisse me either with I or no.
K Ed I, if thou saie I to my request,
No, if thou saie no to my demand.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.
K Ed Her lookes are all repleat with malestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.

33-36 Naie...clap] As in Q1Q3. Three
lines in Q5endinglandes...commaundes
...clap.
38 godsforbot]Q1Q3. godsforbotQ4.
heele]Q1Q3. hee' t Q4.
41 That]Q1Q2. That'sQ5.
42 husbandes]Q1. husbandsQ5. hus-
bandes Q5.
44 curvic]Q1. curtesieQ5. curtie Q5.
46 mea]Q1Q3. meaneQ5.
56, 56 Herein...Me]One line in Q5.
62 bende]Q1Q2. bensQ5.
SCENE II.]  Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.  609

Saie that king Edward took thee for his Queene.

La.  Tis better said then done, my gracios Lord,
* I am a subject fit to iest withall,
But far vnsit to be a Soueraigne.

K. Edw.  Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.

La.  And that is more then I will yseeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw.  You canuuill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

La.  Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call
you father.

K. Edw.  No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother.  Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother I being but a bachelor
Haue other some.  Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Glo.  The ghoostile father now hath done his shift.

Cla.  When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.

K. Edw.  Brothers, you must what talkes the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinkes it strange
If I should marrie her.

Cla.  Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

K Edw.  Why Clarence to my selfe.

Glo.  That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

Cla.  Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes.

Glo.  And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

K Edw.  Well, iest on brothers, I can tell you, hir
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.  And it please you grace, Henrie your foe is
* Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

K. Edw.  Awaie with him and send him to the Tower,
And let vs go question with the man about

71, 72 I speake...intends] One line in Q2.
75 too bad] Q1, Q2 to bad Q3.
76 too good] Q1, Q2 to good Q3.
79, 80 No more...children] In Q3, Q4, the first line ends at mother.
86 twas] Q1, Q3, 'twas Q2.
87—89 Brothers...her] As prose in Q3.
98 thats] Q1, Q3, that's Q3.
95, 96 hir...lands] One line in Q2.
96 lands] Q1, Q3, lauds Q3.
97, 98 And...Taken] One line in Q4.
100 let vs] Q1, lets Q3 Q4.
100—102 And...honourables] Two lines in Q2, the first ending apprehension.
Three in Q3, ending about...vse...honourably.

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His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this
Ladie honorabillie. Exeunt Omnes.
          Mane: Gloster and speakes.
Gloster. I, Edward will vse women honourabillie,
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might succeed
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my bodie in giae ornameants,
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstros man, to harbour such a thought/
Why loue did soorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I should not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plaste an envious mountainne on my backe,
Where sitts deiformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.
To make my legges of an unequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou’d?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I crie content, to that that greuues me most.
* I can add colours to the Camelion,
And for a need change shapes with Protheus,
And set the aspiring Catalina to schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tush were it ten times higher, He pull it downe. Exit.
Enter king Lewis and the ladie Bona, and Queene
Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford
and others.
Lewis. Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of
France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand.

102 Exeunt Omnes] Q1 Q2. Exeunt Q3.
109 looke for] Q1. looke for Q2 Q3.
118 he] Q1. her Q2 Q3.
120 plaste] Q1. plaste Q2. plac’d Q3.
127 that that] Q1. that, that Q2. that
SCENE III.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
And beat proud Edward from usurped seat.
And place king Henry in his former rule.
Queen. I humbly thanke your royall maestie.
And pray the God of heaven to blesse thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwike.

Law. How now, who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiepest friend.
Law. Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to France?
War. From worthy Edward king of England,
My Lord and Souersigne and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And lastlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchesafe to grant
That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,

*To Englands king in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.
War. And gracios Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humble to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where fames late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath placd thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queen. King Lawes and Lady Bona heare me speake,
Before you answere Warwike or his words,
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.
War. Inurious Margaret.
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene.
On. Then Warwikes disanuls great John of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,
And after John of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,
From these our Henries lineallie descent.

28 plast[ Q1 Q2. plac'd Q3. lineallie] lineallie Q3.
42 Henries[ Q1 Q2. Henry is Q3.}

39—2
War. Oxford, how saps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost
All that Henry the fist had gotten.
Me thinke these peeres of France should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillage time,
To make prescription for a kingdoms worth.
Ozf. Why Warwick, canst thou deny thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeares,
*And bewray thy treasons with a blush?
War. Can Oxford that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsahood with a pettigree?
For shame leave Henry and call Edward king.
Ozf. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord Averray Vers was done to death,
And more than so, my father even in the
Downesfall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No Warwick no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K Lewes. Queene Margaret, prince Edward and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,
Till I doe talke a word with Warwick.
Now Warwick euon vpoo thy honor tell me true;
In Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir.
War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.
Leu. What is he gracious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.
Leu. What is his loue to our sister Bona?
War. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe bave often heard him saie and swear,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertue ground,
The leaues and fruite maintaine with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdain,
Unless the ladie Bona quite his paine.
Leu. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

47, 54 pettigree] Q2, pedigree Q3.
48 yeares a) Q1. yeares; a Q2, yeares, a Q3.
56, 67 Call...Brother] One line in Q3.
SCENE III.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

*Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie I must confess, when I
Have heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted judgement to desire.

Lev. Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a
Witness, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince Edw. To Edward, but not the English king.

War. Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our quondam Queene,
You haue a father able to mainstaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a post within.

Lev. Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.

Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

Osf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his.

P. Ed. And marke how Levues stamps as he were nettled.

Lev. Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your news?

Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioe.

War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.

Lev. What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

Quee. This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwikes honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisses,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.

*No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,

My father came vntimelie to his death?

Did I let passe the abuse done to my neece?

Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,

And thrust king Henry from his natuie home,

And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?

---

88 or your] Q₃Q₄. or Q₅.
87, 88 Then...Witnesse] One line in Q₅.
94 twere] Q₃Q₄. twere Q₅.
101 as his] Q₁. at his Q₃Q₄.
104 Mine such...full of] Q₁. Mine, such
...full of Q₅. Mine is such...with Q₅.
116 vntimelie to his] to an vntimely Q₅.
117 my] Q₁Q₄. thy Q₅.
119 home] Q₁. home? Q₅Q₄.
My gratious Queen pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Yes Warwick I doe quite forget thy former
Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen soldierns,
Ie undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last I firmalie am resolvd,
You shall have side: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over Maskers
To rouell it with him and his new bride.

Bona. Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,
Ie weare the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ie vncrewne him er't be long.

Theears thy reward, begone.

Lew. But now tell me Warwick, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?

War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ie ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.

Queen. Withall my hart, that match I like full wel,
Lowe her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,
And glue thy hand to Warwick for thy lune.

Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To louie soldierns for to go with you.

And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.
SCENE III.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 615

War. I came from Edward as Embassadour
But I returne his sworn and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreedfull warre shall answeres his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raise him to the crown,
And Ie be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie. Exit.

Enter king Edward, the Queene and Clarence, and [ACT. IV. SC. I.]
Gloster, and Montague and Hastings, and
Penbrooke, with souldiers.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
What thinkes you of our marriage with the ladie Gray?
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as Warwikes and Levees
That are so slacke in judgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.

Edw. Suppose they doe, they are but Levees and
Warwikes, and I am your king and Warwikes,
And will be obaided.

Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome prouest well.

Edw. Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forfend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,
ther.
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel togi-
Edw. Setting your akornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?
Speake freelie Clarence, Gloster,
Montague and Hastings.

Cla. My Lord then this is my opinion,
That Warwikes beeing dishonored in his embassage,

160 Embassadour] Q, Helmet Q, 7 am] Q, 9, 10 And...well] As prose in Q, 16 pittie Q, 14 a pittie] Q, 18 Gloster] Q, mine Q,
The Tragedie of Richard D. of

[ACT IV.

Doth seek revenge to quite his injuries.
Glo. And Levenes in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth joine with Warwick to supplant your state.
Edu. Suppose that Lewis and Warwick be appeased,
By such means as I can best devise.
Mont. But yet to have ioin'd with France in this
Alliance, would more have strengthened this our
Common wealth, gains't foreigne stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speech the Lord Hastings well deserves,
*To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.
Edu. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales
Did well deserve at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
Brothers go seekes elsewhere, but in
Your madness, you burie brotherhood.
Edu. Alas see poore Clarence, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall give me leave to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leave you.
Edu. Leave me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be tied to his brother wils.
Queen. My Lords doe me but right and you must
Confesse, before it pleased his highnesse to advance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edu. Forbear my louse to sawne upon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obai,

22 quite] Q1Q2. quit Q3.
25 devise.] Q1Q2. devise Q3.
29 Common wealth] Q1Q2. Common-
wealth Q3.
30 home bred] Q1Q2. home-bred Q3.
35 so f] Q1Q2. so Q3.
39, 40 Brothers......madness] One line in
Q3.
40 brotherhood] Q1Q2. brother-hood Q3.
42 mal-content.] Q1. mal-content? Q3.
48 I will] Q1Q2. Ie Q3.
46, 47 That...choise] One line in Q3.
45 you] Q1Q2. ye Q3.
50—52 My Lords...Queene] In Q3 the lines
end confesse......advance......Queene.
In Q3 they end right......highnes....
Queen.
53 in] Q1Q2. from Q3.
SCENE I.]  Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.  617

And if they looke for favour at my hands.  (France.

Mont. My lord, heere is the messenger returned from

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now sirra, What letters or what newes?

Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes as without
your highnesses speciall pardon I dare not relate.

Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.

*Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuill it with him and his new bride.

Edw. Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to these wronges?

Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele prowe a widdow-
er shortly, Ile wear the willow garland for his sake.

Edw. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie

Little lesse. But what saide Henries Queene, for as
I heare, she was then in place?

Mes. Tell him quoth shee my mourning weede be

Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.

Edw. Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,

Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proud words?

But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is Warwick friendes with Margaret?

Mes. I my good Lord, theare so loinkt in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike Clarence shal haue the
Yonger. All you that loye me and Warwike

57 Enter a Messenger.] Q1Q2  Enter

Memnssenger. Q3.


59, 60 No...relate.] Three lines in Q3, end-
ing Lord,...pardon,...relate.

60 special] Q1Q2, om. Q3.

61, 62 We...tell me] One line in Q2Q3.

66 resol] Q1, resoul Q2Q3.

67 braue.] Q1, braue? Q2Q3.

69, 70 Tel...shortly] One line in Q2.

69 keele] Q1, kee? Q2, keel Q3.

70 the willow] a willow Q3.

71, 72 She...lesse] One line in Q3.

72, 73 But...place?] As prose in Q3. In Q3
lines 71—73 end wrong......Queene,...

place?

75 Doone] Q2, done Q2Q3, reading as one
line Tell...done.

83 what is] Q1Q2, what, is Q3.

84 theare] Q1, they are Q2Q3.

86—88 The elder......Follow me.] Two lines
in Q2Q3, ending younger...me.

87 elder] Q1Q2, elder? Q3.
Follow me.  
Exit Clarence and Summerset.

Edw.  Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwick.

What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?

Glo.  I my Lord, in despight of all that shall

Waiton you.  For why hath Nature

Made me halt downe right, but that I

Should be valiant and stand to it, for if

*I would, I cannot runne awaie.

Edw.  Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,

Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night

I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,

Ile march to meet proud Warwick ere he land

Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.

But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,

You of all the rest are neerest allied

In bloud to Warwick, therefore tell me, if

You fauour him more then me or not:

Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open

Enemies, then hollow friends.

Monta.  So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

Hast.  And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause.

Edw.  It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.

Execunt Omnes.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with sooldiers.

War.  Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,

[Sc. ii.]

The common people by numbers swarme to vs,

But see where Summerset and Clarence comes,

Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla.  Faeare not that my Lord.

War.  Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwick.

And welcome Summerset, I hold it cowardise,

To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,

Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,

Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,

Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,

But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shal be thine.

And now what rests but in nights couerture,
SCENE II.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 619

Thy brother being careleslie encampt,
*His soouldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
Our skouts haue found the adventure verie easie,
Then criie king Henry with resolded mindes,
And breake we presentlie into his tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For Warwike and his friends God and saint Georges.

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth

[Sc. III.]

Stand, Courage my soouldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwike, a Warwike.

Alarums, and Gloster and Hastings flie.

Oxf. Who goes there? (Duke

War. Richard and Hastings let them goe, heere is the

Edu. The Duke, why Warwike when we parted

Last, thou caldst me king?

War. I, but the case is altred now.

When you disgraste me in my embassage,

Then I disgraste you from being king,

And now ame come to create you Duke of Yorke,

Alassee how should you gouerne anie kingdome,

That knowes not how to use embassadors,

Nor how to use your brothers brotherlie,

Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.

Edu. Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,

Edward in mind will beare himselfe a king.

War. Then for his minde be Edward Englands king,

But Henry now shall weare the English crowne,

Go conuaine him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,

And when I haue fought with Penbrooks & his followers,

*Ile come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,

And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

Exeunt some with Edward.

Cla. What followes now all hitherto goes well,

But we must dispatch some letters to France,

To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,

And bid hir come with speed to joine with vs.

22 saies] Q. Q2, S. Q3.
28, 24 This...Stand] One line in Q2 Q3.
29, 30 The Duke...Last] One line in Q3.
30 caldest] Q. Q2, calledest Q3.
32, 33 disgraste] Q1, disgrast Q4, disgrastest Q5.
36 Exeunt...Q5.
37 now.] Q2 Q3, nowt Q5.
48 to] Q. Q3, into Q5.
50 hir] Q1, her Q2 Q3.
War. I thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to Yorks, and see how Edward fares.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanley.

Glo. Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The Bishop of Yorks befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuileie sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him.
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Hunts This waie my Lord the deere is gone.
Edw. No this waie huntsman, see where the
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.
Edw. Come then: Hastings, and Stanley, I will
*Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,
Sheld thee from Warwikes frowne,
And praise that I maie reposesse the crowne.
Now huntsman what will you doe?
Hunts Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Edw. Come then lets awaie with speed.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the Queen and the Lord Rivers.

Rivers. Tel me good madam, why is your grace
So passionate of late?
Queen. Why brother Rivers, heare you not the newes,
Of that successe king Edward had of late?

51 thats] Q1Q2. that's Q2.
54 let vs] Q1Q2. lets Q2.
Stanley] Q1 Q2. Stanley Q3.
11—13 No...depart? In Q3 the lines end
stand...rest...depart? In Q2 they end
huntsman...rest...depart?
16, 17 I will...farewell] One line in Q4.
18 frowne] Q1 Q2. frownes Q3.
1, 2 Tel...late] One line in Q3, the first
ending madame.
3 you] Q1 Q2. ye Q2.
SCENE IV.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 621

Riu. What? loose of some pitcht batalle against Warwike, 5
Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display:
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Riu. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queen. I, thears my grieue, king Edward is surprisde,
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.
Riu. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaster at this time must percieue,
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserve the fruit within my wombe,
*K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne. Exit.

Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastings with a 5
troope of Hollanders.

Edu. Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,
And marcht from Rausnpur hauen vnto Yorks:
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserve the town.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.
Edu. Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorks.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Edu I craue nothing but my Duke dome.
Rich. But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,
Heede quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?

wick. Q2.
15 thears] Q1. ther s Q2.
14 prisoner] Q1 Q2. prison Q2.
15 passing] passing Q2.
20 a while] Q1. awhile Q2 Q4.
2 Raunepur] Q1 Q2. Rounspur Q3.
6 thats] Q1 Q2. that s Q3.
9, 16 Maire] Q1. Maior Q2 Q3.
14 Heele] Q1 Q2. Heel t Q2.
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mair. Say you so, then I'll open them presentlie,

Exit Mair.

Ri. By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.

The Mair opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Mair, these gates must not be shut,

But in the time of warre, give me the keies:

What, feare not man for Edward will defend the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir John Montgommery with drumme and souldiers.

*How now Richard, who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is sir John Montgommery,

A trustie friend vnsesse I be deceiude.

Edw. Welcome sir John. Wherfore come you in armes?

Sir John. To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,

As suerie loyall subject ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes braue Montgommery.

But I onlie claime my Dukedom,

Vntil it please God to send the rest.

Sir John. Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs

March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.

Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,

With what security we maie doe this thing.

Sir John. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,

Except you presently proclaime your selue our king,

Ile hence againe, and keepe them backes that come to

Succour you, why should we fight when

You pretend no title?

Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?

Resolve your selue, and let vs claime the crowne.

Edw. I am resoulde once more to claime the crowne,

And win it too, or else to loose my life.

Sir John. I now my soueraigne speakes like himselfe,

And now will I be Edward's Champion,

Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimed.

Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England
and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoever gains-
saies king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to
single fight, long live Edward the fourth.

All. Long live Edward the fourth.

Edw. We thank you all. Lord Maire leade on the waie.

*For this night wee labour here in Yorke,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horizon
Weele march to London, to meete with VVarwike:
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter VVarwike and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then king Henry, and Oxford, and Summerset, and the yong Earle of Richmond.

[Sc. vi.]

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am I brought
Againe, Clarence and VVarwike doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise.

VVar. What answeres Clarence to his soueraignes will?

Cla. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

King. My Lord of Summerset, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Sum. And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,
Earle of Richmond.

King. Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aight
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy,
Shalt proue this Countrie sblissee,
Thy head is made to weare a princeslie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,

54 weeke] Q1 Q2. wee 't Q2.
57 Weele] Q1 Q2. Wee 't Q2.
58 Exeunt Omnes.] Q1 Q2. om. Q2,
Oxford, Somerset Q2.
2-7 By...praise] In Q3 Q4 the lines end againe ... crowne ... peace ... dayes ...
praye.

10, 11 My...of] In Q3 the lines end that
...of] In Q3 they end boy...of?
10 Summerset] Q1. Somerset Q1. Somer-
set Q2, and passim.
12 And it] Q1 Q2. If it Q2.
20—22 Make...by me] As two lines in Q3,
the first ending is he.
The Tragedie of Richard D. of [ACT IV. SC. VII.]

*For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me. [Sc. viii.]

Enter one with a letter to Warwike.

War. What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safeties through the narrow seas, (London,
And with his troopes doe march amaine towards
And manie giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

War. In Warwikeshine I haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalbe
In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolk, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother Montague, in Leister shire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalbe finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou brane Oxford wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louinge Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
Farewell my soueraigne.

KIng. Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope.

War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Countrie.

All. Agreed. Exspect Omnnes.

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edwa. Sease on the shamefast Henry,
And once againe conuaine him to the Tower,
*Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Countrie let vs bend our course
To meet with Warwike and his confederates.

Exspect Omnnes.

Enter Warwike on the wallaes. [ACT V. SC. I.]

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?
Oxf post. By this at Daintrie marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother Montague?

27 giddie]Q1Q2. giddy headed Q3.
58, 84 shalt...Kent] One line in Q3.
38 commands]Q1Q2. communds Q3.
1 shamefast]Q1Q2. shamefastt Q3.
4 let vs]Q1Q2. lets Q3.
ACT V. SC. I.]  Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.  625

Where is the post that came from Montague?

Post.  I left him at Donemore with his troopes.

War.  Say Summerfield where is my louing son?
And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

Somner.  At Southam my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.

War.  Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo.  See brother, where the surly Warwick mans the wal.

War.  O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come!
Where slept our scouts, or how are they sedustae,
That we could haue no newes of their repaires?

Edw.  Now Warwick wilt thou be sorrie for thy faultes,
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.

War.  Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?

Call Warwick patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Glo.  I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the iest against his will.

War.  Twas Warwick gave the kingdome to thy brother.

Edw.  Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.

*War.  I but thou art no Atlas for so great a weight,
And weaking, Warwick takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

Edw.  I prethe gallant Warwick tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?

Glo.  Alasse that Warwick had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelle fingerd from the decks?
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

Edw.  Tis euem so, and yet you are olde Warwike still.

War.  O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

Enter Oxford with drum and souldiers & al crie,


9, 10  At...force] One line in Q2.
13  come] Q1; come? Q2.
14  seduc[e] Q1; seduc'd Q2 Q3.
20  penent[.] Q1 Q2;  penent? Q3.
25  will] Q1 Q3;  will? Q4.
24  Twas} Q1 Q2; 'Twas Q3.
31  foresight] Q1 Q2 (Devonshire) Q3; foresight Q3 (Malone 86).
32  whilst] Q1 Q2;  while Q3.

33  decke?] Q1;  decke: Q3; decke, Q4.
35  you'el] Q1;  yous Q3; youl Q4.
37, 38  Enter.....Lancaster] As stage direc-
38, 48, 47  Exit] Q1 Q2;  Exeunt. Q3.

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Edw. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them bataile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vp our backes,
Weale staie till all be entered, and then follow them.
   Enter Summerset with drum and souldiers.
Sum. Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster. Exit.
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,
Haue solde their liues into the house of Yorks,
   And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.
   Enter Montague with drum and souldiers.
Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. Exit.
Edw. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
   Shall deserlie abe this rebellious act.
   Enter Clarence with drum and souldiers.
War. And loe where George of Clarence sweeps
   Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.
*Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.
   Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers to-
   gether, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his
   hat, and throwes it at Warwick.
War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwick call.
Cla. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
   I throw mine infame at thee,
   I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togethers,
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou
   That Clarence is so harsh vnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
   And so proud harted Warwick I defie thee,
   And to my brothers turne my blushing cheeckes?
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
   And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,
For henceforth I will prove no more vnoconstant.
Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
   Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.
Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.
War. Oh passing traytor, perierd and vniust.
SCENE I.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt.

Edw. Now Warricke, wilt thou leave
The townes and fight? or shall we beat the
Stones about thine ears?
War. Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence.
I will awaie to Barnet presently,
And bid thes battaile Edward if thou dares.
Edw. Yes Warricke he dares, and leads the waie,
Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Alarmes, and then enter Warricke wounded. [Sc. ii.]
War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warricke?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeld my bodie to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gauie shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top branch ouerpeird Joues spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my browses now fild with bloud
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when Warricke bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes my walkes, my manners that I had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford and Summerset.

Oxf. Ah Warricke, Warricke, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet theares hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike Queens with troopes is come from France,
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But Hercules himselfe must yeld to ods,
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeld to death.

Som. Thy brother Montagus hath breathd his last,

---74 Now...eaeres?] As two lines in
Q3, ending fight...eaeres?
77 daarest] Q1, Q2, da'rest Q2.
8 ramping] Q1, Q2, rampant Q2.
15 See note (i).
And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
*And saie, commend me to my valiant brother, 30
And more he would have spoke and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That could not be distinguiished for the sound,
And so the valiant Montague gane vp the ghost.
War. What is pompe, rule, rainge, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,
For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.

He dies.

Oxf. Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe, 40
That all our friends that yet remaine alie,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them wee see post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the field. Ex. ambo.

Enter Edward, Clarence, Gloster, with souldiers. [Sc. III]

Edu. Thus stil our fortune gies vs victorie,
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies.
The bigboond traytor Warwick hath breathed his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeares 50
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his eassefull westerne beames,
I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in France
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Edu. We are aduertised by our louing friends,
*That they doe hold their course towards Toewsburie.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie as we passe along
SCENE III.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 629

Our strengths shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haine.  Ex. Omne.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward Oxford and Sum-
nersest, with drum and souldiers.

Queene. Welcome to England my louing friends of Frace,
And welcome Summersest, and Oxford too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs into rest,
And Ned and I as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amoungst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeild,
Or leaue my bodie as witnessse of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high reslove,

*And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame! Oh braue yong Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maeist thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.

Sum. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie

69–65 Our...haie] As three lines in Qb ending goe...daie...haie. In Qb the lines end augmented...day...haie.
65 Ex. Omne.] Q1. Exequum omnes. QbQcQd.
1 Frâce] Q1. France QcQd.
5 maine mast] Q1. maine-Mast QbQcQd. maine Mast Qb.
15 entice] Q1Qb. entice Qa.
16 press] Q1Qb. prease Qc.
28–29 And......glories] As four lines in Qb ending shame:...Grandfather...thou liue...glories. As five in Qb, ending shame:grandfather...thee ...image ...glories.
The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Be his, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprovided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.


Edu. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.

Queen. Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gainsaie, for as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no 'more
But this. Henry your king is prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes
The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords togethry cry saint George.

All. Saint George for Lancaster.

Alarmes to the battell, Yorks flies, then the chambers be
discharged. Then enter the king, Cla & Glo. & the rest,
& make a great shout and crie, for Yorks, for Yorks, and
then the Queen is taken, & the prince, & Oxf. & Sum.
and then sound and enter all againe.

*Edu. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiltes,
Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,
For Summerset off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.

Exit Oxford.

Sum. Nor I, but stoopes with patience to my death.

Exit Sum.

Edu. Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
SCENE V.] Yorke, and Henrie the sixt. 631

Prin. Speakes like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.
Queen. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd:
Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.
Queen. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.
Prin. Nay take away this skolding Crookthacke rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Clas. Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. I know my dutie, you are all vn dutifull.
Leasicious Edward, and thou periurd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better, traytors as you be.
*Edw. Take that, the litines of this railer heere.
Queen. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and shall.  (much alreadie.
Edw. Hold Richard hold, for we haue done too
Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?
Edw. What doth she swound? make meanes for
Her recuperie?
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Clas. About what, prethe tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out
Exit Gloster.

59 woude] Q1. woulde Q2 Q3. woudest Q2.
60 bin] Q1 Q2. bine Q3.
61—68 That.........Lancaster] Two lines in
Q1 Q3 the first ending pettiscate.
malapart Q4.
76 the litines] Q1. the lightnes Q2. thou
79 too much] Q1 Q2. to much Q3.
81 What..........re recoverie?] Two lines in Q3, the
first ending seconde
re recoverie?] Q1. recoverie. Q3. recovery.
Q5.
Queen. Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah
Thou canst not speake.
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
They that stabd Caesar shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,
And men nere spend their furie on a child,
Whats worse then tyrant that I maie name,
You have no children Deuils, if you had,
The thought of them would then have stopt your rage,
But if you ever hope to have a sonne,
Looke in his youth to have him so cut off,
As Traitors you have done this sweet young prince.

Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence.

Queen. Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
Ie pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then Clarence, doe thou doe it?

Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

*Queen. Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Queen. I, but thou vsest to forswear thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis our charite.

Wheare the Diuels butcher, hardfavoured Richard,
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
For bloud he nere put backe.

Edw. Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince. Ex.

Edw. Clarence, whithers Gloster gone?

Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.

Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common souldiers with paise
And thankes, and now let vs towards London,

87, 88 Ah...speake] In Q₂ the first line ends at boy.
87 boy?] Q₁. boy, Q₂. boy: Q₃.
100-102 Naie...not?] In Q₂ the lines end at me here...death...not?
108 it?] Q₁. it. Q₂. Q₃.
110-112 He...backe] Two lines in Q₂ the first ending deed.
112 he'] Q₁ Q₂. hee' Q₃.
114 Ex.] Q₁. Exit. Q₂ Q₃.
115 whithers] Q₁ Q₂. whether is Q₃.
116 and as I] Q₁ Q₂. as I Q₃.
118, 117 to Make...Tower] One line in Q₂ Q₃.
To see our gentle Queens how shee doth fare,
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.

\[Enter Gloster to king Henry in the Tower.\]

\[Sc. vi.\]

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

\[Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,\]

Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act?

Glo. Suspition alwaies hauntes a guiltie mind.

\[Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,\]

And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.

Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creste?

\*That taught his sonne the office

Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownda.

\[Hen. I Dedalus, my poore sonne Icarus,\]

Thy father Minos that denide our course,
Thy brother Edward, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the envious gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.

Glo. Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

\[Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,\]

And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

\[Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,\]

Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.

That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert borne.
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld and hideous tempestes shooke down trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top, 
And chattering Pies in distmall discord sung, 
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine, 
And yet brought forth lease then a mothers hope, 
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe, 40
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree, 
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne, 
*To signifie thou camst to bite the world, 
And if the rest be true that I have heard, 
Thou camst into the world He stabs him. 45
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare 
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainea. 
Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this. 
O God forgive my sinnes, and pardon thee. He dies. 
Glo. What I will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster 50
Sinke into the ground, I had thought it would haue 
mounted, 
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death. 
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed, 
For such as seeke the downefall of our house. 
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, 55
Stab him againe. 
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither. 
I that haue neither pittie, louse nor feare. 
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of, 
For I haue often heard my mother saie, 
That I came into the world with my legs forward, 60
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast, 
And seeke their ruines that usurpt our rights? 
The women wept and the midwife cride, 
O Jesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth. 
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifie, 65
That I should snarlle and bite, and plaie the dogge. 
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so, 
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it. 
I had no father, I am like no father, 
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers, 70
And this word Loue which graybeards tearme diuine,
*Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keepest me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will bus abroad such prophesies,
As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome.

Exit.

Enter king Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse
with the young prince, and Clarence,
and Hastings, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to Autumnnes corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Summerset, threefold renownd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two Cliffores, as the father and the sonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere spurd their courseres at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Bearses, Warwikes and
Montague,
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
*Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,
And made our footstoole of securitie.
Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,
Young Ned, for thee, thine Vnceles and my selfe,
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

76 After this line Q4 inserts Vnder pre-
tence of outward seeming ill.
79, 80 See note (ix).
Clarence]Q4Q5 Clarence, Gloster Q4.
The Tragedie &c. [ACT V. SC. VII.

Glo. Ile blast his harvest and your head were laid,
   For yet I am not look on in the world.
   This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke to heaue,
   And heaue it shall some weight or breake my backe,
   Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.

Edward. Clarence and Gloster, loue my louelie Queene,
   And kisse your princelye nephew brothers both.

Cla. The dutie that I owe vnto your, Maiestie,
   I scale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thankes noble Clarence worthie brother thanks.

Gloster. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
   Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.
   To saie the truth so Judas kist his maister,
   And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

Edward. Nowe am I seate as my soule delights,
   Hauing my countrie peace, and brothers loues.

Cla. What will your grace haue done with Margaret,
   Ranard her father to the king of France,
   Hath pawnd the Cysells and Jerusalem,
   And hither hauze they sent it for her ransom.

*Edw. Awaie with her, and waiste hir hence to France,
   And now what rests but that we spend the time,
   With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
   Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
   Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,
   For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

21 and] Q1Q3 if Q8.
26 Clarence...Queene] Q1Q8. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster, Fray love...
   Queene Q8, reading as two lines.
27 brothers] Q1Q8 om. Q8.
28 your, Maiestie] Q1, your Maiestie Q3.
   your Maiestie Q8.

31, 32 And...Sprangst] One line in Q3Q8.
36 Hausing...loues] Omitted in Q8.
37 Margaret,] Q1. Margaret? Q3Q8.
40 her] Q1Q8 a Q8.
NOTES TO THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD
DUKE OF YORKE.

NOTE I.

v. 2. 15. Mr Halliwell quotes 'and walkes' as the reading of the edition of 1619. Capell's copy has 'my walkes.' In Steevens's reprint the reading 'and walkes' occurs, and Mr Knight has followed him. See note iv to 'The First part of the Contention,' &c.

NOTE II.

v. 6. 79, 80. Instead of these lines Q₃ has

'King Henry, and the Prince his sonne are gone,
And Clarence thou art next must follow them,
So by one and one dispatching all the rest, &c.'
AN

EXCELLENT

CONCEITED TRAGEDIE

OF

ROMEO AND IULIET.
The Prologue.

Two households, both alike in dignity,

Where we lay our Scene.

From civil wars there's nothing gained but shedding

Whose civil wars makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,

A pair of star-cross'd Lovers take their life:

Whose misadventures, piteous overthrows,

(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,

And death-marked passage of their Parents rage)

Is now the two hours traffic of our Stage.

The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here we want we'll strive to amend.
Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capulets.

Gregorius, of my word Ile carrie no coales.

2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
   1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
   the collar.
   1 I strike quickly being moue'd.
   2 I, but you are not quickly moue'd to strike.
   1 A Dog of the house of the Montagues mouses me.
   2 To moue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
   to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be moued thou't
   runne away.
   1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
   the wall of.
   2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
   to the wall.
   1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
   wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
   see I am a tall peece of flesh.
   2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
   wouldst be but poore John.
   1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
   off with their heads.
   2 The heads of the maids?
   *1 I the heads of their Maides, or the Maidenheads,
   take it in what sence thou wilt.
   2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere
   comes two of the Montagues.

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Enter two Servingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.
2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doe, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.
2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 Moun: Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe.
2 Moun: I but i'rst at vs?
1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?
2 No.
1 I bite my thumbe.
1 Moun: I but i'rst at vs? Enter Benevolio.
2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.

Prince: Rebellous subiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old Capulet and Mountague,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
*Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:
For this time euer yman depart in peace.
Come Capulet come you along with me,
And Mountague, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old free Towne our common judgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvo: Here were the servants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

VVifs: Ah where is Romeo, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipit sunne
Peeped through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where underneath the grove Sticanore,
That Westward rooteth from the Cities side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thickest of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun: Black and portentious must this honor prove,
Vnlesse good counsaile doe the cause remoue.

Ben: Why tell me Uncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ilke know his griefance, or be much denied.

*Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shift. Come Madame lets away.

Benuo: Good morrow Cosen.
Romeo: Is the day so young?
Ben: But new stroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom: Not having that, which having makes them
Ben: In loue.
Rom: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Rom: Out of her favor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prove.
Rom: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes gieue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O lousing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen Caos of best seeming things,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cose I rather weep.
Rom: Good hart at what?
The most excellent Tragedie, [Act I.

Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.
Ro: Why such is loues transgression,
*Grieffe of mine owne lie heavie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this grieue that thou hast shoune,
Doth ad more grieue to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell Cose.
Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hee's some other where.
Ben: Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?
Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aime so right, when as you said you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.
Ro: But in that hit you missee, shee's not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath Dianaes wit,
And in strong proioe of chastitie well arm'd:
Gainst Cupids childish bow she liues vnharm'd,
Shee's not abide the siedge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. Exeunt.

Enter Comtis Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,
*And pittie tis they liue at odds so long:
But leaving that, what say you to my sute?
Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet atteinde to fourtene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.
Cap: But too soone marde are these so early maried:
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.
SCENE II.] of Romeo and Juliet. 645

This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereunto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poor house you shall behold this night,
Earth tredding stars, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feel,
When well appraised April on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, even such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne being one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Servingman.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire Verona streets, and seek them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here,
*and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to
the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as
the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker
with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher
with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burns out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poysen of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my fooe,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you have learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.
Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.
Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widowe of Vtruuo, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neece, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine vnclt Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and *Lixia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio and the liuelie Hellen.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whose house?
Ser: My Masters.
Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.
Ser: Now il’e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben: At this same auncient feast of Capulets, Sups the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of Verona,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro: When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tutt you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seems best.

Rom: I le goe along no such sight to be showne,

*But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

Wife: Nurce wher’s my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: Now by my maiden head at twelve years old I
SCENE III.]
of Romeon and Juliet.

bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid.
VeVher's this girl? what Juliet. Enter Juliet.

Juliet: How now who calls?
Nurse: Your Mother.
Juliet: Madame I am here, what is your will?

VeV: This is the matter. Nurse give leave a while, we must talk in secret. Nurse come back again I have remembered me, thou'se beare our counsaille. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurse: Faith I can tell her age unto a houre.
VeVife: She's not fourteene.

Nurse: Ie lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I hauue but foure, she's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

VeVife: A fortnight and odd dayes.

Nurse: Euen or odd, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VeVell Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marrie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe e-leaven yeares, and she was wean'd I never shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeares upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dog, sitting in the sun vnder the Dowe-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do bear a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormwood on the nipple of my dog, & felt it bitter, pretty foole *to see it teache and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Dowe-houses twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leaven yeares: for then could Juliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could have waddled vp and downe, for even the day before she brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a marrie man: Dost thou fall forward Juliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: will thou not Juliet? and by my holli-dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a least shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeares, I never should forget it, will thou not Juliet? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.

Juliet: And stint thou too, I preth the Nurse say I.

Nurse: VeVell goe thy waises, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that ever I nurs'd, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

VeVife: And that same marriage Nurse, is the Theame
The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT I.

I meant to talke of. Tell me Iuliet, howe stand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurse: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurse, I would say thou hadst such wisdom from thy Teat.

VWif: Well girls, the Noble Countie Paris seakes thee for his Wife.

Nurse: A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxes.

VWif: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

VWif: Well Iuliet, how like you of Paris loue.

Iuliet: Ile looks to like, if looking liking moue,
gut no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent gives strength to make it flye.

Enter Clowne.

*Clowne: Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie;
the Nurse curt in the Pantrie, all things in extreamitie,
make hast for I must be gone to waite.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse? [Sc. iv.]

Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuole: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no Cupid hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Soaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no withoutbooke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this rumbling,
Beeing but haueie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me Romeo I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Give me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the senseles rushes with their heele.
For I am prowerbd with a Grandsire phrase,
Ile be a candleholder and looks on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.
SCENE IV.]  of *Romeo and Juliet.*

*Mercator:* Tut dun's the mouse the Custables old word,
If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surrendered love wherein thou stickst.
Leave this talke, we burne day light here.

*Rom:* Nay thats not so.  *Mercator:* I meanes sir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our judgement sits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

*Rom:* So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.

*Mercator:* Why Romeo may one ask?

*Rom:* I dreamt a dreeame to night.

*Mercator:* And so did I.  *Rom:* Why what was yours?

*Mercator:* That dreamers often lie.  (true.

*Rom:* In bed a sleepe while they doe dreeame things

*Mercator:* Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.

*Ben:* Queene Mab what's she?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggit stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webes,
The couer, of the wings of Grashoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this sort she gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies dreeame
O're Ladies lips who dreeame on kisses strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

*And then dreeames he of smelling out a sute,
And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs talle,
Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,

And then dreeames he of another benefice:
Sometimes she gallops ore a soouldiers nose,
And then dreeames he of cutting forraigne throats,
Of breaches ambuscadoes, countermines,
Of healthes fioe fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT I.

And sweares a Praier or two and sleepe againe.  70
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.  75

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreams,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,  80
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which woos es even now the frost bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.

Ben: Come, come, this winde both blow vs from our

Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgives
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearfull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme  85
Of a dispised life, closele in this breast,
By some vntimelie forset of vile death:
*But he that hath the steereage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet with the Ladies. [Sc. v.]

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes dainty, shee Ie sweare hath Corns.  5
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen Capulet:
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?
Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much.

Tis since the mariage of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quicklie as it will,
Some fuen and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.  10

Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
of Romeo and Juliet.

His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a silly thing.

Rom: What Ladic is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeks of night,
Like a rich iewell in an Aethiops eare,

Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:

So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladic ouer her fellowes showes.

*The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand:

Did my heart loue till now? Forswear it sight,
I never saw true beautie till this night.

Tib: This by his voice should be a Mountague,

Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slau
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,

To scorne and iseare at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.

Ti: Vnkle this is a Mountague our foe,

A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young Romeo, is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine Romeo. (man,

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-

And to speaks truth, Verona brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:

Therefore be quiet take no note of him,

Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeaming semblance for a feast.

Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile not indure him.

Ca: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,

Am I the Master of the house or you?
You're not indure him? God shall mend my soule
You're make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You're set Cocke a hoope, you're be the man.

Ti: Vnkle tis a shame.

*Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.

This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet.  (ting,

  Tibalt:  Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

  Rom:  If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kiss.

  Iul:  Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this:  (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kissa.

  Rom:  Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
  Iul:  Yes Pilgrime lips that they must use in praier.
  Ro:  Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.

  Iu:  Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier.
      forsaka.
  Ro:  Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.

  Iu:  Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
  Ro:  Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!
Give me my sinne againe.

  Iu:  You kisse by the booke.
  Nurse:  Madame your mother calleth.
  Rom:  What is her mother?

  Nurse:  Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
  house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous.  I nurst
  her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can
  lay hold of her shall have the chinkes.

  Rom:  Is she a Mountague?  Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

  Ca:  Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards,

     They whisper in his eare.

I pray you let me intrest you.  Is it so?
Well then I thanske you honest Gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.

  Exeunt.

  Iul:  Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
  Nur:  The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.
  Iul:  Whate he that now is going out of dore?
SCENE V.]

of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur: That as I thinkes is yong Petruchio. (dance?)

Iul: Whatsa he that followes there that would not

Nur: I know not.

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur: His name is Romeo and a Montague, the onely
sonne of your great enemie.

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too early scene vnknowne and knowne too late:

Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,

That I should loue a loathed enemie.

Nurse: What's this? what's that?

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of
oue I danest with.

Nurse: Come your mother staies for you, Ile goo a long
with you.

Exeunt.

*Enter Romeo alone. [Act II. Sc. 1]*

Ro.: Shall I goo forward and my heart is here?

Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my cosen Romeo.

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,

Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good Mercutio.

Mer: Call, nay Ile conjure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in
likenes of a sigh: speake but one rime & I am satisfied, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to
my gossip Venus one faire word, one nickname for her
purblinde sonne and heire young Abraham: Cupid hee
that shot so trim when young King Cophetus loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I conjure thee by
Rosalinde bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
pretie foote, straight leg, and quivering thigh, and the
demaines that there adjacent lie, that in thy likenesse
thou appeare to us.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shulde
raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and conjurde
it downe, that were some spite. My invocation is faire
and honest, and in his Mistris name I conjure onely but
to raise vp him.
The most excellent Tragedie,

Bfn: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be consorted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

*Mer: If loue be blind, louse will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Misris were that kinde of fruitle,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cetera*, thou a poprin Peare.
*Romeo* God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He iests at scars that never felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire S nne, and kill the envious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but foiles doe weares it, cast it off.
She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discorses, I will answere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skyes,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spharees till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the aire region streame so bright,
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
*That I might kisse that cheeke.*

*Jul:* Ay me.

Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing over my
As is a winged messenger of heauen (head,
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of theaire.

*Jul:* Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a Capulet.

    Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?
    Jul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.

What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
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,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title Romeo part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

    Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptisde,
Henceforth I neuer will be Romeo.
    Jul: What man art thou, that thus besكريnd in night,
Doest stumble on my counsails?
    Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.

*Had I it written I would teare the word.

    Jul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vitterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
    Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.
    Jul: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.
    Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

    Jul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
    Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweets,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.  (here.

    Jul: I would not for the world they shuld finde thee
    Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

    Jul: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.
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Ro: By louse, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he saue me counsaille and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet werst thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such Marchandise.

Iul: Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou hast heard me speakes to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine deny,
*What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.
Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou swearest,
Thou maiest prove false:
At Louers perjuries they say Ioue smiles.
Ah gentle Romeo, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,
Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,
So thou wilt woost: but els not for the world,
In truth faire Mountague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauior light:
But trust me gentleman Ie prove more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
I should haue bin strange I must confess,
But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware
My true loues Passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yealding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.

Ro: By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,
That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops.

Iul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
Least that thy loue prove likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not sweare at all,
Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And I'e beleue thee.

Ro: If my true harts loue

Iul: Sweare not at all, though I doo ioy in
I haue small ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduisde,
*Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
Deare loue adew, sweet Mountague be true,

Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
SCENE II.] of Romeo and Juliet. 657

Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good Romeo and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foothe il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heasie lookees.

Iul: Romeo, Romeo, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Cauze where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my Romseo name.

Romoe

Ro: It is my soule that calles vpon my name,
How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.

Iul: Romeo?

Ro: Madame.

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

*Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.

Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Rememboring how I loue thy companie.

Rom: And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Is: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted guies,
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louting jealous of his libertie.

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

Rom: SLEEPE dwell Vpon thine eyes, peace on thy

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The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT II]

I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest. Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell, His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. Enter Frier Francis. (night, [Sc. III]

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light, And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles, From forth daies path, and Titans fere wheeles: Now ere the Sunne advance his burning eye, The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie. We must vp fill this easier Cage of ours, With balefull weeds, and precious incyed flowers. Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities: For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth line, *But to the earth some speciall good doth gue: Nor nought so good, but straينd from that faire vs, Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse: Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied, And vice sometimes by action dignified. Within the infant rinde of this small flower, Poyson hath residence, and medecine power: For this being smelt too, with that part cheares eech hart, Being tasted slaiies all sences with the hart. Two such opposed foes incame them still, In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will, And where the worser is predominant, Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor. Frier: *Benedicite, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?) So soone to bid good morrow to my bed. Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye, And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie: But where vnbruised youth with vnsta\nt braines Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines: Therefore thy earlies doth me assure, Thou art vprows'd by some distemperature. Or if not so, then here I hit it righ Our Romeo hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine. Frier: God pardon sin, wert thou with Rosaline? Ro: With Rosaline my Ghostly father no, I have forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?) Frier: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin
Ro: I tell thee ere thou ask it me againe,  
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:  
*Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee  
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies  
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,  
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe  
My intercession likewise steades my foe.  

Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,  
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.  

Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set  
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,  
And all combind, saue what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,  
I'lle tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,  
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.  

Frier: Holy S. Francis, what a change is here?  
Is Rosaline whome thou didst loue so deare  
So soone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies  
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.  
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine  
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for Rosaline?  
How much salt water cast away in waste,  
To season loue, that of loue doth not tasta.  
The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,  
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,  
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,  
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.  
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline,  
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then  
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.  

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing Rosaline.  
*Fr: For doasting, not for louing, pupill mine.  

Rom: And badst me burie loue.  
Fr: Not in a graue,  
To lay one in another out to haue.  

Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now  
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:  
The other did not so.  
Fr: Oh she knew well  
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.  
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with me,  
In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:
The most excellent Tragedie,

For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Households rancour to pure loue.  Exeunt.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio.

Mer: Why whats become of Romeo? came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that Ro-
      
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.  (saline
Mer: Tybalt the Kinsman of olde Capulet

Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:

Some Challenge on my life.

Ben: Romeo will answere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee be
 challenged.

Mer: Who, Romeo? why he is alreadie dead: stabd
    with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
    with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
    blinde bow-boyes but-shaft.  And is he a man to encounter
    Tybalt?

Ben: Why what is Tybalt?

Mer: More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh
    he is the courageous capitaine of complements.  Cattao, he
    *fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time distance and
    proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde
    in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duel-
    list a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first
    and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-
    uerso, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Mo: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fan-
    tasticoes these new tuners of accents.  By Issu a very good
    blade, a very tall man, a very good whore.  Why grandi-
    sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted
    with these strange fifies: these fashionmongers, these par-
    donnees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they
    cannot sitte at ease on the old bench.  Oh their bones, their
    bones.

Ben: Heere comes Romeo.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering.  O flesh flesh
how art thou fishified. Sirra now he is for the numbers that
Petrarch flowdin: Laura to his Lady was but a kitchin
drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dow-
SCENE IV.] of Romeo and Juliet.  661
dy Cleopatra a Gypsie, Hero and Hellen holdings and harle-
tries: Thisbe a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior
Romeo bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French
slop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.
Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?
Me: The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?
Rom: I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such
a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.
Mer: Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil
constraine a man to bow in the hams.
Rom: A most curteous exposition.
Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.
Rom: Pinke for flower?
Mer: Right.
Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:
Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast
worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn
the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler.
Rom: O single soald iest solie singuler for the singlenes.
Me: Come betweene vs good Benuolio, for my wits faile.
Rom: Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.
Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue
done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of
thy wits, than I haue in al my fines: Was I with you there for
the goose?
Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when
thou wert not with me for the goose.
Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.
Rom: Nay good goose bite not.
Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce
Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?
Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth
from an ynch narrow to an all broad.
Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to
the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.
Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue?
why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art
thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This drieusell
loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide
his bable in a hole.
Ben: Stop there.
Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against
the haire.
Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?
Mer: Tut man thou art deceined, I meant to make it
short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and
meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Mer: A saile, a saile, a saile.
*Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: Peter, pree thee give me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doe good Peter, to hide her face: for
her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewman.

Nur: Is it godeygooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lesse I assure you, for the beudie hand of
the diall is euene now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for
himselfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre
quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one male
finde yong Romeo?

Rom: I can: but yong Romeo will bee elder when you
haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am
the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wise-
ly, wisely.

Nur: If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ya.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No hare sir, vnsesse it be a hare in a lanten pye,
that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweetes Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

*Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was
this that was so full of his roperipe?
SCENE IV. of Romeo and Juliet.

Rom: A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur: If hee stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurgills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turns to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Jacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet: I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawn: you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: scuruiue Jacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeks ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a fools paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauior as they say, for the Gentlewom an is yung. Now if you should deal doubtly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to sh rift to Frier Laurence cell:
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the hightop-gallant of my joy
*Must be my conduct in the secret night.
Hold, take that for thy pains.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. Esch
Nur: Peter, take my fanne, and goe before. Ex. omnes.

Enter Juliet.

[Sc. v.]

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurse
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lasie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fiend,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.
Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am weareie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Give me some aqua
vite.

Jul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunte have I had: and my backe a to-
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes Romeo?

Nur: Romeo, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates?

Jul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-
riage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a
kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Jul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a
*kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres
your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this
the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue
done, even doot your selfe.

Jul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now,
What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my Romeo?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar Laurence Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:
There stayes a Bridegrome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must proouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birds nest soone.
I must take painses to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Jul: How doth her latter words renewe my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meeste my Romeo.

Exeunt.
SCENE VI.]

of Romeo and Juliet. 665

Enter Romeo, Friar.  

Romeo: Now Father Laurence, in thy holy grant  
Consists the good of me and Juliet.  

Friar: Without more words I will doo all I may,  
To make you happie if in me it lye.  

Romeo: This morning here she pointed we should meet,  
And consumate those neuer parting bands,  
Witness of our harts louse by ioyning hands,  
And come she will.  

Friar: I gesse she will indeed,  
Youths louse is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.  

Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraces Romeo.  

See where she comes.  
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:  
Of louse and ioy, see see the souersaigne power.  

Juliet: Romeo.  

*Romeo: My Juliet welcome. As doo waking eyes  
(Cloak'd in Nights mystes) attend the frolickes Day,  
So Romeo hath expected Juliet,  
And thou art come.  

Juliet: I am (if I be Day)  
Come to my Sunne: shine forth, and make me faire.  

Romeo: All beauteous fairenes dwelleth in thine eyes.  
Juliet: Romeo from thine all brightness doth arise.  

Friar: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe  
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,  
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,  
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.  

Romeo: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.  
Juliet: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.  

Friar: O, soft and faire makes sweetest workes they say.  
Hast is a common hindr'er in crose way.  

Exeunt omnes.  

[ACT III. SC. I.]

Enter Benvolio, Mercutio.  

Benvolio: I pree thee good Mercutio lets retire,  
The day is hot, the Capels are abroad.  

Mercutio: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes  
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the  
boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by  
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the  
drawer, when indeed there is no need.  

Benvolio: Am I like such a one?  
Mercutio: Go too, thou art as hot a Jacke being mouede,
and as soone mome to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be mood.

_Ben_: And what too?

_Mer_: Nay, and there were two such, wee should have none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hadill eyes? what eye but such an eye would hauve pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee *wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublett before Easter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

_Ben_: By my head heere comes a Capolet.

_Enter Tybalt._

_Mer_: By my heele I care not.

_Tyb_: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

_Mer_: But one word with one of va? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

_Tyb_: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

_Mer_: Could you not take occasion?

_Tyb_: _Mercuorio_ thou consorts with _Romeo_?

_Mer_: Consort. Zwounes consort? the slaue wil make fid-lers of va. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-stickes.

_Enter Romeo._

_Tyb_: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

_Mer_: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.

_Tyb_: _Romeo_ the hate I beare to thee can afford no bet-ter words then these, thou art a villaine.

_Rom_: _Tybalt_ the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, ther-fore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

_Tyb_: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

_Ro_: I doe protest I neuer injuriue thee, but loue thee bet-ter than thou canst Denise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

_Mer_: O dishonorable vile submission. _Allastockado_ caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

_Tyb_: What wouldest with me?

* _Mer_: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your
nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, least mine be about your eare. ere you be a ware.

Rom: Stay Tibalt, hould Mercutio: Benvolio beate downe their weapons.

*Tibalt under Romeo's armes thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.*

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houses.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye askes for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon four mens shoulders: For your house of the Mountegues and the Capolets: and then some pleasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slave shall write my Epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the Princes Lawes, and Mercutio was alaine for the first and second cause. Where's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come Benvolio, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses. Exeunt.

Rom: This Gentleman the Prince neere Alie. My very frend hath tane this mortall wound In my behalfe, my reputation staind

With Tibalt slander, Tybalt that an hooure Hath beene my kinsman. Ah Iuliet

*Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,*

And in my temper softens valors steele.

*Enter Benvolio.*

Ben: Ah Romeo Romeo brave Mercutio is dead,

That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,

Which too untimely scornd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend

This but begins what other dayes must end.
Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious Tibalt backe againe.
Rom: A liue in tryumph and Mercutio alaine?
Away to heauen respectiuely lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now Tibalt take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'st me: for Mercutios soule,
Is but a little waye aboue the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: Romeo away, thou seest that Tibalt's alaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.
Rom: Ah I am fortunes alane.

Exeunt.

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue Mercutio, Tybalt that villaine?
Ben: There is that Tybalt.
*Vp sirra goe with vs.*

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawls.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman braue Mercutio,
M: Tibalt, Tybalt, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of Mountagens.

Pry: Speake Benuolio who began this fray?
Ben: Tibalt heere slaine whom Rom eos hand did slay.
Romeo who speake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.

1 Watch: is omitted in the text, but 'Watch: Vp' is the catchword of the previous page.
But Tibalt still persisting in his wrong,
The stout Mercutio drew to calme the storme,
Which Romeo seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong Romeo,
As fast as tung cryd epeace, sought peace to maka.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong Romes laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.

With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued Romeo:
That had but newly entertain'd revenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapier
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled.

Mo: He is a Mountagew and speakes partiall,
Some twenti of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
*I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult justice giue,
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo may not liue.

Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleasing and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop space you fierie footed steedes
To Phaebus mansion, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder
of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?

Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT III.

We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

JUL: What diuall art thou that tormentes me thus?

NUR: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.

JUL: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.

Can heauens be so envious?

NUR: Romeo can if heauens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.

God saue the sample, on his manly breast:

A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,

All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.

*JUL: Ah Romeo, Romeo, what disaster hap

Hath seuerd thee from thy true Julian?

Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe,

Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,

So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?

NUR: O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best frend I had,

O honest Tybalt, curteous Gentleman.

JUL: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,

Is Tybalt dead, and Romeo murdered:

My deare loude cousin, and my dearest Lord.

Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,

These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

NUR: Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished,

Romeo that murdred him is banished.

JUL: Ah heauen, did Romeo hand shed Tybalds blood?

NUR: It did, it did, alack the day it did.

JUL: O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:

O painted sepulcher, including filth.

Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,

So fairly bound. Ah, what meant Romeo?

NUR: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:

All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.

Shame come to Romeo.

JUL: A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to sit.

But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?

That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.

All this is comfort. But there yet remains

VVorse than his death, which faine I would forget:

But ah, it presseth to my memorie,

Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished

Is worse than death. Romeo is banished,

Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Iuliet,

All kild, all slaine, all dead, all banished.

Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?
SCENE III.]

of Romeo and Juliet. 671

Nur: Weeping and wayling ouer Tybalts coarse.

*Will you goe to them?

Iul: I, I, when theirs are spent,

Mine shall he shed for Romes banishment.

Nur: Ladie, your Romeo will be here to night,

Ile to him, he is hid at Laurences Cell.

Iul: Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. Exeunt. 60

Enter Frier.

Fr: Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
What Sorrow caues acquaintance at our hands,
Which yet we know not.

Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such sowe companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.

Rom: What lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?

Fr: A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom: Ha, Banished! be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his looke,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Fr: Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom: There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutest my head off with a golden axe,
And smildest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fr: Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulness:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,
*And turnd that blace word death to banishment:
This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.

Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where Juliet liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Lie here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT III.

In carrion flyes, than Romeo: they may sease
On the white wonder of faire Juliets skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poysone mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Friar, the damned vee that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne absouler, and my frend profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment!
Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.
Rom: O, thou wilt talkes againe of Banishment.
Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.
Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a Juliet,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpeth not, it prevails not, talkes no more.
Fr: O, now I see that madmen have no care.
Rom: How should they, when that wise men have no eyes.
Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom: Thou canst not speake of what thou dost not seele.
*Wert thou as young as I, Juliets thy Loue,
An houre but married, Tybalt murdred.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpun the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade grave.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: Romeo arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.
Nu: Hoe Fryer.
Fr: Gods will what willfulness is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nu: Hoe Fryer open the doore,
SCENE III.]

of Romeo and Juliet. 673

Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady Juliet.
Fr: Then come near. 75
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer, Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's Romeo?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunk.
Nur: Oh he is even in my Mistresses case. 80
Just in her case. Oh wofull sympathy,
Pitieous predicament, even so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.
Nur: Ah sir, ah sir, Wel death's the end of all.
*Rom: Spakest thou of Juliet, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her joy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our candell loue?
Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fale on her bed, now on the ground,
And Tybalt cryes, and then on Romeo calleth.
Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion?

He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.

Nur: Ah!
Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreasonable furyes of a beast.
Unseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou alaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

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And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady Juliet liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou sluest Tybalt, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and sullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smilles on thee.
*Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy lous as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua.
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur:  Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could have stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.
Rom:  Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur:  Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,
Rom:  How well my comfort is requiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr:  Sciorne in Mantua, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Every good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.
Rom:  But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a grieue so breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, with
County Paris. [Sc. iv.]

Cap:  Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluckly,
That we haue had no time to move my daughter.
*Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
And so did I.Well, we were borne to dye,
SCENE IV.] of Romeo and Juliet. 675

Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber? I think she meanes not to come downe to night.

Par: These times of woe affoord no time to wooe, Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capulet calles him againe.

Cap: Sir Paris'ille make a desperate tender of my child. I think she will be rulde in all respectes by mee: But soft what day is this?

Par: Munday my Lord.

Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone, On Thursday let it be:you shall be maried. Wee'de make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:

For looke ye Sir, Tybalt being alaine so lately, It will be thought we held him carelesly:

If we should recell much, therefore we will haue Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more a doe. But what say you to Thursday.

Par: My Lorde I wish that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed. Acquaint her with the County Paris loue,

Farewell my Lord till Thursday next. Wife gette you to your daughter.Light to my Chamber. Afore me it is so very very late,

That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window. [Sc. v.]

Jul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day, It was the Nightingale and not the Larke That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare: Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree, Belowe me louse, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne, And not the Nightingale. See Louse what enuious strakes. Doo larvae the seuering clowdes in yonder East. Nights candles are burnt out, and iioond Day Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops. I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

Jul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I: It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer, 
And light thee on thy way to Mantua. 
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone. 

Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye: 
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content. 
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye, 
It is the pale reflex of Cynthiae brow. 
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates 
The vaultie heaven so high aboue our heads, 
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morn. 
Come death and welcome, Juliet wils it so. 

What sayes my Loue? letts talke, tis not yet day. 

Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away. 
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune, 
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes. 
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision: 
*This doth not so: for this diuideth vs. 
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes, 
I would that now they had chandg voyces too: 
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray, 
Hunting thee hence with Huntvp to the day. 
So now be gone, more light and light it growes. 

Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes. 

Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend. 

He goeth downe. 

Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend? 
I must heare from thee suerie day in the hower: 
For in an hower there are manie minutes, 
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them: 
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares, 
Ere I see thee againe. 

Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie 
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee. 

Jul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euere meete againe. 

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue 
For sweete discourses in the time to come. 

Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining soule. 
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below 
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe: 
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale. 

Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you, 
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. 

Exit.
SCENE V.]

of Romeo and Juliet. 677

Enter Nurse hastily:

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's coming to your Chamber, make all sure.
She goeth downe from the window.

*Enter Juliet's Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what Juliet?
Jul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now Juliet?
Jul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cosen's death:
I thinkst thoul wash him from his grane with teares,
Jul: I cannot chuse, haung so great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Jul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine Romeo.
Jul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to Mantua where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare Tybalt companie.
Jul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilshe he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext?

Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee joyfull
Jul: And joy comes well in such a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittyng thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happy day of joy.
Jul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,

*The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and joyfull Bride.

Jul: Now by Saint Peters Church and Peter too,
He shall not there make mee a joyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT III.

Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet
And when I doo, it shalbe rather Romeo whom I hate,
Than Countie Paris that I cannot love.

Enter old Capulet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.
Capo: Why how now, euermore showring?
In one little bodie thou resembllest a sea, a barks, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barks,
Still floating in thy everfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies she to it?

Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.

Capo: What will she not, doth she not thankes vs, doth she not waxe proud?

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

Capo: Proud and I thankes you, and I thankes you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logick.
Proud me no prouds, nor thankes me no thankes,
But settle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Iu: Good father heare me speakes?

She knees downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolute on thursday next
To goe with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer lookes me in the face.
Speakes not, reply not, for my fingers ythch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

Nur: Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap. And why my Lady wisedome?hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.
SCENE V.]

_of Romeo and Juliet._

_Nur:_ Why my Lord I speake no treason.
_Cap:_ Oh goddegodden.
_Vtter your graviuty ouer a gossips boule,_
_For heere we need it not._
_Mo:_ My Lord ye are too botte.
_Cap:_ Gods blessed mother wife it made me,

Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Propritioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,

To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Lookes to it, thinkes out, I doe not use to iest.

*I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,_
_Lay hand on heart, adviuse, bethinke your selfe,_
>If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:_
>If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,_
_Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule_
_Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,_
_Nor what I haue shall euery doe thee good,_
_Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not use to iest._

_Exit._

_Int:_ Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where Tybalt lyes.
_Moth:_ Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
_Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee._

_Exit._

_Int:_ Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou giue me.

_Nur:_ Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your Romeo he is banished, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challenge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, Romeo is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT IV.]

As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.  175

Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?
Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.
Iul: Amen.
Nur: What say you Madame?
Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeased my Father,
To Fryer Laurence Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.

*Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.  185

She looks after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,  190
Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.
Ie to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris.  [ACT IV. SC. 1.]

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,
Par: My Father Capolet will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.  5

Par: Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinke it daungerous:
That she doth glie her sorrow so much sway.
And in his wisedome hasteth our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.  10

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

*Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,
SCENE I.]

of Romeo and Juliet.

Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Is: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
Is: What must be shalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.
Is: To tell you that were to confesse to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Is: I will confesse to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Is: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Is: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongest it more than teares by that report.
Is: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast alaundred it.
Is: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy Father now:
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fr: My leasure serues me peniue daughter now.
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God sheild I should disturbe devotion,
Juliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Is: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come wewepe with me that I am past cure, past help,
Fr: Ah Juliet I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou must and nothig may proroge it,
*On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Is: Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of it,
Unlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Give me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay Juliet, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
VWhich craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie Paris
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coapest with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doocst, Ile glue thee remedie.

_Jul:_ Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie Paris)
From off the battlemets of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
VWhere roaring Beares and saugie Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without fear or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deerest Romeo.

_Fr_: Hold _Juliet_, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heavie slumber, which shall seaze
*Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall kepe
His naturall progresse, but sueresse to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunkke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and forty houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile send in hast to _Mantua_ to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy grave.

_Jul:_ Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare Romeo.

Exeunt.

_Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and SERVINGMAN._

_Capo:_ Where are you sirra?
_Ser:_ Heere forsooth.

_Capo:_ Goe, provide me twentie cunning Cookes.
_Ser:_ I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.

_Capo:_ How canst thou know them so?
_Ser:_ Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fing-
SCENE II. of Romeo and Juliet. 683

Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Servingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?

Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier Laurence Cell

To be confess.

Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

* Enter Juliet.

Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,

Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin
gadding?

Jul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin

Of froward wilfull opposition

Gainst you and your beastes, and am enioynd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And craue remission of so foule a fact.

She kneels downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.

Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier

All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.

Goe tell the Countie presently of this,

For I will haue this knot knit vp to tommorrow.

Jul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,

To sort such things as shall be requisite

Against to tommorrow.

Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,

Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,

And I will come vnto you presently,

Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe:

Jul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo: I say I will haue this dispatcht to tommorrow,

Goe one and certifie the Count thereof.

Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo: I say to tommorrow while shees in the mood.

Moth: We shall be short in our provision.
The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT IV.

*Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will. Exeunt.

Enter Nurse, Juliet. [Sc. III.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Jul: Nothing good Nurse, but leave me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night. Exit.

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Jul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
Moth: Well then good night, be stirring Juliet,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. Exit.
Jul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not works at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should give me this drinke
To poysen mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stiffed in the Toomb?
*Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my frantickes braines. Me thinkes I see
My Cosin Tybalt weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for Romeo: stay Tybalt stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She falls vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearbe, Mother. [Sc. IV.

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.
Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day, The Curfew bell hath rung; 'tis four a clock, Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotquesane. I faith you will be sicke anone.

Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter Servingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra? What haue you there?  

Ser: Forsooth Logs.

Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where thou shalt fetch them.

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I tree to *choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head. Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter, The Countie will be heere with musicke straight. Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? fast I warrant. What Juliet? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie Paris hath set vp his rest that you shal rest but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue, whatbride, what Juliet? Gods me how sound she sleepe? Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some Aqua vitae hoe.

[Sc. v.]

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?

Nur: Alack the day, shee dead, shee dead, shee dead.

Moth: Accurat, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.
The most excellent Tragedie, [Act IV.]

Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Pryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,
*Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue,
Par: Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodegies?
Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slawe in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To lyue so vile, so wretched as I shall.
Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, whoely fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preseru'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Defriude of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartial day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriued by suddaine destinie.

Moth: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I lyue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter lyses in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.
*Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
SCENE V.]

of Romeo and Juliet. 687

And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,
   Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case.  Exit. 80
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Servingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me
some mory dumpe.
1. A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then? 85
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I guie it you, and soundly to.
1. What will you guie vs?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you. 90
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
my wodden wit.Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,
1. Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumpe the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her siluer sound,
Why siluer sound?Why siluer sound?
1. I think because musicke hath a sweet sound.
Ser: Pretia, what say you Mathew minikine? 100
*2. I think because Musitions sound for siluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I thinkes so, Ile speak for you because you are the
Singer. I sayes Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you
have sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, fare-
well.  Exit.
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe.  Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.  [Act v. Sc. 1.]

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
688 The most excellent Tragedie, [ACT V.

My Dreame presagde some good event to come,
My bosome Lord sits cheerfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead: 5
(Strange dreames that gie a dead man leave to thinke)
And that my Ladie Juliet came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from Verona. How now Balthasar,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I aske againe:
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
   Balth: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepe in Capels Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angells dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.
   Rom: Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.
*Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in Mantua to night.
   Balth: Pardon me Sir, I will not leave you thus,
Your looke are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leave you yet.
   Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well Juliet, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanees. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Potheccarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an Aligarta hangs,
Olde endes of packthread, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in Mantua)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwells.
Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.
Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you sir?
Rom: Heere are twentie ducktes,
Gie me a dram of some such speeding geare,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.

Apo: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.
*Rom: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doest thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And staruied Famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents.
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poysone to mens soules
Than this which thou hast gien me. Goe hy e thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poysone, goe with mee
To Julietts Grave: for there must I use thee. Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn.

John: VVhat Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?
Laur: This same should be the voyse of Frier Iohn.
What newes from Mantua, what will Romeo come?
Iohn: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.
Laur: VVho bare my letters then to Romeo?
Iohn: I haue them still, and here they are.
Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
*A spade and mattocke.
Iohn: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. Exit.

VOL. IX.
The most excellent Tragedie,  [ACT V.

Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will lye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie. Exit.  20

Enter Countis Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete water.  [Sc. iii.

Par: Put out the torch, and lyse thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
ground.
And if thou heare one tred within this Churchyard,
Staight give me notice.  5

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris streuseth the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strewed thy Bridale
bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire Julia that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest favoure at my hands,
That living honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praisse doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a
 a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

*Par: The boy giues warning, something doth approach.  15
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

Rom: Glie mee this mattocke, and this wretching I-ron.
And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliver them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladie's face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must use
In deare imploiment: but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prise in what I undertake,
By heauen I le teare thee ioiyt by ioiynt,
And strewe thy hungry churchyard with thy lims.  30
The time and my intents are sausages, wild.

_Balt:_ Well, I'll be gone and not trouble you.

_Rom:_ So shalt thou win my favour, take thou this,

Commend me to my Father, farewell good fellow.

_Balt:_ Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

_Romeo opens the tomb._

_Rom:_ Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iaws to ope.

_Par:_ This is that banish'd haughty _Mountague_,
That murdered my loues kosen, I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile _Mountague_.
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.
The Law condemnnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

_Rom:_ I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,

Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

*Heape not another sinne vpon my head

By shedding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:

For I come hyther armed against my selfe,

_Par:_ I doe defie thy conjurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

_Rom:_ What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

_They fight._

_Boy:_ O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

_Par:_ Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull

Open the tomb, lay me with _Juliet._

_Rou:_ Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,

_Mercutios kinsman, noble County Paris:_
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past a long.

Did he not say _Paris_ should haue married
_Juliet_? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,

For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.

Death lyne thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the house of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death. But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare _Juliet_,

44—2
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I believe that vnsubstantiall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chambermayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls.*

*Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night have these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?

**Man.** A frend and one that knowes you well.

**Fr.** Who is it that consorts so late the dead,

What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,

Me thinkes it burnes in Capels monument?

**Man.** It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.

**Fr.** Who is it?

**Man:** Romeo.

**Fr.** How long hath he beene there?

**Man:** Full halfe an houre and more.

**Fr.** Goe with me thether.

**Man:** I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:

On paine of death he charge me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

**Fr.** Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

**Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.**

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?

What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?

Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what Romeo dead?

Who and Paris too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessory to so foule a sinne? *Juliet rises.*

The Lady stirres.

*Ah comfortable Fryer.*

* Here again the stage direction is omitted, but 'Jul.' is the catchword of the previous page.
SCENE III.]

of Romeo and Juliet. 693

I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I undertooke this hazard.
  Fr: Lady come forth, I heare some noise at hand,
We shall be taken, Paris he is slaine,
And Romeo dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessorie.
I will provide for you in some close Nunery.
  Jul: Ah leave me, leave me, I will not from hence.
  Fr: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.
  Jul: Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup close in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leave no drop for me.

Enter watch.

  Watch: This way, this way.
  Jul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter watch.

  Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where Juliet two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

  Enter one with the Fryer.

  1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.

  Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.

* Enter one with Romets Man.

  1. Heeres Romes Man.

  Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Princs with others.

  Prin: What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.

  Capt: O noble Prince, see here
Where Juliet that hath lyen intoombd two daies,
Warme and fresh bleeding, Romeo and Countie Paris
Likewise newly slaine.

  Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.
Enter old Capulets and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is so early vp?
Moth: The people in the streetes crie Romeo,
    And some on Juliet: as if they alone
    Had been the cause of such a mutiny.
Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong Mountague.
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter old Montague.

Prin: Come Mountague, for thou art early vp,
    To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
    And yong Benuolio is deceased too:
What further mischiefe can there yet be found?
Prin: First come and see, then speake.
Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.
Prin: Come seal your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspition.
Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
*And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet here alaine was married to that Romeo,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas Tybalt's doomesday: for which Romeo
VVas banished from hence to Mantua.
He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to Paris: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To give consent; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I give her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.  
But he that had my Letters (Frier John)  
Seeking a Brother to associate him,  
Whereas the sicke infection remained,  
Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne.  
But Romeo undrstanding by his man,  
That Juliet was decesade, returnde in post  
Unto Verona for to see his loue.  
What after happened touching Paris death,  
Or Romeo is to me vnknowne at all.  
But when I came to take the Lady hence,  
I found them dead, and she awakd from sleep:  
Whom faine I would haue taken from the toombe,  
Which she refused seeing Romeo dead.  
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,  
What afterhappened I am ignorant of.  
And if in this ought haue miscarried.  
*By me, or by my meane let my old life  
Be sacrificed some houre before his time.  
To the most strickeest rigor of the Law.  

*Pray: VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,  
Where Romeo’s man, what can he say in this?  
Baithe: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,  
And then he posted straight from Mantua,  
Unto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,  
Charging me early to giue them to his Father.  

Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.  
Where is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?  
Boy: I brought my Master vnto Juliets grane,  
But one approching, straight I calld my Master.  
At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.  
And this is all that I can say or know.  

Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers worde,  
Come Capole, and come olde Mountagne.  
Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,  
Cap: Come brother Mountague giue me thy hand,  
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more  
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.  

Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect  
Her statue of pure golde:  
That while Verona by that name is knowne.  
There shall no statue of such price be set,  
As that of Romeos loued Juliets.  

Cap: As rich shall Romeo by his Lady lie,  
Pooe Sacrifices to our Enmitie.
The most excellent Tragedie, &c. [ACT V. SC. III.

Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.

Come, let vs hence,

To haue more talke of these sad things.

Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:

For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

FINIS.
THE
TRAGICALL HISTORIE
OF
HAMLET.
The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

[Act I. Sc. I.] [Sc. I.]

1. Stand: who is that?
2. Tis I.
1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,
2. And if you meete Marcellus and Horatio,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,
O farewell honest sooldier, who hath releaved you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
2. Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A peace of him.
2. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I have seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let belife take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seence by vs,
*Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.
2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortifed,
What we haue two nights seence.
Hor. Wel,sit we downe, and let vs heare Bernardo speake of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his course to illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes, The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in Which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke did sometimes Walk by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. exit Ghost.
2. See, it stakkes away.
Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.
2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleue, without the sensible and true anouch of my owne eyes.

*Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sleaded pollax on the yoe,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower, With Marshall stalkes he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not, But in the thought and scope of my opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch, So nightly toyles the subiect of the land, And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon And foraine martes, for implements of warre,
Why such imprese of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not diuide the sunday from the weake:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Marry that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant Hamlet,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratificd,by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stoode seased of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:
Now air, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inapprooud mettle hot and full,
*Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolves
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe,behold, see where it comes againe,
Its crosset,though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foresknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoarded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake,stoppe it Marcellus.

2. Tis herea. exit Ghost.

Hor. Tis herea.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiest-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invalemorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[ACT I.

The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earlie and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The straungant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euere gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
*The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Faerie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleene it:
But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes oer the deaw of yon his mountaine top,
Breakes we our watch vp, and by my advise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong Hamlet: for vspe my life
This Spirite dumbe vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loue, fitting our dutie?

Marc. Letts doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

[Sc. II.]

King Lordes, we here haue writ to Fortenbras,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, givings to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.

King. Wee doubt nothing, heartily farewell:
And now Leartes what's the newes with you?


news] news B. Mus. copy,
SCENE II. [Prince of Denmarke. 703

You said you had a sute what i'ist Learst?

Lea: My gratious Lord, your favorable licence,

Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
*I may haue leaue to go againe to France,

For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,

Yet something is there whispers in my hart,

Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for France.

King Have you your fathers leaue, Learst?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

King With all our heart, Learst fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

What meanes these sad and melancholy moods?

For your intent going to Wittenberg,

Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,

Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.

Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,

All Denmarke hope our cousin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, tis not the sable sute I weare:

No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,

Nor the distracted hauior in the visage,

Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,

Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,

Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,

These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.

King This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne Hamlet,

But you must thinke your father lost a father,

That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the

Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,

It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,

A fault gainst nature, and in reasons

Common course most certaine,

None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que. Let not thy mother loose her prayers Hamlet,

Stay here with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you madam.

King Spoke like a kinde a and a most louing Sonne,

And there's no health the King shall drinkes to day,

*But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell

The rowse the King shall drinkes vnto Prince Hamlet.

Exit all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh

Would melt to nothing, or that the vniversall

Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O God within two moneths; no not two: maried, [Sc. II.]
Mine uncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teates had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Denyed of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Fraiitie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritiie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooses were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like Nyobe, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much
forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,and your poor seruant ever.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
but what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euene sirs :
But what is your affaire in Elsemoure?

Hor. Weele teach you to drinke despe ere you depart.

*Hor. A trowant disposition,my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster

Of your owne report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in Elsemoure?

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

58 God[ God, B. Mus. copy. maried[,] married B. Mus. copy.
   months[ months B. Mus. copy.
SCENE II.  Prince of Denmark.

Ere euer I had seene that day Horatio;

O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my minde es eye Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.

Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while

With an attentive eare, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the winnesse of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,

Marcilus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynit, exactly Capapea
Appeares before them thrise, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppresed eies.
Within his tronchions length,
*While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull seceresie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
The seares are not more like.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do lye, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.

Ham. Where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speakes to it?

Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speakes,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speakes, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
It shruncke in haste away, and vanished
Our sight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We do my Lord.

Ham. Armed say ye?

All. Armed my good Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My good Lord, from head to foota.

Ham. Why then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

Ham. How look’t he, frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, verie pal

*Ham. And first his eyes vpon you.

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would a much amazed you.

Ham. Yea very like, very like, staied it long!

Hor. While one with moderate pace

Might tell a hundred.

Mar. O longer, longer.

Ham. His beard was grisled, no.

Hor. It was as I haue seene it in his life,

A sable siluer.

Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance twil walke againe.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither conseale this sight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall chance to night,
Gieue it an understanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loue, so fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleven and twelue,
Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. exiunt.

Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all’s not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. Exit.
SCENE III.] Prince of Denmarke. [Scene III.

Enter Lear and Ofelia.

Lear. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard,
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince Hamlet makes a shew of loue
Beware Ofelia, do not trust his vows,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
*Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Chariest maide is prodigall enough,
If she vnaaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe soapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieu't Ofelia,therefore kepe a loofe
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Ofel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiuе eare,
And doubt not but to kepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother,do not you
Like to a cunning Sophister,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere Ofelia,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leave.

Enter Cordelia.

Cor. Yet here Learis? aboard,aboard,for shame,
The winde sitts in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.
"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare ;
"Thooe friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Grapple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of every new vnsteg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell;but being in,
"Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee,
"Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
"But not express in fashion,
"For the apparell oft proclames the man.
And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:
"This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
*Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leve, farewell Ofelia,
And remember well what I have said to you.  
Oós. It is already look’t within my hart,  
And you your selfe shall kepe the key of it.  
Cor. What i’st Ofelia he hath saide to you?  
Oós. Somthing touching the prince Hamlet.  
Cor. Mary wel thought on, t’is guen me to vnderstand,  
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence  
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,  
As so tis guen to mee, and that in waie of caution  
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe  
So well as befits my honor, and your credits.  
Oós. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his louse  
to me.  
Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.  
Oós. And withall, such earnest vowes.  
Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,  
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,  
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,  
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence,  
Or tendring thus you’l tender mee a foole.  
Oós. I shall obey my lord in all I may.  
Cor. Ofelia, receiue none of his letters,  
“For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;  
“Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes  
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire:  
Come in Ofelia, such men often proue,  
“Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.  
Oós. I will my lord.  
[Exit.]  
Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.  
Ham. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and  
An nipping winde, what houre i’st?  
Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, Sound Trumpets.  
Mar. No, t’is strucke.  
*Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?  
Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,  
Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reesels,  
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,  
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus Bray out,  
The triumphes of his pledge.  
Hor. Is it a custome here?  
Ham. I mary i’st and though I am  
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,  
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,  
Then in the observance.
Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O anwære mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their ceremonies:why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse,againe in compleate steele,
Renioeates thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we foole of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say,spake,wherefore,what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
*But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.

Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

That beckles ore his base,into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,
And drine you into madnesse: thinke of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on,ile follow thee.

Hor. My Lord,you shall not go.

Ham. Why what should be the feare?

I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule,what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,and makes each pety Artiue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nereu,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, I'll follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Have after; to what issue will this sort?

Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him. exit.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. 'Tis go no farther, whither wilt thou lead me?

Ghost Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doom'd for a time

To walk the night, and all the day

Confin'd in flaming fire,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature

Are purged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost.

Ghost Nay pity me not, but to my unfoiling

*Tend thy listening ear, but that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house

I would a tale unfoiling, whose lightest word

Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,

Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end

Like quils upon the fretfull Porpentine,

But this same blazon must not be, to cares of flesh and blood

Hamlet, if ever thou didst thy deere father know.

Ham. O God.

Ghost Revenge his foule, and most unnatural murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghost Yea, murder in the highest degree,

As in the least tis bad,

But mine most foule, beastly, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or the thought of it, may sweep to my revenge.

Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be

Then the fat weede which roots it selfe in ease

On Lethe wharfe: briefe let me be,

Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,

A Serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is with a forged Proses of my death rankely abuse:

But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting

Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my vnkle! my vnkle!

Ghost Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will

O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
But vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linct,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, brieue let me be,
*Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
In the after noone, vpon my secure hourre
Thy vnkle came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesiluer, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood,
Like eager dropings into milke.
And all my smothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depreuied, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

ghost If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Lease her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gire's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
Hamlet adue,adue,adue: remember me. Exit

Ham. O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,
All truiall fond conceites
That euver youth, or else obseruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,
Murderous, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
*That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in Denmarke.

[Sc. iv.]
So uncle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
See 'tis enough I have sworn.

_Hor._ My lord, my lord.
_Mar._ Lord Hamlet.
_Hor._ Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
_Mar._ Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.
_Hor._ Heauens secure him.
_Mar._ How 'st my noble lord?
_Hor._ What news my lord?
_Ham._ O wonderfull, wonderful.
_Hor._ Good my lord tel it.
_Ham._ No not I, you'll reuelse it.
_Hor._ Not I my Lord by heauen.
_Mar._ Nor I my Lord.
_Ham._ How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'll be secret.

_Both._ I by heauen, my lord.
_Ham._ There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke,
But hee's an arrant knaue.

_Hor._ There need no Ghost come from the grave to tell
you this.

_Ham._ Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Every man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

_Hor._ These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
_Ham._ I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.
_Hor._ Ther's no offence my Lord.

_Ham._ Yes by Saint Patrike but there is Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,
*For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
Or'maister it as you may:
And now kind frends, as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlemen,
Grant mee one poore request.

_Both._ What 'st my Lord?
_Ham._ Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
_Both._ My lord, we will not.
_Ham._ Nay but sweare.
_Hor._ In faith my Lord not I.
_Mar._ Nor I my Lord in faith.
SCENE V.]  Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Nay upon my sword, indeed upon my sword. [Sc. iv.]  195
Gho. Swear.

The Ghost under the stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerie,
Here consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue scene to night,
Swear by my sword.
Gho. Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique; nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe upon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue scene, swear by my sword.
Gho. Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke in the earth?
so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remove.
Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio,
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
But come here, as before you neuer shall
How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Antick disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
*With Armes, incombe thys, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,
As well well, wee know, or wee could and if we would,
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Giving out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
At your most need helpe you, swear
Gho. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what so poore a man as Hamlet may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come lett's go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come lett's go together.

Exeunt.

Enter Corambis, and Montano [Act II. Scene I.]

Cor. Montano, here, these letters to my sonne,
And this same mony with my blessing to him,
And bid him ply his learning good Montano.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. You shall do very well Montano, to say thus,
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
At game, or drinking, swearing, or drabbing,
You may go so farre.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happily hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a lote.
What was I a bout to say,

Mon. He closeth with him in the consequence.

Cor. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
*This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him, yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
Or at tennis, I or drinking drunken, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I haue my lord.

Cor. Well, fare you well, commend mee to him.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. And bid him ply his musicke

Mon. My lord I wil. exit.

Enter, Ophelia.

Cor. Farewel, how now Ophelia, what's the news with you?

Of. O my deare father, such a change in nature,

So great an alteration in a Prince,

So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my Ophelia?

Of. O yong Prince Hamlet, the only flourish of Denmark,

Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that adorend his feature most
Is flitch and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shoes vnside,
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,

As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
SCENE I. [Prince of Denmarke. 715

Small while he stooede, but gripes me by the wrist,  
And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh  
He doth vnciaspe his holde, and parts away  
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:  
And as he went, his sile was still on mee,  
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,  
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:  
*For out of doores he went without their helpe,  
And so did leave me.  

Cor. Madde for thy loue,  
What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?  
Ofelia I did repelle his letters, deny his gifts,  
As you did charge me.  

Cor. Why that hath made him madde:  
By heau'n tis as proper for our age to cast  
Beyond our salues, as tis for the yonger sort  
To leave their wantonnesse. Well I am sory  
That I was so rash: but what remedy?  
Lets to the King, this madnisses may prooue,  
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue.  

Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone. [ACT II. SC. II.]  

King Right noble friends, that our desere cosin Hamlet  

Hath lost the very heart of all his sence,  
It is most right, and we most sory for him:  
Therefore we doe desire, euuen as you tender  
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,  
That you will labour but to wring from him  
The cause and ground of his distemperancie.  
Doe this, the king of Denmarke shal be thankefull.  

Ros. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power  
Your maieaties may more command in wordes  
Then vse persuasions to your liege men, bound  
By loue, by duttie, and obedience.  

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maieaties  
To know the grieue troubles the Prince your sonne,  
We will indenour all the best we may,  
So in all duttie doe we take our leaue.  

King Thankses Gilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft,  
Que. Thankses Rosencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.  

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.  

Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are joyfully  

Return'd from Norway.  

King Thou still hast beene the father of good news.  
*Cor. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,  
I holde my duttie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:
And I beleue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

    Queen God graunt he hath.

Enter the Ambassadors.

    King Now Voltemar,what from our brother Norway?

    Volt. Most faire returns of greetings and desires,

Vpon our first he sent forth to suppressse
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse,whereat grieved,
That so his sickenesse,age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbras, which he in briefe obays,
Receivses rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vnkle, never more
To give the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde Norway overcom with ioy,
Gives him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreay herein further shewne,
That it would please you to give quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprise
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

    King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and answer these his Articles,
Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast togethier:
Right welcome home.  except Ambassadors.

*Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.

Now my Lord,touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

    Queen Good my Lord be briefe.

    Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,

Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.

My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliver'd to my handes.

  King  Reade it my Lord.  70
  Cor.  Marke my Lord.

Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the starrs doe move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull Ofelia:
Thine ever the most vnhappy Prince Hamlet.
My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

  King  As of a true friend and a most louing subject.  80
  Cor.  I would be glad to prooue so.

Now when I saw this letter,thus I bespeake my maiden:
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your starres,
And one that is vnequall for your loue:
Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
Shooe as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that unto a fast, then unto distraction,
Then into a sadness, from that unto a madness,
*And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine,
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

  King  Thinke you tis so?  95
  Cor.  How! so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide tis so, positively,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

  King.  how should wee trie this same?

  Cor.  Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the gallery,
There let Ofelia walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
Then let my censure faile an other time.

  King.  see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.
Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. exit.

Cor. And here Ofelia, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shall be vsene.

Ham. To be,or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe,is that all? I all:
No,to sleepe,to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an everlasting Judge,
From whence no passenger euer return'd,
The undiscovered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this,
Whold beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poore?
*The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this wearey life,
When that he may his full Quietus make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which puales the braine, and doth confound the sence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ofel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you honest?

Ofel. What means my Lord?

Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better prouilege than with honesty?

Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time gies it scope.
SCENE II.] Prince of Denmark. 719

I neuer gaue you nothing. [Sc. vi.]

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earnest vowes of lone,
As would have moo'd the stoniest breast aliue,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore when giuers grow vnkinde.

Ham. I never loued you.

Ofel. You made me beleue you did.

*Ham. O thou shouldst not a beleued me!

Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very prowde, ambitious,disdainefull,
With more sinnes at my becke, then I have thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?

To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

Ham. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,

He may play the fool e no where but in his

Owne house:to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee

This plague to thy dowry:

Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny,to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry,marry a fool e,

For wisemen know well enough,

What monsters you make of then,to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,

God hath giuen you one face,

And you make your selues another,

You fig,and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,

Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,

A pox, tis seuruy, Ile no more of it,

It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,

All that are married but one,shall liue,

The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,

*To a Nunnery goe.  exit.

200
Ofr. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this? [Sc. vl]
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All daish and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
To a scene what I haue seene, see what I see. exit.

King Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, Enter King and [Sc. vii]
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. Corambis.

Cor. Well, something it is: my Lord, content you a while, [Act ii. Sc. ii]
I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
Ile trye him every way: see where he comes,
Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. exit King.
Now my good Lord, do you know me? Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
For to be honest, as this age goes,
Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Cor. I meanes the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile heresie:
For here the Satyrical Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammees, gowty legges,
All which sir, I most potently beleue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
All this comes by love, the vemencie of love,
And when I was young, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in love, very neere this:

Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

*Ham. Into my graue.

Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,

My Lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rosencrast.

Ham. You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doasting fool.

Cor. You seake Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. exit.

Gil. Health to your Lordship.
SCENE II.]  Prince of Denmarke.  

Ham.  What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft, [Sc. vii.]
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to Elsanoure.
  Gil.  We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at Wittenberg.
  Ham.  I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your salues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.
  Gil.  What say you?
  Ham.  Nay then I see how the winde sits,
Come, you were sent for.
  Ross.  My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.
  Ham.  Why I want preferment.
  Ross.  I thinke not so my lord.
  Ham.  Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth, nor see,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.
  Gil.  My lord, we laugh not at that.
  Ham.  Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?
  Gil.  My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.
What entertainment the Players shall haue,
*We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.
  Ham.  Players, what Players be they?
  Ross.  My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
Those that you tooke delight to see so often.  (stie?)
  Ham.  How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-
  Gil.  No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
  Ham.  How then?
  Gil.  Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to private playes,
And to the humour of children.
  Ham.  I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moose
At my uncle, when my father liued,
Now give a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The clowne shall make them laugh
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
And the Lady shall have leave to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Coramnis.

Do you see yonder great baby?
He is not yet out of his swaddling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a child.

Ham. Ile prophesie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeed.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:

When Rossios was an Actor in Rome.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzy, buzy.

Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorell,
*Pastorell, Historiecall, Historiecall, Comicall,
Comicall historicall, Pastorell, Tragedy historicall:
Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plato too light:

For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

Ha. O Iepha Judge of Israel! what a treasure hadst thou?
Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Cor. A, still harping a my daughter! well my Lord,

If you call me Iepha, I haue a daughter that
I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Cor. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,

And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Will tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all,

Enter players.

What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to bearde me in Denmarke?

My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your
(you were: Lediship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vacurrent
Gold, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele even too't, like French Falconers,

Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionat speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was never acted: or if it were, 
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember, 
It pleased not the vulgar; it was cauious 
To the million: but to me 
And others, that received it in the like kinde, 
Cried in the toppe of their judgements, an excellent play, 
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning: 
One said there was no sallets in the lines to make the sauory, 
*But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete. 
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember 
Was Aeneas tale to Dido, 
And then especially where he tallest of Princes slaughter, 
If it line in thy memory beginne at this line, 
Let me see. 
The rugged Pyrrus, like th'arganian beast: 
No tis not so, it begins with Pirrus: 
O I have it. 
The rugged Pirrus, he whose sable armes, 
Blacks as his purpose did the night resemble, 
When he lay couched in the ominous horse, 
Hath now his blacks and grimme complexion smeared 
With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote, 
Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked 
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sones, 
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore, 
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandsire Pryam seekes: 
So goe on. (accent. 
Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good 
Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks, 
His antike sword rebellious to his Arme, 
Lies where it falles, vnable to resist. 
Pyrrus at Pryam drivs, but all in rage, 
Strikes wide, but with the whisse and winde 
Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles. 
Cor. Enough my friend, tis too long. 
Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard: 
A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, 
Or else he sleepe, come on to Hecuba, come. 
Play. But who, O who had sene the mobled Queene? 
Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good. 
Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp, 
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket 
And a kercher on that head, where late the diadem stools, 
Who this had sene with tongue inuemon'd speech, 
*Would treason haue pronounced,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

For if the gods themselves had scene her then,
When she saw Purus with malicious strokes,
Mincing her husbands limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. Tis well, tis very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epitaph,
Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will use them according to their deserts.

Ham. O farre better man, use every man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Use them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deserve, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. exit.

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the mur-
der of Gonzago?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And couldst not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixtene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?

players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. Tis well, I thank you: follow that lord:
And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thank you,
And for a time I would desire you leave me.

Gil. Our loue and dutie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idioate slawe am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
*For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
What would he do and if he had my losse?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the judiciliall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise,
Indeeed his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an ase and John a Dromee,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
Who plucks me by the beard, or twits my nose,
Gieus me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I have no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slaues offall, this damned villaine,
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is brave, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confess a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
And out of my weaknesses and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seeke to damme me, I will haue sounder proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'l catch the conscience of the King. exit.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being so neere in loue, even from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his grieue,
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an answere to that we expose.

Roes. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he caues your highnesse company.

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our cofferes shall be open,
And we vnto your selues will still be thankfull.

Both In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.

Queenes Thanks gentlemens, and what the Queene of
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (Denmarks

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.

King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'll see this play.

Queenes My lord I will, and it joyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kindes of mirth.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, give me leave to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.

King What i'st Corambs? (done, Cor.
Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are
Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in lone and nature vnto you, hee'lle tell you all:
My Lord, how thinkes you on't?

King It likes vs well, Gertrud, what say you?
Queens With all my heart, soone will I send for him.
Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reuial'd to her. *exspect omnes

*Enter Hamlet and the Players. [Act III. Sc. II.]

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue [Sc. IX.]
as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a townel bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speakes my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But glue every thing his action with temperance.
O it offendes mee to the soule, to heare a robustious pariwig
To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
To split the eares of the ignorant, who for the (noises,
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and
I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.

Players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that
among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, so abominable:
Take heed, anyede it.

Players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselves, to set on some
Quantities of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be observed: O tis vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the fool that seeth it.
And then you have some agent, that keepes one suite
Of easets, as a man is knowne by one suite of
Apparel, and Gentlemen quotes his easets downe
*In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coat wants a cullison:
And, your beer is sourre: and, blathering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of easets,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a jest
Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.
Ham. Well, goe make you ready. except players.
Horatio. Heere my Lord.
Ham. Horatio, thou art euene as iust a man,
As e're my commeration cop'd withall.
Hor. O my lord!
Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receive by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minds?
Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To close with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou Horatio.
There is a play to night, wherein one Scene they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
Marke thou the King, doe but observe his lookes,
For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we have scene.
Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.
Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration
That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.
Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Cornelia, and other Lords. (a play)
King. How now son Hamlet, how fare you, shall we haue
Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cram'd,
*feede a the ayre.
728 The Tragedie of Hamlet [ACT III.

I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Cor. My lord, I did act Iulius Caesar, I was killed in the Capitoll, Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him, To kill so capitall a calf.

Come, be these Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come sit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you give me leave, and so forth: (tractiue:
To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my lord. (trary matters?

Ham. Upon your lap, what do you think I meant con-

Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downes in an Arbor, she leaves him: Then enters Luci-

anus with poysen in a Viall, and poure it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? Enter the Prologue.

Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

Ham. I, or any shew you'll shew him,

Be not afeard to shew, hec'le not be afeard to tell: O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'll tell all.

Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stowping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Ist a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?

Ofel. Tis short my Lord.

Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,

*Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veins,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of musicke, which whilome pleasse mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leave the earth with you.

Duchesse O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Prince of Denmark. 729

Thou maist (perchance) have a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.

**Duchesse** O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kills the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kissest me in bed.

**Ham.** O wormewood, wormewood!

**Duke** I doe beleue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
For our demises still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

**Duchesse** Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow, euer I be wife.

**Ham.** If she should breake now.

**Duke** Tis deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious

time with sleepe.

**Duchesse** Sleepe rocke thy braine,

And never come mischance betweene vs twaine. **exit Lady**

**Ham.** Madam, how do you like this play?

**Queene** The Lady protests too much.

**Ham.** O but she'll keepe her word.

**King.** Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence

in it?

*Ham* No offence in the world, poysen inuest, poison in

**King** What do you call the name of the phy? (jest.

**Ham.** Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play is

The image of a murder done in **guyana, Albertus**

Was the Dukes name, his wife **Baptista**.

Father, it is a knauish pece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld jade wince, this is one

**Lucianus** nephew to the King.

**Ofel.** Ye're as good as a **Chorus** my lord.

**Ham.** I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the

poopies dallying.

**Ofel.** Ye're very pleasant my lord.

**Ham.** Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde

a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerfully my mo-

ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.

**Ofel.** Nay, tis twice two monts, my Lord.

**Ham.** Two monts, nay then let the diuell wears blacke,

For i'le haue a sute of Sables; Jesuas, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outlie memorie,
But by my faith hee must build churches then,
Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.

*Ofel. Your iest are keene my Lord.
          *Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.
          *Ofel. Still better and worse.
          *Ham. So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

*Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate season, else no creature seeing:    (agreeing.
Thou mixture rancke,of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecates bane thrisse blasted, thrisse infected,
Thy naturall magicke,and dire propertie,
One wholesome life vsurps immediately.    *exit.

*Ham. Hepoysons him for his estate.
          *King Lights, I will to bed.
          *Cor. Theking rises,lights hoe.

  *Exit King and Lords.

*Ham. What,frighted with false fires?
Then let the stricken deere goe wepe,
The Hart vngalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must wepe,
Thus runnes the world away.

*Hor. The king is moused my lord.
          *Hor. I Horatio, i'le take the Ghosts word
For more then all the coyne in Denmarkes.

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord,how i'at with you?
          *Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
          *Ross. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate    (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-
          *Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.
          *Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
          *Ross. But my good Lord,shall I intreate thus much?
          *Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?
          *Ross. Alas my lord I cannot.
          *Ham. Pray will you.
          *Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.
SCENE II.]  

Prince of Denmarke.  

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing, [Sc. ix.] 
Tis but stopping of these holes, 
And with a little breath from your lips, 
It will glie most delicate musick. 

Gil. But this cannot we do my Lord. 

Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you. 

Ros. My lord wee cannot. 

Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of 
*You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon 
You would search the very inward part of my hart, (mee, 
And diue into the secret of my soule. 
Zownds do you thinke Iam easier to be playd 
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument 
You will, though you can fret mee, yet you can not 
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spunge. [Act iv. Sc. ii.] 

Ros. How a spunge my Lord? 

Ham. I sir,a spunge, that sokes vp the kings 
Countenance, faouours, and rewardes, that makes 
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you, 
Do the king, in the end, best serveuse; 
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes, 
In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you, 
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need 
Of you, tis but squeeing of you, 
And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall. 

Ros. Well my Lord wee'de take our leave. 

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God blesse you. 

Exit Rosencraft, and Gilderstone. 

Enter Corambis 

Cor. My lord, the Queene would speakes with you. 

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell? 

Cor. Tis liike a camell in deed. 

Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel. 

Cor. Tis back't like a weasell. 

Ham. Or like a whale. 

Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram. 

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by. 

Good night Horatio. 

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. exit Horatio. 

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me: 

O God, let ne're the heart of Nero enter 
This soft bosome. 

Let me be cruell, not vnnatural. 

*I will speake daggers, those sharpe worde being spent,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent.  exit.  [Sc. ix.]

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that falles vp on my face
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen,I see my trespass,
The earth doth still crye vp on my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are sinnes that are vn pardonable:
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is iest,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act against the vniversall power,
Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from desaipre.

hees knees.  enters Hamlet

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies: and so am I revenged:
No,not so: he tooke my father sleeping,his sins brim full,
And how his soule stoode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soules?
Making his way for heauen,this is a benefit,
And not a reveng: no, get thee vp aghen, (drunke,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carouse, drinking
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of salutation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hell: my mother stayes,
This phisick but prolongs thy weary dayes.  exit Ham.

King My wordes fly vp,my sinnes remaine below.

*No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe.  exit King.

Enter Queene and Corambis.  [Act III. Sc. iv.]

Cor. Madame,I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'll shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras.  exit Cor.

Queene Do so my Lord.

Ham. Mother,mother, O are you here?
How i'st with you mother?

Queene How i'st with you?

Ham, I'll tell you, but first weele make all safe.

Queene Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
SCENE IV. ]  Prince of Denmarke.  

Ham.  Mother, you have my father much offended.  [Sc. xi.]  
Queene  How now boy?  
Ham.  How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you  
shall heare me speakes.  
Queene  What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:  
Helpe hoe.  
Cor.  Helpe for the Queene.  
Ham.  I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.  
Rash intruding foole, farewell,  
I tooke thee for thy better.  
Queene  Hamlet, what hast thou done?  
Ham.  Not so much harme, good mother,  
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.  
Queene  How! kill a king!  
Ham.  I a King; nay sit you downe, and ere you part,  
If you be made of penitrible stuffe,  
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,  
And see how horrid there and blacke it shews.  (words?  
Queene  Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing  
Ham.  Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,  
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,  
See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe,  
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,  
A front wherein all vertues are set downe  
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,  
Whose heart went hand in hand eu'n with that vow,  
*He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.  
Murdred, damnable murdred, this was your husband,  
Looke you now, here is your husband,  
With a face like Vulcan.  
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,  
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred sie,  
To affright children and amaze the world:  
And this same haue you left to change with this.  
What Diuall thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?  
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him  
That slew my father, and your deere husband,  
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?  
Queene  O Hamlet, speake no more.  
Ham.  To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,  
For a king of clowts, of very shreads.  
Queene  Sweete Hamlet cease.  
Ham.  Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,  
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,  
To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Queene Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,

Queene O gentle mother, how you grace me with your tenderness.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,

Queene Hamlet, thou cleanest my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worse part of it, and keep the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Sawe me, saue me, you gracious Powers above, and houre over mee,

With your celestiall wings.

Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let revenge slippe by?

O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!

Lest that my heart of stone yeeld to compassion,

*And every part that should assist revenge,

Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,

To put thee in remembrance of my death:

Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.

But I perceive by thy distracted lookes,

Thy mother's fearfull, and she stands amased:

Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,

Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How ist with you Lady!

Queene Nay, how ist with you

That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,

And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queene Not I.

Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?

Queene No neither.

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the

As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,

See how he steales away out of the Portall,

Looke, there he goes. exit ghost.

Queene Alas, it is the weakness of thy braine,

Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:

But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,

I never knew of this most horrid murder:

But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,

And for my loue forget these idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,
SCENE IV.] Prince of Denmarke. 735

It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet. [Sc. xi]
O mother, if ever you did my deare father love,
Forbear the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

Queen Hamlet, I vow by that majestie,
*That knowes our thoughts, and lookest into our hearts,
I will conceive, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt devise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'lle pro vide for you a graua,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes. [Act iv. Sc. i]

King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?

Queen Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I first beespake him faire,
But then he throwes and tosse me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, Corambs
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he kill'd.

King Why this his madness will vndoe our state.

Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gild. We will my Lord.  Exeunt Lordes.

King Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by Rosencraft and Gilderstone,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happily the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his nativce home:
See where he comes.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes. [Act iv. Sc. iii.]

Gild. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
*Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke worms: are euen now at him. Father,your fatte King,and your leane Beggar Are but variable services, two dishes to one messes: Looke you, a man may fish with that worme That hath eaten of a King, And a Beggar eate that fish, Which that worme hath caught. 

King What of this? Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you,how a King May go a progresses through the guttes of a Beggar. 

King But sonne Hamlet, where is this body? Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there, Father, you had best looke in the other partes below For him, aud if you cannot finde him there, You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby. 

King Make haste and finde him out. 

Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste, I'l me warrant you hee'll stay till you come. 

King Well sonne Hamlet,we in care of you:but specially in tender preservation of your health, The which we price euen as our proper selfe, It is our minde you forthwith goe for England, The winde site faire, you shall aboarde to night, Lord Rosencraft and Gilderstone shall goe along with you. 

Ham. O with all my heart:farewel mother. 

King Your louing father,Hamlet. 

Ham. My mother I say:you married my mother, My mother is your wife,man and wife is one flesh, And so(my mother)farewel:for England hoe. 

exeunt all but the king. 

king Gertred, leaue me, And take your leaue of Hamlet, To England is he gone, ne're to returne: Our Letters are vnto the King of England, That on the sight of them,on his allegesance, *He presently without demaunding why, That Hamlet loose his head,for he must die, There's more in him than shallow eyes can see: He once being dead, why then our state is free. Exit. 

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers. [Act IV. Sc. iv.] 

[Sc. xii.] 

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that Portenbras nephew to old Norway,
Craues a free passe and conduct over his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. exequit all.

enter King and Queene.

King Hamlet is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If every thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queene God grant it may, heau'n's keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mishance of olde Corambis death,
Hath piersed so the yong Ofelia's heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We understand her brother's come from France,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'l be forget his fathers death,
Vnlesse by some meanses he be pacified.
Qu. O see where the yong Ofelia is!

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downs singing.

Ofelia. How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staiffe,
*And his sandall shoe.
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his heele a stone.

king How i'ist with you sweete Ofelia?

Ofelia Well God yeeld you,
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:
And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he never will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET

ACT IV.

He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all christen soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. 

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was never certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyse is that?

A noyse within. 

enter Lear as.

Lear. Stay there untill I come,
O thou wilde king, give me my father:
Speake, say, where’s my father?

king Dead.

Lear. Who hath murdred him? speake, I le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.

Queues True, but not by him.

*Lear. By whome, by heau’n Ile be resolued.

king Let him goe Gertred, away, I feare him not,
There’s such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,
Tis true, and we most sory for it,
Being the chiefeest piller of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gaster,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I le ope mine arms,
And looke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.

king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who’s this, Ofelia? O my deere sister!
Ist possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?
O heau’n us themselves! how now Ofelia?

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere’s some for me too: you must weare your rew
With a difference, there’s a dazie.
Here Loue, there’s rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,
And there's pensey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ophelia. There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they say the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be.
*For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.

Ophelia. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, tis a the Kings daughter
And the false steward, and if any body
Ask you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is saint Valenties day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,
And duped the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By gisse, and by saint Charitie,
Away, and fie for shame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
By cocke they are too blame,
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loua.

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

King. Content you good Lear tes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

Lear. You haue prevail'd my Lord, a while I'le strive,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare

Leartes had a father he held deere.

king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon.

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in Denmárke,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of England,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conversion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him a time,
For murderous mindes are always jealous,
But know not you Horatio where he is?

Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queene O faile not, good Horatio, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'd, observe the king, and you shall
Quickely finde,Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene But what became of Gilderstone and Rosencraft?

Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England,
And in the Packet there writ downe that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
*So all was done with discouerie.

Queene Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,

Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thowsand mothers blessings to my soone.

Horat. Madam adua.

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from England/is it possible?
[Sc. xv.]

What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for joy, That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies. 

king Learse, content your selfe,be rulde by me, And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.

Lear. My will, not all the world.

King Nay but Learse,marke the plot I haue layde, I haue heard him often with a greasy wish, Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you Touching your weapon, which with all his heart, He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

Lea. And how for this?

King Mary Learse thus: I'le lay a wager, Shalbe on Hamlets side, and you shall giue the oddes, The which will draw him with a more desire, To try the maistry, that in twelue venies You gaine not three of him: now this being granted, When you are hot in midst of all your play, Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie, Steeped in a mixture of deadly poysen, That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood, In any part of him,he cannot liue: This being done will free you from suspition, And not the dearest friend that Hamlet lov'de Will euer haue Learse in suspect.

Lear. My lord, I like it well: But say lord Hamlet should refuse this match.

King I'le warrant you,wee'le put on you *Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on,although against his will And lest that all should misse, I'le haue a portion that shall ready stand, In all his heate when that he calleth for drinke, Shall be his period and our happynesse.

Lear. Tis excellent, O would the time were come! Here comes the Queene. enter the Queene.

king How now Gertrude,why lookes you heavily? Queen O my Lord, the yong Ophelia Hauing made a garland of sundry sorte of flores, Sitting upon a willow by a brooke, The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell, And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade, Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she sate smiling, Even Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth, Chaunting olde sundry tunes incoable As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,  
Draught the sweete wretch to death.  

Lear. So, she is drown'd:
Too much of water hast thou Ophelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares, 
Reuenge it is must yeele this heart releafe,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe.  

enter Clowne and an other.  

Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried

In christian burial.

2. Why sir?

Clowne Mary because shee's drown'd.  
2. But she did not drowne her selfe.  

Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drownd her.  
2. Yea but it was against her will.  

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here, 
If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:  
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,  

*Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:  
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.  

2. I but see, she hath christian burial,  
Because she is a great woman.  

Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke  
Should have more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselves, more than other people:  
Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou  
Goeest, tell me one thing, who builds strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?  

2. Why a Mason, for he builds all of stone,  
And will indure long.  

Clowne That's pretie, too't agen, too't agen.  
2. Why then a Carpenter, for he builds the gallowes,  
And that brings many a one to his long home.  

Clowne Pretie agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe  
does it well? the gallowes does well to them that doe ill,  
goe get thee gone:  
And if any one ask thee hereafter, say,  
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doomes-day. Fetch me a stope of beeere, goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,  
A spade for and a winding sheete,  
Most fitt it is, for t'will be made,  
For such a ghost most meete.
SCENE I.  

Prince of Denmarke.  

Ham.  Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe, 
That is thus merry in making a grin?  
See how the slau'e joles their heads against the earth.  

Hor.  My lord, Custome hath made it in him seems no-

Clowns  A pick-axe and a spade,a spade,  (thing.  

For and a winding sheete,  
Most fit it is for to be made,  
For such a ghost most meet.  

Ham.  Looke you, there's another Horatio.  

*Why mai't not be the skull of some Lawyer?  
Me thinke he should indite that fellow  
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking  
Him about the pate with's shouel:now where is your  
Quirkes and quillets now,your vouchers and  
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,  
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce  
Holde the conuissance of his land,and must  
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!  
Iprethee tell me Horatio,  
Is parchement made of sheepe-skinnes?  

Hor.  I my Lorde,and of calues-skinnes too.  

Ham.  Ifaith they prooue themselves sheepe and calues  
That deale with them,or put their trust in them.  
There's another,why may not that be such a ones  
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,  
When he meant to beg him?  Horatio, I prethee  
Lets question yonder fellow.  

Now my friend, whose grin is this?  

Clowns  Mine sir.  

Ham.  But who must lie in it?  
Clouns  If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat  

Ham.  What man must be buried here?  

Clouns  No man sir.  

Ham.  What woman?  

Clouns.  No woman neither sir,but indeede  

One that was a woman.  

Ham.  An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio,  
This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant,  
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,  
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,  
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?  

Clouns  Ifaith sir, if hee be not rotten before  
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses,  
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner  
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.  

*Ham.  And why a tanner?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeares,
Let me see, I euer since our last king Hamlet
Slew Fortembrasses in combat, yong Hamlets father,
Hee that's mad.

Ham. I mary; how came he madde?
Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
Ham. Vpon what ground?
Clowne A this ground, in Denmarks.
Ham. Where is he now?
Clowne Why now they sent him to England.
Ham. To England! wherefore?
Clowne Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, tis no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.

Ham. Why not there?
Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he.
Ham. Whose scull was this?
Clowne This, a plague on him, a madde roges it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do you no now him? this was one Yourikes scull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore Yourikes
I knew him Horatio,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
upon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abborre me: Wheres
your iests now Yourikes? your flashes of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thikke, to this she must come Yourikes. Horatio, I prethee
tell me one thing, doest thou thinke that Alexander looked
thus?

Hor. Euen so my Lord.
Ham. And smelt thus?

*Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination works, as thus of
Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being
but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might
stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?
Imperious Cesar dead and turned to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the windes away.

Enter King and Queens, Learies, and other lorde,
with a Priest after the coffin.

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
It shews to be some noble parentage:  
Stand by a while.

*Lear.* What ceremonie else? say, what ceremonie else?  
  *Priest.* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,  
And more than well the church can tolerate,  
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:  
And but for fauour of the king, and you,  
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,  
Where now she is allowed christian burial.

*Lear.* So, I tell thee churchish *Priest,* a ministring *Angell*  
shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

*Ham.* The faire Ofelia dead!  
*Queen.* Sweetes to the sweetes, farewell:
I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maidse,  
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

*Lear.* Forbear the earth a while: sister farewell:

*Leartes leapes into the graue.*

Now powre your earth on, Olympus his,  
And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon:*  
*Hamlet leapes* in after *Leartes.*

What's he that conjures so?

*Lear.* The diuell take thy soule.  
*Ham.* O thou praiest not well,  
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,  
For there is something in me dangerous,

*Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:*
I lou'de Ofelia as deere as twenty brothers could:  
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:  
Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,  
Wilt drinks vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:  
Com'st thou here to whine?

And where thou talk'est of burying thee a lyne,  
Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,  
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,  
Make Oceall as a Wart.

*King.* Forbeare *Leartes,* now is hee mad, as is the sea,  
Anone as mild and gentle as a Dowse:  
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

*Ham.* What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?

I neuer gave you cause: but stand away,  
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will have a day.

*Exit Hamlet and Horatio.*  
[Sc. xvii.]

*Queen.* Alas, it is his madness makes him thus,  
And not his heart, *Leartes.*

*King.* My lord, 'tis so: but wee're no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his last,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therfore Learnes be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.

King. Come Gertred, wee'l haue Learns, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befitts them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene. God grant they may.  

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. beleue mee, it greeues mee much Horatio,

That to Learns I forgot myselfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feel my grieue,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-fie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.

*Gent. Now God sake thee, sweete prince Hamlet.

Ham. And you sir:foh, how the muske-cod smels!

Gen. I come with an embassage from his majesty to you

Ham. I shall sir glie you attention:

By my troth me thinkes t'is very colde.

Gent. It is indeede very rawish colde.

Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very swoleth hote:

The King, sweetes Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse,against six french rapiers,
With all their accoutrements too,a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

Ham. The carriages sir,I do not know what you meane.

Gen. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

Ham. The worde had beene more cosin german to the phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,
And howe's the wager? I understand you now.

Gent. Mary sir, that yong Learnes in twelue venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your side the King hath laide,
And desires you to be in readiness.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull:when must this be?

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king, and her majesty,
With the rest of the best judgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tell his majestie, I wil attend him.

Gent. I shall deliever your most sweet answer.  

Ham. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a fool.

Hor. He will disclose himself without inquiry.

Ham. Beleeue me Horatio, my hart is on the sodaine.

Very sore, all here about.

Hor. My lord, forbear the challenge then.

Ham. No Horatio, not I, if danger be now,

Why then it is not to come, there's a predestinate prudence

*in the fall of a sparrow: here comes the King.

Enter King, Queens, Learles, Lordes.

King Now sonne Hamlet, we have laid upon your head,
And make no question but to have the best.

Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side,

King We doubt it not, deliver them the foiles,

Ham. First Learles, here's my hand and louse,

Protesting that I never wrongd Learles.

If Hamlet in his madness did amisse,

That was not Hamlet, but his madness did it,

And all the wrong I e're did to Learles,

I here proclaime was madness, therefore lets be at peace,

And thinks I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,

And hurt my brother.

Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature.

But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,

And will no reconcilement,

Till by some elder maisters of our time

I may be satisfied.

King Give them the foyles.

Ham. I'le be your foyle Learles, these foyles,

Haue all a laught, come on sir: a hit.

Lear. No none. Heere they play

Ham. Judgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come again.

Ham. Another. Judgement.

Lear. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.

King Here Hamlet, the king doth drinke a health to thee

Queens Here Hamlet, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

King Give him the wine.

Ham. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,

I'le drinke anone.

Queens Here Hamlet, thy mother drinkes to thee.

Shee drinks.

King Do not drink Gertrud: O tis the poysned cup!

*Ham. Learles come, you dally with me,

I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. I say you so? haue at you,
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come on sir.

They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.

King. Look to the Queene.
Queen. O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.
Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords. How ist my Lord Leartes?
Lear. Even as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an hour of life,
The faltall Instrument is in thy hand.
Unbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
That drinke was made for thee.

Ham. The poysned Instrument within my hand!
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaines:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. The king dies.

Lear. O he is justly serv'd:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my louse: I doe forgive thee. Leartes dies.

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.

Ham. Upon my louse I charge thee let it goe,
O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leave behinde?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinkes Horatio,
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewel Horatio, heauen receive my soule. Ham. dies.

*Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.
           enter Fortenbrasse with his trains.

Fort. Where is this bloody sight?

Hor. If sought of woe or wonder you'd behold,
Then looke upon this tragick spectacle.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? (land,
Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from Eng-
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most unlookerd for time! vnhappy country.

Hor. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
SCENE II.  

Prince of Denmarke.  

The first beginning of this Tragedy: [Sc. xviii.]  
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,  
And let the State of the world be there:  
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,  
That neuer mortall man could more vnfold.  

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,  
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:  
Let foure of our chiepest Captaines  
Beare Hamlet like a souldier to his graue:  
For he was likely,had he liued,  
To a prou’d most royall.  
Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this  
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.  

Finis.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME I.

THE TEMPEST.

1. 1. 5 cheerly, cheerly] cheerly F.
1. 1. 7 For Anon. apud Rann conj. read Upton conj.
1. 1. 19 more love] love more Hanmer.
1. 1. 21 note Omit peace] prease Warburton conj.


1. 1. 39 incharitable] uncharitable Rowe.
1. 1. 59 Farewell, brother/] Brother farewell: Pope.
1. 2. 22 time] true F.
1. 2. 29 soul[,] soul— Steevens.
1. 2. 33 often] oft Staunton conj.
1. 2. 67 me,— that] me, that Ff. me that Knight.
1. 2. 77 rapt] wrapp'd Steevens (1773, 1778).
1. 2. 95 note For falsehood, in its contrary, as read falsehood, in its contrary as.

1. 2. 100 note Add has against the truth, by telling of it Orger conj.
1. 2. 100 note For Kinnear conj. read Hosdly MS. (in Halliwell).
1. 2. 101 memory] memory as Anon. conj. (in Furness).
1. 2. 121 This] On which this Wheler MS. (in Halliwell).
1. 2. 133 note For Capell read Theobald (ed. 2).
1. 2. 134 hind] hent Collier conj.
1. 2. 156 Under] And at Orger conj.
1. 2. 165 gentleness] gentlessse Anon. conj.
1. 2. 167 mine] my Rowe (ed. 2).
1. 2. 186 [Aside. Johnson.
1. 2. 190 best pleasure] behest or pleasure Jourdain conj., ending the lines be't...fire...pleasure.
1. 2. 191 dive] drive Warburton MS.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

1. 2. 202 note For Johnson read Capell.
1. 2. 210 note For Hunter conj. read Keightley (Hunter conj.).
1. 2. 213 up-staring] up-starting Warburton MS.
1. 2. 252, 253 Thou...deep.] Two lines, the first ending thinkst, in Steevens (1793).
1. 2. 254 upon] against Davenant's Version.
1. 2. 264 and sorceries] and sorceries too Rowe (ed. 1).
1. 2. 269 blue-eyed] blue dry'd Sprenger conj. (in Furness).
1. 2. 270, 271 slave...servant] servant...slave Upton conj.
1. 2. 271 note For Rowe read Rowe (ed. 1).
1. 2. 298 days] days, Ariel Anon. conj. (in Grey).
1. 2. 309, 310 'Tis...on.] As in Pope. One line in F.
1. 2. 316 Come] om. Anon. conj. (in Grey), or read when? I say, come forth.
1. 2. 317, 318 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
1. 2. 327 for that vast] for that, fast quoted by Staunton. vast] waste Rowe (ed. 1).
1. 2. 327, 328 note For T. White read Delius, 1876 (T. White conj.).
1. 2. 332 note For Hudson read Dyce (ed. 2).
1. 2. 388 Cry,] Printed by Craig in italic as a stage direction.
1. 2. 403, 404 Transposed by Pope.
1. 2. 409 note Read What is 't? a spirit] Capell. What is 't a spirit? F. What is 't a spirit? Daniel conj.
1. 2. 437 faith,] Fair! Warburton MS.
1. 2. 445 e'er I saw] I e'er saw Theobald. I saw e'er Malone.
1. 2. 450 powers] pow'r F. (some copies) and Rowe.
1. 2. 450 note For Capell read Johnson.
1. 2. 452 note Read One word more] Sir, one word more Pope. One word more, sir Keightley.
1. 2. 460 not you] you not Rowe (ed. 2).
1. 2. 467 note Add and Heath conj.
1. 2. 471 Come from] Come, from F.
1. 2. 474 garments] garment Rowe (ed. 2).
1. 2. 488 note For Warburton read Theobald (ed. 2).
11. 1. 23 is he] he is Hamner (ed. 2).
11. 1. 125 note For Pope read Rowe (ed. 2), and for Malone read Malone (Capell conj.).
11. 1. 146 tith, vineyard] tith, meadow, vineyard Halliwell conj.
11. 1. 150 Ye] And yet Pope.
11. 1. 172 An] Pope. And F.
11. 1. 173 brave] a brave F. F.
11. 1. 312 Trebles thee o'er] Troubles thes sore Quincy MS. (in Furness).
11. 1. 220 note For Keightley conj. read Keightley.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

II. 1. 242 note For Keightley conj. read Steevens.
II. 1. 243 note For Musgrave conj. read Holt conj. and Musgrave conj.
   note For Staunton read Johnson.
II. 1. 258 were] was Theobald (ed. 2).
II. 1. 263 well] feat Capell.
II. 1. 267 where] but where Capell.
II. 1. 289 you, his friend[,] you, his friends, Grant White (ed. 2). his
   yon friends Heath conj. yon his friends Wagner conj.
II. 1. 301 Whilst] Whilst Rowe (ed. 1). While Rowe (ed. 2).
II. 1. 317, 318 Marked as ‘Aside’ by Capell.
II. 2. 9 Sometimes] Sometimes Theobald.
II. 2. 34 hold it no longer:] Marked as a gloss in Warburton MS.
II. 2. 70 his fit] a fit Rowe (ed. 2).
II. 2. 73 too much] 100 Quincy MS. (in Furness).
II. 2. 75, 76 note For The Philadelphia...end the lines &c. read Johnson
   ends the lines &c.
II. 2. 76 Substitute for note thy...there] my...me Hanmer.
II. 2. 85 utter] sputter Anon. conj. (in Furness).
II. 2. 87 Amen] again Anon. MS. (in Halliwell).
II. 2. 94 asfeard] afraid Rowe.
II. 2. 108 an if] Pope. and if Ff.
II. 2. 119 note For Steevens (1793) read Malone.
II. 2. 131 and thy dog, and thy bush] and thy dog, and bush Knight.
II. 2. 139 I will] om. Steevens, 1793 (Ritson conj.). I’ll Dyce.
II. 2. 162 seacals] scailons or sarcels Jourdain conj. stamels Hunter
   conj. sea-owls Meissner conj.
III. 1. 13—15 I forget...do it.] I forget But these sweet thoughts; do
   even refresh my labours, Most busiast, when I do it. Spence
   conj. (N. & Q., 1889).
III. 1. 15 Most busy lest, when I do it] Most busily then I do it or
   Most lustily then I’ll to it Orger conj. Most besolaced (or
   Most solaced), when I do it Buchanan conj.
III. 1. 15 note, For Most busielist Bulloch conj. read Most busiyleast
   Halliwell conj.
III. 1. 50 mine] my Capell.
III. 1. 53 by] om. F₃F₄
III. 1. 62 suffer] suffer tamely Dyce (ed. 2).
III. 1. 80 note, For seekd read seekt.
III. 2. 27 tell] tell me F₃F₄F₅
III. 2. 37 to hearken over again] over again to hearken F₅F₆
III. 2. 40, 41 note For Nicholson conj. read Knightley.
III. 2. 49, 50 note For Pope read Theobald.
III. 2. 52 note For Hanmer read Theobald (ed. 2).
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

III. 2. 73 thou} you F_s F_4.
III. 2. 111 note Read Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
III. 2. 137 that] then Theobald (ed. 2).
III. 2. 146 this] his F_s F_4.
III. 3. 19 note For xiv read xv.
III. 3. 32 more gentle-kind] of a more gentle kind, Singer, ed. 2 (Singer MS.), ending the line here.
III. 3. 37 sound] signs Warburton MS.
III. 3. 49 Will'z Pope. Will Ff.
III. 3. 48 note For Daniel read Grant White.
For xv read xvi.
III. 3. 60 You} Js Johnson.
III. 3. 91 while] whilst Rowe.
III. 3. 99 my] thy F_s.
But one friend] One friend Steevens conj.
IV. 1. 3 For Tollett conj. read Warburton MS. and Tollett conj.
IV. 1. 3 note For Wright, Clar. Press ed. read Globe ed.
IV. 1. 5 tender] render Rowe (ed. 1).
IV. 1. 18 note Read aspersions F_s.
IV. 1. 33—50 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
IV. 1. 64 note For Warburton read Theobald (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 143 note For Hanmer read Theobald (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 145 note For Warburton read Theobald (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 146 note For xvi read xvii.
IV. 1. 156 note For Dyce read Halliwell.
For Keightley read Singer (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 180 goss] gorse Collier.
IV. 1. 182 beyond] behind Warburton MS.
IV. 1. 230 note For xvii read xviii.
IV. 1. 238 an't] Capell. and 't Ff.
IV. 1. 260 For Then read Than.
V. 1. 7 and's followers] and his Steevens (1793).
V. 1. 15 that] om. Steevens (1793).
V. 1. 29 note For Anon. apud Bann conj. read Capell.
V. 1. 55 fathoms] Johnson. fadoms F_s F_s F_s F_s F_s.
V. 1. 60 note For Pope read Rowe (ed. 2).
boil'd within] boiling in Singer (ed. 2).

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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

v. 1. 77 most] more Warburton MS.
v. 1. 92 summer merrily.] Summer: Merrily, Holt conj.
v. 1. 117 An if this be] If this be true Wheler MS. (in Halliwell).
v. 1. 148 A daughter?] You have lost a daughter? Wagner conj. (in Furness).
v. 1. 172 dearest] dear Pope.
v. 1. 188 these] om. F₄.
v. 1. 213 note For Capell read Hanmer.
v. 1. 219 note For Allen conj. read Hanmer.
v. 1. 227 events] even F₁ (some copies).
v. 1. 230 note For Malone read Boswell (Malone conj.).
v. 1. 246 infect] infect Fₑ.
v. 1. 248 single] singly Orger conj.
v. 1. 308 note For xviii read xix.
In Note v. p. 97 for The music &c. read This music &c.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

l. 1. 28 No, I... What?] I will... not. Pro. No?—what? Marshall conj.
l. 1. 107, 108 Speed. She did nod. Pro. What did she not? Speed.
l. 2. 116 search] saves Gould conj.
II. 5. 44 note For Knight read Knight (Malone conj.), and for Collier
   (Malone conj.) read Collier.
III. 2. 77 such] sooth Warburton MS.
IV. 2. 6 gifts] shifts Janssen conj.
IV. 2. 125 your... well] it shall become your falsehood well Marshall conj.
IV. 3. note on Scene iii. Dele See note (viii).
IV. 4. 41 days] hours Gould conj.
IV. 4. 70 her, to leave her token.] her. Not keep her token? Gould conj.
IV. 4. 117 please you peruse] if't please you to peruse Marshall.
IV. 4. 161 a good] a flood Gould conj.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

I. 4. 24 his head] Cotswall or his home Gould conj.
I. 4. 114 note For Daniel conj. read Marshall (Daniel conj.).

II. 1. 189, 190 guest-exemplaire?] guest, cavalier? Gould conj.

II. 2. 26 After this line Marshall adds, from (Q), 'Fal. Well, go to; away; no more.'

II. 3. 81 Cried I aim?] Que je t'aime! Wray conj.

III. 2. 63 (in text and note) For Poines read Poins.


III. 4. 97 once to-night] soon at night Marshall conj.

III. 5. 4, 5 like...Thames?] and to be thrown in the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal?] Marshall.

IV. 4. 87 note For Anon. conj.-read Anon. conj. and Marshall conj.

IV. 5. 100 inconstancy] constancy Warburton MS.


v. 2. 3 my daughter] my daughter's attire or my daughter is in white Marshall conj.

v. 2. 12 No man] No one Warburton.


v. 5. 105, 106 do...town?] do these pair of horns Become their foreheads better than thine own? Orger conj. (reading these husbands).


v. 5. 156 flannel] flamen Warburton conj.


v. 5. 168 by this] by this time Marshall conj., reading as verse.

v. 5. 214 note For Cartwright conj. read Marshall (Cartwright conj.).

Measure for Measure.

I. 1. 8, 9 But your sufficiency, as your worth is able Moore conj. (N. & Q., 1888).

I. 1. 11, 12 terms For] terms Of Orger conj.

I. 1. 18 soul] seal H. T. conj. rule Orger conj.

I. 1. 20 love] lore H. T. conj.

I. 1. 52 note For Warburton read Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).

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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

I. 1. 67 soul] seal H. T. conj.
I. 1. 115, 116 by weight The words] by right the words H. T. conj. by weight, The award Orger conj.
I. 2. 128 morality] reality H. T. conj.
I. 3. 20 weeds] evils Orger conj.
I. 3. 22 case] case Orger conj. (reading sleep in line 21).
I. 3. 26, 27 not...mock'd] not for use, in time thus make The rod more mock'd Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
I. 3. 42, 43 never...slander] never be in the fight To do it slander Moore conj. (N. & Q., 1888).
I. 4. 30 make me not your story] make me not your stale Orger conj.
I. 4. 41 as blossoming time] at blossoming time Johnson conj.
II. 1. 21, 22 made...seizes] made To justice justice seizes Steevens conj. (ending I. 21 at made). made To justice, justice eyes Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1888).
II. 2. 153 preserved] professed Orger conj.
II. 3. 30, 31 but lest...As that the sin] that lust...In that this sin H. T. conj.
II. 4. 7 studied] studied H. T. conj.
II. 4. 9 note For Hamner read Hamner (Warburton).
II. 4. 12 beats for vain] beats, for vain Orger conj.
II. 4. 40 less] tos H. T. conj.
III. 1. 31 serpigo] vertigo Wray conj.
III. 1. 95 prenis[.] frippery H. T. conj.
III. 1. 101 give 't thee, from] quit thee from Orger conj., inserting after this line And give thee licence from thy sister's shame.
III. 2. 45 note Read It's not down 't th' last reign Warburton.
IV. 1. 74 Our...sow] Nor, corn to reap, forget our time to sow Orger conj.
IV. 3. 85 To the under generation] To yon degenerate one Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
IV. 3. 92 that...I am] that by great injunction, as I am Orger conj.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

IV. 3. 141 combined] commanded Orger conj.
IV. 4. 23 reason dars her no] reason, dare she not Orger conj.
IV. 4. 24 bears] boasts Orger conj.
IV. 4. 29 receiving] reviving H. T. conj.
V. 1. 422 widow] endow H. T. conj.
V. 1. 490, 491 Give...that.] He is...that;--Give...mine. Joicey conj.
(N. & Q., 1891).

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

I. 1. 53 distinguished but by] distinguished by Orger conj.
I. 1. 134 Asia] Italy Upton conj.
II. 1. 112 and no man] and so any man Marshall conj.
II. 2. 28 upon my love] without my leave Orger conj.
III. 1. 89 Once this] Weigh this Marshall conj.
III. 2. 49 a bed I'Il take them] a God I'Il take thee Orger conj.
V. 1. 121 death and] wretches' Orger conj.
V. 1. 399 note For x read xl.

VOLUME II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I. 3. 45 And who, and who, which] and who—and who—which Marshall.
II. 1. 221 as...terminations] as contagious as terrible Orger conj.
III. 1. 45 fully] fully Wray conj.
III. 3. 19 note For Warburton read Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).
IV. 1. 44 Dear my lord, if] Dear my lord— [He pauses from emotion]
If Marshall, arranging as Steevens.
IV. 1. 156 note For Grant White read Grant White (Warburton MS.).
IV. 2. 63 Verg. Let them be in the hands— Con. Off, coxcomb?] Verg.
Let them be in the hands— Con. Of a coxcomb. Marshall conj.
V. 1. 16 Bid sorrow voy, cry hem!] Hem sorrow away, and sigh
Orger conj.
V. 1. 16 note For Steevens conj. read Marshall (Steevens conj.).
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

v. 1. 17 drunk] meek Orger conj.
v. 1. 113 almost come] come Marshall conj.
v. 1. 223 incensed] insensed Wray conj.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

II. 1. 25 to 's seemeth] to us it seems Marshall conj.
II. 1. 45 fitted] profited Orger conj.
II. 1. 220—223 note, Read 220, 223 Mar.] Rowe. La. QqFF.
III. 1. 3 Concoitnel] Quand Colinelle Marshall conj.
III. 1. 21 them men of note—do you note me?] that] them men of note—do you note?—men that Marshall conj.
III. 1. 67 in the mail] in these all Marshall.
IV. 1. 137 Armado o 'th' one] Armador at th' one Marshall.
IV. 2. 49 call...pricket] call't, the deer the princess killed, a pricket Marshall conj.
IV. 3. 113 note For Collier MS. read Marshall (Collier MS.).
IV. 3. 138 hairs were] hair's Marshall.
IV. 3. 178 note For QqFF, Ff read Ff, QqFf.
IV. 3. 262 beauty's...well.] devil's crest,—becoming Heaven well! Orger conj.

v. 1. 24, 26 Laus...Priscian] Laus Deo; bone, intelligo. Hol. Bone?
Bon, fort bon, precisian. Priscian Chaplyn conj.
v. 2. 67 pertaunt-like] pertaunt-like or pertaunt-lye or pur-Tant like Marshall conj. planet-like Orger conj.
v. 2. 515 the contents] the intents Orger conj.
v. 2. 728 parts of time] pace of time Marshall conj.
v. 2. 742 these badges] these, ladies, Orger conj.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

II. 1. 42 Thou] Indeed, thou Schmidt conj.
II. 2. 52 For lying so, Hermia,] For, Hermia, lying so Schmidt conj.
II. 2. 118 ripe not] riped not Schmidt conj.
III. 1. 73 savours sweet] savour's vile Schmidt conj.
III. 1. 76 So hath] So not Schmidt conj.
III. 1. 93 If I were fair, Thisby] If I were fairer, Thisby Schmidt conj.
III. 2. 36 latch'd] wash'd Orger conj.
III. 2. 49 Schmidt conjectured that something is lost here.
III. 2. 257, 258 Dem. No, no; he'll...Seem] Dem. No, no, sir, no:
Seem Schmidt conj. Her. No, no; he'll— Dem. Seem
Joicey conj. Dem. No, no, sir; still Seem Orson conj.
(Lit. World, 1891).
III. 2. 279 of question, of doubt] of doubt, of question Schmidt conj.
III. 2. 406 Speak!...head] Speak: in some bush where dost thou hide
thy head? Warburton MS.
III. 2. 421 why] wherefore Schmidt conj.
IV. 1. 39 woodbine] bindweed Wray conj.
IV. 1. 163 Melted as] So melted as or Being melted as Schmidt conj.
V. 1. 59 and wondrous strange snow] and wondrous fiery snow Orger
conj. and wondrous flaming snow Orson conj. (Lit. World,
1891). and wondrous hasty-slow or and wondrous fast and
slow or run post-haste and slow Tovey conj. (Guardian,
1891). and wondrous strange snow Wood conj. (Guardian,
1891). and wondrous warm snow Chaplyn conj.
V. 1. 62 For Which, is read Which is.
V. 1. 71, 72 play it? Phil. Hard-handed men,] play't? Phil. Hard-
handed men, My noble Lord (or My gracious Duke), Schmidt
conj., ending I. 71 at men.
V. 1. 91 note For quoted by Halliwell read Marshall (quoted by
Halliwell).
V. 1. 91, 92 noble...merit] respect As noble, taken not in might but
merit Richards conj.
V. 1. 380, 381 give glistening light, By] gives glistening light But
Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
V. 1. 380 give] giv'n Orger conj.

The Merchant of Venice.

I. 2. 52 hath] hales Warburton MS.
II. 8. 37 some] soon Orger conj.
III. 2. 99 Indian beauty] Indian's body Orger conj.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

III. 2. 162 happier than this] still happier than this Marshall conj.
III. 2. 163 but] but that Marshall conj.
III. 5. 68 do not mean it, then] doe not, marrie, then Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891). do not win it, then Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1892).

v. 1. 59 patines] pavements Orger conj.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

II. 3. 8 bonny] brawny Orger conj.
II. 7. 73 the weary very means] the wearers' several means or the wearers' every means Orger conj.
III. 2. 115 a desert be?] desert be Orger conj.
III. 5. 7 dies and lives] drains out lives Orger conj.
IV. 3. 86 a ripe sister] a ripe courtier Orger conj.
V. 3. 17 ring time] wooing time Orger conj.
V. 4. 4 that fear] that say Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
V. 4. 62 diseases] disgraces Orger conj.

VOLUME III.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

L. 1. 14 son] son, myself, Ellis conj.
L. 1. 206 it your pleasure is] it thus your pleasure is Marshall.
L. 2. 196 friend] my friend Ellis conj.
L. 2. 247 as ask you] as ask of you Ellis conj.
L. 2. 274 adversaries do] advocates use do Warburton MS.
II. 1. 73 marvellous] marvellously Ellis conj.
II. 1. 200 note For S. Walker conj. read Marshall (S. Walker conj.).
II. 1. 258 Yes;} Not wise? yes; Ellis conj.
III. 1. 4 this is] this, her sister, is Marshall.
III. 2. 84, 85 Pet. And...hast not.] Tra. And yet you come not well.
III. 2. 87 rush in] wish it Orger conj.
III. 2. 179 play] play. They come. Ellis conj.
III. 2. 227 my barn] my corn, my barn Ellis conj.
IV. 2. 35 Would...foreworn?] Though all the world but her I had quite foreworn. Orger conj., transferring it to follow l. 33 as part of Tranio's speech.
IV. 3. 30 mustard without] mustard, but without Marshall (Ellis conj.).
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

iv. 4. 7 Longeth to a] longs to a Marshall.
iv. 4. 10 Sirrah Biondello,] In a separate line, Marshall (reading with Hamner in l. 9).
iv. 4. 33 I, upon] I do, upon Ellis conj.
iv. 4. 34 willing] willing too Ellis conj.
iv. 4. 46 done] said and done Ellis conj.
iv. 5. 63 she is] she's Marshall.
iv. 5. 77 Have to] Here's to Wray conj.
iv. 5. 78 untoward] toward Marshall conj.
v. 2. 66 now send] here now send Ellis conj. now send word Marshall.
v. 2. 75, 76 That will I...to me.] That will I.—Biondello, Go, bid...to me. Marshall, ending the lines Biondello,...I go.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I. 1. 5 evermore] moreover H. T. conj.
I. 1. 53 [To Helen. Orger conj.
I. 1. 56 thy] his Orger conj.
I. 1. 62 That thee may] For thee to Orger conj.
I. 2. 42 of another place] of a higher place H. T. conj.
I. 2. 44 of] by H. T. conj.
I. 2. 45 note, For In the poor place Watkiss Lloyd conj. read In the proud place &c.
I. 2. 62 fathers] fringes Wray conj.
I. 3. 214 note Add Warburton MS.

II. 1. 3 both gain, all] both deign all, Orger conj.
II. 1. 13 but the fall] by the fall H. T. conj.
II. 1. 118 inadmissible] inadmissible Wray conj.
II. 1. 176 stay] say Wray conj.
II. 1. 203 still] will Warburton conj.
II. 3. 50 parcel] panel H. T. conj.
II. 3. 126, 127 Good...so:] Good...not so: Wray conj.
II. 3. 141, 142 virtue and the Is] virtue has she As H. T. conj.
II. 3. 176 whose...seem...brief] such like ceremony As seems...love H. T.

II. 3. 179 more...space] soon...state H. T. conj.
II. 3. 181 to me] to be H. T. conj.
II. 3. 209, 210 thee for a hen/] thee, for then— Warburton MS.
II. 5. 4 warranted] warranting H. T. conj.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

III. 2. 109 move the still-peering] wound the shrill-parting Orger conj.
move the shrill-piercing Wray conj.

III. 4. 29 greatest] strictest H. T. conj.

IV. 2. 20 barreness] baseness H. T. conj. (reading basely in l. 19).
IV. 2. 28, 29 to love, That I will work] to serve The whiles I work
Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).

IV. 2. 38 make rope's...scarre] lay traps, and set such snares Orger conj.
makes hopes for such a lure Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

IV. 3. 18 rebellion] retribution H. T. conj.

IV. 3. 177 know...are] know... were Warburton conj.

V. 2. 18 purr...cat] our of fortune's cry or one of fortune's cats Orger
conj.

V. 3. 96, 77 subscribed To mine own fortune] described To her my
fortune H. T. conj.

V. 3. 100 In heavy] On having H. T. conj.

V. 3. 146, 147 toll for this: I'Il pay toll: for this, I'll H. T. conj.

V. 3. 167 For nono read none.


In Note III. for Dr Ingleby read Dr Nicholson.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

I. 4. 40 note For Id. conj. read P. A. Daniel conj.

I. 5. 165 very comptible] easy cowed, liable Orger conj.

II. 5. 59 with care] by crow Orger conj.


III. 1. 98 his] he Warburton. I Warburton MS.

III. 3. 15 And thanks...turns] And thanks, and evermore thanks. Oft
good turns Orger conj.

III. 4. 212 note For Warburton (? a misprint) read Warburton (corrected
in MS.).

IV. 1. 55 botch'd] hatch'd Warburton MS.

v. 1. 29 obey] sway Warburton MS.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

I. 2. 448 note For Malone conj. read Warburton MS. and Malone conj.

I. 2. 458, 459 friend, and comfort The...but nothing] friend and
comfort! The...wot nothing Adams conj. (N. & Q., 1892).

I. 2. 459 part...nothing] and pardon his crime, but offspring Watkiss
Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1892), reading God comfort in L 458.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

II. 2. 459 but nothing] by his noting Orger conj.
II. 2. 49 hammer'd of] murmur'd of Wray conj.
II. 3. 67 mankind] vampires Wray conj.
III. 2. 83 give] hold Wray conj.
III. 2. 120 flatness] blackness Wray conj.
III. 3. 63 boiled brains] broil'd brains Warburton MS.
IV. 1. 6 note For Warburton read Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).
IV. 4. 116 growing] blowing Warburton MS.
IV. 4. 340 handed] hended Warburton MS.
IV. 4. 392 note For Collier MS. read Warburton MS. and Collier MS.
IV. 4. 559 undream'd] undeem'd Warburton MS.
V. 1. 58, 59 stage...appear] stage, Where we offenders show, appear Orger conj.
V. 1. 60 And begin, 'Why to me?'] Demanding, Why to me? Orger conj.
V. 1. 180 note For Heath conj. read Heath conj. and Warburton MS.
V. 3. 58 for the stone is mine,] Transpose to follow image, l. 57, Warburton MS.

VOLUME IV.

KING JOHN.

I. 1. 159 wife's] om. Warburton MS.
II. 1. 114 note For Warburton read Warburton (corrected in MS.).
II. 1. 190 And all for her;] And all for her—for her; Marshall.
III. 1. 110 note For Anon. conj. read Fleay (Anon. conj.).
III. 1. 283 Against...unsure] Against an oath, the truth then must unsure. Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
III. 4. 21 now see] you see Marshall conj.
IV. 1. 7 note For Grey conj. read Marshall (Grey conj.).
IV. 2. 42 then lesser is my fear,] than less—so is my fear— Marshall.
IV. 3. 71 note For Farmer conj. read Farmer conj. and Warburton MS.

KING RICHARD II.

I. 1. 168 Despite...lives] (Despite of death) that lives Warburton MS.
After the list of Dramatis Personae, for Scene: England read Scene: England and Wales.

I. 3. 54 brisk] bright Warburton MS.

I. 3. 194 If...night/] Continued to ‘Wor.’, Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1891). If he fall in? Good knight!—Smith conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

II. 4. 237 note For Taylor conj. MS. read Warburton MS. and Taylor conj. MS.

III. 1. 252 oaths] truth Warburton MS.

III. 2. 51 such] much Warburton (corrected in MS.).

III. 2. 166 met] meet Warburton MS.

V. 2. 8 all our lives shall be] shall be still Warburton MS.

V. 2. 35 seeming] seemly Warburton MS.
2 HENRY IV.

I. 2. 234 I will] It will Warburton MS.
I. 3. 37 Indeed...foot] Indeed, the infant action, scarce on foot Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891), reading in with Johnson in l. 36.
II. 2. 52 Prince. It...thought; and thou] It would be every man's thought. P. Hen. Thou Warburton MS.
II. 3. 26 note For Seymour conj. read Warburton MS. and Seymour conj.
II. 4. 176 For neif read neaf.
II. 4. 315 note For Grant White read Grant White (Warburton MS.).
IV. 1. 94—96 My brother...particular.]
   My brother general, the commonwealth,
   Is brother born: an household cruelty
   I make my quarrel in particular.
   Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
   My brother born the commonwealth
   [I make my general quarrel: and, to that]
   To brother born an household cruelty
   I make my quarrel in particular.
   Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1892).
IV. 1. 94 My brother...commonwealth] Misorder general in the commonwealth Joicey conj.
IV. 3. 41 Rome, 'I came,] Rome, their captain,—' I came Joicey conj.
IV. 4. 79 leave] weave Warburton conj.

HENRY V.

I. prol. 16 note For Lettsom conj. read Warburton MS. and Lettsom conj.
I. 2. 57 Until...years] Until four hundred years, less twenty one, Lindon conj.
I. 2. 228 Or] Ere Warburton MS.
II. prol. 18 thee do] thee dare Warburton MS.
II. prol. 32 distance; force a play] distance. Foresee the (or our) play
   Mull conj. (1888).
II. 1. 59 doing] glouting Warburton MS.
IV. prol. 26 Inveting...coats] In resting lank-lean cheeks on war-worn coats C. W. C. conj. (N. & Q., 1893).
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

iv. 6. 34 note For Theobald (Warburton) read Theobald (Warburton, withdrawn in MS.).

iv. 6. 36, 37 note For Upton conj. read Upton conj. and Warburton MS.

v. 2. 132 verses] verse it Warburton MS.

v. 2. 148 thy cook] my Book Warburton MS.

* v. 2. 154 woo] do Warburton MS.

VOLUME V.

Preface, p. xiii. note Mr Curzon's copy of Richard III. (1897) mentioned by Malone is probably that which had belonged to Mr Jennens, and is perhaps still in Earl Howe's library at Gopsall.

1 HENRY VI.

i. 1. 95 note For om. S. Walker conj. read om. Marshall (S. Walker conj.).

i. 1. 96 all] and all Marshall (reading crown'd).


i. 1. 159 craveeth supply] craves a supply Marshall.


i. 2. 7 Otherwhiles] O' the whiles Marshall.


i. 3. 87 have it] have at it Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).

i. 4. 16 even these] even for these Marshall.

ii. 2. 54 truly; it is] truly, no; 'tis Marshall.

ii. 5. 76 To King Edward the Third] Unto the third King Edward Marshall.

ii. 5. 83 father] sire Marshall.

iii. 1. 29 If I...pervest] Were I ambitious, covetous, or worse Marshall.

iii. 3. 47 lowly] lonely Marshall conj.


iii. 4. 13 the Lord] Lord Marshall.

iv. 1. 175 Prettily, methought,] Right prettily Marshall.

iv. 7. 3 death,...captive,] death,...festivity, Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).

v. 1. 59 neither in birth or for] nor in birth nor in Marshall conj.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

2 HENRY VI.


II. 1. 26 With...it?] With so much holiness can you not do it? Marshall.

II. 1. 33 I prithee] Prithee Marshall, ending the lines peace...peers.
II. 1. 68 Here comes] See where Marshall, reading with Capell in 1. 69.
II. 1. 159 in a day, my lord,] my lord, in a day Marshall.
II. 1. 181, 182 O God...thereby!] O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones, thereby Heaping on their own heads confusion! Marshall conj.
II. 2. 6 at full] told at full Marshall.
III. 1. 248 were set] set Marshall.
III. 2. 26 thee, Nell;] thee, love; Marshall.

IV. 1. 21, 22 The lives of those...sum?] The lives of those we have lost in fight, shall they Be...sum? Marshall.
IV. 3. 6 note For om. Warburton read om. Warburton (restored in MS.).

IV. 4. 43 the traitors hate] Jack Cade, the traitor, hateth Marshall.
IV. 10. 20 waning] winning So quoted by Grey.
V. 1. 72 I was] I was that man Marshall conj.
V. 2. 211 note For Anon. conj. read Marshall (Anon. conj).

3 HENRY VI.

I. 1. 55 and you both] you both Marshall.
I. 1. 62 such] for such Marshall.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

I.  4.  18 note For Lettsom conj. read Marshall (Lettosm conj.).
IV.  1.  125 matter] mark Marshall conj., reading My...Stay as one line.
IV.  1.  125, 126 I Stay...crown] Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay Marshall, dividing the lines as Pope.
IV.  2.  12 note For om. Vaughan conj. read om. Marshall (Vaughan conj.).
IV.  4.  19 This is it] 'Tis this Marshall.
IV.  7.  76 note For om. Lettsom conj. read om. Marshall (Lettosm conj.).
IV.  8.  31 more a] more, Marshall.
V.  1.  38 And Henry is] Henry is now Marshall conj.
V.  3.  12 For The read Thy.
V.  6.  47 note For Warburton read Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).

RICHARD III.

I.  1.  11 note, For Warburton conj. read Warburton conj. (withdrawn in MS.).
I.  1.  15 note Read amorous looking-glass] amorous-looking lass Vaughan conj.
I.  1.  16 majesty] mein (i.e. miem) Warburton MS.
I.  1.  98 Naught to do] Naught do Vaughan conj.
I.  2.  59 note For Warburton conj. read Warburton conj. (withdrawn in MS.).
I.  2.  251 note For Warburton conj. read Warburton conj. (withdrawn in MS.).
I.  4.  89 O sir...tedious] 'Tis better to be brief than tedious Marshall conj.
I.  4.  110 Not...a warrant] No, not...warrant Marshall conj., reading 110—112 as verse.
II.  2.  27 steal...shapes] deal...speech Warburton MS.
III. 4.  48 sent] sent some one Marshall conj.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

IV. 3. 43 woe] widower Warburton MS.
IV. 4. 1 prosperity] Asperity Warburton MS.
V. 3. 130 Doth...sleep:] Thee in thy sleep doth comfort: Marshall.
V. 5. 9 young] the young Marshall.
V. 5. 28 Divided] Devided Warburton MS.

Note xxii. Marshall, following the Folio arrangement, reads 'Say that
the queen hath heartily consented &c.'

HENRY VIII.

Prologue, 8 believe] receive Warburton MS.
Prologue, 21 true...intend] truth...attempt Warburton MS.
I. 2. 74 chronicles] chronicles Warburton MS.
I. 2. 82 once] hence Orson conj.
I. 2. 203, 204 Surv. After...‘knife,’ He] After...knife,—Surv. He
Warburton MS.
I. 4. 108 knock it] rock it (i.e. compose us) Warburton MS.
II. 1. 57 lose] love Warburton MS.

VOLUME VI.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I. 3. 133 envious] endless Warburton MS.
I. 3. 161 dusty] rusty Warburton MS.
I. 3. 238 note For Mason conj. read Warburton MS. and Mason conj.
I. 3. 326 make no strain] maki't not strange Tovey conj. (Guardian,
1892).

CORNELIUS.

I. 9. 44—47 Made...say!] Three lines, ending grows...made...say!
H. Ingleby conj. (N. & Q., 1892), reading An overture
with Ff.
I. 9. 46 Let...wears!] Let it be made a coverture for his wear! Joicey
conj. (N. & Q., 1891). Let him be made a creature for
the wears! Id. conj. (N. & Q., 1892).
Let him be made] Let lint be made L. Campbell conj.

VOL. IX.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

II. 1. 176 begin] began Craig.
IV. 5. 185 him directly, to say] him,—directly to say Craig.

as a chair] as a hair Adams conj. (N. & Q., 1893).

ROMEO AND JULIET.

I. 1. 185 propagate] propagate Qq.
I. 1. 213 rich in beauty, only] rich, in beautie onely Qq.
I. 2. 15 earth] as Marshall conj.
I. 2. 32 Which...one] Which, on more view, of many mine, being one, Marshall.
I. 4. 41 Add more] Qq.
I. 5. 140 this]...thief] tie]...tie Qq.
II. 2. 130 it] Qq, Ff, Fq, it, The rest.
II. 3. 45 father] no] father no, Qq, Qq, Qq, Qq, father, no, Qq.
II. 3. 73 taste] Qq, taste Fq, taste, Qq, Qq, taste. The rest.
II. 3. 79 changed] chang'd, Qq.
II. 4. 33 note For pardona' mees Qq, Qq, Qq read pardona-mees Qq, Qq.
II. 4. 64 solely] Fq, solie Qq, solie The rest.
II. 4. 85 Why, is] Why? is Qq, Why is The rest.
II. 4. 86 love] Qq, Fq, love, The rest.
II. 4. 181 Add Nurse behind...wall: Qq.
II. 5. 46 note For Fq, read Fq.
III. 1. 89 nothing] nothing Qq.
III. 1. 142 note For 142, 173 read 142, 145, 173.
III. 3. 43 say'st] sayest Qq.
III. 4. 17 note, For next, Qq, Ff, read next Qq, next, The rest.
III. 5. 43 so] so Qq, Qq, so, Qq.
III. 5. 45 a minute] an hover Daniel, from (Qq). After this line Mr Daniel adds, from (Qq), Minutes are dayes; so will I number them.
III. 5. 83 note For Collier MS. read Warburton MS. and Collier MS.
III. 5. 129 How now] How now, Qq, How now Qq, Qq, Qq.
tears] Qq, Qq, Qq, tears Qq, tears. Qq.
III. 5. 151 minion, you] minion you Qq, Qq, Qq.
III. 5. 177 hour, tide, time, om. Adams conj. (N. & Q., 1893), reading God's...play as one line.
IV. 1. 16 slow'd] slowed Qq.
IV. 1. 100 note, For Too mealy Fq, Fq, Fq, Fq, read To mealy Fq, Fq, Fq.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

v. 3. 185 Substitute for note, churchyard’s] Church-yards Q₂. Churchyard Q₄. Church-yard The rest.

v. 3. 291 hate[,] hate? Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.

VOLUME VII.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

II. 1. 35 dates in compt.] dates in. Come! Evans conj.

II. 2. 6 Was to be] Was ever Evans conj.

III. 6. 79 your fees] my friends Evans conj.

JULIUS CAESAR.

II. 1. 285 talk to you sometimes] sometimes talk to you Elze conj.

MACBETH.


HAMLET.

I. 1. 117, 118 [The night was wild with tempest, and the heav’ns]

Astare (or Astir) with trains of fire and dews of blood

Did after stain (or dim) the sun;

Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1892).

III. 1. 13, 14 Niggard...free] Niggard of question, and, of our demands, Not free Orson conj.

v. 1. 60 Go...fetch] Go to, y’are gone: get thee gone, fetch Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1892).

VOLUME VIII.

KING LEAR.

IV. 2. 68 manhood! Mew!] manhood.—Mew! Craig.

OTHELLO.

I. 3. 33 gracious] gracious signiors Elze conj.

II. 3. 181 pardon me;] pardon me.—Marshall.

v. 2. 291 I...kill’d] I’m bleeding, but not kill’d or Ay, bleeding, sir; not kill’d Elze conj.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.


iii. 1. 27 Ventidius] om. Elze conj.

iv. 6. 7 Antony] Sir, Mark Antony Elze conj.

iv. 9. 31 Demurely] Do yarely Elze conj.

Cymbeline.

ill. 4. 23, 24 discipline, Now...will] discipline,—Now winged,—with their courage will Craig.

ill. 5. 16 a German one] a germinant Leighton conj.

VOLUME IX.

Pericles.

i. 1. 33 whole] bold Elze conj.

iv. 6. 104 here 's] here is Elze conj.

v. 3. 9 did'] once did Elze conj.

Sonnets.

xxxvi. 2 his sickle, hour] his tickle hour or his sickle lower Brownlow conj. (N. & Q., 1893).
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