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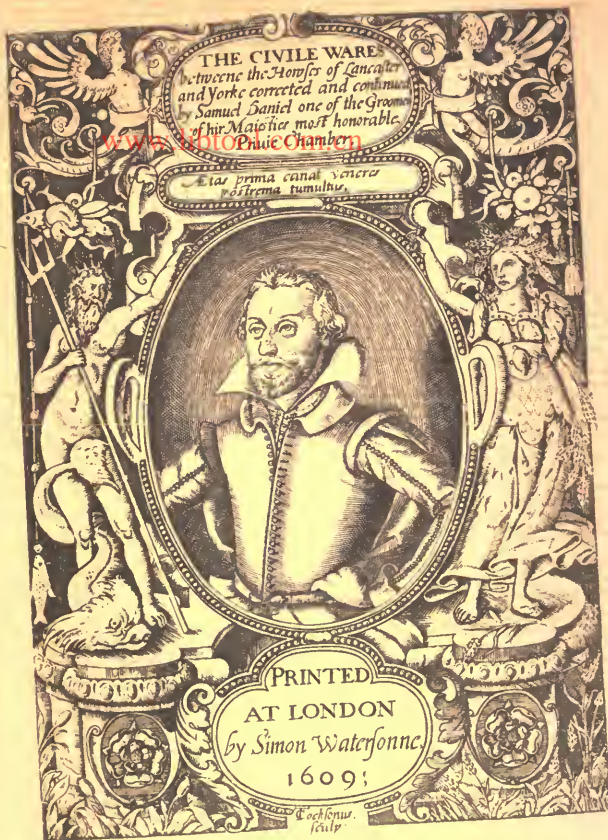
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THE LARGER
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

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*By the kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.
and W. Aldis Wright, Esq., the text here
used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition. In
the present issue of the "Temple Shakespeare"
the Editor has introduced some few textual
changes; these have been carefully noted in
each case.*

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Sam^l. Daniel.

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

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EDITED BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME ELEVEN

THE TRAGEDY OF
OTHELLO
THE TRAGEDY OF



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
THE TRAGEDY OF
PERICLES

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

LONDON
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THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO

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Preface.

The Early Editions. The First Edition of *Othello* was a Quarto, published in 1622, with the following title-page:—

“THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | *As it hath bene diuerse times acted at the | Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by | his Maiesties Seruants. | Written by William Shakespeare. | [Vignette] | LONDON, | Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622.*”*

In 1623 appeared the First Folio, containing *Othello* among the “Tragedies” (pp. 310-339); the text, however, was not derived from the same source as the First Quarto; an independent MS. must have been obtained. In addition to many improved readings, the play as printed in the Folio contained over one hundred and fifty verses omitted in the earlier edition, while, on the other hand, ten or fifteen lines in the Quarto were not represented in the Folio version. Thomas Walkley had not resigned his interest in the play; it is clear from the *Stationers’ Register* that it remained his property until March 1st, 1627 (*i.e.* 1628) when he assigned “*ORTHELLO the More of Venice*” unto Richard Hawkins, who issued the Second Quarto in 1630. A Third Quarto appeared in 1655; and later Quartos in 1681, 1687, 1695.

The text of modern editions of the play is based on that of the First Folio, though it is not denied that we have in the First Quarto a genuine play-house copy; a notable difference, pointing to the Quarto text as the older, is its retention of oaths and asseverations, which are omitted or toned down in the Folio version.

* Prefixed to this First Quarto were the following lines:—

“The Stationer to the Reader.

“*To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope every man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the author’s name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventered to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure. Yours,* Thomas Walkley.”

Date of Composition. This *last* point has an important bearing on the date of the play, for it proves that *Othello* was written before the Act of Parliament was issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays. External and internal evidence seem in favour of 1604 as the birth-year of the tragedy, and this date has been generally accepted since the publication of the *Variorum Shakespeare* of 1821, wherein Malone's views in favour of that year were set forth (Malone had died nine years before the work appeared). After putting forward various theories, he added:—"We know it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." For twenty years scholars sought in vain to discover upon what evidence he *knew* this important fact, until at last about the year 1840 Peter Cunningham announced his discovery of certain *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, containing the following item:—

"By the King's 'Hallamas Day, being the first of Nov,
Mat's Plaiers. A play at the banquettinge House att
 Whitehall, called the Moor of Venis [1604].'" *

We now know that this manuscript was a forgery, but strange to say there is every reason to believe that though 'the book' itself is spurious, the information which it yields is genuine, and that Malone had some such entry in his possession when he wrote his emphatic statement (*vide* Grant White's account of the whole story, quoted in Furness' *Variorum* edition; *cp.* pp. 351-357).

The older school of critics, and Malone himself at first, assigned the play to *circa* 1611 on the strength of the lines, III. iv. 46, 47:—

*The hearts of old gave hands;
 But our new heraldry is hands not hearts,*

which seemed to be a reference to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611; Malone, however, in his later edition of the play aptly quoted a passage from the *Essays* of Sir Wm. Cornwallis, the younger, published in 1601, which may have suggested the thought to Shakespeare:—"They (*our forefathers*) had wont to give their hands and their hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another."

The Original Othello. From the elegy on the death of Richard Burbage in the year 1618, it appears that the leading character of the play was assigned to this most famous actor:—

"But let me not forget one chiefest part
 Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart,
 The griev'd Moor, made jealous by a slave,
 Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,

* *v. Shakespeare Society Publications*, 1842.

*Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.
All these and many more with him are dead.**

The Source of the Plot. The story of '*Il Moro di Venezia*' was taken from the *Heccatomithi* of the Italian novelist Giraldo Cinthio; it is the seventh tale of the third decade, which deals with "The unfaithfulness of Husbands and Wives." No English translation of the novel existed in Shakespeare's time (at least we know of none), but a French translation appeared in the year 1584, and through this medium the work may have come to England. Cinthio's novel may have been of Oriental origin, and in its general character it somewhat resembles the tale of *The Three Apples* in *The Thousand and One Nights*; on the other hand it has been ingeniously maintained that "a certain Christophal Moro, a Luogotenente di Cipro, who returned from Cyprus in 1508, after having lost his wife, was the original of the Moor of Venice of Giraldo Cinthio." "Fronting the summit of the *Giants' Stair*," writes Mr Rawdon Brown, the author of this theory, "where the Doges of Venice were crowned, there are still visible four shields spotted with mulberries (*strawberries* in the description of Desdemona's handkerchief), indicating that that part of the palace portal on which they are carved was terminated in the reign of Christopher Moro, whose insignia are three mulberries sable and three bends azure on a field argent; the word *Moro* signifying in Italian either mulberry-tree or blackamoor." Perhaps Shakespeare learnt the true story of *his* Othello from some of the distinguished Venetians in England; "Cinthio's novel would never have sufficed him for his *Othello*" † (*vide* Furness, pp. 372-389). Knowing, however, Shakespeare's transforming power, we may well maintain that, without actual knowledge of Christopher Moro's history, he was capable of creating Othello from Cinthio's savage Moor, Iago from the cunning cowardly ensign of the original, the gentle lady Desdemona from "the virtuous lady of marvellous beauty, named Disdemona (*i.e.* 'the hapless one')," ‡ who is beaten to death "with a stocking filled with sand,"

* *v.* Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* (*New Shak. Soc.*), 2nd edition, p. 131, where the elegy is discussed, and a truer version printed.

† The title of the novel summarises its contents as follows:—

"A Moorish Captain takes to wife a Venetian Dame, and his Ancient accuses her of adultery to her husband; it is planned that the Ancient is to kill him whom he believes to be the adulterer: the Captain kills the woman, is accused by the Ancient, the Moor does not confess, but after the infliction of extreme torture, is banished; and the wicked Ancient, thinking to injure others, provided for himself a miserable death."

‡ This is the only name given by Cinthio. Steevens first pointed out that "Othello" is found in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his arguments

Cassio and Emilia from the vaguest possible outlines. The tale should be read side by side with the play by such as desire to study the process whereby a not altogether artless tale of horror * has become the subtlest of tragedies—"perhaps the greatest work in the world."† "The most pathetic of human compositions."‡

"Dreams, Books, are each a world : and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;
Round them with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal theme, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear ;
Two shall be named pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white Lamb."

Duration of Action. The action seems to cover three days:— Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Acts III., IV., V., one day. In order to get over the difficulty of this time-division various theories have been advanced, notably that of Double Time, propounded by Halpin and Wilson ; according to the latter, "Shakespeare counts off days and hours, as it were, by two clocks, on one of which the true Historic Time is recorded, and on the other the Dramatic Time, or a false show of time, whereby days, weeks, and months may be to the utmost contracted" (Furness, pp. 358-372).

According to Mr Fleay, the scheme of time for the play is as follows:—

Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Act III., one day (Sunday). Interval of a week, at least. Act IV. Sc. i., ii., iii. ; Act V. Sc. i., ii., iii., one day : where Act IV. begins with what is now Act III. Sc. iv., and Act V. with the present Act IV. Sc. iii.

as follows:—"She marries Othello, an old German soldier." The name "Iago" also occurs in the book. It is also found in "*The first and second part of the History of the famous Ewoldanus, Prince of Denmark. With the strange adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonie : and of both their several fortunes in Love. At London, 1605.*"

* Mrs Jameson rightly calls attention to a striking incident of the original story:—Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief : it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told, etc.

† Macaulay.

‡ Wordsworth—"The tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions." (A valuable summary of criticisms, English and foreign, will be found in Furness's *Othello*, pp. 407-453.)

“OTHELLO must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakespeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—‘But yet the *pity* of it, Iago!—O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!’ In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian State, though it had superseded him.

“Schiller has the material Sublime; to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakespeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

“Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or meditator; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium.”

COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a senator*

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.*

CASSIO, *his lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman.*

MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *wife to Iago*

BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio.*

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and
Attendants.

SCENE: *Venice: a seaport in Cyprus.*

The Tragedy of
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

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ACT FIRST,

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man, 10
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster, 31
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Red. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
 Whether I in any just term am affined
 To love the Moor.

Red. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That doting on his own obsequious bondage
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd:
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords

Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined
their coats

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir, www.libtool.com.cn

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :

In following him, I follow but myself ;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end : 60

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,

Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,

Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70

Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't

As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent and dire yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire

Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho, Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves ! thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter and your bags !

Thieves ! thieves ! 81

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your
gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we
come to do you service and you think we are 110
ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with
a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh
to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and
gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your
daughter and the Moor are now making the
beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator. 119

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
'Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me 130
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,
 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
 Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper! call up all my people!
 This accident is not unlike my dream:
 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 Light, I say! light! [Exit above.]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
 Against the Moor: for I do know, the state,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, 151
 Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have none
 To lead their business: in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
 find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
 And there will I be with him. So farewell. [Exit.]

*Enter below, Brabantio, in his night-gown, and Servants
 with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is; 161

And what's to come of my despised time
 Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
 With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
 How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
 Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.
 Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the
 blood! 170

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act. Is there not charms
 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
 Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!
 Some one way, some another. Do you know
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
 To get good guard and go along with me. 180

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
 I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
 And raise some special officers of night.
 On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder : I lack iniquity
 Sometimes to do me service : nine or ten times
 I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the
 ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago.

Nay, but he prated
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honour,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,
 Are you fast married? Be assured of this, 11
 That the magnifico is much beloved,
 And hath in his effect a voice potential
 As double as the duke's : he will divorce you,
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
 Will give him cable.

Oth.

Let him do his spite :
 My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know—
 Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 20
 I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits
 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd : for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into a circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come
 yond ?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends :
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found: 30

My parts, my title and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

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Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
'The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys 40
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
'This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd
for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack: 50
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio: general, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches
and weapons.*

Oth. Hallo! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years 60
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion : I'll have 't disputed on ;
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant
 Lay hold upon him : if he do resist, 80
 Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining and the rest :
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
 To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
 Of law and course of direct session
 Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state 90
 To bring me to him ?

First Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior ;
 The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
 In this time of the night ! Bring him away :
 Mine 's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own ;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*A council-chamber.**The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers**attending.*
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Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I do not so secure me in the error, 10
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20

And let ourselves again but understand
 That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
 So may he with more facile question bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks the abilities
 That Rhodes is dress'd in : if we make thought of this,
 We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
 To leave that latest which concerns him first,
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
 Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
 Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail : and now they do re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
 Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him ; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
 Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle
signior; 50

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

All. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted 60
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. 70
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [*To Othello*] What in your own part can you say to
this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true: true; I have married her:
 The very head and front of my offending 80
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 90
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration and what mighty magic—
 For such proceeding I am charged withal—
 I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
 Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
 It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect,
 That will confess perfection so could err 100
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,

He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of ~~modern seeming~~ ~~confer~~ against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak : 110

Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father :
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither, 120

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the place.

[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes, 130
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travels' history :
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
 It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing, 150
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently : I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange ; 160
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father, 180
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband,
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done.
 Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs: 190

I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
 Come hither, Moor :
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee. ~~lib for your sake,~~ jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence
 Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers 200
 Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ; 210
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear
 That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation 221
 makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of

the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators, 230
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, 240
 Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes 250
 May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued

Even to the very quality of my lord :
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
 And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 260

Oth. Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite ;
 Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
 In me defunct—and proper satisfaction ;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant
 For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness 270
 My speculative and officed instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going : the affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer 't ; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again. 280
 Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you ;
 With such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust :
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
 Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And, noble
 signior,
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ; use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see
 She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith ! Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee :
 I prithee, let thy wife attend on her ;
 And bring them after in the best advantage.
 Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction, 300
 To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago !

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
 Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment ;
and then have we a prescription to die when 310
death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous ! I have looked upon the world
for four times seven years ; and since I could
distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I
never found man that knew how to love himself.
Ere I would say I would drown myself for
the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my
humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame
to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to 320
amend it.

Iago. Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves that we are
thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens : to the
which our wills are gardeners : so that if we will
plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed
up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or
distract it with many, either to have it sterile
with idleness or manured with industry, why,
the power and corrigible authority of this lies
in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not 330
one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality,
the blood and baseness of our natures would
conduct us to most preposterous conclusions :
but we have reason to cool our raging motions,
our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof
I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or
scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man : drown thyself ! 340

drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money: I have

told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu. 380

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to: farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. [Exit.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane, 390

If I would time expend with such a snipe

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if't be true;

But I for mere suspicion in that kind

Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;

To get his place, and to plume up my will

In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:— 400

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear

That he is too familiar with his wife.

He hath a person and a smooth dispose

To be suspected; framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose
 As asses are.
 I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
 [Exit.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

First Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of this ?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet : 10
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds
 The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous
 mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.
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Third Gent. News, lads ! our wars are done. 20
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts : a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How ! is this true ?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa ; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore : the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on 't ; 'tis a worthy governor. 30

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of
comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be ;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho !
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let 's do so ; 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50
Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within*: 'A sail, a sail, a sail!']

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns heard.*]

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived? 60

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed :
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel, 70
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
 A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms, 80
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus comfort.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

O, behold,
 The riches of the ship is come on shore !
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
 Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arrived : nor know I aught
 But that he's well and will be shortly here. 90

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark ! a sail.

[*A cry within* : ‘ A sail, a sail ! ’ *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel :

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*] Welcome, mistress :

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners ; ’tis my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100

[*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You ’ld have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;

I find it still when I have list to sleep :

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors, 110

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;
For I am nothing if not critical. 120

Des. Come on, assay—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it ; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize ;
It plucks out brains and all : but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised ! How if she be black and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh
i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou 140
for her that's foul and foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance ! thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserv-
ing woman indeed, one that in the authority of
her merit did justly put on the vouch of very
malice itself ?

How does my old acquaintance of this isle ?
 Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus ;
 I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers : 210
 Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
 Come hither. If thou be'st valiant—as, they
 say, base men being in love have then a nobility
 in their natures more than is native to them—
 list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on
 the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this : 220
 Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be in-
 structed. Mark me with what violence she first
 loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her
 fantastical lies: and will she love him still for
 prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her
 eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have
 to look on the devil? When the blood is made
 dull with the act of sport, there should be, again 230
 to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite,
 loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners
 and beauties; all which the Moor is defective
 in: now, for want of these required conveniences,
 her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,

begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—www.1stands.com eminently in 240
 the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath 250
 all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Red. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blest condition.

Iago. Blest fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blest, she would never have loved the Moor: blest pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that? 260

Red. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and

main exercise, the incorporate conclusion : pish !
But, sir, be you ruled by me : I have brought
you from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for 270
the command, I'll lay't upon you : Cassio
knows you not. I'll not be far from you : do
you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either
by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline,
or from what other course you please, which the
time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and
haply may strike at you : provoke him, that he
may ; for even out of that will I cause these of 280
Cyprus to mutiny ; whose qualification shall come
into no true taste again but by the displanting of
Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to
your desires by the means I shall then have to
prefer them, and the impediment most profitably
removed, without the which there were no ex-
pectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any oppor-
tunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the 290
citadel : I must fetch his necessaries ashore.
Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit :
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure 300
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash 311
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused: 319
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

A street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for,

besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

10
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A ball in the castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
But notwithstanding with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night : to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you. 10
Good night.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago ; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona ; who let us not therefore

blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature. 20

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black 30
Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more. 40

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
 With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
 He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence 50
 As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool
 Roderigo,
 Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
 Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
 Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle,
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
 drunkards,
 Am I to put our Cassio in some action 60
 That may offend the isle. But here they come:
 If consequence do but approve my dream,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen;
 Servants following with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I
 am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting : your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho !—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane 80
dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general !

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown. 90

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho !

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again ?

Cas. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well : God's above 100
all ; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient: this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 110

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit. 115

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch. 120

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle. 130

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Roderigo.*

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity: 140

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well, and would do much

To cure him of this evil:—But, hark! what noise?

[*A cry within: 'Help! help!'*]

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. 'Zounds! you rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! But I'll beat the
knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.* 150

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold
your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a
mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[*A bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise : God's will, lieutenant, hold ; 160
 You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.

[*Faints.*]

Oth. Hold, for your lives !

Iago. Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,— sir, — Montano, — gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, hold, for shame !

Oth. Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage 171

Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell : it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, masters ?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know : friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now,

As if some planet had unwitted men, 180

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds ;

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot

Cas. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great 190
 In mouths of wisest censure : what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me—
 Of all that I do know : nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice, 200
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion, having my best judgement collied,
 Assays to lead the way : if I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on,
 And he that is approved in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth, 210
 Shall lose me. What, in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
 'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't ?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago.

Touch me not so near :

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ; 220

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause :
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out— 229

The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath ; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—

For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust ; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report :
But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, 240

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth.

I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed, 250
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
[*To Montano, who is led off.*

Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have 260
lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal
part of myself, and what remains is bestial.
My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had
received some bodily wound; there is more
sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is
an idle and most false imposition; oft got with-
out merit and lost without deserving: you have
lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your-
self such a loser. What, man! there are ways 270
to recover the general again: you are but now
cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy
than in malice; even so as one would beat his
offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion:
sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O 280
thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we 290
should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country 300
stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and

by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!
 Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the in-
 gredient is a devil. 310

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar
 creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more
 against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you
 think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some
 time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.
 Our general's wife is now the general. I may
 say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted
 and given up himself to the contemplation, mark 320
 and denotement of her parts and graces: confess
 yourself freely to her; importune her help to
 put you in your place again: she is of so free,
 so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she
 holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more
 than she is requested: this broken joint between
 you and her husband entreat her to splinter;
 and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming,
 this crack of your love shall grow stronger than
 it was before. 330

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest
 kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I
 will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to under-
 take for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if
 they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant;
 I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit. 340

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain?
 When this advice is free I give and honest,
 Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, 350
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 360
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound

that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night 370 exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witch-
 craft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, 380
 And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio:
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
 Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;
 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to
 be done:
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
 I'll set her on; 390
 Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the castle.www.libtool.com.cn*Enter Cassio and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here ; I will content your pains ;
 Something that's brief ; and bid ' Good morrow,
 general.' [*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
 Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

First Mus. How, sir, how ?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments ?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I 10
 know. But, masters, here's money for you :
 and the general so likes your music, that he
 desires you, for love's sake, to make no more
 noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard,
 to't again : but, as they say, to hear music the
 general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll 20
 away : go ; vanish into air ; away !

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. 30
[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. 40

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings 50

To take the safest occasion by the front

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,

If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in :

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;

And by him do my duties to the senate :

That done, I will be walking on the works ;

Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do

All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. www.libtobol.com.cn Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't: I thank you. You do love my lord: 10
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, 20
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

Des. Nay, stay and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he. 40

Des. How now, my lord !
I have been talking with a suitor here.
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face : 50
I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home ;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night ; or Tuesday morn ; 60
On Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn :
I prithee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days : in faith, he 's penitent ;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello : I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny, 69
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Prithee, no more : let him come when he will ;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person : nay, when I have a suit 80
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul, 90

But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last : why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes, and went between us very oft. 100

Iago. Indeed !

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed : discern'st thou aught in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord !

Oth. Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Oth. Think, my lord ! By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean some-
thing :

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ? 110

And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criest 'Indeed !'
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit : if thou dost love me,
 Show me thy [thoughts](http://www.libtool.com.cn).

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost ;
 And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty
 And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them
 breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
 For such things in a false disloyal knave 121
 Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just
 They're close delations, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
 I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
 Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this : 130
 I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me :
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false ;
 And where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit 140
 With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
 Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance. 151
 It were not for your quiet nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
 nothing;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him 160
 And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves !

Oth. O misery ! www.libtool.com.cn 171

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why, why is this !
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved : exchange me for a goat, 180
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago ;
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ; 190
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy !

Iago. I am glad of it ; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife : observe her well with Cassio ;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure :
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abused ; look to 't : 200
 I know our country disposition well ;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best conscience
 Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
 She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then ;
 She that so young could give out such a seeming,
 To seel her father's eyes up close as oak— 210
 He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame ;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love ; but I do see you're moved :
 I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion. 220

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
 friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved :

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature leering from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point : as—to be bold with you—

Not to effect many proposed matches

Of her own clime, complexion and degree, 230

Whereto we see in all things nature tends—

Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

But pardon me : I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear

Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,

May fall to match you with her country forms,

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;

Set on thy wife to observe : leave me, Iago. 240

Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry ? This honest creature doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :

Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,

For sure he fills it up with great ability,

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means :

Note if your lady strain his entertainment 250

With any strong or vehement importunity ;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard, 260
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have, or for I am declined
 Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—
 She 's gone; I am abused, and my relief
 Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 271
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
 I'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?

Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with ~~watching~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~away~~ again :

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

[He puts the handkerchief from him ; and she drops it.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin : 290

This was her first remembrance from the Moor :

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,

That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,

And give't Iago : what he will do with it

Heaven knows, not I ;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter Iago.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ? 300

Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me ? it is a common thing—

Emil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emil. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

310

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I being here took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so
earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. [Snatching it] Why, what 's that to you?

Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

[Exit Emilia. 320]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owest yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept the next night well, was free and merry; 340

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know 't and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,

Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. O, now for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell, 350

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner and all quality,

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my waked wrath !

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see 't ; or at the least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on, nor woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ; 370
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed ;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?
God be wi' you ; take mine office. O wretched
fool,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice !
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend sith love breeds such offence. 380

Oth. Nay, stay : thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not :
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied ! 390

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may : but, how ? how satisfied, my lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?

Behold her topp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,

To bring them to that prospect : damn them then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster

More than their own ! What then ? how then ? 400

What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?

It is impossible you should see this,

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,

If imputation and strong circumstances,

Which lead directly to the door of truth,

Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office :

410

But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,

And being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :

One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves' ;

420

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd, and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs 43^o
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this;
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand:

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, 44^o
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues !

Iago. Yet be content. 450

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say, ~~your mind perhaps~~ may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont ;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge 459
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't : 471
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at your request :
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

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Before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this? 10

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well. 20

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes : and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think the sun where he was born 30
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

How is't with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dis-
semble !

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart :
Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours requires 40
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. 50

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she
kept it

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it 60

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies : she dying gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't ;

Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magic in a web of it :

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful

Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is 't true ?

Oth. Most veritable ; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't !

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out of the way ? 80

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Oth. How !

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit :

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief : my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come ;

90

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shared dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away !

[Exit.

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

100

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief :

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man :

They are all but stomachs and we all but food ;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband.

Enter Cassio and Iago.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:

And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you 110

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That nor my service past nor present sorrows

Nor purposed merit in futurity

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forced content 120

And shut myself up in some other course

To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will 130

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,

And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [Exit Iago.

140

Something sure of state,

Either from Venice some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia, 150
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout :
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ? 170

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?

Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times ?

O weary reckoning !

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca :

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;

But I shall in a more continueate time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this ?

This is some token from a newer friend : 181

To the felt absence now I feel a cause :

Is't come to this ? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman !

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :

No, by my faith, Bianca.

- Bian.* Why, whose is it ?
- Cas.* I know not, sweet : I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well : ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied : 190
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
- Bian.* Leave you ! wherefore ?
- Cas.* I do attend here on the general ;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
- Bian.* Why, I pray you ?
- Cas.* Not that I love you not.
- Bian.* But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
- Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you ;
For I attend here : but I'll see you soon. 200
- Bian.* 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanced. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

- Iago.* Will you think so ?
- Oth.* Think so, Iago !
- Iago.* What,
To kiss in private ?
- Oth.* An unauthorized kiss.
- Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm ?
- Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm !

It is hypocrisy against the devil :

They that mean virtuously and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :

But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

10

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord ; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too :

May she give that ?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ;

They have it very oft that have it not :

But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,

20

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that ?

Oth. That 's not so good now.

Iago. What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong ?

Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said anything ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assured,

30

No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What, what ?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her !—We say lie on her, when they belie her—www.Litwith.com! Zounds, that's fulsome ! Handkerchief — confessions—handkerchief !—To confess, and be hanged for his labour ; first, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish ! Noses, ears and lips. Is't possible ?—Confess ?—Handkerchief ?—O devil !

[*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught :
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho ! my lord !
My lord, I say ! Othello !

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio !

Cas. What's the matter ? 50

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy :
This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear ;
The lethargy must have his quiet course :
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight : when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cassio.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven. 61

Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock, 71
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
A passion most unsuited such a man—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; 80
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when
 He hath and is again to cope your wife :
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago? 90

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 But—dost thou hear ?—most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss ;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio ; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes. 100

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
 How quickly should you speed !

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. Look, how he laughs already ! 110

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. www.libtool.com.cn Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er : go to ; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her :
Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

120

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?

Cas. I marry her ! what, a customer ! I prithee,
bear some charity to my wit ; do not think it
so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. So, so, so, so : they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me ? Well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is 130
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love
and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now : she haunts me in every
place. I was the other day talking on the sea-
bank with certain Venetians ; and thither comes
the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus
about my neck—

Oth. Crying ' O dear Cassio ! ' as it were : his gesture
imports it.

140

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me ; so haies
and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my

chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me? 150

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now! I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now! 160

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail i' the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would 170
very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithce, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Oth. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand, and to see how he prizes
the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, 180
and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine
woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-
night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is
turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my
hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter crea-
ture: she might lie by an emperor's side, and
command him tasks. 190

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so deli-
cate with her needle: an admirable musician:
O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear:
of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so
gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! 200
O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her
patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it
comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I'll not
 expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty 210
 unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed,
 even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you
 shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet
 is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
 Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. God save the worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. 221
 [*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
 Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
 An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that? 230

Des. My lord?

Oth. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do as you will—'

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one : I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. May be the letter moved him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed !

Des. My lord ? 240

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil ! [Striking her.

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't : 'tis very much :

Make her amends ; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady : 250

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn :
 Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
 And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
 Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
 Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
 I am commanded home. Get you away; 260
 I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
 And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together:
 You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and
 monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
 Call all in all sufficient? This the nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
 The shot of accident nor dart of chance 270
 Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure
 What he might be: if what he might he is not,
 I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak 280

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
 And his own courses will denote him so
 That I may save my speech : do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [Exeunt.

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then ?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper ?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing ?

Emil. Never, my lord. 10

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
 Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
 If any wretch have put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
 For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
 There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
 Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither : go. [Exit Emilia.
 She says enough : yet she's a simple bawd 20

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
 A closet lock and key of villanous secrets :
 And yet she'll kneel and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;
 Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress,
 Leave procreants alone and shut the door ;
 Cough, or cry hem, if any body come :
 Your mystery, your mystery : nay, dispatch. 30

[*Exit Emilia.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?
 I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
 Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-
 damn'd ;

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord ? with whom ? how am I false ?

Oth. O Desdemona ! Away ! away ! away ! 41

Des. Alas the heavy day ! Why do you weep ?
 Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?

If haply you my father do suspect
 An instrument of this your calling back,
 Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
 Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. www.libtool.com/en Had it pleased heaven
 To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at!
 Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! 60
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
 been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? 70

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
 Committed! O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it. What committed! 80
 Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
 From any other foul unlawful touch
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
 That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*] You,
 mistress, 90
 That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your
 pains:

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

100

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep, nor answer have I none

But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with
you? 110

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des.

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: 151

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form,

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160

But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':

It doth abhor me now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat: 170

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it ; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered. 180

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. Faith, for I have heard too much ; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist : you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ; but 190 I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 'tis not very well : by this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself I 200 will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and

even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt more directly in thy affair.

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Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and com- 220
pass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

230

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable

fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I 240 will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

10

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now dispense him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him, 19

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the
bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love; and he she loved proved mad

And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it: that song to-night 30

Will not go from my mind; I have much to do

But to go hang my head all at one side

And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether
lip.

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
 Sing all a green willow ;
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
 Sing willow, willow, willow :
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
 moans ;
 Sing willow, willow, willow ;
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;—
 Lay by these :—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Prithee, hie thee ; he'll come anon :— 50

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
 Let nobody blame him ; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next. Hark ! who is't that knocks ?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love ; but what said
 he then ?

Sing willow, willow, willow :

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.

So get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;

Doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men !

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands 62

In such gross kind ?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light !

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light ; I might
do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emil. The world 's a huge thing : it is a great price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should ; and undo 't when I 71
had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing
for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor
for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—why,
who would not make her husband a cuckold to
make him a monarch ? I should venture purgato-
ry for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world. 80

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ;
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a
wrong in your own world, and you might
quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage as
would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall : say that they slack their duties
And pour our treasures into foreign laps, 90
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them : they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?
 I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
 I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs? 100
 It is so too: and have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
 Then let them use us well: else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Cyprus. A street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
 Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
 It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[*Retires.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
 'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies. 10

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
 And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona :
 It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly ; and besides, the Moor 20
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :
 No, he must die. Be 't so. I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait ; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest !

[Makes a pass at Cassio.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st :
 I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.

Rod. O, I am slain !

[Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !
[Falls.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio : Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am !

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon ! 30

Oth. 'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
 Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your unblest fate hies : strumpet, I come !
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted :
 Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark! www.libtool.com.cn 40

Rod. O wretched villain.

Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry? 49

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is here about,

And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains?

What are you there? come in and give some help.

[To Lodovico and Gratiano.]

Rod. O, help me here! 60

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !
 [Stabs Roderigo.

Rod. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark ! Where be these bloody thieves ?
 How silent is this town ! Ho ! murder ! murder !
 What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio !

70

Iago. How is 't, brother ?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !
 Light, gentlemen : I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho ? who is 't that cried ?

Iago. Who is 't that cried !

Bian. O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio ! O
 Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. O notable strumpet ! Cassio, may you suspect
 Who they should be that have thus mangled you ?

Cas. No.

80

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus : I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
 To bear him easily hence !

Bian. Alas, he faints ! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio !

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
 To be a party in this injury.
 Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come ;
 Lend me a light. Know we this face or no ?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
 Roderigo? no :—yes, sure : O heaven ! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice? 91

Iago. Even he, sir : did you know him ?

Gra. www.libtool.com Know him ! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon ;
 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
 That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair ?

Gra. Roderigo !

Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that 's well
 said ; the chair :

Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;
 I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*] For
 you, mistress, 100

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
 Was my dear friend : what malice was between you ?

Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale ? O, bear him out o'
 the air. [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress ?
 Do you perceive the gastness of her eye ?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well ; I pray you, look upon her :

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,
 Though tongues were out of use. 110

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter,
 husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped :
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so ? I charge you, go with me. 120

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I ! foh ! fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd !

Will you go on ? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

*A bedchamber in the castle : Desdemona in bed asleep ;
a light burning.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul :

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light :

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me : but once put out thy light, 10
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
 the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It must needs wither : I'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword ! One more, one more :
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after : one more, and this the last :
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20
 But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by : 30
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;
 No ; heaven forbid ! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you. 40

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul! 49
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven 60

As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjured woman ! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him : send for him hither ;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath used thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

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Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. O, my fear interprets ! what, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone !

Oth. Out, strumpet ! weep'st thou for him to my face ?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not !

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow ; let me live to-night !

80

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour !

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer !

Oth. It is too late. [*He stifles her.*]

Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord ! what, ho ! my lord,
my lord !

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 I that am cruel am yet merciful;
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
 So, so.

Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word
 with you! 90

Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.
 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
 The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
 Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?
 I think she stirs again. No. What's best to do?
 If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
 My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
 O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe 100
 Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you
 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.
 Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
 Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Emilia.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more nearer earth than she was wont

And makes men mad.

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Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.

Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again! 120
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, It was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell:

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, 130

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
 But that I did proceed upon just grounds
 To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

140

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
 If heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
 An honest man he is, and hates the slime
 That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband! 149

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!
 My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;
 I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
 My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
 She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
 This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven 160
 Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
 As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
 As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
 Though I lost twenty lives. Help ! help, ho ! help !
 The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ! Murder ! murder !

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ? How now, general !

Emil. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,
 That men must lay their murders on your neck. 170

Gra. What is the matter ?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
 He says thou told'st him that his wife was false :
 I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.
 Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false ?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie ; 180
 Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie !
 She false with Cassio ! Did you say with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak :
 My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All. O heavens forfend !

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters : it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

Emil. Villany, villany, villany ! 190
 I think upon't : I think : I smell't : O villany !
 I thought so then : I'll kill myself for grief :
 O villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak :

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! www.dnptool.com.cn [Falling on the bed.

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar ;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [Rising] O, she was foul! 200

I scarce did know you, uncle : there lies your niece,

Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd :

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead :

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows 210

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand :

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. 'Zounds ! hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace !

No, I will speak as liberal as the north : 220

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman!

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st
of

I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it, 230
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind,
stabs Emilia, and exit.*

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: 240
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt all but Othello and Emilia.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.
 But why should honour outlive honesty ?
 Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?
 Hark, ~~canst thou hear one ?~~ I will play the swan,
 And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow, willow.
 Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel Moor ;
 So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ; 250
 So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber ;
 It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
 O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :
 Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
 Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon ;
 A better never did itself sustain 260
 Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day
 That with this little arm and this good sword
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop : but, O vain boast !
 Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear :
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast, 270
 And he retires. Where should Othello go ?

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
 Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 280
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, and
 Officers, with Iago, prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Wounds Iago.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,

What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon. 300

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,

And here another: the one of them imports 310

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber: 320

And he himself confess'd but even now

That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
 Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
 That I was cast : and even but now he spake
 After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us : 33^o

Your power and your command is taken off,
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
 If there be any cunning cruelty
 That can torment him much and hold him long,
 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
 No more of that. I pray you, in your letters, 34^o

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 35^o
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this ;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog
 And smote him, thus.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee : no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ; 360
For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture : O, enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 370
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

THE MOOR OF VENICE

www.libtool.com.cn Glossary.

Abhor; "it doth a. me," it is abhorrent to me; IV. ii. 162.
About, out; I. ii. 46.
Abuse, deceive; I. iii. 401.
Abused, deceived; I. i. 174.
Abuser, corrupter; I. ii. 78.
Achieved, won; II. i. 61.
Acknow'n on't, confess any knowledge of it; III. iii. 319.
Act, action, working; III. iii. 328.
Action, accusation; I. iii. 70.
Addiction, inclination; II. ii. 6.
Addition, honour; III. iv. 194.
Advantage; "in the best a.," the most favourable opportunity; I. iii. 298.
Advised, careful; I. ii. 55.
Advocated, advocacy; III. iv. 123.
Affined, bound by any tie; I. i. 39.
Affinity, connexions; III. i. 49.
Aggrize, confess with pride; I. iii. 232.
Aim. conjecture; I. iii. 6.
All in all, wholly, altogether; IV. i. 89.
Allowance; "and your a.," and has your permission; I. i. 128.
Alloved, acknowledged; I. iii. 224.
All's one, very well; IV. iii. 23.
Almain, German; II. iii. 86.
Ancient, ensign (Folio 1, "Auntient"); I. i. 33.

Anthropophagi, cannibals (Quartos, "Anthropophagie"; Folio 1, "Anthropophague"); I. iii. 144. For 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Cp. illustration.



From Kuchlein's illustrations of the Tourney held at Stuttgart, 1609.

Antres, caverns; I. iii. 140.
Apart, aside; II. iii. 391.
Approve, prove, justify; II. iii. 64.
—, love, adore; IV. iii. 19.
Approved, proved to have been involved; II. iii. 211.
Apt, natural; II. i. 295.
Arraigning, accusing; III. iv. 152.
Arrivance, arrival (Folios, "Arrivancy" or "Arrivancie"); II. i. 42.
As, as if; III. iii. 77.
Aspics, venomous snakes; III. iii. 450.
Assay, a test; I. iii. 18.
—, try; II. i. 121.

Assure thee, be assured; III. iii. 20.

At, on; I. ii. 42.

Atone, reconcile; IV. i. 236.

Attach, arrest; I. ii. 77.

Attend, await; III. iii. 281

Bauble, fool (used contemptuously);

IV. i. 137. www.libtool.com.cn

Bear, the Constellation so called;
II. i. 14.

Bear out, get the better of; II. i. 19.

Beer; "small beer," small accounts,
trifles; II. i. 161.

Be-lee'd, placed on the lee (Quarto
1, "be led"); I. i. 30.

Beshrew me, a mild asseveration;
III. iv. 150.

Besort, what is becoming; I. iii.
239.

Best: "were b.," had better; I. ii.
30.

Bestow, place; III. i. 57.

Betimes, early; I. iii. 383.

Bid "good morrow," alluding to the
custom of friends bidding *good-
morrow* by serenading a newly
married couple on the morning
after their marriage; III. i. 2.

Birdlime, lime to catch birds; II. i.
127.

Black, opposed to "fair"; III. iii.
263.

Blank, the white mark in the centre
of the butt, the aim; III. iv. 128.

Blazoning, praising; II. i. 63.

Blood, anger, passion; II. iii. 205.

Blown, empty, puffed out; III. iii.
182.

Bob'd, got cunningly; V. i. 16.

Boding, foreboding, ominous; IV. i.
22.

Boothless, profitless; I. iii. 209.

Brace, state of defence (properly,
armour to protect the arm); I.
iii. 24.

Brave, defy; V. ii. 326.

Bravery, bravado, defiance; I. i. 100.

Bring on the way, accompany; III.
iv. 197.

Bulk, the projecting part of a shop
on which goods were exposed for
sale; V. i. 1.

Butt, goal, limit; V. ii. 267.

By, aside; V. ii. 30.

—, "how you say by," what say
you to; I. iii. 17.

By and by, presently; II. iii. 309.

Cable; "give him c.," give him
scope; I. ii. 17.

Caitiff, thing, wretch; a term of
endearment; IV. i. 109.

Callet, a low woman; IV. ii. 121.

Calm'd, becalmed, kept from motion;
I. i. 30.

Canakin, little can; II. iii. 71.

Cannibals; I. iii. 143. *Cp.* illustration.



From a rare old broadside depicting the
habits of the aboriginal Mexicans.

Capable, ample; III. iii. 459.

Carack, large ship, galleon; I. ii.
50.

Caroused, drunk; II. iii. 55.

Carve for, indulge (Quarto 1. "carve
forth"); II. iii. 173.

Case, matter (Folios, "cause"); III.
iii. 4.

Cast, dismissed, degraded from office;
V. ii. 327.

Censure, judgment; II. iii. 193.

—, opinion; IV. i. 273.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 16.

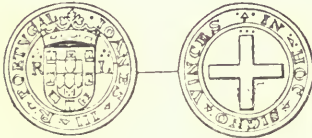
Chair: "a chair, to bear him easily hence"; V. i. 82. Cp. illustration.



From a plate in *Sandy's Travels* (1621), depicting a sick person carried to the sulphur-baths at Pozzuoli, near Naples.

- Challenge*, claim; I. iii. 188.
- Chamberers*, effeminate men; III. iii. 265.
- Chances*, events; I. iii. 134.
- Charm*, make silent, restrain; V. ii. 183.
- Charmer*, enchantress, sorceress; III. iv. 57.
- Cherubin*, cherub; IV. ii. 62.
- Chidden*, chiding, making an incessant noise; II. i. 12.
- Chide*, quarrel; IV. ii. 167.
- Chuck*, a term of endearment; III. iv. 49.
- Circumscription*, restraint; I. ii. 27.
- Circumstance*, circumlocution; I. i. 13.
- , appurtenances; III. iii. 354.
- Circumstanced*, give way to circumstances; III. iv. 201.
- Croil*, civilised; IV. i. 65.
- Clean*, entirely, altogether; I. iii. 366.
- Clime*, country; III. iii. 230.
- Clip*, embrace; III. iii. 464.
- Clog*, cucumber (Folios 1. 2. 3. "enclogge"); II. i. 70.
- Close*, secret; III. iii. 123.
- Close as oak*—"close as the grain of oak"; III. iii. 210.
- Clyster-pipes*, tubes used for injection; II. i. 179.
- Coat*, coat of mail; V. i. 25.
- Cogging*, deceiving by lying; IV. ii. 132.
- Collied*, blackened, darkened; II. iii. 206.
- Coloquintida*, colocynth, or bitter apple; I. iii. 355.
- Commoner*, harlot; IV. ii. 72.
- Companions*, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 141.
- Compasses*, annual circuits; III. iv. 71.
- Compliment extern*, external show; I. i. 63.
- Composition*, consistency; I. iii. 1.
- Compt*, reckoning, day of reckoning; V. ii. 273.
- Conceit*, idea; thought (Quarto 1, "counsell"); III. iii. 115.
- Conceits*, conceives, judges; III. iii. 149.
- Condition*, temper, disposition; II. i. 255.
- Confine*, limit; I. ii. 27.
- Conjunctive*, closely united (Quarto 1, "communicative"; Quarto 2, "conjective"); I. iii. 375.
- Conjured*, charmed by incantations; I. iii. 105.
- Conscionable*, conscientious; II. i. 242.
- Consent in*, plan together; V. ii. 297.
- Consequence*, that which follows or results; II. iii. 64.
- Conserved*, preserved (Quarto 1, "conserues"; Quarto 2, "concerue"); III. iv. 75.
- Consuls*, senators (Theobald, "Counsellors"; Hanmer, "counsell"); I. ii. 43.
- Content*, joy; II. i. 185.
- , satisfy, reward; III. i. 1.
- Content you*, be satisfied, be easy; I. i. 41.
- Continue*, continual, uninterrupted (Quarto 1, "conuenient"); III. iv. 178.
- Contrived*, plotted, deliberate; I. ii. 3.
- Conueniences*, comforts; II. i. 234.
- Converse*, conversation; III. i. 40.
- Cope*, meet; IV. i. 87.
- Corrigible*, corrective; I. iii. 329.
- Counsellor*, prater (Theobald, "causurer"); II. i. 165.

Counter-caster, accountant (used contemptuously); I. i. 31.
Course, proceeding (Quarto 1, "cause"); II. i. 275.
 —. run (Quarto 1, "make"); III. iv. 71.
Court and guard of safety, "very spot and guarding place of safety" (Theobald. "court of guard and safety"); II. iii. 216.
Court of guard, the main guardhouse; II. i. 220.
Courtship, civility, elegance of manners (Quarto 1, "courtesies"); II. i. 171.
Coxcomb, fool; V. ii. 233.
Cozening, cheating; IV. ii. 132.
Crack, breach; II. iii. 330.
Creation, nature; II. i. 64.
Cries on, cries out (Folios 2, 3, 4, "cries out"); V. i. 48.
Critical, censorious; II. i. 120.
Crusadoes, Portuguese gold coins; so called from the cross on them (worth between six and seven shillings); III. iv. 26. *Cp.* illustration.



From an engraving by Fairholt.

Cry, pack of hounds; II. iii. 370.
Cunning, knowledge; III. iii. 49.
Curled, having hair formed into ringlets, hence affected, foppish; I. ii. 68.
Customer, harlot; IV. i. 112.
Daffest, dost put off (Collier, "daff"st"; Quartos, "doffst"; Folio 1, "doffs"); IV. ii. 175.
Danger; "hurt to danger," dangerously hurt, wounded; II. iii. 197.
Darlings, favourites; I. ii. 68.

Darus, jack-daws; I. i. 65.
Dear, deeply felt; I. iii. 260.
Dearest, most zealous; I. iii. 85.
Debitor and creditor, "the title of certain ancient treatises on book-keeping here used as a nickname" (Clarke); I. i. 31.
Defeat, destroy; IV. ii. 160.
 —, disfigure; I. iii. 346.
Defend, forbid; I. iii. 267.
Delations, accusations; III. iii. 123.
Delighted, delightful; I. iii. 290.
Deliver, say, relate; II. iii. 219.
Demand, ask; V. ii. 301.
Demerits, merits; I. ii. 22.
Demonstrable, "made d.," demonstrated, revealed; III. iv. 142.
Denotement, denoting; II. iii. 323.
Deputing, substituting; IV. i. 248.
Designment, design; II. i. 22.
Desired; "well d.," well loved, a favourite; II. i. 206.
Despite, contempt, aversion; IV. ii. 116.
Determinate, decisive; IV. ii. 232.
Devesting, divesting; II. iii. 181.
Diablo, the Devil; II. iii. 161.
Diet, feed; II. i. 302.
Dilate, relate in detail, at length; I. iii. 153.
Directly, in a direct straightforward way; IV. ii. 210.
Discontented, full of dissatisfaction; V. ii. 314.
Discourse of thought, faculty of thinking, range of thought; IV. ii. 153.
Dislikes, displeases; II. iii. 49.
Displeasure; "your d.," the disfavour you have incurred; III. i. 45.
Disports, sports, pastimes; I. iii. 272.
Dispose, disposition; I. iii. 403.
Disprove, refute; V. ii. 172.
Disputed on, argued, investigated; I. ii. 75.
Distaste, be distasteful; III. iii. 327.
Division, arrangement; I. i. 23.

- Do*, act; I. iii. 395.
Dotage, affection for; IV. i. 27.
Double, of two-fold influence; I. ii. 14.
Double set, go twice round; II. iii. 135.
Doubt, suspicion; III. iii. 188.
 —, fear; III. iii. 19.
Dream, expectation, anticipation; II. iii. 64.
Ecstasy, swoon; IV. i. 80.
Elements, a pure extract, the quintessence; II. iii. 59.
Embay'd, land-locked; II. i. 18.
Encave, hide, conceal; IV. i. 82.
Enchafed, chafed, angry; II. i. 17.
Engage, pledge; III. iii. 462.
Engines, devices, contrivances, (?) instruments of torture; IV. ii. 219.
Engulfs, engulfs, swallows up; I. iii. 57.
Enshelter'd, sheltered; II. i. 18.
Ensteep'd, steeped, lying concealed under water (Quarto 1, "en-scerped"); II. i. 70.
Entertainment, re-engagement in the service; III. iii. 250.
Enwheel, encompass, surround; II. i. 87.
Equinox, counterpart; II. iii. 129.
Erring, wandering; III. iii. 227.
Error, deviation, irregularity; V. ii. 109.
Escape, escapade, wanton freak; I. iii. 197.
Essential, real; II. i. 64.
Estimation, reputation; I. iii. 275.
Eternal, damned (used to express abhorrence); IV. ii. 130.
Ever-fixed, fixed for ever (Quartos, "ever-fired"); II. i. 15.
Execute, to wreak anger; II. iii. 228.
Execution, working; III. iii. 466.
Exercise, religious exercise; III. iv. 41.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 238.
Expert, experienced; II. iii. 82.
Expert and approved allowance, acknowledged and proved ability; II. i. 49.
Exsufficate, inflated, unsubstantial; (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, 3, "exsufflicate"; Folio 4, "exufficated"); III. iii. 182.
Extern, eternal; I. i. 63.
Extincted, extinct (Folios 3, 4, "extinctest"; Rowe, "extinguished"); II. i. 81.
Extravagant, vagrant, wandering; I. i. 137.
Facile, easy; I. iii. 23.
Falls, lets fall; IV. i. 248.
Fantasy, fancy; III. iii. 299.
Fashion, conventional custom; II. i. 208.
Fast, faithfully devoted; I. iii. 369.
Fathom, reach, capacity; I. i. 153.
Favour, countenance, appearance; III. iv. 125.
Fearful, full of fear; I. iii. 12.
Fell, cruel; V. ii. 362.
Filches, pilfers, steals; III. iii. 159.
Filth, used contemptuously; V. ii. 231.
Fineless, without limit, boundless; III. iii. 173.
Fitcheriv, pole-cat (used contemptuously); IV. i. 150.
Fits, befits; III. iv. 150.
Fleers, sneers; IV. i. 83.
Flood, sea; I. iii. 135.
Flood-gate, rushing, impetuous; I. iii. 56.
Folly, unchastity; V. ii. 132.
Fond, foolish; I. iii. 320.
Fopped, befooled, duped; IV. ii. 195.
For, because (Folios, "when"); I. iii. 269.
Forbear, spare; I. ii. 10.
Fordoes, destroys; V. i. 129.
Forfend, forbid; V. ii. 32.
Forgot; "are thus f.," have so forgotten yourself; II. iii. 188.
Forms and visages, external show, outward appearance; I. i. 50.

- Forth of*, forth from, out of (Folio 1, "For of"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "For off"); V. i. 35.
- Fortitude*, strength; I. iii. 222.
- Fortune*, chance, accident; V. ii. 226.
- Framed*, moulded, formed; I. iii. 404.
- Fraught*, freight, burden; III. iii. 449.
- Free*, innocent, free from guilt; III. iii. 255.
- , liberal; I. iii. 266.
- Frights*, terrifies; II. iii. 175.
- Frize*, a kind of coarse woollen stuff; II. i. 127.
- From*, contrary to; I. i. 132.
- Fruitful*, generous; II. iii. 347.
- Full*, perfect; II. i. 36.
- Function*, exercise of the faculties; II. iii. 354.
- Fustian*; "discourse f.," talk rubbish; II. iii. 282.
- Galls*, rancour, bitterness of mind; IV. iii. 93.
- Garb*, fashion, manner; II. i. 314.
- Garner'd*, treasured; IV. ii. 57.
- Gastness*, ghastliness (Quartos 1, 2, "iastures"; Quarto 3, "jestures"; Quarto 1687, "gestures"; Knight, "ghastness"); V. i. 106.
- Gender*, kind, sort; I. iii. 326.
- Generous*, noble; III. iii. 280.
- Give away*, give up; III. iii. 28.
- Government*, self-control; III. iii. 256.
- Gradation*, order of promotion; I. i. 37.
- Grange*, a solitary farm-house; I. i. 106.
- Green*, raw, inexperienced; II. i. 251.
- Grise*, step; I. iii. 200.
- Gross in sense*, palpable to reason; I. ii. 72.
- Guardage*, guardianship; I. ii. 70.
- Guards*, guardians ("alluding to the star *Arctophylax*," Johnson); II. i. 15.
- Guinea-hen*, a term of contempt for a woman; I. iii. 317.
- Gyve*, fetter, ensnare; II. i. 171.
- Habits*, appearances, outward show; I. iii. 108.
- Haggard*, an untrained wild hawk; III. iii. 260.
- Hales*, hauls, draws; IV. i. 141.
- Haply*, perhaps; II. i. 279.
- Happ'd*, happened, occurred; V. i. 127.
- Happiness*, good luck; III. iv. 108.
- Happy*; "in h. time," at the right moment; III. i. 32.
- Hard at hand*, close at hand (Quartos, "hand at hand"); II. i. 268.
- Hardness*, hardship; I. iii. 234.
- Haste-post-haste*, very great haste; I. ii. 37.
- Have with you*, I'll go with you; I. ii. 53.
- Having*, allowance(?) "pin-money"; IV. iii. 92.
- Hearted*, seated in the heart; III. iii. 448.
- Heavy*, sad; V. ii. 371.
- ; "a h. night," a thick cloudy night; V. i. 42.
- Heat*, urgency; I. ii. 40.
- Helm*, helmet; I. iii. 273.
- Herself*, itself; I. iii. 96.
- Hie*, hasten; IV. iii. 50.
- High suppertime*, high time for supper; IV. ii. 245-6.
- Hint*, subject, theme; I. iii. 142.
- Hip*; "have on the h.," catch at an advantage (a term in wrestling); II. i. 314.
- Hold*, make to linger; V. ii. 334.
- Home*, to the point; II. i. 166.
- Honesty*, becoming; IV. i. 288.
- Honey*, sweetheart; II. i. 206.
- Horologe*, clock; II. iii. 135.
- Housewife*, hussy; IV. i. 95.
- Hungerly*, hungrily; III. iv. 105.
- Hurt*; "to be h.," to endure being hurt; V. ii. 163.
- Hydra*, the fabulous monster with many heads; II. iii. 308.

Ice-brook's temper, i.e. a sword tempered in the frozen brook: alluding to the ancient Spanish custom of hardening steel by plunging red-hot in the rivulet Salo near Bilbilis; V. ii. 252.

Idle, barren; I. iii. 140.
Idleness, unproductiveness, want of cultivation; I. iii. 328.

Import, importance; III. iii. 316.
Importancy, importance; I. iii. 20.

In, on; I. i. 137.
Inclining, favourably disposed; II. iii. 346.

Incontinent, immediately; IV. iii. 12.

Incontinently, immediately; I. iii. 306.

Index, introduction, prologue; II. i. 263.

Indign, unworthy; I. iii. 274.
Indues, affects, makes sensitive: (Quarto 3, "endures"; Johnson conj. "subdues"); III. iv. 146.

Ingenue, inventor (of praises); II. i. 65.

Ingraft, ingrafted; II. iii. 145.
Inhibited, prohibited, forbidden; I. ii. 79.

Injointed them, joined themselves; I. iii. 35.

Injuries: "in your i.," while doing injuries; II. i. 112.

Inordinate, immoderate; II. iii. 311.

Intendment, intention; IV. ii. 203.

Intently, with unbroken attention (Folio 1, "instinctively"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "distinctively"; Gould conj. "connectively"); I. iii. 155.

Invention, mental activity; IV. i. 195.

Issue, conclusions; III. iii. 219.
It rathon, repetition; V. ii. 150.

Janus, the two-headed Roman God; I. ii. 33.

Jesses, straps of leather or silk, with which hawks were tied by the leg for the falconer to hold her by; III. iii. 261. Cp. illustration.



From an engraving of the year 1593.

Joint-ring, a ring with joints in it, consisting of two halves; a lover's token; IV. iii. 73. Cp. illustration.



From a woodcut by Fairholt

Jump, exactly; II. iii. 392.

—, agree; I. iii. 5.

Just, exact; I. iii. 5.

Justly, truly and faithfully; I. iii. 124.

K. p. up, put up, do not draw; I. ii. 59.

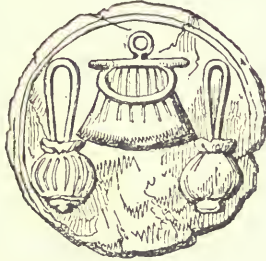
Knave, servant; I. i. 45.

Knee-crocking, fawning, obsequious; I. i. 45.

- Know of*, learn from, find out from; V. i. 117.
- Lack*, miss; III. iii. 318.
- Larv-days*, court-days; III. iii. 140.
- Leagued*, connected in friendship (Quartos, Folios, "league"); II. iii. 218.
- Learn*, teach; I. iii. 183.
- Learned*, intelligent; III. iii. 259.
- Leets*, days on which courts are held; III. iii. 140.
- Levels*, is in keeping, is suitable; I. iii. 240.
- Liberal*, free, wanton; II. i. 165.
- Lies*, resides; III. iv. 2.
- Like*, equal; II. i. 16.
- Lingered*, prolonged; IV. ii. 228.
- List*, boundary; "patient l," the bounds of patience; IV. i. 76.
- , inclination (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "leaze"); II. i. 105.
- , listen to, hear; II. i. 219.
- Living*, real, valid; III. iii. 409.
- Lost*, groundless, vain; V. ii. 269.
- Lown*, lout, stupid, blockhead; II. iii. 95.
- Magnifico*, a title given to a Venetian grandee; I. ii. 12.
- Maidhood*, maidenhood; I. i. 173.
- Main*, sea, ocean; II. i. 3.
- Make away*, get away; V. i. 58.
- Makes*, does; I. ii. 49.
- Mammering*, hesitating (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "mam'ring"; Quarto 1, "muttering"; Johnson, "mammering"); III. iii. 70.
- Man*, wield; V. ii. 270.
- Manage*, set on foot; II. iii. 215.
- Mandragora*, mandrake, a plant supposed to induce sleep; III. iii. 330.
- Mane*, crest; II. i. 13.
- Manifest*, reveal; I. ii. 32.
- Marble*, (?) everlasting; III. iii. 460.
- Mass*; "by the mass," an oath (Folios 1, 2, 3, "Introli"; Folio 4, "In troth"); II. iii. 384.
- Master*, captain; II. i. 211.
- May*, can; V. i. 78.
- Mazzard*, head; II. iii. 155.
- Me*; "whip me," whip (*me* ethic dative); I. i. 49.
- Mean*, means; III. i. 39.
- Meet*, seemly, becoming; I. i. 146.
- Mere*, utter, absolute; II. ii. 3.
- Minion*, a spoilt darling; V. i. 33.
- Mischance*, misfortune; V. i. 38.
- Mock*, ridicule; I. ii. 69.
- Modern*, common-place; I. iii. 109.
- Moe*, more; IV. iii. 57.
- Molestation*, disturbance; II. i. 16.
- Monstrous*, (trisyllabic); Capell, "monsterous"; II. iii. 217.
- Moons*, months; I. iii. 84.
- Moorship's* (formed on analogy of worship; Quarto 1 reads "Worship's"); I. i. 33.
- Moraler*, moralizer; II. iii. 301.
- Mortal*, deadly; II. i. 72.
- , fatal; V. ii. 205.
- Mortise*, "a hole made in timber to receive the tenon of another piece of timber; II. i. 9.
- Moth*, "an idle eater"; I. iii. 257.
- Motion*, impulse, emotion; I. iii. 95.
- , natural impulse; I. ii. 75.
- Mountbanks*, quacks; I. iii. 61.
- Mummy*, a preparation used for magical—as well as medicinal—purposes, made originally from mummies; III. iv. 74.
- Mutualities*, familiarities; II. i. 266.
- Mystery*, trade, craft; IV. ii. 30.
- Naked*, unarmed; V. ii. 258.
- Napkin*, handkerchief; III. iii. 287.
- Native*, natural, real; I. i. 62.
- Nerv*, fresh (Quartos, "more"); I. iii. 205.
- Next*, nearest; I. iii. 205.
- North*, north wind; V. ii. 220.
- Notorious*, notable, egregious; IV. ii. 140.
- Nuptial*, wedding (Quartos, "Nuptials"); II. ii. 8.

- Obscure*, abstruse; II. i. 263.
Observancy, homage; III. iv. 149.
Odd-even, probably the interval between twelve o'clock at night and one o'clock in the morning; I. i. 124.
Odds, quarrel; II. iii. 185.
Off, away; V. ii. 331.
Off-capp'd, doffed their caps, saluted (Quartos, "oft capt"); I. i. 10.
Offends, hurts, pains; II. iii. 199.
Office, duty (Quarto 1, "duty"); III. iv. 113.
Officed, having a special function; I. iii. 271.
Offices, domestic offices, where food and drink were kept; II. ii. 9.
Old, time-honoured system; I. i. 37.
On, at; II. iii. 132.
On't, of it; II. i. 30.
Opinion, public opinion, reputation; II. iii. 196.
Opposite, opposed; I. ii. 67.
Other, otherwise; IV. ii. 13.
Ottomites, Ottomans; I. iii. 33.
Out-tongue, bear down; I. ii. 19.
Overt; "o. test," open proofs; I. iii. 107.
Orwe, own; I. i. 66.
Orwedst, didst own; III. iii. 333.
Paddle, play, toy; II. i. 259.
Pageant, show, pretence; I. iii. 18.
Parayons, excels, surpasses; II. i. 62.
Parcels, parts, portions; I. iii. 154.
Partially, with undue favour (Qq., "partiality"); II. iii. 218.
Parts, gifts; III. iii. 264.
Passage, people passing; V. i. 37.
Passing, surpassingly; I. iii. 160.
Patent, privilege; IV. i. 203.
Patience (trisyllabic); II. iii. 376.
Peculiar, personal; III. iii. 79.
Peevish, childish, silly; II. iii. 185.
Pegs, "the pins of an instrument on which the strings are fastened"; II. i. 202.
Perdurable, durable, lasting; I. iii. 343.
Period, ending; V. ii. 357.
Pestilence, poison; II. iii. 362.
Pierced, penetrated; I. iii. 219.
Pioners, pioneers, the commonest soldiers, employed for rough, hard work, such as levelling roads, forming mines, etc.; III. iii. 346.
Pleasance, pleasure (Quartos, "pleasure"); II. iii. 293.
Pliant, convenient; I. iii. 151.
Plume up, make to triumph (Quarto 1, "make up"); I. iii. 398.
Poise, weight; III. iii. 82.
Pontic sea, Euxine or Black Sea; III. iii. 453.
Portance, conduct; I. iii. 139.
Position, positive assertion; III. iii. 234.
Post-post-haste, very great haste; I. iii. 46.
Pottle-deep, to the bottom of the tankard, a measure of two quarts; II. iii. 56.
Practice, plotting; III. iv. 141.
Precious, used ironically (Quartos 2, 3, "pernitious"); V. ii. 235.
Prefer, promote; II. i. 286.
 —, show, present; I. iii. 109.
Preferment, promotion; I. i. 36.
Pregnant, probable; II. i. 239.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 38.
Prick'd, incited, spurred; III. iii. 412.
Prubal, probable, reasonable; II. iii. 344.
Prubition, proof; III. iii. 365.
Profane, coarse, irreverent; II. i. 165.
Proffit, profitable lesson; III. iii. 379.
Proof; "make p.," test, make trial; V. i. 26.
Proper, own; I. iii. 69.
 —, handsome; I. iii. 397.
Propontic, the Sea of Marmora; III. iii. 456.

Propose, speak; I. i. 25.
Propriety; "from her p.," out of herself; II. iii. 176.
Prosperity, success; II. i. 287.
Prosperous, propitious; I. iii. 245.
Puddled, muddled; III. iv. 143.
Purse, wrinkle from II. iii.
Purse . . . strings; I. i. 2, 3. Cp. illustration.



From the leaden seal of the Confraternity of Purse-makers (Boursiers) of Paris.

Put on, incite, instigate; II. iii. 357.
Qualification, appeasement; II. i. 281.
Qualified, diluted; II. iii. 41.
Quality; "very q.," i.e. very nature; I. iii. 252.
Quarter; "in q.," in peace, friendship; II. iii. 180.
Quat, pistule, pimple (used contemptuously); (Quarto I, "gnat"; Theobald, "knot." etc.); V. i. 11.
Question, trial and decision by force of arms; I. iii. 23.
Quests, bodies of searchers; I. ii. 46.
Quicken, receive life; III. iii. 277.
Quillets, quibbles; III. i. 25.
Quirks, shallow conceits; II. i. 63.
Raised up, awakened; II. iii. 250.
Rank, coarse; II. i. 314.

Rank, lustful (? morbid); III. iii. 232.
Recognizance, token; V. ii. 214.
Reconciliation, restoration to favour; III. iii. 47.
Reference, assignment (Quarto I, "reverence"; Folios 3, 4, "reverence"; Johnson conj. "preference"); I. iii. 238.
Regard, view; II. i. 40.
Region, part; IV. i. 84.
Relume, rekindle; V. ii. 13.
Remorse, pity, compassion; III. iii. 369.
Remove, banish; IV. ii. 14.
Repeals, recalls to favour; II. iii. 363.
Reprobation, perdition, damnation (Folios, "Reprobance"); V. ii. 209.
Reserves, keeps; III. iii. 295.
Respect, notice; IV. ii. 190.
Re-stem, retrace; I. iii. 37.
Revolt, inconstancy; III. iii. 188.
Rich, valuable, precious; II. iii. 195.
Roman (used ironically); IV. i. 121.
Round, straightforward, plain; I. iii. 90.
Rouse, bumper, full measure; II. iii. 66.
Rude, harsh; III. iii. 355.
Ruffian'd, been boisterous, raged; II. i. 7.
Sadly, sorrowfully; II. i. 32.
Safe, sound; IV. i. 272.
Sagittary, a public building in Venice; I. i. 159.
Salt, lustful; II. i. 245.
Sans, without; I. iii. 64.
'Sblood, a corruption of *God's blood*; an oath (the reading of Quarto I; omitted in others); I. i. 4.
Scant, neglect; I. iii. 268.
'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 136.
Scattering, random; III. iii. 151.
Scion, slip, off-shoot (Quartos, "syen"; Folios, "Seyen"); I. iii. 337.

Scored me, "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life" (Johnson, Schmidt), "branded me" (Steevens, Clarke); IV. i. 129.

Scorns, expressions of scorn; IV. i. 83.

Seamy side without, wrong side out; IV. ii. 146.

Sect, cutting, scion; I. iii. 336.

Secure, free from care; IV. i. 72.

Secure me, feel myself secure; I. iii. 10.

Seel, blind (originally a term in falconry); I. iii. 270.

Seeming, appearance, exterior; I. iii. 109.

—, hypocrisy; III. iii. 209.

Segregation, dispersion; II. i. 10.

Self-bounty, inherent kindness and benevolence; III. iii. 200.

Self-charity, charity to one's self; II. iii. 202.

Se'nnight's, seven night's, a week's; II. i. 77.

Sense, feeling (Quartos, "offence"); II. iii. 268.

—, "to the s.," i.e. "to the quick"; V. i. 11.

Sequent, successive; I. ii. 41.

Sequester, sequestration; III. iv. 40.

Sequestration, rupture, divorce; I. iii. 351.

Shore, did cut; V. ii. 206.

Should, could; III. iv. 23.

Shrewd, bad, evil; III. iii. 429.

Shrift, shriving place, confessional; III. iii. 24.

Shut up in, confine to; III. iv. 121.

Sibyl, prophetess; III. iv. 70.

Siege, rank, place; I. ii. 22.

Simpleness, simplicity; I. iii. 247.

Sir; "play the s.," play the fine gentleman; II. i. 176.

Sith, since (Quartos, "since"); III. iii. 380.

Skillet, boiler, kettle; I. iii. 273.

The accompanying illustration represents an old sixteenth century helmet used as a skillet, which was found in dredging the Thames near the Tower of London.



Slight, worthless, frivolous; II. iii. 279.

Slipper, slippery; II. i. 246.

Slubber, sully, soil; I. iii. 227.

Snipe, simpleton (Folio 1, "Snpe"; Folio 2, "a Swaine"; Folios 3, 4, "a Swain"); I. iii. 390.

Snorting, snoring; I. i. 90.

Soft, mild, gentle; I. iii. 82.

Soft you, hold; V. ii. 338.

Something, somewhat; II. iii. 199.

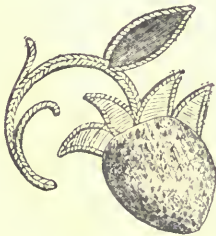
Sorry, painful (Quartos, "sullen"; Collier MS., "sudden"); III. iv. 51.

Spake, said, affirmed (Quarto 3, "speake"); V. ii. 327.

Spartan dog, the dogs of Spartan breed were fiercest; V. ii. 361.

Speak i' the nose, "the Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their

- dialect; and Shylock tells of 'when the bagpipe sings i' the nose' (Clarke); (Collier MS., "squeak"; etc.); III. i. 5.
- Speak parrot*, talk nonsense; II. iii. 280.
- Speculative*, possessing the power of seeing; I. iii. 271.
- Spend*, waste, squander; II. iii. 195.
- Spleen*, cholera, anger; IV. i. 89.
- Splinter*, secure by splints; II. iii. 329.
- Squire*, fellow (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 145.
- Stand in act*, are in action; I. i. 152.
- Start*, startle, rouse; I. i. 101.
- Startingly*, abruptly (Folios 3, 4, "staringly"); III. iv. 79.
- Stay*, are waiting for; IV. ii. 170.
- Stead*, benefit, help; I. iii. 344.
- Still*, often, now and again; I. iii. 147.
- Stomach*, appetite; V. ii. 75.
- Stop*; "your s," the impediment you can place in my way; V. ii. 264.
- Stoup*, a vessel for holding liquor; II. iii. 30.
- Stow'd*, bestowed, placed; I. ii. 62.
- Straight*, straightway; I. i. 138.
- Strain*, urge, press; III. iii. 250.
- Strangeness*, estrangement (Quartos, "strangest"); III. iii. 12.
- Strawberries*; the accompanying engraving is copied from "a piece of Elizabethan needlework in which the strawberry and pink alternate over a ground of fawn-coloured silk"; III. iii. 435.
- Stuff o' the conscience*, matter of conscience; I. ii. 2.
- Subdued*, made subject; I. iii. 251.
- Success*, that which follows, consequence; III. iii. 222.
- Sudden*, quick, hasty; II. i. 278.
- Sufferance*, damage, loss; II. i. 23.
- Sufficiency*, ability; I. iii. 224.
- Sufficient*, able; III. iv. 91.
- Suggest*, tempt; II. iii. 358.
- Supersubtle*, excessively crafty (Collier MS., "super-supple"); I. iii. 363.
- Sweeting*, a term of endearment; II. iii. 252.
- Swelling*, inflated; II. iii. 57.
- Sword of Spain*, Spanish swords were celebrated for their excellence; V. ii. 253.
- Ta'en order*, taken measures; V. ii. 72.
- Ta'en out*, copied; III. iii. 296.
- Tainting*, disparaging; II. i. 274.
- Take out*, copy; III. iv. 180.
- Take up at the best*, make the best of; I. iii. 173.
- Talk*, talk nonsense; IV. iii. 25.
- Talk me*, speak to me; III. iv. 92.
- Tells o'er*, counts; III. iii. 169.
- Theoric*, theory; I. i. 24.
- Thick-lips*; used contemptuously for "Africans"; I. i. 66.
- Thin*, slight, easily seen through; I. iii. 108.
- Thread*, thread of life; V. ii. 206.
- Thrice-driven*, "referring to the selection of the feathers by driving with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy" (Johnson); I. iii. 232.
- Thrive in*, succeed in gaining; I. iii. 125.
- Time*, life; I. i. 162.
- Timorous*, full of fear; I. i. 75.



- Tire*, make tired, weary out; II. i. 65.
- Toged*, wearing the toga; I. i. 25.
- Told*, struck, counted (Folios 3, 4, "toll'd"); II. ii. 11.
- Toy*, fancy; III. iv. 156.
- Toys*, trifles; I. iii. 269.
- Trash*, worthless thing, dross; II. i. 311.
- , keep back, hold in check (a hunter's term); II. i. 311.
- Traverse*, march, go on: I. iii. 378.
- Trim'd in*, dressed in, wearing; I. i. 50.
- Turn*; "t. thy complexion," change colour; IV. ii. 62.
- Unblest*, accursed; II. iii. 311.
- Unbought*, without taking off the cap, on equal terms; I. ii. 23.
- Unbookish*, ignorant; IV. i. 102.
- Uncapable*, incapable; IV. ii. 232.
- Undertaker*; "his u.," take charge of him, dispatch him; IV. i. 224.
- Unfold*, reveal, bring to light; IV. ii. 141.
- Unfolding*, communication; I. iii. 245.
- Unhandsome*, unfair; III. iv. 151.
- Unhatch'd*, undisclosed; III. iv. 141.
- Unhoused*, homeless, not tied to a household and family; I. ii. 26.
- Unlace*, degrade; II. iii. 194.
- Unperfectness*, imperfection; II. iii. 298.
- Unprovide*, make unprepared; IV. i. 211.
- Unsure*, uncertain; III. iii. 151.
- Unvarnish'd*, plain, unadorned; I. iii. 90.
- Unwitted*, deprived of understanding; II. iii. 182.
- Upon*, incited by, urged by; I. i. 100.
- Use*, custom: IV. i. 277.
- Uses*, manners, habits (Quarto 1, "usage"); IV. iii. 105.
- Vantage*; "to the v.," over and above; IV. iii. 85.
- Vessel*, body; IV. ii. 83.
- Vesture*, garment; II. i. 64.
- Violence*, bold action; I. iii. 250.
- Virtuous*, having efficacy, powerful; III. iv. 111.
- Voices*, votes; I. iii. 261.
- Vouch*, assert, maintain; I. iii. 103, 106.
- , bear witness; I. iii. 262.
- , testimony; II. i. 148.
- Wage*, venture, attempt, I. iii. 30.
- Watch*, watchman; V. i. 37.
- Watch him*, keep him from sleeping; a term in falconry; III. iii. 23.
- Wearing*, clothes; IV. iii. 16.
- Well said*, well done (Quartos, "well sed"); II. i. 168.
- What*, who; I. i. 18.
- Wheeling*, errant (Quarto 2, "wheeling"); I. i. 137.
- Whipster*, one who whips out his sword (used contemptuously); V. ii. 244.
- White* (used with a play upon *white* and *twight*); II. i. 134.
- Wholesome*, reasonable; III. i. 49.
- Wicker*, covered with wicker-work; (Folios, "Tavigen"); II. iii. 152.
- Wight*, person (applied to both sexes); II. i. 159.
- Wind*; "let her down the w.": the falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *prayed at fortune*" (Johnson); III. iii. 262.
- Wind-shak'd*, wind-shaken; II. i. 13.
- With*, by; II. i. 34.
- With'd*, with; I. iii. 93.

With all my heart, used both as a salutation, and also as a reply to a salutation; IV. i. 220.

Within door; "speak w. d.," i.e. "not so loud as to be heard outside the house"; IV. ii. 144.

Woman'd, accompanied by a woman; III. iv. 195.

Worser, worse, I. i. 95

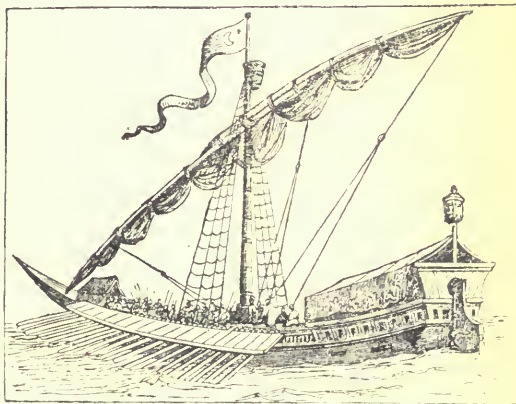
Wrench, wrest (Quarto 1, "Wring"); V. ii. 288.

Wretch, a term of endearment; (Theobald, "wench"); III. iii. 90.

Wrought, worked upon; V. ii. 345.

Yerk'd, thrust; I. ii. 5.

Yet, as yet, till now; III. iii. 432.



A Turkish Galley (*cp.* I. iii. 8).

From an engraving published in 1607.

Notes.

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I. i. 15. Omitted in Folios and Quartos 2, 3.

I. i. 21. 'A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife'; if this alludes to Bianca the phrase may possibly mean 'very near being married to a most fair wife.' Some explain, "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a fair woman." The emendations proposed are unsatisfactory, and probably unnecessary.

I. i. 72. 'changes'; Folios read 'chances.'

I. ii. 72-77; iii. 16; 36; 63; 118; 123; 194; omitted in Quarto 1.

I. ii. 75. 'weaken motion'; Rowe's emendation; Folios, and Quartos 2, 3, 'weakens motion'; Pope (Ed. 2, Theobald) 'weaken notion'; Hanmer, 'waken motion'; Keightley, 'wakens motion'; Anon. conj. in Furness, 'wake emotion,' etc.

I. iii. 67. 'bloody book of law'; "By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal" (Clarke).

I. iii. 87. 'feats of broil'; Capell's emendation; Quarto 1, 'feate of broile'; Folio 1, 'Feats of Broiles,' etc.

I. iii. 107. 'Certain'; so Quartos; Folios, 'wider.'

I. iii. 139. 'portance in my'; so Folios and Quarto 2; Quarto 3, 'portence in my'; Quarto 1, 'with it all my'; Johnson conj. 'portance in't; my'; etc.; 'travels'; the reading of Modern Edd. (Globe Ed.); Quartos, 'trauells'; Pope, 'travel's'; Folio 1, 'Trauellours'; Folios 2, 3, 'Travellers'; Folio 4, 'Traveller's'; Richardson conj. 'travellous' or 'travailous.'

I. iii. 159. 'sighs'; Folios, 'kisses'; Southern MS., 'thanks.'

I. iii. 250. 'and storm of fortunes'; Quarto 1, 'and scorne of Fortunes,' etc.

I. iii. 261. 'Let her have your voices'; Dyce's correction; Folios, 'Let her have your voice'; Quartos read—

"Your voyces Lords; beseech you let her will
Haue a free way,"

I. iii. 264-265. 'the young affects In me defunct'; Quartos, 'the young affects In my defunct'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 'effects.' The reading of the text is the simplest and most plausible emendation of the many proposed, the words meaning 'the passions of youth which I have now outlived': 'proper satisfaction' = 'my own gratification.'

I. iii. 330. 'balance'; Folios, 'brain' and 'braine'; Theobald, 'beam.'

I. iii. 354. '*luscious as locusts*'; "perhaps so mentioned from being placed together with wild honey in St Matthew iii. 4" (Schmidt).

I. iii. 358. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 384-388. The reading in the text is that of the second and third Quartos; Quarto 1, adds after the words '*I am chang'd*'—

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Get 10,000 books, put money enough in your purse;

omitting '*I'll go sell all my land*'.

II. i. 39-40; 158; 260 ('*didst not mark that?*'); omitted in Quarto 1.

II. i. 65. '*tire the ingener*'; Knight, Steevens conj.; Folio 1, '*tyre the Ingeniuer*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*tire the Ingeniuer*'; Quarto 1, '*beare all Excellency*'—; Quartos 2, 3, '*beare an excellency*'—:Johnson conj. '*tire the ingenious verse*'; Pope, '*beare all excellency*'—

II. i. 82. '*And . . . Cyprus*'; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 249. '*a devilish knave*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 258. '*blest pudding*'; Folios, '*Bless'd pudding*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 267-268. '*comes the master and main*'; so Folios; Quarto 1 reads '*comes the maine*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*comes Roderigo, the master and the maine*'.

II. i. 279. '*haply may*'; Quartos read '*haply with his Trunchen may*'.

II. i. 311. '*poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*'; Steevens' emendation; Quarto 1, '*poor trash . . . I crush*'; Folios, Quartos 2, 3, '*poor Trash . . . I trace*'; Theobald, Warburton conj. '*poor brach . . . I trace*'; Warburton (later conj.) '*poor brach . . . I cherish*'.

II. iii. 42. '*here*,' i.e. in my head.

II. iii. 92-99. These lines are from an old song called '*Take thy old cloak about thee*,' to be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

II. iii. 167. '*sense of place*'; Hammer's emendation of Quartos: Folios, '*place of sense*'.

II. iii. 292. '*transform ourselves into beasts*.' "This transformation was frequently depicted in old satirical prints; as in the woodcut here copied from the *Musarum Deliciae* 1657, representing '*the drunken humors*' imparting to men the feeling and manners of the tiger, the ass, the fox, the dog, the ape and the swine."



II. iii. 318. '*some time*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*a time*'; Grant White, '*one time*'.

- III. i. 13. 'for love's sake'; Quarto 1, 'of all louses.'
- III. i. 43. 'Florentine,' i.e. 'even a Florentine'; Iago was a Venetian.
- III. i. 52. Omitted in Folios.
- III. iii. 23. 'watch him tame,' i.e. tame him by keeping him from sleep (as was done with hawks).
- III. iii. 106. 'By heaven he echoes me'; Quarto 1, 'By heauen he echoes me'; Folios, 'Alas, thou echos't me'; Quartos 2, 3, 'why dost thou ecchoe me.'
- III. iii. 132. 'thy worst of thoughts'; so Folios, Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads 'the worst of thoughts'; Quarto 3, 'thy thoughts'; perhaps we should read:—
- "As thou dost rum'nate, give thy worst of thoughts."
- III. iii. 170. 'strongly'; so Quartos; Folios, 'soundly'; Knight, 'fondly.'
- III. iii. 277. 'Desdemona comes'; so Quartos; Folios read 'Looke where she comes.'
- III. iii. 325; 383-390; 453-460; iv. 8-10; 195-196. Omitted in Quarto 1.
- III. iii. 440. 'any that was hers'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, 'any, it was hers'; Folio 1, 'any, it was hers'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'any, if't was hers'; Anon. conj. 'any 'it' was hers.'
- III. iii. 447. 'thy hollow cell'; so Quartos; Folios read 'the hollow hell'; Warburton, 'th' unhallow'd cell.'
- III. iii. 456. Steevens compares the following passage in Holland's *Pliny*:—"And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out from Propontes, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus."
- III. iii. 469. 'business ever'; Quartos, 'worke so euer'; Collier, 'work soe'er,' etc.
- III. iv. 47. 'our new heraldry,' (vide PREFACE).
- III. iv. 65. 'her,' i.e. to my wife (implied in 'wive').
- III. iv. 121. 'shut myself up in,' etc., i.e. 'Confine myself to some other course of life, awaiting fortune's charity'; Quarto 1, 'shoote my self: up in'; Capell, 'shoot myself upon'; Rann, 'shape myself upon'; Collier MS., 'shift myself upon.'
- III. iv. 151. 'warrior'; Hanmer, 'wraugler'; cp. 'O my fair warrior'; (II. i. 184).
- IV. i. 77. 'here o'erwhelm'd'; Quarto 1, 'here ere while, mad.'
- IV. i. 122. ('What, a customer!'); ii. 73-76; iii. 60-63, 87-104; omitted in Quarto 1.
- IV. i. 137-138. 'and, by this hand, she falls me'; so Collier; Quarto 1 reads 'by this hand she fall.'; Folios, 'and falls me'; Quartos 2, 3, 'falls me.'

IV. i. 268. 'This the nature,' Pope's reading; Quartos, 'This the noble nature'; Folios, 'Is this the nature.'

IV. ii. 109. 'least misuse'; Quarto 1, 'greatest abuse'; Collier MS., 'least misdeede.'

IV. ii. 170. 'The messengers of Venice stay the meat'; Knight's reading; Folio 1, 'The Messengers of Venice staies the meate'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'The Messenger of Venice staies the meate'; Quarto 1, 'And the great Messengers of Venice stay'; Quartos 2, 3, 'The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay.'

IV. iii. 23. 'All's one. Good faith'; Quarto 1, 'All's one good faith'; Quartos 2, 3, 'All's one; good father'; Folios, 'All's one: good Father.'

IV. iii. 26. 'Barbara'; Quartos read 'Barbary'; Folio 1, 'Barbarie.'

IV. iii. 41, etc.; the original of Desdemona's song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of 'A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love'; where the plaintive lover is a man.

IV. iii. 41. 'sighing'; Folios, 'singing'; Quarto 3, 'singhing'; Folio 1, (Dev.) 'sining.'

V. i. 82-83; ii. 82, 185-193, 266-272; omitted in Quarto 1.

V. i. 105. 'gentlemen,' the reading of Folios; Quartos, 'Gentlewoman.'

V. i. 107. 'if you stare'; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, 'an you stirre'; Quarto 3, 'an you stirr'; Anon. conj. 'if you stay.'

V. ii. 7. 'Put out the light, and then put out the light'; i.e. 'put out the light, and then put out the light of life.' The Cambridge Editors give some dozen variant methods of punctuating and reading the line, but it is perfectly clear as it stands.

V. ii. 151. 'made mocks with love'; "taken advantage to play upon the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

V. ii. 172. 'Disprove this villain'; Capell, 'Disprove it, villain.'

V. ii. 337. 'bring away'; Quartos, 'bring him away'; Collier MS., 'bring them arway.'

V. ii. 347. 'Indian'; Folio 1, 'Iudean'; Theobald proposed 'Judian,' adding, "I am satisfied in his *Judian* he is alluding to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him." This interpretation was Warburton's. "This it is," as Coleridge put it, "for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed *Mariamne*!" Boswell aptly quotes from Habington's *Castara*:—

"So the unskilful Indian those bright gems
Which might add majesty to diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters."

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*Mark Antony.
From a coin struck in Egypt*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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Preface.

The First Edition. *Antony and Cleopatra* was first printed in the First Folio. It is mentioned among the plays entered by Blount in 1623 on the Stationers' Registers as "not formerly entered to other men." A play on the same subject was registered by the same publisher on May 20th, 1608; it was probably the present drama, but for some reason or other no Quarto was issued.

The text of the play, as printed in the First Folio, was probably derived from a carefully written manuscript copy, and is on the whole most satisfactory.

The Date of Composition. There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1607-8, *i.e.* during the year preceding the entry referred to above. This date is corroborated by internal and external evidence. Particularly striking are the results arrived at from the application of the metrical tests. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the poet seems for the first time to have allowed himself the freedom of using the unemphatic weak monosyllables at the end of his lines—a characteristic peculiar to the plays of the Fourth Period.* The rhyme test and the feminine ending test similarly stamp the play as belonging to the same late period.† So far as "date" of composition is concerned, *Antony and Cleopatra* links itself, therefore, with *Coriolanus* rather than with *Julius Cæsar*, with *Macbeth* rather than with *Hamlet*. The same is true of its "ethical" relations to these plays.‡

* *Antony and Cleopatra* numbers 28 "weak endings"; *Coriolanus* 44, *Cymbeline* 52, *Winter's Tale* 43, *Tempest* 25, while *Macbeth* contains but 2 instances, *Hamlet* none; no play before *Antony* has more than 2; most of them have none at all.

† *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* have each 42 rhymes.

‡ The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other. But having in *Macbeth* studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of *Antony*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTONY,
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*
 LEPIDUS, }
 SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
 DOMITIUS ENOBARBIUS,
 VENTIDIUS, } *friends to Antony.*
 EROS, }
 SCARUS, }
 DERCEAS, }
 DEMETRIUS, }
 PHILO, }
 MÆCENAS, } *friends to Cæsar.*
 AGRIPPA, }
 DOLABELLA, }
 PROCULEIUS, }
 THYREUS, }
 GALLUS, }
 MENAS, } *friends to Sextus Pompeius.*
 MENEKRATES, }
 VARRIUS, }
 TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
 CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
 SILIUS, *an officer in Ventilius's army.*
 EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
 ALEXAS,
 MARDIAN, a eunuch. } *attendants on Cleopatra.*
 SELEUCUS, }
 DIOMEDES, }
 A Soothsayer.
 A Clown.

 CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*
 OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*
 CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*
 IRAS, }

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire.*

Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT. I. FIRST.

Scene I.

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

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

*Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the train,
with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come : 10

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

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
 Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows 20
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
 Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?
 both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine 30
 Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
 Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [*Embracing.*
 And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! 40
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep ; whose every passion fully strives 50
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admired !
 No messenger but thine ; and all alone
 To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
 Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
 That he approves the common liar, who 60
 Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II,

The same. Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
 Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
 the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen ?

O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,
must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

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

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

Alex.

Show him your hand.

10

Enter Enobarbus.

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

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

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

Char. He means in flesh.

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

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

20

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

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

30

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

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

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

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

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

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

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to 40
your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

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

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

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

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

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, 50
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

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

Sooth. I have said.

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

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

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend ! Alexas,
—come, his fortune, his fortune ! O, let him 60
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I
beseech thee ! and let her die too, and give him
a worse ! and let worse follow worse, till the
worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,

fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly! 70

Char. Amen.

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

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady. 80

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius? 90

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
 Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,
 Whose better issue in the war from Italy
 Upon the first encounter drove them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:
 Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
 Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
 I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus— 100

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force
 Extended Asia from Euphrates,
 His conquering banner shook from Syria
 To Lydia and to Ionia,
 Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
 Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
 With such full license as both truth and malice 109
 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
 When our quick minds lie still, and our ill told us
 Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
 Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you ?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

Sec. Mess. In Sidytool.com.cn 120

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off :
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 130
My idleness doth hatch. How now ! Enobarbus !

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

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

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die :
it were pity to cast them away for nothing ;
though, between them and a great cause, they 140
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catch-
ing but the least noise of this, dies instantly ;
I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer

moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove. 150

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead. 160

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow. 170

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

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot

be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
 Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
 The cause of our expedience to the queen 180
 And get her leave to part. For not alone
 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home ; Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands
 The empire of the sea : our slippery people,
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
 Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
 Pompey the Great and all his dignities 190
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Or quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The same. Another room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :

I did not send you : if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick : quick, and return.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him. 10

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

Enter Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian ; I shall fall :
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What 's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman ? You may go : 20
Would she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant.

Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
 Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
 Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
 To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30
 Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant.

Most sweet queen,—

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

Ant.

How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40
 There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services awhile; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50
 Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness grown sick of rest would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends ;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it :

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it :

That you know well: something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

90

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,

Since my becomings kill me when they do not

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory ! and smooth success

100

Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;

Our separation so abides and flies,

That thou residing here go'st yet with me,

And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.

Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus,
and their train.

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

Lep. I must not think there are 10
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet 20
With knaves that smell of sweat : say this becomes
him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
 Call on him for 't: but to confound such time
 That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
 As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid 30
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

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

Cæs. I should have known no less: 40
 It had been taught us from the primal state,
 That he which is was wish'd until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind: many hot inroads 50
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime

Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt :
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs.

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Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more 60
 Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink
 The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on : and all this—
 It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
 Was born so like a soldier that thy cheek 70
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep.

'Tis pity of him.

Cæs.

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

Lep.

To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Cæs.

'Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord : what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. www.libtool.com Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian !

Char. Madam ?

Cleo. Ha, ha !

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason !

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian !

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure ?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has : 'tis well for thee, 10
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections ?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed !

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo.

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

For so he calls me: now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die

With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex.

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses— 40

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex.

'Good friend,' quoth he,

‘ Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; all the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress.’ So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
 Who neigh’d so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb’d by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry ? 50

Alex. Like to the time o’ the year between the extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well divided disposition ! Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, ’tis the man ; but note him :
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his ; he was not merry,
 Which seem’d to tell them his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy ; but between both.
 O heavenly mingle ! Be’st thou sad or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes, 60
 So does it no man else. Met’st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
 Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who’s born that day
 When I forget to send to Antony,
 Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
 Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
 Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis !
 Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70

If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement : cold in blood,
To say as I said then ! But come, away ;
Get me ink and paper :
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope 10
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
 He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Men. www.libtool.com Cæsar and Lepidus
 Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in Rome together,
 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius !

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected : since he went from Egypt 'tis 30
 A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A better ear. Menas, I did not think
 This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
 For such a petty war : his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
 The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
 His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ; 40
 His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
 Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
 selves ;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't as our gods will have't ! It only stands 50
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

Scene II.

Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Ens. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 10

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcnas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcnas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. www.libtodd.com I must be laugh'd at, 30

If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised? 40

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50
Having alike your cause? of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself

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

Ant. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

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

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet : for that you must 70
But say, I could not help it.

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

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted : then
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend, 80
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar !

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak :

The honour is sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing that I wack'd it. But on, Cæsar ;

The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them ;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather,

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up 90

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,

To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;

For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour

To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye : to forget them quite 100

Were to remember that the present need

Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the

instant, you may, when you hear no more

words of Pompey, return it again : you shall

have time to wrangle in when you have nothing

else to do.

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

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

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

Eno. Go to, then ; your considerate stone. 111

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

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia : great Mark Antony 120
Is now a widower.

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

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

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men, 130
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak? 140

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

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

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

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

Cæs. There is my hand. 150
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

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

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 160
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

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

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

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

Ant. Let us, Lepidus, 170
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

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

Agr. Good Enobarbus !

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

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance, 180
And made the night light with drinking.

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

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

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

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus. 190

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

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie 201
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, 210
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, 220
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed: 230
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mac. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry 240
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mac. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The same. Cæsar's house.

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

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

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt ? 10

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue : but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd : therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him,

But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone:

30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.

[*Exit Soothsayer*]

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,

He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,

And in our sports my better cunning faints

Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;

His cocks do win the battle still of mine

When it is all to nought, and his quails ever

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius, 40

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;

Follow me, and receive't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten

Your generals after.

- Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
- Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
- Mac.* www.libtool.com.cn We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
- Lep.* Your way is shorter ;
My purposes do draw me much about :
You'll win two days upon me.
- Mac.* }
Agr. } Sir, good success !
- Lep.* Farewell. [Exeunt. 10

Scene V.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

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

All. The music, ho !

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let's to billiards : come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore : best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :
Give me mine angle ; we'll to the river : there, 10

My music playing far off, I will betray
 Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
 I'll think them every one an Antony,
 And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
 You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
 With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
 I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
 Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
 That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,
 Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
 If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
 My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
 But, sirrah, mark, we use
 To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
 But there's no goodness in thy face : if Antony
 Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
 To trumpet such good tidings ! If not well,
 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
 Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me ? 41

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st :
 Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
 Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like ' But yet,' it does allay 50

The good precedence ; fie upon ' But yet' !

' But yet ' is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together : he's friends with Cæsar,

In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. www.libtool.com.cn What say you? Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage, 70

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a knife.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint : O Iras, Charmian ! 'tis no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination ; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go : let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars. [*To Mardian*] Bid you

Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Near Misenum.

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

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent ;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
 That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
 That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what
 Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it
 Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen 20
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

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

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

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
 For this is from the present—how you take 30
 The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embraced.

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

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

Cæs. }
Ant. } That's our offer.
Lep. }

Pom. Know then, 40

I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed :
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do. 60

Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot :
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that : he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you? 70

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now : how farest thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, 80

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. }

Ant. }

Lep. }

Pom.

Show us the way, sir.

Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

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

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me ; though 90
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

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

Men. And you by land.

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

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands
are. 100

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

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

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

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

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

Eno. Cæsar's sister www.openlib.org.cn 110

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

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

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

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

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

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

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band 120 that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will 130 use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

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

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

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

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

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

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

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

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

10

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

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

A sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenus, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [To Caesar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth 20
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

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

Ant. They are so.

30

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

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

40

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus?

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

50

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Act II. Sc. vii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he
is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of
that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt
hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes. 60

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else
to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove: 70
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue 80
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid. 90

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man;
see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho! 100
Here 's to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer :
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor !
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands, 110
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music :
The while I'll place you : then the boy shall sing ;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd : 120
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round !

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

Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

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

Pom. O Antony, 131

You have my father's house,—But, what ? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.

These drums ! these trumpets, flutes ! what !

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows : sound and be hang'd, sound
out ! [Sound a flourish, with drums.]

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

Men. Hoo ! noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck ; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius.

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour. 20
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30

That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there ; pass along !
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, and Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted ?

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

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

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

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

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

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter. 10

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

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say ' Cæsar ' : go no further.

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

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ; yet he loves Antony :
Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—ho !—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Act III. Sc. ii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpet within.*] So ; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself ;
Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
The fortress of it ; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

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

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well :
The elements be kind to thee, and make 40
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !

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

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

Cæs. What,

Octavia? www.libtool.com.cn

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide

And neither way inclines. 50

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

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

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he
a horse;

So is he, being a man.

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

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled
with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not 60
Out-go my thinking on you.

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

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Act III. Sc. iii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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

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

Ant. Farewell!

www.libtool.com.cn [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

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

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

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

10

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

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. iii.

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

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

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

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

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. ~~Full of tongue~~ and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;

I do perceive't: there's nothing in her yet:

The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow—

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark. 30

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

Act III. Sc. iv. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business : go make thee ready ; 40
Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so. I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian :
But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it
To public ear :
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me ;
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord, 10
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,

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

Ant. Gentle Octavia, 20

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

Octa. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men 31
 Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.

The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old : what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of 10 letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

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

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

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Rome. *Cæsar's house.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
 In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't:
 I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
 Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
 And all the unlawful issue that their lust
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her
 He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
 Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
 Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
 His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
 Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
 As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence 20
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now received
 His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily

Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
 His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
 Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
 That Lepidus of the triumvirate
 Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
 All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
 I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority abused
 And did deserve his change: for what I have con-
 quer'd,
 I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
 And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
 Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
 Should have an army for an usher, and
 The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
 Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
 Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
 Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented 51

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved : we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. www.libtool.com.cn Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war : he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king 70
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

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

Cæs. Welcome hither :
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceived both how you were wrong led 80
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities ;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome ;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady. 90

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off ;
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
 Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

Near Actium. Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea : what else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. www.libtool.com For that he dares us to 't. 30

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :
Their ships are yare, yours heavy : no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 40
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better. 50

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Topyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship :
Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ; 61
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking : we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well : away !

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.]

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

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't : so our leader's led, 70
And we are women's men.

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

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

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

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Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius. 80

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

Scene VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, Taurus, with his army, marching.

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

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

Scene IX.

Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

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

Scene X.

Another part of the plain.

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

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

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence, 9
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June!—
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
 Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard, 20
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
 I never saw an action of such shame ;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, he has given example for our flight
 Most grossly by his own !

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then good night
 Indeed. 30

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
 What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
 My legions and my horse : six kings already
 Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
 The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
 Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene XI.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark ! the land bids me tread no more upon 't ;
 It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither :
 I am so lated in the world that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone: 10
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: 20
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

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

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir? 30

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam !

Iras. Madam, O good empress !

Eros. Sir, sir !

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah ! stand by.

41

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him :
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me : O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches :
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnooble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

50

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after : o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

60

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Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony :

I was of late his petty commission

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf

To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so : declare thine office. 10

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens : this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen 20
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there : this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Euphronius.

[To Thyreus] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time :
dispatch ;

From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not 29
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

Act III. Sc. xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose 20
Of youth upon him, from which the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show 30
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40
[Exit Attend.]

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

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends : say boldly.

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

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50
 Will leap to be his friend : for us, you know,
 Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
 Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
 As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
 Does pity as constrained blemishes,
 Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god and knows 60
 What is most right : mine honour was not yielded,
 But conquer'd merely.

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Eno. [Aside] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, 80
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

[Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [Aside] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there ! Ah, you kite ! Now, gods and
devils !

Authority melts from me : of late, when I cried ' Ho !'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, 91
And cry ' Your will ?' Have you no ears ?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [Aside] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars !
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra ? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100
And whine aloud for mercy : take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again : this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you : ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

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And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever : 110

But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on't !—the wise gods seal our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out : for I am sure, 120
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say ' God quit you ! ' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts ! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd ?

First Att. Soundly my lord.

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

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipped for following him: henceforth
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say 140
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
 When my good stars that were my former guides
 Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150
 As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source, and the first stone 160

Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the ~~evils~~ ~~discarding~~ ~~of~~ ~~this~~ ~~pelleted~~ storm
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too 170
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart ? Dost thou hear,
 lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle :
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180
 Of me for jests ; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
 All my sad captains ; fill our bowls once more :
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day :

I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
 The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
 queen; 191
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
 I'll make death love me, for I will contend
 Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
 Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
 The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200
 Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his army:
 Cæsar reading a letter.*

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

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads 10

Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done :
And feast the army ; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

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

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius ?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

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

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

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

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

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, 10
Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—

Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

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

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

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

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

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffer'd my command.

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

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

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
'To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,

Act IV. Sc. iii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire
you

To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

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

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

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

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

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

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

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

- Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
- [*Music of hautboys as under the stage.*
Peace! what noise?
- Fourth Sold.* Peace! what noise?
First Sold. List, list!
- Sec. Sold.* Hark!
First Sold. Music i' the air.
- Third Sold.* Under the earth.
Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?
Third Sold. No.
- First Sold.* Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
- Sec. Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.
- First Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
- Sec. Sold.* How now, masters!
- All.* [*Speaking together*] How now! How now! Do you
hear this?
- First Sold.* Ay; is't not strange? 20
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.
- All.* Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on :
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her : come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
The armourer of my heart : false, false ; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help : thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well ;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow ?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. 10

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou : dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love we rise betime, 20
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

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

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads :

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :

This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable 30

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,

Follow me close ; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

[Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight !

Then Antony—but now—Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene V.

Alexandria. Antony's camp.

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

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

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land !

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

- Ant.* Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!
 One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
 He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
 Say 'I am none of thine.'
- Ant.* What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
 He is with Cæsar.
- Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure 10
 He has not with him.
- Ant.* Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
- Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
 Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
 I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
 Say that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master. O, my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!
 [Exeunt.]

Scene VI.

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony 20

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

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus:

I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperer
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, 30
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
'Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my heart :
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do 't, I feel.
 I fight against the North. I will go seek
 Some ditch wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. [Exit.

Scene VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.

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

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

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

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H. [Retreat afar off.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes : I have yet
 Room for six scotches more. 10

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
 For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!
 though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
 ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
 Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
 As if a god in hate of mankind had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

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

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

Scene IX.

Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard: the night
 Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle

By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold.

This last day was

A shrewd one to 's.

Enter Enobarbus.

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O, bear me witness, night,—

Eno.

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold.

Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

When men revolted shall upon record

Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did

Before thy face repent!

First Sold.

Enobarbus!

Third Sold.

Peace!

10

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will,

May hang no longer on me: throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular,

20

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

[*Dies.*

Sec. Sold.

Let's speak to him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold.

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave 21
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That www.ipbottle.com.cn Betray'd I am.
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them
 home,
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere 40
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,
 And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot : she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

Scene XIII.

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument !
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument !
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
 Say that the last I spoke was ' Antony,'
 And word it, prithee, piteously : hence, Mardian,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To the
 monument ! [*Exeunt.* 10

Scene XIV.

The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory

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With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. www.libtool.com.cn Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct 10
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. 20
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

Was ' Antony ! most noble Antony !' 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st
hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly ; go. [*Exit Mardian.*

Off, pluck off :

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40
Crack thy frail case ! Apace, Eros, apace !
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

[*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture : since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther : now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.
Eros !—I come, my queen. Eros !—Stay for me : 50
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
 I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind 60
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
 ' I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come—which now
 Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me : do 't ; the time is come :
 Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not ?

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

Eros. I would not see 't.

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

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Eros. O, sir, pardon me ! 80

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee ! [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man ; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then : thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.]

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself !

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should and thou couldst not. My queen and

Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record : but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't 100

As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar : to do thus

[Falling on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How ! not dead ? not dead ?

The guard, ho ! O, dispatch me !

Act IV. Sc. xiv. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What 's the noise ?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends : O, make an end

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe !

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I.

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.* 110

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where 's Antony ?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ? [*Exit Dercetas.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee ?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she ?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying
fear

Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect
 She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
 Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
 But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
 Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
 I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what,
 ho!

Come, your lord calls. 130

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
 'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
 All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
 To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
 I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends, 139
 And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

Scene XV.

The same. A monument.

*Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian,
 and Iras.*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

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Enter, below, Diomedes.

How now ! is he dead ?

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

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in ! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, II
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help ;
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace !
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony ; but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
 And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up; 30
 Assist, good friends,

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
 Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
 That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—
 Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;
 [They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
 Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
 'Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight! 40

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
 Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
 None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
 None about Cæsar. 50

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
 Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest, and do now not basely die,
 Not cowardly put off my helmet to
 My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going ;
 I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
 Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide 60
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty ? O, see, my women,

[*Antony dies.*

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord !
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fall'n : young boys and girls
 Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam !

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt, 70
 Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras !

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks
 And does the meanest chares. It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs
 Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught ;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
 My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
 Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend 90
 But resolution and the briefest end.

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

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcnas, Gallus,
 Proculeius, and others, his council of war.*

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

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

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

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,

He was my master, and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him 10
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st.

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack: the round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
 Not by a public minister of justice, 20
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mac. His taints and honours 30
 Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars
Unreconcilable should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him; 50
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

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

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

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.* 60

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
 We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require,
 Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
 She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph : go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus] Where's Dolabella,
 To second Proculeius ?

All. Dolabella ! 70

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings : go with me, and see
 What I can show in this. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Alexandria. The monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will : and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
 Which shackles accidents and bolts up change ;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus,
and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what he demands 10
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

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

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the
www.libtrio.com ladder placed against a window,
and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra.
Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

60

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
 [*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. 70
 [*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
 You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
 Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor Antony:
 O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man !

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,— 81

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping : his delights
Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in : in his livery 90
Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. 100

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dol. Though he be honourable, —

Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know 't. 110

[*Flourish and shout within* : ' Make way there : Cæsar ! ']

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, Seleucus, and
others of his Train.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, 120

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear ; but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce :

If you apply yourself to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130
 Of my good purposes and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and we,
 Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,
 I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued,
 Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus? 140

Sel. Here, madam

Cleo. This is my treasurer : let him speak, my lord,
 Upon his peril, that I have reserved
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
 I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
 Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
 Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold, 150
 How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours,
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
 Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
 Than love that's hired ! What, goest thou back ?
 thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings : slave, soulless villain, dog !
O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafest here to visit me, 160
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token have I kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded 170
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go
hence ;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance : wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*]

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

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be't yours, 181
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
 Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear
 queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
 Our care and pity is so much upon you
 That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cas. Not so. Adieu. 190
 [*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
 Be noble to myself : but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

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

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

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Dolabella !

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
 Which my love makes religion to obey,
 I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria 200
 Intends his journey, and within three days
 You with your children will he send before :
 Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
 Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Del. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dolabella.

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Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
 In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
 With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall 210
 Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded
 And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
 Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
 Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
 Extemporally will stage us and present
 Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220
 I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer
 Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian!
 Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
 My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony : sirrah Iras, go.

Now, noble Charmian, we 'll dispatch indeed, 230
And when thou hast done this chare I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Wherefore 's this noise ?

Enter a Guardsman.

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

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon 240
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

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

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

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of 250
one of them no longer than yesterday : a very

honest woman, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt : truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm ; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do : but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm. 260

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

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

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

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

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

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 270

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

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

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

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

Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have 280

Immortal longings in me : now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :
 Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick. Methinks I hear
 Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !
 I am fire and air ; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So ; have you done ? 290
 Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian ; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still ?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
 The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :
 If she first meet the curled Antony, 301
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
 wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
 Unpolicied !

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. www.libtool.com.au O, break! 310

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— [Dies.

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. 321

[*Applies an asp.*

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

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

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

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

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[Dies.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here ?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. www.libtool.com.cn Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming 330
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!']

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths ?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs :
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem 341
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail : and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves 351
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument :
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these 360
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.]



CLEOPATRA AND HER SON CÆSARION SACRIFICING TO THE GODS

Sculptured in the great Temple, at Dendera, upper Egypt

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Glossary

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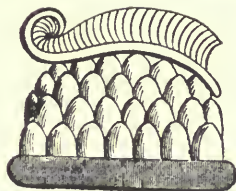
Abhorring, abomination; V. ii. 60.
Abode, staying; I. ii. 177.
Abstract; "the a. of all faults;" a microcosm of sinfulness; I. iv. 9.
Abused, ill-used; III. vi. 86.
Abysm, abyss; III. xiii. 147.
Admitted, acknowledged; registered (Theobald, "omitted"); V. ii. 140.
Afear'd, afraid; II. v. 81.
Affect'st, pleases (Folio 1, "affects"); I. iii. 71.
Aid; "pray in a." seek assistance. call in help from another; V. ii. 27.
Aleides, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.
Alike; "having a. your cause." "being engaged in the same cause with you" (Malone); II. ii. 51.
All-obeying, obeyed by all; III. xiii. 77.
Alms-drink, "leavings" (according to Warburton a phrase amongst good fellows to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him); II. vii. 5.
Angle, angling-line, fishing-line; II. v. 10. (Cp. illustration.)



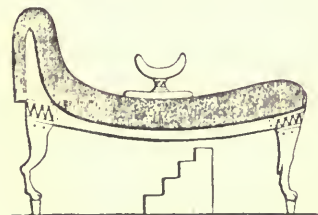
From a wall-painting in a Theban tomb.

Answer, render account; III. xiii. 27.
Antoniad, the name of the flag-ship of Cleopatra; III. x. 2.
Apace, fast; IV. vii. 6.
Appeal, impeachment; III. v. 12.
Approof; "and as my farthest band shall pass on thy a," i.e. "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.
Approves, proves; I. i. 60.
Arabian bird, i.e. the Phœnix; III. ii. 12.
Argument, proof; III. xii. 3.
Arm-gaunt (vide Note); I. v. 48.
Armourer, one who has care of the armour of his master; IV. iv. 7.
As, as if; I. ii. 100.
As low as, lower than; III. iii. 37.
Aspic, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 293.
Aspic's (Folios 2, 3, 4, "Aspects"); V. ii. 350.
As't, as if it; IV. viii. 6.
At heel of, on the heels of, immediately after; II. ii. 159.
Atone, reconcile; II. ii. 102.
Attend, witness, take notice of; II. ii. 60.
—, await; III. x. 32.
Augurer, diviner, foreteller; V. ii. 333.
Auguring, prophesying; II. i. 10.
Avoid, begone, withdraw; V. ii. 242.
Avery, not straight (Pope's emendation of Folios, "away"); V. ii. 318.
Band, bond; II. vi. 128; III. ii. 26.
Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 11.
Bark'd, peeled; IV. xii. 23.

Basket; "enter Clown bringing in a basket"; V. ii. 241. (direc.). The annexed cuts represent ancient Egyptian baskets, fig. 2 showing also the fruit covered by a palm-leaf.



Battery; "b. from my heart," i.e. the battery proceeding from the beating of my heart; IV. xiv. 39.
Battle, army; III. ix. 2.
Beck'd, beckoned; IV. xii. 26.
Bed; "the bed of Ptolemy"; I. iv. 17. (Cp. illustration).



From a wall-painting on the tomb
 Ramesses III., at Thebes.

Beguiled, cheated; V. ii. 323.
Belike, I suppose; I. ii. 35.

Bench-holes, holes of a privy; IV. vii. 9.

Bereave, deprive; V. ii. 130.

Best, it were best; IV. vi. 26.

Bestrid, did stride over; V. ii. 82.

Betime, betimes, in good time; IV. iv. 20.

Blown, swollen; V. ii. 348.

Blows, swells; IV. vi. 34.

Boar; "the b. of Thessaly," i.e. the boar killed by Meleager; IV. xiii. 2.

Boggler, inconstant woman; III. xiii. 110.

Bolts up, fetters; V. ii. 6.

Bond, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.

Boot; "make b.," take advantage; IV. i. 9.

Boot thee with, give thee to boot, give thee in addition; II. v. 71.

Boy my greatness, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 220.

Branded, stigmatised; IV. xiv. 77.

Brave, defy; IV. iv. 5.

Break, communicate; I. ii. 179.

Breather, one who lives; III. iii. 24.

Breathing, utterance; I. iii. 14.

Breese, gadfly; III. x. 14.

Brief, summary; V. ii. 138.

Bring, take; III. v. 24.

Bring me, i.e. bring me word; IV. xiii. 10.

Brooch'd, adorned as with a brooch (Wray conj. "brook'd"); IV. xv. 25.

Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.

But, if not; V. ii. 103.

But being, except, unless we are; IV. xi. 1.

But it is, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.

By, according to; III. iii. 43.

Call on him, call him to account; (?) "visit" (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.

- Cantle*, piece; III. x. 6.
Carbuncled, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.
Carriage; "the c. of his chafe," the bearing of his passion, *i.e.* his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.
Carries beyond, surpasses; III. vii. 17.
Cast, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.
Chance; "wounded ch.," broken fortunes; III. x. 36.
 —, fortune; V. ii. 174.
 —, occur; III. iv. 13.
Chare, task; V. ii. 231.
Chares, drudgery; IV. xv. 75.
Charm, charmer; IV. xii. 16.
Check, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.
Chuck, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.
Circle, crown; III. xii. 18.
Clip, embrace; IV. viii. 8.
 —, surround; V. ii. 358.
Close, hidden; IV. ix. 6.
Cloth-of-gold of tissue, *i.e.* "cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 202.
Clouts, cloths; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.
Cloyless, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.
Colour, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.
Comes dear'd, becomes endeared (Folios, "comes fear'd"); I. iv. 44.
Comfort; "best of c.," *i.e.* "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe, "Be of comfort"); III. vi. 89.
Command, all power to command; III. xi. 23.
Commission, warrant; II. iii. 41.
Comparisons, advantages, *i.e.* "things in his favour, when compared to me" (Pope, "caparisons"); III. xiii. 26.
Competitor, associate; I. iv. 3.
Compose, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
Composure, composition; I. iv. 22.
Conclusion; "still c.," *i.e.* quiet inference (Collier MS., "still condition"); IV. xv. 28.
Conclusions, experiments; V. ii. 354.
Confound, waste; I. i. 45.
 —, destroy; III. ii. 58.
Congelment, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
Content, agreed; IV. iii. 24.
Continence; "any c.," that which encloses thee; IV. xiv. 40.
Contriving; "many our c. friends," *i.e.* "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 184.
Conversation, deportment; II. vi. 123.
Corrigible, submissive to correction; IV. xiv. 74.
Couch, lie; IV. xiv. 51.
Could, would gladly; I. ii. 128.
Course, pursue hotly; III. xiii. 11.
Court of guard, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
Crack, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
Crescent, increasing; II. i. 10.
Crested, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
Crownet, crown; IV. xii. 27.
Coronets, coronets; V. ii. 91.
Cunning, "dexterous and trickish in dissembling"; I. ii. 147.
 —, skill, art; II. iii. 34.
Curious, careful; III. ii. 35.
Curstness, ill-humour; II. ii. 25.
Daff't, doff it, take it off (Folio 1, "daff"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "doff"; Rowe, "dof't"); IV. iv. 13.
Dare, defiance; I. ii. 186.
Darkens, obscures; III. i. 24.
Darkling, in the dark; IV. xv. 10.
Dealt on lieutenantry, acted by proxy; III. xi. 39.
Death and honour, honourable death; IV. ii. 44.
Declinet, decayed, fallen; III. xiii. 27.
Defeat'st, dost destroy; IV. xiv. 68.
Defend, forbid; III. iii. 46.
Demon, attendant spirit; II. iii. 19.
Demurely, solemnly, gravely; IV. xv. 29; IV. ix. 31.

- Demuring*, looking with affected modesty; IV. xv. 29.
- Deputation*; "in d.," by deputy (Folios, "disputation"); III. xiii. 74.
- Derogately*, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.
- Desires*; "your v. and yours," your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.
- Determine*, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.
- Determines*, comes to an end; III. xiii. 161.
- Diminutives*, insignificant creatures; IV. xii. 37.
- Disaster*, disfigure; II. vii. 17.
- Discandy*, melt; IV. xii. 22.
- Discandying*, melting, thawing (Ff., "discandering"; Rowe, "discattering"); III. xiii. 165.
- Discontents*, malcontents; I. iv. 39.
- Dislimns*, effaces, blots out (Folios, "dislims"); IV. xiv. 10.
- Dismission*, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.
- Disponge*, pour down; IV. ix. 13.
- Dispose*, dispose of; V. ii. 186.
- Disposed*, settled matters (Collier MS., "compos'd"); IV. xiv. 123.
- Disposition*; "pinch one another by the d.," "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 7.
- Distractions*, detachments; III. vii. 77.
- Divine*, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 116.
- Doits*, the smallest sum of money (Folios, "Dolts," i.e. fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. xii. 37.
- Doughty-handed*, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.
- Dread*, fear; IV. xiv. 127.
- Droven*, driven; IV. vii. 5.
- Dumb'd*, silenced (Folios, "dumb" Warburton, "done"); I. v. 50.
- Ear*, plough; I. iv. 49.
- Earing*, tilling, ploughing; I. ii. 112.
- Ebb'd*, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.
- Edges*, blades, swords; II. vi. 39.
- Edict*; "make thine own e.," decree the reward you desire; III. xii. 32.
- Effects*, realisation; V. ii. 330.
- Egypt*, i.e. the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.
- Egypt's widow*, i.e. Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.
- Elder*, better, superior; III. x. 13.
- Embattle*, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.
- Emboss'd*, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term (Folios, "imboist"); IV. xiii. 3.
- Enforce*, urge; II. ii. 99.
- , lay much stress upon; V. ii. 125.
- Enfranched*, enfranchised (Theobald, "enfranchis'd"); III. xiii. 149.
- Enfranchise*, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.
- Enow*, enough (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.
- Ensued*, followed; IV. xiv. 77.
- Entertainment*, reception; III. xiii. 140.
- , service; IV. vi. 17.
- Enter with*, recommend to; IV. xiv. 113.
- Envy*, malice; V. ii. 164.
- Estridge*, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.
- Eternal*; "e. in our triumph." i.e. "be for ever recorded as the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. "eternaling"); V. i. 66.
- Every of*, every one of; I. ii. 38.
- Evidence*, proof; I. iii. 74.
- Exigent*, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xiv. 63.
- Expedience*, expedition; I. ii. 180.
- Extended*, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 102.
- Eye*, appear; I. iii. 97.

Faction, dissension; I. iii. 48.
Fairy, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.
Fall, befall, fall upon; III. vii. 40.
 —, let fall; III. xi. 67.
Fallible, blunder for *infallible* (Folio 1, "fallible"); V. ii. 258.
Fame, rumour, report; II. ii. 165.
Fast and loose, a cheating game of gypsies; IV. xii. 28.
Fats, vats; II. vii. 119.
Favour, face, countenance; II. v. 38.
Fear, frighten; II. vi. 24.
Fearful, full of fear; III. xi. 55.
Feature, external appearance; II. v. 112.
Feeders, parasites; III. xiii. 109.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 13.
Fervency, eagerness; II. v. 18.
Fetch in, take, capture; IV. i. 14.
Fever, put in a fever; III. xiii. 138.
Figs: "I love long life better than f.," a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 32.
Files, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.
Finish, end, die; V. ii. 193.
Flare: "becomes his f.," i.e. "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. xii. 34.
Flect, float (Rowe, "float"); III. xiii. 171.
Flush youth, "youth ripened to manhood" (Folios 2, 3, 4, "flesh y."); I. iv. 52.
Foison, plenty; II. vii. 21.
Follow'd, chased; V. i. 36.
Footmen, foot soldiers; III. vii. 45.
For, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. xii. 19; V. ii. 66.
Forbear, withdraw; V. ii. 175.
Forbear me, leave me alone; I. ii. 122.
Formal, ordinary; II. v. 41.
Forsoke, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.
Forth, out of; IV. x. 7.
For that, nevertheless; II. ii. 70.
 —, because; III. vii. 30.

Frame to, conform; V. i. 55.
From, away from; II. vi. 30.
Front, oppose, face; I. iv. 79
Fronted, opposed; II. ii. 61.
Frustrate, frustrated; V. i. 2.
Fullest, most perfect; III. xiii. 87.
Galley; II. vi. 82. (Cp. illustration.)



From the Vatican Virgil MS.

Garboils, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.
Gaudy, festive; III. xiii. 183.
Gests, deeds (Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "guests"); IV. viii. 2.
Get, win; IV. viii. 22.
Give, give out, represent; I. iv. 40.
Give off, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.
Got, won; V. ii. 30.
Got upon, won, gained; IV. xiv. 98.
Grace, honour; III. xiii. 81.
 —; "to gr.," by gracing; IV. xiv. 136.
Gracious, favourable; II. ii. 60.
Grants, allows, admits; III. i. 29.
Grates me, it vexes me; I. i. 18.
'Greal, agreed; II. vi. 38.
Green sickness, a disease of women, characterised by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.
Griefs, grievances; II. ii. 100.
Grow to, be added to; II. ii. 25.

H, formerly pronounced *ache*: here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.

Hap, accident, chance; II. iii. 32.

Haply, perhaps; III. xiii. 48.

Hardly, with difficulty; V. i. 74.

Harried, vexed, put in fear; III. iii.

43.

Hearts; "my h.," a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.

Heaviness, used with play upon the two senses of the word, (i.) weight, (ii.) sorrow; IV. xv.

33.

Heavy, sad; IV. xv. 40.

Held my cap off, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 60.

Herod, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically. a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 28.

Hie, hasten; II. iii. 15.

Hie thee, hasten; V. ii. 194.

High-battled, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.

His, its; III. xii. 10.

Holding, burden of the song; II. vii. 115.

Homager, vassal; I. i. 31.

Home, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 106.

Hope, suppose; II. i. 38.

Humanity, human nature; V. i. 32.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.

If that, if; III. xiii. 80.

Immoment, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 166.

Immortal, blunder for *mortal*, deadly; V. ii. 247.

Imperious, imperial; IV. xv. 23.

Import, carry with them; II. ii. 134.

Impress, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.

In, in for it; II. vii. 34.

Inclips, encloses; II. vii. 71.

Ingross'd, collected, got together; III. vii. 37.

Inhoop'd, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii.

38. (The annexed copy of an elegant Chinese miniature painting represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped.)



Injurious, hurtful, malignant; IV. xv. 76.

Intend; "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 40.

Intrinsicate, intricate (Capell's Errata, "intrinsicate"; Wray conj. "intricate"); V. ii. 304.

Iris, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 61.

It own, its own; II. vii. 46.

Jack, term of contempt; III. xiii. 93.

Jaded, spurned; III. i. 34.

Jump, hazard, stake; III. viii. 6.

Keep; "k. yourself within yourself," keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.

Kind; "do his k.," i.e. "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 263.

Knave, boy; IV. xiv. 12.
 —, servant; V. ii. 3.
Known, known each other; II. vi. 86.

Lack blood, turn pale; I. iv. 52.
Lance, cut; in order to cure Folios, "launch"; Pope, "launce"; V. i. 36.

Languish, lingering disease (Johnson conj. "anguish"); V. ii. 42.

Lank'd, became thin; I. iv. 71.

Late, lately; IV. i. 13.

Lated, belated; III. xi. 3.

Legions, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. x. 34.

Length, length of life (Steevens conj. "life"); IV. xiv. 46.

Leth'd, oblivious, unconscious (Folios, "Lethied"); II. i. 27.

Levell'd at, guessed at; V. ii. 335.

Lichas, the companion of Hercules (Folios, "Licas"); IV. xii. 45.

Life; "her l. in Rome." *i.e.* her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 65.

Lightness, used in double sense, with play upon the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.

Like, same; I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37.

—, likely; III. xiii. 29.

List, listen to; IV. ix. 6.

Loathness, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.

Loof'd, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. x. 18.

Lottery, prize; II. ii. 246.

Loud, in high words; II. ii. 21.

Luxuriously, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

Make note, notice, observe; III. iii. 26.

Mallard, drake; III. x. 20.

Mandragora, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.

Marble-constant, firm as marble; V. ii. 240.

Mean, means; III. ii. 32.

Mechanic, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.

Medicine, elixir; (?) physician; I.

Meeter, more fitting; V. i. 49.

Meetly, well; I. iii. 81.

Mered; "m. question," *i.e.* "the sole cause and subject of the war"; (Rowe, "meer"; Johnson, "moted"; Jackson, "meted"; Kinnear, "merest," etc.); III. xiii. 10.

Merely, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 48.

Merits, deserts; V. ii. 178.

Mermaids; II. ii. 210. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From L. Andrew's *Myrrour and Dyscryp-cyon of the Worlde*, n.d.

Mind; "less noble m.," *i.e.* being of less noble mind (Rowe, Pope, "less noble-minded"); IV. xiv. 60.

Mingle, union; I. v. 59.

Misdoubt, mistrust; III. vii. 63.

Mislike, dislike; III. xiii. 147.

Misive, messenger; II. ii. 74.

- Mis-thought*, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 176.
- Modern*, ordinary; V. ii. 167.
- More*, more; IV. xiv. 18.
- Moment*; "upon far poorer m.," with less cause; I. ii. 144.
- Moody*, sad; II. v. 1.
- Moons*, months; III. xii. 6.
- Morn-dew*, morning-dew; III. xii. 9.
- Mortal*, deadly; V. ii. 303.
- Most*, utmost; II. ii. 168.
- Motion*; "in my m.," intuitively; II. iii. 14.
- Mount*, "at the M.," i.e. M. Miscnum; II. iv. 6.
- Muleters*, muleteers, mule-drivers (Folios 2, 3, 4, "Muliters"; Folio 1, "Militers"); III. vii. 36.
- Mused of*, thought of, dreamed of; III. xiii. 83.
- Muss*, "a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares); III. xiii. 91.
- Naught*, worthless; IV. xv. 78.
- Negligent*; "in n. danger," i.e. in danger through being negligent; III. vi. 81.
- Nessus*; "the shirt of N.," the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. xii. 43.
- Nice*, tender, dainty; III. xiii. 180.
- Nick'd*, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xiii. 8.
- Noises it*, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.
- Number*, put into verse; III. ii. 17.
- O*, circle; V. ii. 81.
- Oblivion*, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.
- Observance*, powers of observation; III. iii. 25.
- Obstruct*, obstruction (Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "abstract"; Keightley, "abstraction"; Cartwright conj. "obstacle"); III. vi. 61.
- Occasion*, necessity; II. vi. 132.
- Of*, by; I. iv. 37; II. ii. 160.
- , about, concerning; II. vi. 116.
- , from; IV. viii. 22.
- , for; IV. vi. 60.
- , with; V. ii. 212.
- Office*, function, service; I. i. 5.
- On*, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 85; III. ii. 61.
- Oppression*, difficulty (Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer, "opposition"); IV. vii. 2.
- Orbs*, spheres; III. xiii. 146.
- Ordinary*, meal; II. ii. 230.
- Ostentation*, display (Theobald, "ostent"; S. Walker conj. "ostentation"); III. vi. 52.
- Out-go*; "the time shall not o.," "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.
- Outstrike*, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.
- Owe*, own; IV. viii. 31.
- Pace*, break in; II. ii. 64.
- Pack'd*, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xiv. 19.
- Pacorus*, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.
- Pales*, impales, encloses; II. vii. 71.
- Pall'd*, decaying, waning; II. vii. 85.
- Palter*, equivocate; III. xi. 63.
- Pants*, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.
- Paragon*, compare; I. v. 71.
- Parcel*; "a p. of," i.e. of a piece with; III. xiii. 32.
- , specify; V. ii. 163.
- Part*, depart; I. ii. 181.
- Particular*, private affairs; I. iii. 54.
- , personal relation; IV. ix. 20.
- Partisan*, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 13.
- Parts*, sides; III. iv. 14.
- Past*, beyond; I. ii. 147.
- Patch a quarrel*, make a quarrel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 52.

Pelleted, formed into small balls; III. xiii. 165.

Penetrative, penetrating; IV. xiv. 75.

Perforce, of necessity; III. iv. 6.

Period, end; IV. ii. 25.

Persisted; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 39.

Petition; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 185.

Piece, masterpiece; III. ii. 28.

—, master-piece (Warburton, adopted by Theobald, "prize"); V. ii. 99.

Pinion'd, bound; V. ii. 53.

Pink eyne, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 118.

Placed, fixed, firm; V. ii. 238.

Plant, place; IV. vi. 9.

Planted, rise (Warburton MS., "planned"); I. iii. 26.

Plants, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.

Plated, clothed in armour; I. i. 4.

Plates, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.

Pleach'd, folded; IV. xiv. 73.

Points, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; II. xiii. 157.

Pole, load-star; IV. xv. 65.

Port, gate; IV. iv. 23.

—, carriage, bearing; IV. xiv. 52.

Possess, give possession; III. xi. 21.

Possess it, i.e. (?) "be master of it" (Collier MS., "Profess it"; Kinnear conj. "Pledge it," etc.); II. vii. 104.

Power, armed force; III. vii. 58.

—, vital organ; III. xii. 36.

Practised, plotted; II. ii. 40.

Practise on, plot against; II. ii. 39.

Pray ye, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 113.

Precedence, what has preceded; II. v. 51.

Prescript, direction; III. viii. 5.

Precedent, former; IV. xiv. 83.

Pregnant, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.

Present, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.

Present, represent; V. ii. 217

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 160.

Process, mandate; I. i. 28.

Project, shape, form (Hanmer, "parget"; Warburton, "procter"; Orger conj. "perfect"); V. ii. 121.

Proof of harness, armour of proof, tested and tried armour; IV. viii. 15.

Proper, fine, nice; III. iii. 41.

Propertied, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.

Prorogue, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.

Prosecution, pursuit; IV. xiv. 65.

Ptolemy; "the queen of Pt.," i.e. belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.

Purchased, acquired; I. iv. 14.

Purge, be cured; I. iii. 53.

Pyramises, pyramids; II. vii. 35.

Quality, character; I. ii. 193.

Queasy, disgusted; III. vi. 20.

Quick, lively, sprightly; V. ii. 216.

Quicken, receive life; IV. xv. 39.

Quit, requite; III. xiii. 124.

Race; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavour of heaven" (Warburton); (Hanmer, "ray"); I. iii. 37.

Rack, floating vapour; IV. xiv. 10.

Ram, thrust (Hanmer, "Rain"; Delius conj. "Cram"); II. v. 24.



From the sculpture on Trajan's column at Rome.

- Ranged*, disposed in order; I. i. 34.
Ranges, ranks; III. xiii. 5.
Rates, is worth; III. xi. 69.
Raught, reached; IV. ix. 29.
Reel, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.
Regiment, sway; III. vi. 95.
Religion, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 199.
Remarkable, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xv. 67.
Remove, removal, departure; I. ii. 198.
Render, give up; III. x. 33.
Render'd, gave up (Folio 1, "rendred"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "tendred"); IV. xiv. 33.
Reneges, denies; I. i. 8.
Reports, reporters; II. ii. 47.
Requires, begs, asks; III. xii. 12.
Revolted, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.
Ribaudred, lewd (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "Yon'ribald-rid nag"; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), "Yon ribald hag," etc); III. x. 10.
Riggish, wanton; II. ii. 243.
Right, very, true; IV. xii. 28.
Rivality, co-partnership; III. v. 8.
Rive, split, sever; IV. xiii. 5.
Safe, make safe; I. iii. 55.
Safed, conducted safely (Steevens conj.; Folios, "saf't"); IV. vi. 26.
Salt, wanton; II. i. 21.
Scald, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 215.
Scantly, grudgingly; III. iv. 5.
Scotches, cuts; IV. vii. 10.
Scrupulous, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.
Seal, make an end (Hanmer, "sleep"; Johnson conj. "seel"); IV. xiv. 49.
Seel, blind; a term of falconry; III. xiii. 112.
Self, same; V. i. 21.
Seemblable, similar; III. iv. 3.
Sennet, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 17 (direc.).
Several, separate; I. v. 62.
Shall, will; II. i. 1.
Shards, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.
Should make, ought to have made; V. i. 14.
Shown, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.
 —, made a show of, exhibited; IV. xii. 36.
Shows, seems, appears; I. ii. 165.
Shrewd, bad; IV. ix. 5.
Shroud, shelter, protection (Hanmer, "shroud, the great"; Collier MS., "shroud, who is"; Bulloch conj. "stewardship"; Gould conj. "shield"); III. xiii. 71.
Signs; "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 14.
Sirs, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xv. 85.
Snare, trap; IV. viii. 18.
So, if only (according to some = thus); I. iii. 73.
 —, if; III. xiii. 15.
Sober, modest, demure; V. ii. 54.
Soils, blemishes (Folios, "foyles" and "foyls"; Collier conj. "foibles"); I. iv. 24.
Something, somewhat; IV. viii. 20; V. ii. 348.
Soonest, quickest; III. iv. 27.
Soothsay, predict; I. ii. 48.
Sottish, stupid; IV. xv. 79.
Space, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.
Spaniel'd, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. xii. 21.
Speeds, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 35.
Spot, disgrace; IV. xii. 35.
Spritely, lively; IV. vii. 15.
Square, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.
 —; "kept my square," i.e. kept my rule, proper position, "kept straight"; II. iii. 6.

- Square*, fair, just; II. ii. 188.
Squares, squadrons; III. xi. 40.
Stablishment, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.
Staged, exhibited publicly; III. xiii. 30.
Stain, eclipse (Theobald, "strain"; Warburton MS., and Boswell's *Temperance*, conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), "stay"; Jackson conj. "stun," etc.); III. iv. 27.
Stall, dwell; V. i. 39.
Stand on, be particular about; IV. iv. 31.
Stands upon; "s. our lives u.," i.e. concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50.
Station, mode of standing; III. iii. 22.
Stays upon, awaits; I. ii. 116.
Steer, direct, control; V. i. 32.
Still, continually, always; III. ii. 60.
Stirr'd, roused, incited; I. i. 43.
Stomach, inclination; II. ii. 50.
 —, resent; III. iii. 12.
Stomaching, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 171; IV. xii. 3.
Strangler, destroyer (Folios 2, 3, 4, "stranger"; Rowe, "estranger"); II. vi. 122.
Stroy'd, destroyed; III. xi. 54.
Studied; "well s.," desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.
Subscribe, sign; IV. v. 14.
Success, result, issue; III. v. 6.
Such, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 44.
Suffer, sustain loss or damage; III. xiii. 34.
Sufficing, sufficient; IV. xiv. 117.
Sum; "the s.," i.e. tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.
Sworder, gladiator; III. xiii. 31.
Synod, the assembly of the gods; III. x. 5.
Tabourines, drums; IV. viii. 37.
Take in, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.
Tall, sturdy; II. vi. 7.
Targes, targets, shields; II. vi. 40.
Teeth; "from his t.," not from his heart; III. iv. 10.
Telamon, Ajax Telamon; IV. xiii. 2.
Temper, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.
Temperance, chastity; III. xiii. 121.
 —, moderation, calmness; V. ii. 48.
Tended; "t. her i' the eyes," watched her very look; II. ii. 210.
Terrene, terrestrial, earthly; III. xiii. 153.
Thanks, thanks for (Capell conj. "thanks for"); V. ii. 21.
Them, themselves (Capell's emendation; Folios, "his"; Theobald, "their"); III. vi. 88.
Theme; "was th. for you," was undertaken in your interest; II. ii. 44.
Thereabouts, of that opinion; III. x. 30.
Thetis; "my Th.," i.e. "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 61.
Thick; "so th.," i.e. in such quick succession; I. v. 63.
Thickens, grows dim; II. iii. 27.
Think; "th. and die," i.e. "despond and die" (Hanmer, "Drink"; Tyrwhitt conj. "Wink"; Becket conj. "Swink"); III. xiii. 1.
Thought, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.
Throes, puts in agony (Folios 1, 2, 3, "throwes"; Folio 4, "throvs"; perhaps "throvs forth" = brings forth); III. vii. 81.
Throw upon, bestow upon; I. ii. 189.
Tight, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.
Timelier, earlier; II. vi. 52.
Tinct, tincture; I. v. 37.
Tires, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.
Token'd; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *Goa's tokens*" (Steevens); III. x. 9.

Top, height of; V. i. 43.
Tō't, to get to it; III. x. 32.
Touch, attain; V. ii. 330.
Touchez, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 182.
Toward, in preparation; II. vi. 74.
Toys, trifles; V. ii. 166.
Treaties, proposals for a treaty; III. xi. 62.
Triple, third; I. i. 12.
Triple-turn'd, three times faithless (Jackson conj. "triple-train'd"); IV. xii. 13.
Trull, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.
Turpitude, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.
Undoing, destruction; V. ii. 44.
Unequal, unjust; II. v. 101.
Unfolded, exposed; V. ii. 170.
Unnoble, ignoble; III. xi. 50.
Unpoliced, devoid of policy; V. ii. 308.
Unpurposed, not intended; IV. xiv. 84.
Unqualified, deprived of his character and faculties; III. xi. 44.
Unseminar'd, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.
Unstate, divest of estate and dignity; III. xiii. 30.
Unto, over; II. ii. 145.
Upon the river, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 190.
Urge; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretence for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 46.
Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 182.
Use; "in u.," in usufruct; I. iii. 44.
Use, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.
Useful, usefully; IV. xiv. 80.
Vacancy, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.
Vantage, advantage; III. x. 12.
Varletry, rabble (Folio 1, "Varlotarie"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "Varlotry"); V. ii. 56.

Vessels; "strike the v.," i.e. "tap the casks" ("strike your cups together"); II. vii. 100.
Vials; "sacred v.," "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From specimens found in Roman cemeteries in England.

Vie, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," i.e. "contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.
View; "to my sister's v.," to see my sister; II. ii. 169.
Virtue, valour; IV. viii. 17.
Waged, were opposed to each other (Folio 2, "wag"; Folios 3, 4, "may"; Rowe, "weigh'd"; Ritson conj. "Wagh"); V. i. 31.
Wail'd, bewailed; III. ii. 58.
Waned, faded (Folios, "wand"; Johnson conj. "foul"); II. i. 21.
Wassails, carousing (Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, 3, "Vassalles" and "Vassails"; Folio 4, "Vassals"); I. iv. 56.
Way's, way he is (so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "wayes"; Hanmer, "way he's"); II. v. 117.

Weet, wit, know ; I. i. 39.

Well said, well done ; IV. iv. 28.

Wharfs, banks ; II. ii. 216.

What, why (Collier MS., "*Why*") ;
V. ii. 313.

Which, who ; I. ii. 4.

Whipp'd with wire ; II. v. 65. (The engraving represents two Roman whips. The thongs of the larger one are set with bones taken from sheeps' feet, the other is composed of metal knobs and chains.)

Whole, well again, IV. viii. 11.

Windowed, placed in a window ; IV. xiv. 72.

With, by ; I. i. 56 ; III. x. 7 ; V. ii. 17L

With's, with us ; III. i. 36.

Woo't, wouldst thou (Capell, "*Woo't*") ; IV. ii. 7.

Words, flatters with words, cajoles ;
V. ii. 191.

Worky-day, ordinary ; I. ii. 51.

Warm, snake ; V. ii. 243.

Wor'st, knowest ; I. v. 22.

Wronged, misled (Capell, "*wrong'd*") ;
III. vi. 80.

Rare, light, active ; III. vii. 39.

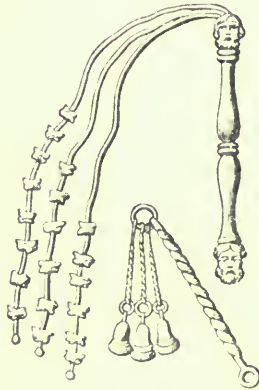
—, ready ; III. xiii. 131.

—, be quick ; V. ii. 283.

Rarely, readily ; II. ii. 214.

Reid, reward, requite ; IV. ii.

33.



Roman whips (See II. v. 65.)

Notes.

I. i. 18. 'Rate me the sum.'; Folios 2, 3, 'Rate me, the summe.'; Rowe, 'Rate me the sum.'; Pope, 'It grates me. Tell the sum.'; Capell, 'Tgrates me:—The sum.'; Steevens (1793), 'Grates me:—The sum.'

I. i. 60-61. 'liar, who Thus speaks of him'; Pope reads 'liar Fame, Who speaks him thus.'

I. ii. 5. 'charge'; Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, 'change'; Jackson conj. 'chain'; Williams conj. 'hang.'

I. ii. 38. 'fertile'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, 'foretell' and 'foretel'; Pope, 'foretold'; Collier MS., 'fruitful.'

I. ii. 59-60. 'Alexas,—come'; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where *Alexas* is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.

I. ii. 79. 'Saw you my lord?'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads 'Saw you, my lord.'

I. ii. 100-105. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens.

I. ii. 111. 'minds'; Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios 1, 2, 'winds'; Collier conj. 'wints.'

I. ii. 129. 'enchanting'; so Folio 1; omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads 'Ægyptian.'

I. ii. 138. 'a compelling occasion'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'a compelling an occasion'; Nicholson conj. 'so compelling an occasion,' etc.

I. ii. 195-196. 'like the courser's hair,' etc., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm.

I. iv. 3. 'Our'; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Folios, 'One'; Hanmer, 'A.'

I. iv. 22. 'as'; Johnson conj. 'and.'

I. iv. 46. 'lackeying'; 'lacquying,' Theobald's correction from Anon. MS.; Folios, 'lacking'; Pope, 'lashing'; Southern MS., 'backing.'

I. v. 48. 'an arm-gaunt'; Folios, 'an Arme-gaunt'; Hanmer, 'an arm-girt'; Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, 'a termagant'; Jackson conj. 'a svar-gaunt'; Boaden conj., adopted by Singer, 'an arrogant'; Lettsom conj. 'a rampaunt'; the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless 'arm-gaunt' = 'having lean fore-limbs.'

I. v. 50. 'beastly'; Hanmer, 'beast-like'; Collier MS., 'boastfully'; Becket conj. 'basely.'

II. i. 10. '*pow'ers are crescent*'; Theobald reads, '*pow'r's a crescent*'; Becket conj. '*pow'er is crescent*'; Anon. conj. '*power's a-crescent*.'

II. ii. 44. '*Was theme for you*,' i.e. 'had you for its theme'; Johnson conj. '*Had theme from you*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*For theme was you*'; Staunton conj. '*Had you for theme*'; Orson conj. '*Was known for yours*,' etc.

II. ii. 111. '*your considerate stone*,' i.e. 'I am silent as a stone'; Heath conj. '*your confederates love*'; Johnson, '*your considerate ones*'; Blackstone conj. '*your consideratest one*,' etc., etc.

II. ii. 211. '*And made their bends adornings*'; i.e. "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.

II. ii. 218. '*Antony, enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone*.' A good idea of the public enthronement of the Roman emperors is afforded by the accompanying engraving of a coin of Trajan. The emperor superintends the bestowal of gifts upon his citizens by his steward.

II. iii. 2. '*my prayers*'; Rowe

reads '*in prayers*'; Collier MS., '*with prayers*.'

II. iii. 22. '*a fear*'; Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj. '*afear*'; S. Walker conj. '*afear*'

II. iii. 30. '*he away, 'tis*'; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*he alway 'tis*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*he alway is*.'

II. iii. 36. '*His cocks do win the battle*.' The accompanying representation of a cock-fight, presided over by two genii deeply interested in the game, is derived from a bas-relief on an ancient Roman lamp in terra cotta.

II. iii. 38. '*in hoop'd*,' i.e. enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, '*in-coop'd*'; Seward conj., adopted by Capell '*in w'hoop'd-it*.'

II. v. 12. '*Tarwny-sinn'd*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Tarwny-sine*'; Rowe reads '*Tarwny-sin*.'



'*Antony, enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone*.'



His cocks do win the battle.'

II. v. 103. 'That art not what thou'rt sure of!': Hanmer, 'That say'st but what thou'rt sure of'; Johnson conj. 'That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,' etc.; perhaps the words of the text mean 'that art not the evil thing of which thou art so certain'; other interpretations have been advanced.

II. v. 116. 'Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,' alluding to the old 'perspective' pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.

II. vii. 52. 'the tears of it are wet'; Topsell's *History of Serpents* (1608) refers to the 'common proverb *crocodili lachrima*.' (The popular sixteenth century notions of the form of the crocodile is seen in the annexed engraving, which is copied from an old woodcut.)

II. vii. 76. 'there'; Pope, 'then'; Steevens conj. 'theirs.'

II. vii. 97. 'increase the reels'; Steevens 'and grease the wheels'; Douce 'increase the revels.'

II. vii. 115. 'bear'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, 'beat.'

III. v. 14. 'Then, world, thou hast'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, 'Then would thou hadst'; Warburton MS., 'Then would thou hast'; 'chaps, no,' Theobald's reading of Folios, 'chaps no.'

III. vi. 53. 'left unloved'; Collier MS, 'held unloved'; Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, 'felt unloved'; Seymour conj. 'left unvalued.'

III. vii. 5. 'If not denounced against us'; Hanmer reads, 'Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?'; Jackson conj. 'Is't not? Denounce against us!'; etc

III. vii. 69 'his whole action grows Not in the power on't,' i.e. "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," etc. (Malone).

III. xii. 13. 'lessens'; Folio, 'Lessons' Mr A. E. Thiselton, in support of the Folio reading, which he interprets 'schools' or 'disciplines,' calls attention to the initial capital letter indicating 'an emphasis which the feeble *lessens* would hardly carry.'

III. xii. 28-29. 'And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers'; Grant White conj. 'What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention'; Walker, 'and more . . . From thine invention offer.'



'The tears of it are wet.'

III. xiii. 162. 'Cæsarian smite'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, 'Cæsarian smile.'

IV. iv. 3. 'mine'; Folios, 'thine.'

IV. iv. 5-8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).

IV. v. 17. 'Dispatch. *Enobarbus!*' Steevens (1733) reading; Folio 1, 'Dispatch *Enobarbus!*'; Folio 2, 'Dispatch *Eros!*'; Folios 3, 4, 'Dispatch, *Eros!*'; Pope, 'dispatch my *Eros!*'; Johnson conj. 'Dispatch! To *Enobarbus!*'; Capell, 'Dispatch.—O *Enobarbus!*'; Rann, '*Eros! Dispatch!*'; Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, '*Eros, despatch!*'; Anon. conj. '*Domitius Enobarbus!*'.

IV. vi. 13. 'persuade'; Rowe's correction of Folios, 'dissuade.'

IV. viii. 23. 'favouring'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, 'savouring.'

IV. xii. 25. 'soul'; Capell, 'soil'; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., 'spell'; S. Walker conj. 'snake'; 'grave'; Pope reads 'gay'; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., 'great'; Singer (ed. 2), 'grand.'

IV. xiv. 87. 'Lo thee'; Grant White conj., 'Lo there.'

IV. xv. 10. 'Burn the great sphere'; Hanmer, 'Turn from the sphere'; Warburton, 'Turn from th' great sphere.'

IV. xv. 11. 'shore'; Staunton conj., adopted by Hudson, 'star.'

IV. xv. 21. 'I dare not'; Malone conj. 'I dare not descend'; Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, 'I dare not come down'; Anon. conj., from Plutarch, 'I dare not ope the gates'; etc.



'Fortune and her wheel'

From a large brass coin of Gordian.

V. i. 24. 'Splitted the heart'; Collier MS., 'Split that self wille heart'; Elze conj., 'Splitted that very heart.'

V. i. 39-60. 'ive To be ungentl.'; Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.:

IV. xv. 44. 'the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.' (*Cp.* illustration.)

IV. xv. 73. 'No more, but e'en a woman'; Capell's version; Folios read 'No more but in a Woman'; Rowe, 'No more but a meer woman'; Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, 'No more—but e'en a woman.'

V. i. 15. 'crack: the round world'; Steevens conj. 'crack than this: the ruin'd world'; Singer conj. 'crack: the round world convulsive'; Nicholson conj. 'crack: the round world in vending'; Daniel conj. 'crack in the round world'; etc.

Folios read '*leau to be ungentle*'; Capell, '*Leave to be gentle*'; Tyrwhitt conj. '*learn To be ungentle*'; Gould conj. '*bear to be ungentle*.'

V. ii. 7. '*dug*'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, '*dugg*'; Folios, '*dung*'; Nicholson conj. '*tongue*'; Cartwright conj. '*wrong*'; Bailey conj. '*doom*.'

V. ii. 50. '*necessary*'; Hammer '*accassary*'; Malone conj. '*necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word*'; Ritson conj. '*necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary*.'

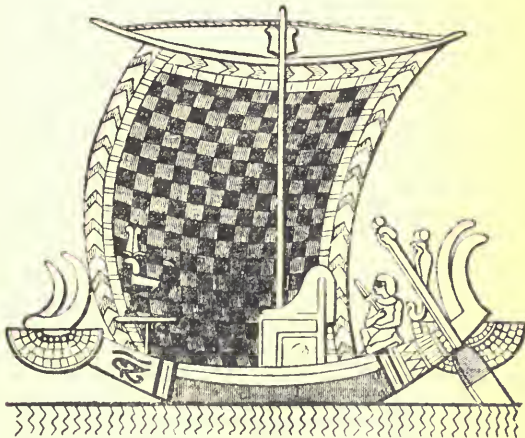
V. ii. 87. '*an autumn 'twas*'; Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Folios read *an Anthony it was*'; etc.

V. ii. 104. '*smites*'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, '*suites*'; Folios 3, 4, '*suits*'; Pope '*shoots*.' I am inclined to agree with Mr A. E. Thiselton that Pope's correction is unimpeachable.

V. ii. 174. '*my chance*,' i.e. *my changed fortune, lot*; Hammer reads '*mischance*'; S. Walker conj. '*my change*'; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, '*my glance*.'

V. ii. 178-179. '*We answer others' merits in our name, Are*'; Malone's reading; Folios, '*We answer others merits, in our name Are*'; etc

V. ii. 352 '*caues*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*caues*' Barry conj. '*canes*'; Anon. conj. '*caues*'; Perring conj. '*course*.'



'*The barge she sat in*' (II. ii. 194.)

From a wall-painting on the tomb of Rameses III., at Thebes.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

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Preface.

The Early Editions. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, was first published, in quarto, in 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 lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, 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 | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | ”*

A second quarto appeared in the same year ; a third in 1611 ; a fourth in 1619 ; a fifth in 1630 ; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play ; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant : it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included “ seven plays never before printed in Folio,” viz. : *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* ; *The London Prodigal* ; *The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell* ; *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham* ; *The Puritan Widow* ; *A Yorkshire Tragedy* ; *The Tragedy of Loocrine*.

The Authenticity of the Play. In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i.) the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume ; (ii.) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare’s name ; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

“with Sophocles we may
Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
Never like him his Fancy could display,
Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles.”

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many

* This Quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr Furnivall’s Quarto-Series.

enthusiastic spectators of “the much-admired play”; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

“*Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was
Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass.*”

“*Pericles*” indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

“*And if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles*” ;

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to “*The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*”

Ben Jonson in his Ode “*Come leaue the loathed stage*” (1629-30), singled out for special scorn

“*some mouldy tale
Like Pericles*” ;

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own “*New Inn*”

“*throw a stain
Through all the unlikely plot, and do displeas
As deep as Pericles.*”

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently, Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognised. “I must acquit,” wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, “even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials.” Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearian, and relieves the poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of “the mouldy tale.” Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV., viz. Scenes ii., v., and vi., his work is “the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina.” and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearian Romance*—“a kind of prologue” to the glorious group

* Published by the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874.

of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career (*vide* Prefaces to *Cymbeline*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*).

Date of Composition. The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608 of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607-8 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly confirmed by metrical tests which make it contemporary with "*Antony and Cleopatra*."

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675:—

*"Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore,
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor;
'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day."*

George Wilkins and Pericles. It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles*. Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV. Sc. v. and vi. are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"; he lays claim to the play as a 'poor infant of his brain,' and his claim is justifiable (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles*, and especially Mr Fleay's valuable essay on "Pericles," read before the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing "*The Travels of the three English Brothers*," etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

Sources of the Plot. The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Painful Adventures*, published in 1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*"; both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apolonius of Tyre*. Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon*, a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was probably in Greek;

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*

CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*

Marshal.

A Pandar.

BOULT, *his servant.*

The daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*

A Bawd.

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

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

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. 30
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
 Which to prevent he made a law,
 To keep her still and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So for her many a wight did die.
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40
 What now ensues, to the judgement 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, 10
 To knit in her their best perfections.

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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 20
 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,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
 That without covering, save yon field of stars,

- Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40
- Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality know
 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
 Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.
- 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 ! 60
- 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, 70
 As you will live, resolve it you.'

[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last resort, 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. 80
 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. 90

Per. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut than shown :
 For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts 100

Copp'd hills 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, 111
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
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 clasplings with your child,

Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father ;
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 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 : 140
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 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 ? 150

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.
 Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold ;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him :
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord,

'Tis done.

Ant. Enough.

160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*]

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
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. 169

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

Tyre. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To 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,
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,
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, 20

If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known :
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,

And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees 30

Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
Whên 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 50
Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

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

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
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 61
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. To bear with patience

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, 70

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, 80

Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector ; and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.

I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears

Decrease not, but grow faster than the years :

And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,

That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,

To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms, 90

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,

Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :

Which love to all, of which thyself art one,

Who now 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. 100

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be. 110

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

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

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
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: 120
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliodorus.

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 I do 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.

10

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further 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— 20
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. 30

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. 40

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

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

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
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,

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

Cle. O Dionyza, 10

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep

Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,

Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder;

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
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. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city on whom plenty held full hand,

For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;

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, 30

The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

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, 40
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
 Those mothers who, to nouse 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 ? 50

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. 61

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. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
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. 81

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
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, 90
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. 100
- Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
 Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
- Per.* Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here awhile,
 Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

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, 100
 Is still at Tarsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he speken can ;
 And, to remember what he does,
 Build his statue to make him glorious :
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

DUMB SHOW.

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; 20
 And to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin
 And had intent to murder him;
 And that in Tarsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest.
 He, doing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 'Thunder above and deeps below 30
 Make such unquiet that the ship
 Should house him safe is 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, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patchbreech, 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 20
 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. 30

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.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I 40 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, 50 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.

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. 60

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 ?

70

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,
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.

80

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.

90

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? 100

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

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

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 110 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.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in 120

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 130
 '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,
 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, 140
 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 150
 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 futherance I am clothed in steel ;
 And spite of all the rapture of the sea
 This jewel holds his building on my arm : 160
 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, 169
 This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

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

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
 And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
 In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
 Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

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

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10
A model which heaven makes 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 Ethiopie reaching at the sun; 20
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

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

[The Second Knight passes.]

Who is the second that presents himself?

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

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.' 30

[The Fourth Knight passes.]

Sim. What is the fourth?

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

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

www.libtool.com [The Fifth Knight passes.

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, ' Sic spectanda fides.'

[The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, ' In hac spe vivo.'

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 50
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
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, 10
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

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

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
 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.

Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30
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 ; 40
None but beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did veil 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 ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,— 50
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 ?

Thai. What is it 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 60

To honour them :

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, 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 ! 70

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. 80

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, 90
 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, 100
 Here's a lady that wants breathing too:
 And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
 Are excellent in making ladies trip,
 And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
 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, 110

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.*]

www.libtool.org ~~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,
 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, so
 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. 20

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

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

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

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you
love. www.libtool.com.cn

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And 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! 40

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
'Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
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, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

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

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

Scene V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

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

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know.
That for this twelvemonth she'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; to
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

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

[*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,

They are well 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 ! 20
 Well, I do commend her choice ;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft ! here he comes : I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I am beholding to you
 For your sweet music this last night : I do
 Protest my ears were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master. 30

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing : what do you think of my
 daughter, sir ?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

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

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. 40

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

Per. [*Aside*] What's here ?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre !

'Tis the king's subtilty 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. 50

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. 60
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. 70

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.— 80
 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:
 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? 90

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 THIRD.

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 cyme of burning coal,
 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, 10
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche :
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

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 exeunt 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 20
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,
 To the court of King Simonides
 Are letters brought, the 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 30

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— 40
 Which who shall cross?—along to go.
 Omit we all their dole and woe :
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea : their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 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 : 50
 The lady shrieks and well-a-neighbor
 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. 60

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 10
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

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

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen, 20
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

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
 Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30
 That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
 Thou hast as chiding a nativity
 As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
 To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
 With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
 Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
 It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new 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. 50

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been

still observed; and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must over-
board 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 60
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
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. 70

[*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 80
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

whiptoredd.
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Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

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. 10

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

- Cer.* O, you say well. 20
- First Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
 Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
 Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
 'Tis most strange, . . .
 Nature should be so conversant with pain,
 Being thereto not compell'd.
- Cer.* I hold it ever,
 Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend,
 But immortality attends the former, 30
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have,
 Together with my practice, made familiar
 To me and to my aid the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures ; which doth
 give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
 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, www.libtool.com.cn

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore 50

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 caulk'd 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. 60

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 entreaured
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. 70

Who finds her, give her burying ;
 She was the daughter of a king :
 Besides this treasure for a fee,
 The gods requite 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 : 80
 Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
 That had nine hours lien dead,
 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. 91
 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,
 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 100
 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 ; 110
 And Æsculapius guide us!
 [*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

Scene III

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

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

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

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

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. www.libtool.com.cn We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
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 neglection 20
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,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

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

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40

You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

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

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time ; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT FOURTH.

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 10
 Of general wonder. But, alack,
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage rite ; this maid
 Hight Philoten : and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be : 20
 Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
 Or when she would with sharp needle wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill 30
With absolute Marina : so
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,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead :
And cursed Dionyza 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. 50
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

Scene I.

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza 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,
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. 10
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'
death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tullus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
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
Changed with this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
 Walk with Leonine ; the air is quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
 Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ; 31

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
 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 40
 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.

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 :
 Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood :
 What ! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. 50
[Exit Dionysa.]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

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

Leon. Was't so?

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

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent; 60
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.

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 70
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, 80
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, 90

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 !

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 : 100

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 Boul.

Pandar. Boul!

Boul. Sir?

Pandar. 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.

Pandar. 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. 10

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

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

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden. 20

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

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

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

Barvd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame
to get when we are old? 30

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.

Barvd. 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 40
no calling. But here comes Boulton.

Re-enter Boulton, with the Pirates and Marina.

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

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

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

Barvd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has
excellent good clothes: there's no farther 50
necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Barvd. What's her price, Boulton?

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

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

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will 60 give most shall have her first.' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boulton. Performance shall follow. [Exit.

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

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty. 70

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 80 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 have something to do with you. Come, you're

a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as
I would have you. 90

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. Boults returned.

Re-enter Boults.

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

Boults. 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? 100

Boults. 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.

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

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boults. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the pro- 110
clamation; 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.

Boults. 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. Do weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 120

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice. 130

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.

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. 140

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. 150

Barvd. 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 !

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

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

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

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

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
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 : 10
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 20
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty 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. 30
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough ;
And though you call my course unnatural,
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, 40
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn : her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
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 : 50
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short ;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't ;
Making, to take our imagination,
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, 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along ; behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought :
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. 20
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

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. 50

[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.

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. 10]

Scene VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boul.

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

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and

do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

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

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

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

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 20

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Barwd. 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?

Barwd. 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. 30

Barwd. 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.

40

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.

50

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.

60

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 Bould.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade? 70

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 it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one. 80

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.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come. 90

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

PRINCE OF TYRE

Act IV. Sc. vi.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage. 100

Mar. For me

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!

Lys. I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, 110

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. 120

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 Boul.

Boul. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!

Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways. 130

Mar. Whither would you have me?

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?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus. 140

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 a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable. 150

Boult. 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.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me? 160

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or
rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,

Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change: 170

Thou art the damned door-keeper to every

Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;

To the choleric fisting 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 180

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 ; 190
 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.

Mar. But amongst honest women. 200

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
 them. But since my master and mistress have
 bought you, there's no going but by their con-
 sent : therefore I will make them acquainted
 with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
 find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for
 thee what I can ; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Enter Gow.

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
 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
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy Pericles ; think this his bark :
 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.

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 ?

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. 10

[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,
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? 20

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 prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was 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! 40

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 50

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, 60
 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
 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 70
 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;
 And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us. 81

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, 90

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 fortune—parentage—good parentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,

You would not do me violence. 101

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.

You are like something that—What countrywoman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am

No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight, 110

As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like

And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;

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
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak: 120
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 130
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
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? 140
 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, 150
 My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
 And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
 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, 160
 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 :
 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 : 170
 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, 180
 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, 190
 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. 201
 What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title ?

Per. I
 Am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
 My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
 Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
 And another like to Pericles thy father. 210

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 ? 220

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!

230

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.

[*Sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head:

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

240

[*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 !
 Awake, and tell thy dream. [Disappears. 250

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
 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
 As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir, 260
 With all my heart ; and, when you come ashore,
 I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
 Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
 You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

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 270
 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.

280

[Exit.

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, frighted 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

10

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

39

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[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
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to Thaisa.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

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.

51

Thai. '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.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power :
that can

60

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 liveth on.

Ger. I will, my lord.
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, 70
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.

Thai. 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 80
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, leads the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last : 90
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears :
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, 100
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit.*]

Glossary.

Absolute, faultless, perfect; Prol. IV. 31.

Account, accounted (Quartos, "account'd," "accounted"; Folios 3, 4, "counted"); Prol. I. 30.

Address'd, prepared; II. iii. 94.

Afore me, on my word, by my soul; a slight oath; II. i. 84.

Amazement, confusion, bewilderment; I. ii. 26.

Appliance, appliances; III. ii. 86.

Approve, commend; II. i. 55.

Argentine, silver hued; V. i. 251.

As, as if; Prol. I. 24; I. i. 16.

—, that; I. ii. 3.

Attend, await; I. iv. 79.

Attend me, listen to me; I. ii. 70.

Attribute; "an honest a," reputation for honesty; IV. iii. 18.

Awant, out of my sight; IV. vi. 125.

Awful, full of awe, reverent; Prol. II. 4.

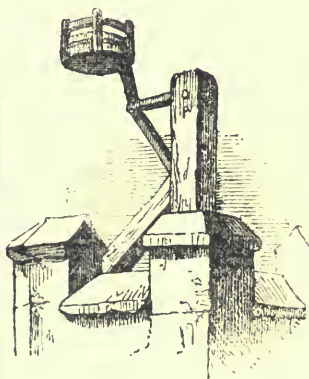
Awkward, ad-verse (Quarto I, "augward"); V. i. 94.

Bases, embroidered skirts which hung down from the middle to about the knees or lower, worn by knights on horseback; II. i. 167. (The annexed cut is from the Description of the Tournament held at Stuttgart in 1609.)



www.libtool.com.cn The subjoined cut

represents a beacon preserved on the tower of Hadley Church, Barnet.



Beholding, beholden; II. v. 25.

Belching, vomiting; III. i. 63.

Blown, swollen; V. i. 256.

Blurted at, held in contempt; IV. iii. 34.

Bolins, bowlines; III. i. 43.

Bonum quo antiquius, eo melius; i.e. a good thing for being old, the older the better; Prol. I. 10.

Bootless, without gain, profitless; V. i. 33.

Boots, avails, helps; I. ii. 20.

Bot's on't, an execration; II. i. 122.

Brace, armour worn on the arm; II. i. 131.

Braid, reproach, upbraid (Malone, "braid"); I. i. 93.

Breathing, exercise; II. iii. 101.

Buxom, lively, fresh; Prol. I. 23.

Can=gan, (an old auxiliary form)
=did; ProL. III. 36.

Cates, delicacies; II. iii. 29.

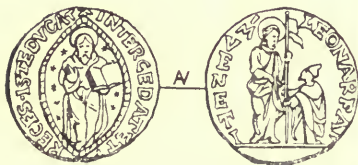
Consure, opinion; II. iv. 34.

Chance, chances it; IV. i. 23.

Character, handwriting; III. iv. 3.

Cheapen, bid for; IV. vi. 16.

Chequin, an Italian gold coin (Quarto
1, "*Checkins*"; Quartos 2, 3,
"*Chickins*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6,
Folio 3, "*Chickeens*"; Folio 4,
"*Chickens*"); IV. ii. 28. (Cp.
illustration.)



From a Venetian specimen of
Shakespeare's era.

Chiding, noisy; III. i. 32.

City, inhabitants of the city, citizens;
V. iii. 97.

Clear, virtuous; IV. vi. 113.

Clerks, scholars; ProL. V. 5.

Cockles, mussel-shells; IV. iv. 2.

Coigns, corners (Quartos, Folios 3,
4, "*Crignes*"); ProL. III. 17.

Commend, commendation; II. ii. 49.

Companion; "her mild c.," the com-
panion of her mildness" (Daniel
conj. "her wild c.," "in her mild
company"); I. i. 18.

Conceit, ability to think; III. i. 16.

Conclusion, (?) problem; I. i. 56.

Conditions, disposition; III. i. 29.

Condolements, blunder for *doles*; II. i.
154.

Confound, waste, consume; V. ii. 14.

Consist, insist; I. iv. 83.

Conversation, conduct; ProL. II. 9.

Convince, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.

Copp'd, round-topped; I. i. 100.

Counterwail, balance. equal; II. iii. 56.

Countless, infinite; I. i. 31.

Cunning, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.

Curious, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.

Darks, darkens, obscures; ProL. IV.

35.

Date, appointed term of life; III. iv.
14.

Death-like, deadly; I. i. 29.

Deliver, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.

Deliver'd, told, related; V. i. 162.

Dern, secret, dreary; ProL. III. 15.

Desire (trissyllabic); I. i. 20.

Diana's temple; III. iv. 13. (This
famous building is well represented
in the large brass medallion of An-
toninus Pius, here facsimiled.)



Distain, stain (Steevens conj.;
Quartos and Folios 3, 4, "*dis-
daine*"); IV. iii. 31.

Distemperature, disorder; V. i. 27.

Dole, sorrow; ProL. III. 42.

Dooms, judgment; ProL. III. 32.

Doubt, suspect; I. ii. 86.

Doubling, fearing; I. iii. 22.

Dropping, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.

Dumbs, makes dumb; ProL. V. 5.

Eaning time, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.

Earnest, money given beforehand;
IV. i. 49.

Eche, eke out (Quartos, Folio 3,
"*each*"); ProL. III. 13.

Eftsoons, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.

Ember-eves, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; ProL. I. 6.
Entertain, entertainment; I. i. 119.
Entrance (trissyllabic); II. iii. 64.
Erst, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
Escapen, escape; ProL. II. 38.
Exposition, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.
Extremity, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
Eyne, eyes; ProL. III. 5.
Fact, deed, (?) crime (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "face"; Mason conj. "feat"); IV. iii. 12.
Fault, misfortune; IV. ii. 75.
Favour, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.
Fere, companion, spouse (Quartos, "Peere"; Folios 3, 4, "Pcer"); ProL. I. 21.
Fits, befits; I. i. 157.
Flap-jacks, pancakes; II. i. 87.
Flaw, stormy wind; III. i. 39.
For, fit for; I. i. 7.
 —, for fear of; I. i. 40.
 —, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.
 —, because; III. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.
Forbear, bear with; II. iv. 46.
Fore, before (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "from"); ProL. III. 6.
For that, because; II. i. 81.
Frame, go, resort; ProL. I. 32.
 —, shape, mould; II. v. 81.
Furtherance, help; II. i. 158.
Gat, begat; II. ii. 6.
Gins, begins; III. ii. 95.
Give him glad, make him glad; ProL. II. 38.
Give's, give us; II. iv. 32.
Glad, gladden; I. iv. 28.
Gloze, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.
Gone thr' wch. bid high; IV. ii. 47.
Graff, grant; V. i. 60.
Greets, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.

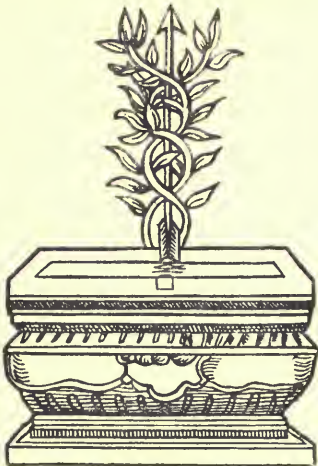
Griefs, grievances; II. iv. 23.
Grieve, grieve us; II. iv. 19.
Gripe at, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.
Haling, dragging (Malone, "with hauling of the"); IV. i. 55.
Happ'ly, perhaps; I. iv. 92.
Hatched, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 35.
Having, possession; II. i. 143.
Heap, mass, body (Jackson conj. "head"; Collier (ed. 2). "head"; Bailey conj. "shape"); I. i. 33.
Hie thee, hasten; III. i. 69.
Hies, hastens; ProL. V. 20.
Hight, is called; ProL. IV. 18.
Holy-ales, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes (Steevens' emendation; Quartos and Folios, "holy-dayes"); ProL. I. 6. (The annexed cut is a unique representation of one of these ancient popular festivals.)



From a XIVth century sculpture over the porch of Chalk Church, near Gravesend

Honour, honourable office; II. ii. 14.
Husbandry, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III. ii. 20.

In, even in; I. iv. 102.
Inflit, afflict; V. i. 61.
In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44. (This device is supposed by Douce to be altered from the one here copied from Paradin.)



Inkle, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.

Intend, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.

Intents, intentions; V. i. 259.

I-wis, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.

Jetted, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.

Joy, rejoice; II. i. 163.

Just, joust, tilt; II. i. 113.

Killen, kill; Prol. II. 20.

Late, lately; IV. iv. 15.

Level, aim; II. iii. 114.

Level at, aim at; I. i. 165.

Lien, lain; III. ii. 85.

Light, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 73.

Like, equal, the same; I. i. 108;

IV. v. 1.

—, just as; II. iv. 36.

Like, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.

Longs, belongs to (Singer, “*longs*”; Quartos, “*long’s*”; Folios 3, 4, “*long’s*”); Prol. II. 40.

Looks, faces, countenances (alluding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.

Lop, cut off; I. ii. 90.

Loud music, made by clashing of armour; II. iii. 97.

Lown, base fellow; IV. vi. 19.

Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.

Malkin, slattern (Quarto 3, “*Mowkin*”; the rest, “*Marvin*”; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.

Manage, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 69.

Mask’d, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature (Dyce conj. “*vast*”; S. Walker conj. “*moist*”; Kinnear conj. “*mighty*”; Elze conj. “*calmest*”); III. iii. 36.

Me pompæ provexit apex, “the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise” (Wilkins’ Novel); II. ii. 30. (Cp. illustration.)



From “The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin,” 1591.

Mis-dread, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.
Months, months; Prol. III. 31.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 110.
Mortally, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.
Motion, a working pulse (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, "no motion?" i.e. "Are you not a puppet?" V. i. 156.
Must, must come to (Wray conj. "must be"); I. i. 44.
Ne nor; Prol. II. 36.
Needle (pronounced *need*); Prol. IV. 23.
Neglection, neglect; III. iii. 20.
Nicely, scrupulously; IV. i. 6.
Will, will not; Prol. III. 55.
Not, not only; III. ii. 46.
Nousle, nurse; I. iv. 42.
Of, (ʔ) on (Folios, "on"); Prol. V. 22.
Old, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.
On, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.
Open, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV. iii. 23.
Opinion, public opinion; II. ii. 56.
Oppress, suppress; Prol. III. 29.
Orbs, spheres; I. ii. 122.
Ostent, ostentation, display (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "stint"); I. ii. 25.
Own, own; V. i. 118.
Parted, departed from; V. iii. 38.
Partakes, communicates; I. i. 152.
Passion, grief; IV. iv. 24.
Perch, measure, mile (according to some = "resting-place"); Prol. III. 15.
Perishen, perish; Prol. II. 35.
Piece, masterpiece; IV. vi. 118.
Pilch = leathern coat (used as a proper name); II. i. 12.
Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by force (the Italian "piu" is used instead of the Spanish "mas"); II. ii. 27.

Plain, make plain; Prol. III. 14.
Porpus, porpoise (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "Porpus"); II. i. 26.
Portly, imposing; I. iv. 61.
Pregnant, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 44.
Present, "his p.," that which he presents; II. ii. 42.
 —, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38; V. i. 193.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 82.
Prest, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.
Principals, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
Proportion, portion, fortune; IV. ii. 28.
Prorogue, draw out, linger out; V. i. 26.
Purchase, gain, profit (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "purpose"); Prol. I. 9.
Quaintly, skilfully; Prol. III. 13.
Quick, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
Quirks, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
Quit, requite; III. i. 35.
Quod me alit, me extinguit, that which gives me life, gives me death; II. ii. 33. (Cp. illustration.)



From Daniel's *Translation of Pantus Jovius*, 1585.

Rapture, violent effort (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "rupture"); II. i. 159.

Records, sings; Prol. IV. 27.

Reft, bereft; II. iii. 84.

Repeated, mentioned, told; I. i. 96. www.libtool.com.cn

Resist me, are distasteful to me; II. iii. 29.

Resolve, solve; I. i. 71.

—, satisfy; II. v. 68.

—, tell, inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.

Resolved, satisfied, convinced; II. iv. 31.

Return them, announce to them; II. ii. 4.

Ruff; IV. ii. 111. (Cp. illustration.)



From a Spanish portrait of the date 1503.

'*Say'd*, assayed, those who have assayed; I. i. 59, 60.

Semblance, (trissyllabic); I. i. 71.

Shall's, shall we; IV. v. 7.

Shine, brightness; I. ii. 124.

Shipman, seaman; I. iii. 24.

Shores, sewers; IV. vi. 186.

Sic spectanda fides, thus faith is to be tested; II. ii. 38. (Cp. illustration.)



From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin . . .," 1591.

Sleided, raw, untwisted (Quartos, Folio 3, "sleided"; Folio 4, "sledded"); Prol. IV. 21.

Smooth, flatter; I. ii. 78.

So, well and good; IV. ii. 46.

Sometime, once; II. i. 141.

Sometimes, formerly, sometime; I. i.

34.

Somewhat, something; II. i. 126.

Speeding, succeeding; II. iii. 116.

Spoken, speak; Prol. II. 12.

Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.

Stay, await; II. ii. 3.

Stead, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.

Still, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.

Straight, immediately; III. i. 54.

Strain, race; IV. iii. 24.

Suddenly, quickly; III. i. 70.

—, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.

Take, betake; III. iv. 10.

Tellus, the earth; IV. i. 14.
That, if; Prol. I. 13.
 —, so that; Prol. V. 7.
Thetis, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
Thorough, through; IV. iii. 35.
Thoughten, thinking; IV. vi. 115.
Throng'd up, pressed, numbered; II. 77.
Throng'd, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
Thwarting, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
Tire, furniture, bed-furniture (?) = comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
To-bless, bless (*to*, used intensively); IV. vi. 23.
Tourney, hold a tournament; II. i. 114.
Triumph, tournament; II. ii. 1.
Unscissar'd, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.
Unto, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 161.
Vail, lower; II. iii. 42.
 —, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.
Vails, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 155.
Vegetives, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.
Viol, vial, phial (Quartos 4, 5, 6; Folios 3, 4, "viial"); III. ii. 90.

Visor, mask; IV. iv. 44.
Wages, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 32.
Wanion; "with a w." = "with a curse on you," "with a vengeance" (probably ultimately derived from the phrase "in the waning moon," i.e. at an unlucky time, hence = with ill-luck); II. i. 17.
Weed, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.
Well-a-day, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.
Well-a-near, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.
Well said, well done; III. ii. 87.
Where, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.
Whereas, where; I. iv. 70.
Whipstock, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.
Who, he who; I. i. 94.
Wight, man; Prol. I. 39.
Wit, know; IV. iv. 31.
With, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 68, 69.
Word, motto; II. ii. 21.
Would; "I w.," I wish; III. i. 42.
Writ, holy writ, gospel (Quartos 2, 3, "write"; Steevens conj. "wit"; Nicholson conj. "Writ"); Prol. II. 12.
Younger, past, ago; I. iv. 39.
T-slaked, sunk to repose; Prol. III. 1.

II. iii. 29. 'resist'; Collier conj. 'distaste.'

—: 'he not'; so Quartos 2-6, Folios 3, 4; Malone, 'she not'; Malone conj. 'he now'; Steevens conj. 'be not'; Mason conj. 'she but'; Dyce conj. 'he but.'

II. iii. 50. 'stored'; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 'stur'd'; Folios 3, 4, 'sturd'; Mason conj. 'sturd.'

II. iii. 63. 'kill'd are wonder'd at'; Daniel, 'still ne'er wondered at'; Anon. conj. 'kill'd are scorned at'; Kinnear, 'little are wonder'd at.'

II. iv. 41. 'For honour's cause'; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'Try honours cause'; Steevens conj. 'Try honour's course'; Jackson conj. 'Cry, honour's cause!'; Anon. conj. 'By honour's cause.'

Prol. III. 35. 'T-ravished'; Steevens conj.; Quarto 1, 'Iranyshed'; Quarto 2, 'Irany shed'; the rest, 'Irony shed.'

III. i. 7-8. 'Thou stormest venomously; Wilt'; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'then storme venomously, Wilt'; Malone, 'Thou storm, venomously, Wilt'; Steevens, 'Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt'; Collier, 'Thou storm, venomously Witt.'

III. i. 14. 'travaits'; Folio 3, 'travels'; Dyce, 'travail.'

III. i. 26. 'Use honour with you'; Steevens reads, 'Vie honour with yourselves'; Mason conj. 'Vie honour with you.'

III. i. 63. 'aye-remaining lamps'; Malone's conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 'ayre remaying lampes'; Quartos 4, 5, 6, 'ayre remaining lampes'; Folio 3, 'ayre remaining lamps'; Folio 4, 'air remaining lamps'; Jackson conj. 'area-manesing,' etc.

III. ii. 17. 'all-to topple'; Singer (ed. 2), 'at-to topple'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'all to topple'; Dyce, 'all-to-topple.'

III. ii. 22. 'Rich tire'; Steevens conj. 'Such towers'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 'Rich tire'; the rest, 'Rich attire'; Jackson conj. 'Rich Tyre'; Collier (ed. 2), 'Rich 'tire.'

III. ii. 41. 'treasure'; Steevens' emendation for 'pleasures' and 'pleasure' of Quartos, Folios 3, 4.

III. ii. 42. 'to please the fool and death.' Cp. the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618.) Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and



the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process

III. ii. 48. 'time shall never. . . ' so Quartos 1, 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, 'neuer shall decay'; Malone, 'time shall never—'; Dyce, 'time shall never raze'; Staunton, 'time shall ne'er decay'; Anon. conj. 'time shall never end.'

III. iii. 7. 'wanderingly'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'wondringly'; Schmidt conj. 'woundingly.'

III. iii. 29. 'Unscissard shall this hair'; Steevens' emendation; Quartos 1-4, 'unsisterd . . . heyre'; Quarto 5, 'unsisterd shall his heyres'; Quarto 6, 'unsisterd . . . heire'; Folios 3, 4, 'unsister'd . . . heir.'

III. iii. 30. 'show ill'; Quartos and Folios read 'show will'; the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.

ProL. IV. 17. 'marriage rite'; Collier's reading; Percy conj. 'marriage rites'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'marriage sight'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, 'marriage fight'; Steevens conj. 'marriage night.'

ProL. IV. 26. 'night-bird'; Malone's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'night bed.'

IV. i. 5. 'inflaming love i' thy bosom'; Knight's emendation of Quarto 1, 'in flaming, thy loue bosome,' etc.

IV. i. 11. 'only mistress' death'; Malone (1790), 'old mistress' death'; Percy conj. 'old nurse's death,' etc., etc.

IV. i. 64. 'stem to stern'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, 'sterne to sterne'; Folios 3, 4, 'stern to stern.'

IV. i. 97. 'the great pirate Valdes'; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).

IV. iii. 17. 'pious'; Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 'impious'; the rest omit the word.

IV. iii. 47-48. 'dost, with thine angel's face, Seize'; Malone conj. 'dost wear thine angel's face; Seize'; Steevens, 'dost wear an angel's face, Seize'; Hudson (1881), 'dost use an angel's face, Then seize.'

IV. iii. 48. 'talons'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'talents.'

IV. iv. 13-16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).

IV. iv. 18. 'his pilot thought'; Steevens conj. 'his pilot wrought'; Mason conj. 'this pilot-thought'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 'this Pilat thought'; the rest, 'this Pilate thought.'

IV. iv. 48. 'scene must play'; Malone's emendation (1790); Quartos, Folios 3, 4 read 'Stearc must play'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), 'tears must play'; Malone conj. 'stage must play'; Steevens, 'scenes display.'

V. i. 47. 'deafen'd'; Malone's emendation; Quarto 1, 'defend'; the rest, 'defended.'

V. i. 72. 'prosperous and artificial feat'; i.e. 'gracefully and skilfully performed'; Mason conj. 'prosperous artifice and fate'; Steevens, 'prosperous-artificial feat.'

—; 'feat'; Remy conj., adopted by Steevens, Quartos, Folios 3, 4, 'fate.'

V. i. 209-210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 235. 'nips'; Collier conj. 'raps.'

V. i. 247. 'life'; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Quartos. Folios 3, 4, 'like.'



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