

ever bent above his dead who did not feel the words uttered by the mad king,—words born of a despair deeper than tears :

“Oh, that a horse, a dog, a rat hath life
And thou no breath !”

So Iago, after he has been wounded, says :

“I bleed, sir ; but not killed.”

And Othello answers from the wreck and shattered remnant of his life:

“I would have thee live ;
For in my sense it is happiness to die.”

When Troilus finds Cressida has been false, he cries :

“Let it not be believed for womanhood ;
Think ! we had mothers.”

Ophelia, in her madness, “the sweet bells jangled out o’ tune,” says softly :

“I would give you some violets ;
But they withered all when my father died.”

When Macbeth has reaped the harvest, the seeds of which were sown by his murderous hand, he exclaims,—and what could be more pitiful ?—

“I ’gin to be aweary of the sun.”

Richard the Second feels how small a thing it is to be, or to have been, a king, or to receive honors before or after power is lost ; and so, of those who stood uncovered before him, he asks this piteous question :

“I live with bread, like you ; feel want,
Taste grief, need friends ; subjected thus,
How can you say to me I am a king ?”

Think of the salutation of Antony to the dead Cæsar :

“Pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth.”

When Pisanio informs Imogen that he had been ordered by Posthumus to murder her, she bares her neck and cries :

“The lamb entreats the butcher :
Where is thy knife ? Thou art too slow
To do thy master’s bidding when I desire it.”

Antony, as the last drops are falling from his self-inflicted wound, utters with his dying breath to Cleopatra, this :

“I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.”

To me, the last words of Hamlet are full of pathos :

“I die, Horatio.
The potent poison quite o’ercrows my spirit * * *
The rest is silence.”