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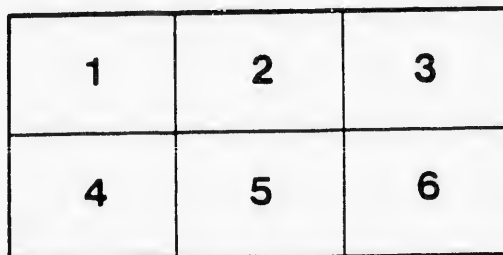
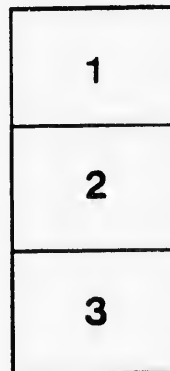
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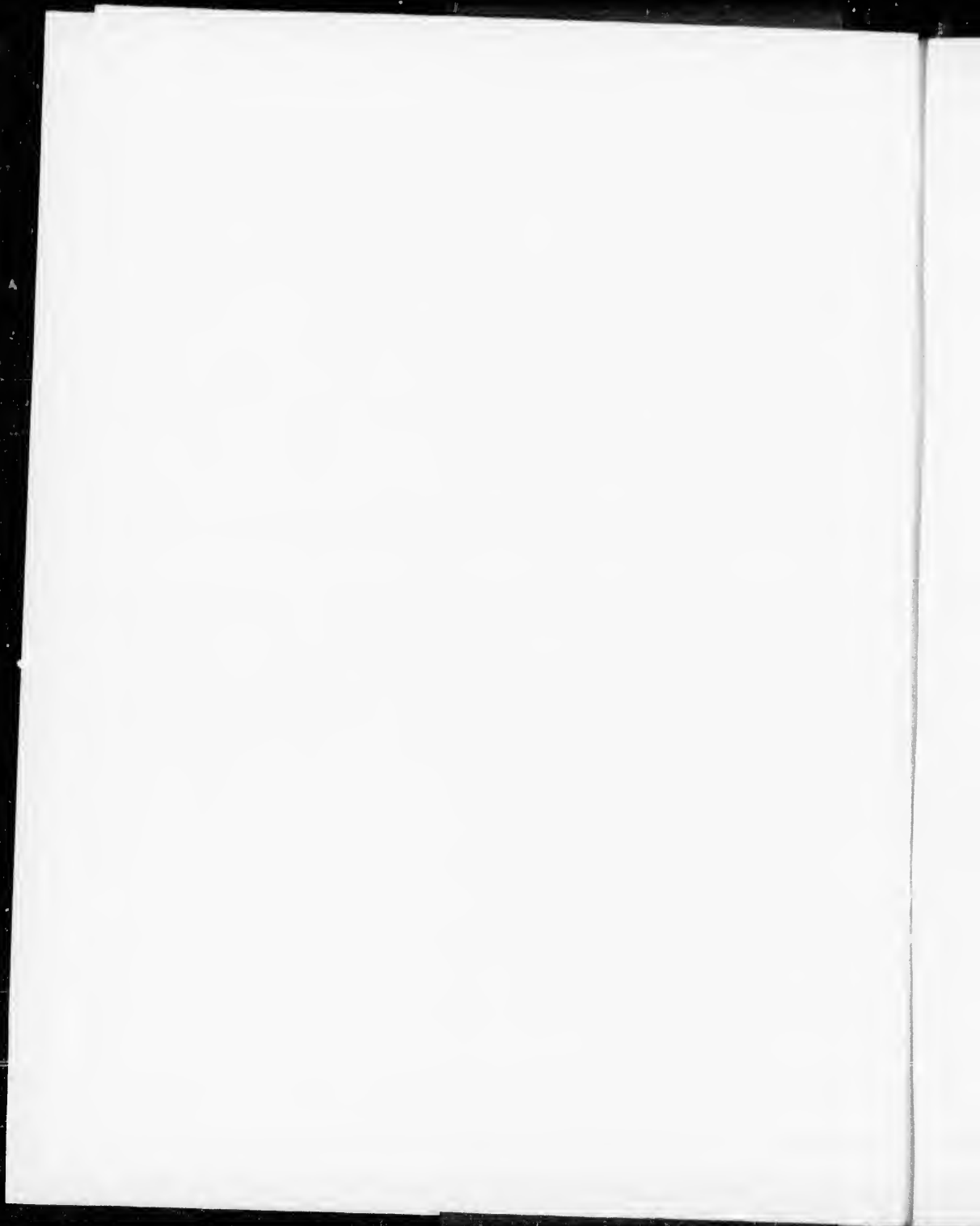


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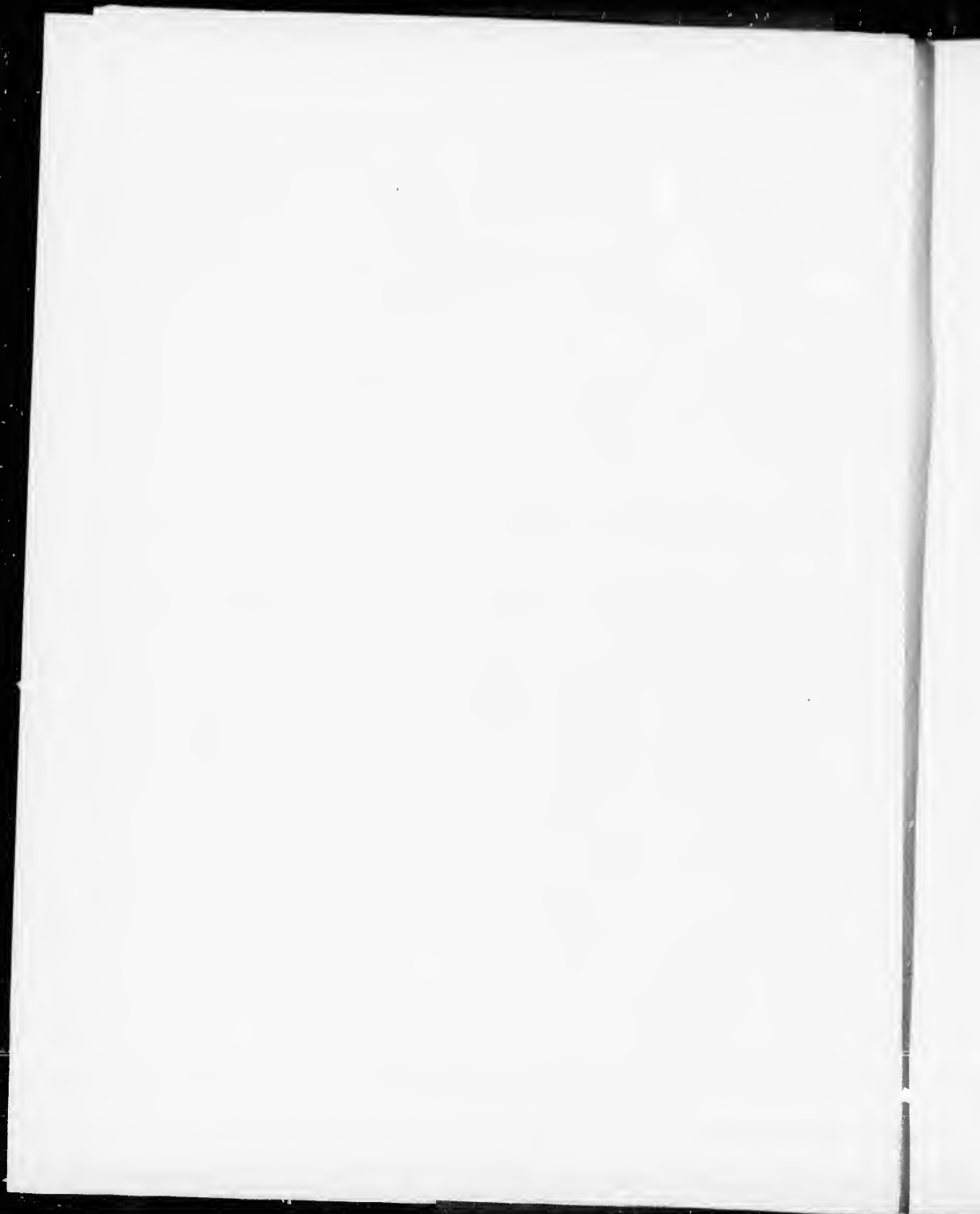
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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

//
THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE //

EDITED BY
HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH
NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL
AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS,

AND
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE
AND OTHER ARTISTS.

VOLUME VI.



TORONTO:
J. E. BRYANT & CO.
LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN:
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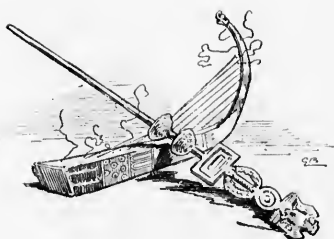
While this volume was preparing for the press, my health broke down completely, and I was obliged to give up work. Under these circumstances the Publishers succeeded in procuring the help of my old friend, Mr. Joseph Knight, the editor of *Notes and Queries*, who most kindly took the stage histories of all the plays except *Othello* and *Hamlet* off my shoulders. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and, in this case, our readers are likely to profit by what is my misfortune. To Mr. Wilson Verity and Mr. Arthur Symonds my sincere thanks are due for having undertaken my share of the work in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*. For *Coriolanus* (except the stage history) the Rev. H. C. Beeching is responsible, and his name will be a guarantee of the value of his contribution to this edition.

The revision of the proofs of *Hamlet* not having been finished when I was taken ill, that play, I am sorry to say, has necessarily been deferred till Volume vii.

The Publishers having found it necessary to obtain additional assistance in connection with the illustration of the work, two of the plays in this volume, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, have been illustrated by Mr. Maynard Brown and Mr. W. H. Margetson respectively.

F. A. MARSHALL.

LONDON, *June, 1889.*



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PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

OTHELLO.

<p>Act I. scene 3, line 71, 19 <i>Bra.</i> Here is the man, this Moor.</p> <p>Act I. scene 1, lines 41, 42, 20 <i>Iago.</i> O, sir, content you; I follow him to serve my turn upon him.</p> <p>Act I. scene 1, lines 123-126, 23 <i>Rod.</i> 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.</p> <p>Act I. scene 3, lines 163-166, 27 <i>Oth.</i> she thank'd me; And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her, I should but teach him how to tell my story, And that would woo her.</p> <p>Act II. scene 1, lines 20-22, 32 <i>Third Gent.</i> News, lads! our wars are done. The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks, That their designation fails.</p> <p>Act II. scene 3, lines 71-75, 37 <i>Iago.</i> [Sings] And let me the camakin 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</p> <p>Act II. scene 3, line 259, 40 <i>Iago.</i> What, ar, you hurt, lieutenant?</p> <p>Act III. scene 3, lines 285-287, 47 <i>Des.</i> Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again: Let me but bind it hard, within this hour It will be well.</p>	<p>Act III. scene 3, line 315, 48 <i>Iago.</i> Why, what's that to you?</p> <p>Act III. scene 3, lines 368, 369, 49 <i>Oth.</i> If thou dost slander her, and torture me, Never pray more.</p> <p>Act III. scene 3, lines 460-462, 51 <i>Oth.</i> Now, by yond marble heaven, In the due reverence of a sacred vow I here engage my words.</p> <p>Act III. scene 4, line 36, 53 <i>Oth.</i> Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.</p> <p>Act IV. scene 1, lines 143, 144, 58 <i>Cas.</i> So hangs, and bolts, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!</p> <p>Act IV. scene 2, lines 31-33, 61 <i>Des.</i> Upon my knees, what doth your speech import? I understand a fury in your words, But not the words.</p> <p>Act IV. scene 3, lines 94-97, 66 <i>Emil.</i> 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.</p> <p>Act V. scene 1, line 27, 69 <i>Cas.</i> I'm main'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!</p> <p>Act V. scene 2, line 33, (Etching) 70 <i>Des.</i> Talk you of killing? <i>Oth.</i> Ay, I do.</p> <p>Terminal, 110</p>
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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act I. scene 1. line 10, 125	Act III. scene 13. lines 10-12, 159
<i>Pho.</i> Look where they come.	<i>Eros.</i> 'T was a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.
Act I. scene 1. line 14, 127	Act IV. scene 1. lines 1, 2, 163
<i>Cleo.</i> If it be love indeed, tell me how much.	<i>Cors.</i> He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power To beat me out of Egypt.
Act I. scene 4. lines 31-36, 133	Act IV. scene 4. line 5, 165
<i>Mess.</i> Thy biddings have been done; and every hour, Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report How 't is abroad.	<i>Cleo.</i> Nay, I'll help too.
Act II. scene 2. lines 195-197, 138	Act IV. scene 7. lines 11, 12, 167
<i>Eros.</i> I will tell you. The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold.	<i>Eros.</i> They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves For a fair victory.
Act II. scene 5. lines 15-18, 141	Act IV. scene 14. lines 95-97, 172
<i>Char.</i> 'T was 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.	<i>Jul.</i> Thrice-nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what I should, and thou couldst not.
Act II. scene 5. line 61, 143	Act IV. scene 15. lines 32-34, 175
<i>Cleo.</i> The most infectious pestilence upon thee!	<i>Cleo.</i> How heavy weighs my lord! Our strength is all gone into heaviness, That makes the weight.
Act II. scene 7. lines 109-111, 148	Act V. scene 2. lines 266-268, 181
<i>Eros.</i> [To <i>Julius</i>] Ha, my brave emperor! Shall we d. nec now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?	<i>Cloten.</i> 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.
Act III. scene 1. lines 3, 4, (<i>Etching</i>) 149	Act V. scene 2. lines 338-340, 183
<i>Ven.</i> Bear the king's son's body Before our army.	<i>Cors.</i> Bravest at the last, She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal, Took her own way.
Act III. scene 4. lines 19-21, 152	
<i>Jul.</i> Gentle Octavia, Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks Best to preserve it.	

CORIOLANUS.

Terminal to Introduction, 230	Act II. scene 1. line 183, (<i>Etching</i>) 248
Act I. scene 1. lines 170-172, 231	<i>Her.</i> Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus.
<i>First Cil.</i> We have ever your good word.	Act II. scene 1. lines 192-194, 248
<i>Mar.</i> He that will give good words to thee will flatter beneath abhorring.	<i>Cor.</i> My gracious silence, hail! Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph?
Act I. scene 3. lines 20, 21, 236	Act II. scene 3. lines 90-92, 253
<i>Vir.</i> But had he died in the business, madam,— how then?	<i>First Cil.</i> But this is something odd. <i>Sec. Cil.</i> And 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.
Act I. scene 4. line 12, 239	Act III. scene 1. lines 179, 180, 259
<i>Mar.</i> Come, blow thy blast.	<i>Cor.</i> Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones Out of thy garments.
Act I. scene 5. lines 1-3, 241	Act III. scene 2. lines 89, 90, 264
<i>First Rom.</i> This will I carry to Rome. <i>Sec. Rom.</i> And I this. <i>Third Rom.</i> A murrain on't! I took this for silver.	<i>Vol.</i> Prithee now, Go, and be rul'd.
Act I. scene 8. lines 1, 2, 243	Act IV. scene 3. lines 30, 31, 269
<i>Mar.</i> I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.	<i>Vols.</i> You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

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Act IV. scene 5. lines 56-58, 271	Act V. scene 2. lines 12, 13, 281
<i>Ant.</i> Where is this fellow? <i>See. Sery.</i> Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.	<i>First S.</i> Be 'tso, go back; the virtue of your name is not here passable.
Act IV. scene 5. lines 181, 182, 274	Act V. scene 3. lines 129-131, 285
<i>Third Sery.</i> O slaves, I can tell you news.—news, you rascals!	<i>Cor.</i> Not of a woman's tenderness to be. Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. I've sat too long.
Act IV. scene 6. lines 155, 156, 277	Act V. scene 5. line 38, 287
<i>First Cl.</i> I ever said we were i' the wrong when we caught'd him.	<i>Moss.</i> Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.
	Terminal, 318

KING LEAR.

Act IV. scene 6. line 48, 337	Act III. scene 6. lines 56-58, 371
<i>Glo.</i> Away, and let me die.	<i>Lear.</i> And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!
Act I. scene 1. lines 283-285, 341	Act IV. scene 1. lines 81, 82, 375
<i>Cor.</i> Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides: Who cover faults, at last shame them derides. Well may you prosper! <i>France.</i> Come, my fair Cordelia.	<i>Edg.</i> Give me thy arm: Poor Tom shall lead thee.
Act I. scene 2. lines 59, 60, 343	Act IV. scene 2. line 61, 377
<i>Glo.</i> Hum—conspiracy!—“Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue.”	<i>Gon.</i> O vain fool!
Act I. scene 2. lines 188-196, 346	Act IV. scene 6. line 98, 382
<i>Edm.</i> Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you.	<i>Lear.</i> Ha! Generil,—with a white beard!
Act I. scene 4. line 314, 351	Act IV. scene 6. line 252, 385
<i>Fool.</i> So the fool follows after.	<i>Osw.</i> Slave, thou hast slain me;—villain, take my purse.
Act II. scene 2. lines 38, 39, 355	Act IV. scene 7. lines 71-75, 387
<i>Kent.</i> Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king.	<i>Lear.</i> I pray, weep not: If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: You have some cause, they have not.
Act II. scene 4. lines 5, 6, 358	Act V. scene 3. lines 3, 4, 390
<i>Lear.</i> Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?	<i>Cor.</i> We are not the first Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.
Act II. scene 4. lines 156-158, 361	Act V. scene 3. lines 269, 270, 394
<i>Lear.</i> “Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, food, and food.” <i>[Kneeling.]</i>	<i>Lear.</i> A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Act III. scene 2. lines 37, 38, (<i>Elching</i>) <i>Frontis.</i>	Terminal, 396
<i>Lear.</i> No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.	

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 with this intelligence,



OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTION BY F. A. MARSHALL.

NOTES BY

A. WILSON VERITY AND F. A. MARSHALL.



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.

DESEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

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

SCENE—The first act in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a seaport in Cyprus.

HISTORIC PERIOD: May, 1570.

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. P. A. Daniel gives the following time-analysis: three days, with one interval.

Day 1: Act I. in Venice.—Interval: voyage to Cyprus.
Day 2: Act II. }
Day 3: Acts III. IV. and V. } in Cyprus.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

It was not till six years after Shakespeare's death, and only a year before the publication of the first Folio, that Othello was first published in quarto with the following title-page: "THE Tragedy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | As it hath bene diverse times acted at the | Globe, and at the Black Friars, by | his Maiesties Seruants. | Written by William Shakespeare. | LONDON, | Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittaines Burse. | 1622."

This Quarto was evidently printed from a totally different MS. to that from which the Folio of 1623 was printed. Not only does it contain some one hundred and sixty lines less than the Folio; but it retains all those oaths and introductions of the name of God which are not found in the first Folio, and which would not have been suffered to remain in the copy used at the theatre after the act of 1606 had been passed, to which reference has so frequently been made in the notes to this edition. The next text, in chronological order, is that of the first Folio, which is by far the most correct one that has come down to us. The second Quarto was published in 1630; the title to it is the same as that of Q. 1, with the exception of the imprint, which is as follows: "LONDON, | Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at | his shoppe in Chauncery-Lane, neere Sergeants - Inne. | 1630 |." The Cambridge edd. say "after a minnte comparison of the two, it appears to us clear that the Quarto of 1630 must have been printed from a copy of the Quarto of 1622, which had received additions and corrections in manuscript. The resemblances between the two are too close to allow of any other supposition" (vol. viii.

p. xvii.). This opinion has been confirmed by the careful collation of the two Quartos, made by Mr. H. A. Evans for the facsimile reprints issued under the auspices of the New Shakespeare Society. The Introduction to Q. 1, by Mr. Evans, contains a most admirable digest both of the principal facts which enable us to settle the date of the play, and of the differences between the three texts, Q. 1, F. 1, Q. 2. But there is this difference between the Quarto of 1630 and that of 1622; in the former the 160 odd lines, wanting in the latter, are nearly all supplied, but not as correctly as in the Folio; which seems to show that they were taken from some playhouse copy more easily obtainable than the volume of the collected plays, published in 1623, which had already become scarce.

Q. 3, which was virtually a reprint of Q. 2, was published in 1655, and is called "The Fourth Edition." It has the same title as the other two Quartos, except that the imprint is as follows: "LONDON, | Printed for William Leak at the Crown in Fleet- | street, between the two Temple Gates, 1655 |."

Besides these there is a Players' Quarto dated 1695; a copy of which is in my possession, and I have given the cast taken from that Quarto in the Stage History of this play. Unlike the Players' Quartos of Hamlet, this has not any of the portions omitted in representation marked with quotation marks.

The entry in the Stationers' Register of the first Quarto is as follows: "6th Octobris, 1621, Tho: Walkley.—Entred for his copie, vnder the handes of Sir George Buck and Mr. Swinhowe, warden, The Tragedie of Othello, the moore of Venice." The text of the play is preceded by an address from the Stationer to the Reader, which contains nothing of any interest.

The question as to when this play was first

OTHELLO.

written is a difficult one to decide. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps gave in his Outlines an extract from a MS. preserved in the Record Office entitled "The Accompte of the Office of the Renelles of this whole yeres charge, in anno 1604 untill the last of Octobar, 1605." The extract is as follows:

The Plaies by the Kings Maies plaies	1605	The Poets wh mayd the plaies Shaxberd. ¹
	Hallamas Day being the first of Nonenber A play in the Banketinge house att whitthall called The Moor of Venis.	

The late Sir Thomas Hardy pronounced the MS. in question to be a forgery, one of those idiotic tricks which have been played from time to time by semi-criminals upon students of Shakespeare; but there is good reason to believe that this very MS. was really a copy of a genuine document. Malone says "we know it (Othello) was acted in 1604, and I have, therefore, placed it in that year" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 404). Now as Malone was not in the habit of speaking rashly, or of evolving facts from his inner consciousness, it is highly probable that this entry was in those genuine books of Accounts of the Revels, which were removed from a damp dungeon, where they had lain so long neglected, to the new Audit Office in Somerset Place, and which we know Malone, in the year 1791, had the privilege of examining. Unfortunately he did not live to record in the Prolegomena to the 1821 edition of his Shakespeare the result of his visit; but among his papers a memorandum was found, not in his own handwriting, of this entry of the performance of the Moor of Venice; and probably this memorandum had been made from the genuine Accounts of the Office of the Revels. For a full discussion of this question see Halliwell-Phillipps's Outlines, fifth edition, pp. 607-613.

In the same work (p. 177) Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps records the entry from the Register

¹ We copy this from Dr. Furness's Appendix to the Variorum Othello (p. 348), but as he says: "(In the original, 'Shaxberd' is not placed here, but opposite the play of *Mesur for Mesur*." With regard to the date he says: "Although this is headed 1605, internal evidence in the rest of the entries shows that the true date is 1604."

of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, 1609, of the baptism of two daughters of William Bishoppe, named Catherine and *Dezdimonnye*. It is certainly more probable that this peculiar name was taken from the play than from the very little known novel of Cinthio; especially as the spelling is evidently meant to resemble that of Shakespeare. On April 30th, 1610, Othello was performed at the Globe before the German ambassador and his suite, as we learn from a MS. of an attendant on the Duke of Wirtemberg: "S. E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire on l'on jone les commedies; y fut representé l'Histoire du More de Venise" (Centurie of Prayse, vol. i. p. 93). Again we learn from the MS. of Mr. Vertue² that this play was acted at court before King James in the early part of the year 1613 (Stokes's Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays, p. 114).

Some critics have endeavoured to fix the date of the play much later, in 1611, or 1612, and even as late as 1614. They seem to have relied principally upon the passage, iii. 4. 46, 47, which was held to be an allusion to the order of baronets established by James I. in 1611. This seems to me a very weak piece of evidence; for surely such lines might easily have been inserted afterwards. Putting aside the disputed entry in the Accounts of the Revels, the fact that the Duke of Wirtemberg saw the play in 1610 seems to prove clearly that it was written before James I. created the order distinguished by the "bloody hand" of Ulster. The arguments as to early and late date will be found admirably summarized in Stokes's Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (pp. 116, 117). The style of the verse and the power of the characterization show that Othello certainly was not an early play; nor was it a very late one; any date from 1602 to 1605 inclusive would suit the internal evidence afforded by the style.

² Dr. Furness, in the Appendix to the Variorum Othello (p. 346), quotes Steevens's account of these MSS. as given by Chalmers: "The books, from which these extracts were made, with several others lost, belonged to Secretary Pepys, and afterwards to Dr. Rawlison, who lent them to Mr. Vertue. There is a MS. note snjointed to the MSS. of Vertue, which, about thirty years ago, were lent to Mr. Steevens by Mr. Garrick."

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As to the sources of the play, the only foundation on which Shakespeare seems to have worked is the story in Cinthio's Heecatomitti (Decade 3, Novel 7), the full title of which, being translated, is as follows: "A Captain, a Moor, takes for wife a Venetian citizeness; an ancient (ensign) of his accuses her to her husband of adultery; he seeks, that the ancient may kill him, whom he believed [to be] the adulterer; the captain kills the wife, is accused by the ancient, the Moor does not confess but there being clear proofs [against him] he is banished; and the wicked ancient, thinking to do injury to others, brings upon himself death miserably." No English translation of this novel of Cinthio's is known before the one made by W. Parr in 1795, which is given in Collier's Shakespeare's Library; the second edition of which, edited by Hazlitt, was published in 1875, and from that edition all our quotations are given. The novel and Parr's translation occupy pp. 282-308 inclusive in Vol. ii. of Part I. Unfortunately the translation is by no means an idiomatic one and, in some cases, does not render accurately the text of the original. For instance, on page 300, after the Moor (Othello) has first become infected with the poisonous suggestions of the ancient (Iago), Desdemona is talking to the ancient's wife (Emilia); and after expressing a fear that she may serve as a warning to young persons not to marry against the wish of their families, and that from her, Italian women may learn not to ally themselves "*con uomo, cui la natura, e il Cielo, e il modo della vita disgiunge da noi*," which sentence the translator renders: "with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate,¹ education, and complexion" (p. 300). In the Italian original it will be seen that there is nothing about *complexion*, the literal translation being: "with a man, whom nature, and climate (or Heaven), and manner of life separates from us." Certainly if Shakespeare worked from any English translation, it would be from one more literal than Parr's.

¹ It may be doubted whether *il Cielo* here means the climate, or Heaven, *i.e.* Providence, as it is sometimes translated. The fact of *Cielo* being printed with a capital C seems to favour the latter interpretation.

However, it is quite possible that he understood enough Italian to read it in the original, either alone, or with the help of a friend. As many passages of the translation of the novel relating to incidents made use of in the play are given in the notes, it will be only necessary here to give a brief abstract, which may serve to bring out clearly the important points of difference between the story of Cinthio's novel and that of Shakespeare's tragedy. It must be remembered that, as mentioned in the note on the Dramatis Personæ, no names are given in the novel except that of the wife *Disdemona*. The husband is always *il Moro*, the ancient *l'alfiero*, and the supposed lover of Disdemona *il capo di squadra*, the lieutenant. In describing the personal bravery and military genius of the Moor, the author notices that the Venetians excelled all republics that ever were in their generous recognition of virtuous actions. Disdemona is described as "a virtuous lady, of marvellous beauty," who fell in love with the Moor, "not being drawn on by female appetite, but by his virtue" (p. 285). No mention is made of her father; but we are told that her relations did all in their power to prevent the marriage, which, however, in spite of their efforts, took place; and the Moor and his wife lived together in such thorough concord and in such tranquillity while they were in Venice, that "never between them was I will not say any thing, but not even any word, except of affection." Though Shakespeare chose to make the marriage of Othello with Desdemona take place but a few hours before his being sent to Cyprus, it is clear, from several incidents in the play, that he had in his mind this description of the novelist. Cinthio tells us that the Venetians were changing the garrison of Cyprus, and chose the Moor as the commander of the soldiers to be sent there. Although glad at the honour offered him, the Moor was troubled when he thought of the length and inconvenience of the journey; supposing that Disdemona would dislike to undertake it. His wife, who held nothing else dear in the world but the Moor, and was much rejoiced at the testimony to his high merit shown by so powerful and noble a re-

public, was anxious for the moment of departure, that she might accompany him in a post of such honour; but it gave her great pain to see the Moor disturbed, "and not knowing the occasion of this [trouble] one day notable she said, that she wished he would tell her why, on such a post of honour being assigned to him by the Senate, he was so melancholy." The Moor answered: "The love, which I bear you, disturbs my complete content at the honour received, because I see that of necessity one of two things must happen: either that taking you with me I must expose [you] to the perils of the sea; or that, not to give you this trouble, I must leave you at Venice. The first [alternative] cannot but be serious to me, because every fatigue, that you sustain, and every danger, that you undergo, must cause me extreme anxiety. The second, to leave you here, will be hateful to me myself; because in being separated from you I shall be deprived of my very life"¹ (p. 287). [It will be seen that Shakespeare got but few hints for his speeches of Othello and Desdemona in act i. from this dialogue.] To which speech Desdemona answered: "Tell me, my husband, what are those thoughts that enter your mind? . . . I am ready to come with you, whithersoever you shall go, even if so I should have to pass in my shift through the fire, as I am ready to come with you by water, in a safe, and well equipped ship; and, if there shall be dangers there, and fatigues, I am willing to share them with you, and I should hold myself to be little loved by you, when, in order not to have me in your company on the sea, you thought to leave me in Venice, or persuaded yourself that I would sooner remain here in safety, than be with you in one and the same danger" (pp. 287, 288). Then the Moor, all joyful, threw his arms round the neck of his wife, and with an affectionate kiss said to her, "May God long preserve you in this lovingness, my dear wife!" We have here a pretty picture of perfect conjugal love, which Shakespeare evidently bore in mind when depicting the character of the pure and devoted Desdemona.

¹ In these passages, which I have translated as literally as possible from the Italian, the punctuation of the original is preserved.

The description of the *alfiere* (ancient) is worth noticing. He is described as of "most handsome presence, but of the most wicked nature of any man that ever was in the world. He was very dear to the Moor, who had not any idea of his villainess. Because, although he was of the most cowardly spirit, nevertheless he concealed, with high-sounding and proud words, and with his [fine] presence, in such a manner his cowardice, which he kept shut up in his heart, that he showed himself in the likeness of a Hector or of an Achilles" (pp. 288, 289). He had brought his wife with him to Cyprus. She was "a beautiful and honest young woman," much beloved by Desdemona, who passed the greater part of the day in her company. Then we have a description of the *capo di squadra* (lieutenant), who "went very many times to the house of the Moor, and often dined with him and his wife. Whence it came that the lady, who knew him to be so grateful [a friend] to her husband, showed him signs of great good-will, which thing (*i.e.* Desdemona's conduct) "was very dear to the Moor" (p. 289). The wicked ancient, regardless of the ties of friendship, of loyalty, and of gratitude to the Moor, loved Desdemona most passionately; and turned all his thoughts as to how he could show his love to her, fearing that if the Moor perceived it, he would instantly kill him. He tried every means to make his court to her in secret, but her every thought was so wrapped up in the Moor, that she had not one to spare for the ancient or anyone else. It will be seen that more stress is laid in the story upon Iago's passion for Desdemona, which certainly, in the play, strikes one as never having had any real existence. But Shakespeare has adhered to the novel most closely in depicting Desdemona as the purest of women and most loyal of wives. The narrator goes on to tell us that every attempt the wicked ancient made to awaken the passion of Desdemona was an utter failure, so that he began to imagine—not being able, any more than Iago, to conceive what a pure woman it was that she must be in love with the lieutenant; therefore not only did he resolve to get rid of his supposed rival, but his love

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for Desdemona was transformed "into the bitterest hatred;" and he began to study how not only he might kill the lieutenant but might prevent the Moor from enjoying the love of Desdemona which was denied to himself. It is plain that, in the novel, some time is supposed to pass, after the arrival in Cyprus, before the incident of the lieutenant getting into disgrace over the quarrel when on guard. His disgrace pained Desdemona very much; and, unsolicited, she made many attempts to reconcile her husband and the lieutenant. One day the Moor observed to the wicked ancient that his wife was so importunate in the cause of the lieutenant that he feared, in the end, he would have to take him back again into favour. This remark of the Moor seems to have put into the ancient's head the first idea of exciting his jealousy against the lieutenant. It must be confessed that Shakespeare has treated this part of the story much more dramatically. The ancient having suggested to the Moor that his wife's interest in the lieutenant was not an innocent one, on a certain day, when Desdemona was doing her best to urge her husband to look over the slight fault of the lieutenant, the Moor got into a passion, and said that it was an extraordinary thing that his wife should take so much interest in one who was neither her brother nor any relation; the lady answered "all courteous, and humble: I would not have you be angry with me, I have no motive other than my grief at seeing you deprived of so dear a friend, as I know, by your own testimony, the lieutenant was to you: he has not indeed committed any fault so serious, that you ought to bear [him] so great ill-feeling. But you Moors are by nature so hot, that only a little thing moves you to anger, and to revenge" (p. 292). Instead of being appeased by this answer, the Moor became more angry, and declared that he would take such vengeance for the injuries done him as would satisfy him. Poor Desdemona was quite dumbfounded at the words of her husband, who had never yet been angry with her; and she answered humbly that since the subject made him angry she would never mention it again. Nevertheless this fresh instance of

the favour, which she bore to the lieutenant, confirmed the Moor in his jealous suspicion that she was in love with him. Tortured by his suspicions, the Moor goes to see the ancient, not to learn more particulars from him. In this interview the Moor becomes enraged with the ancient, and tells him he does not know what prevents him from cutting out the tongue that had dared to defame his wife. Upon this the ancient plays his trump card; and with a hypocritical assumption of honest reluctance, tells the Moor that the lieutenant has confessed to him the intrigue, and that only fear of his captain's displeasure prevented him from killing him, directly he made such a confession. "But since the making you to know this, which concerns more you, than anyone else, causes me to have so unpleasant a reward: I wish I had held my tongue." To which the Moor answered, all agonized as he was, "If you do not make me see this, that you have told me, with my eyes, live assured that I will make you know, that it would have been better for you, that you had been born dumb" (pp. 294, 295). Here we have the hint for the magnificent scene between Othello and Iago in the third act.

There is one point in the novel which Shakespeare did not adapt; Cinthio makes the ancient tell the Moor that it would be much more difficult to prove his accusation now that the lieutenant is not received by his captain on terms of friendship. The estrangement between them, and the great purity of Desdemona, made the ancient almost despair of being able to fix any guilt upon her. Being nearly at his wits' end, he hits upon the device of stealing the handkerchief, which he does during one of the many visits paid by Desdemona to his wife. Shakespeare showed his usual discretion in not adopting the device which the ancient employed, namely, to steal the handkerchief while Desdemona was caressing his little girl, who was only three years old. Having got the handkerchief, the ancient puts it at the head of the lieutenant's bed; the latter finds it next morning, and, recognizing it immediately, sets out to restore it to Desdemona. He has only just knocked at the door when, as fate would have it, the Moor

returns to the house, and hearing someone knock, asked who it was. On hearing his voice the lieutenant runs away, thereby increasing the wretched husband's suspicions. He sets the ancient to find out from the lieutenant what he could about his visit; and here comes in the incident of the Moor watching the conversation between the ancient and the lieutenant, the former by his gestures conveying the idea that he was listening to some very important revelations, though the conversation was really on indifferent matters. Of course the Moor believes the account of the conversation given him by the scoundrelly ancient, and determines to put his wife to the proof by asking her for the handkerchief; when she confesses with some agitation to having lost it, he makes up his mind to kill her. The other important incidents of the novel are mostly given in our notes. It only remains to notice that, in his story, Cinthio speaks of a lady in the house where the lieutenant lived, who was very clever at embroidering in muslin. But this lady is quite distinct from the "*meretrice colla quale egli si sollazza*," and in going to visit whom he is attacked and wounded by the ancient. The agitation and grief of Desdemona, on hearing of the serious wound by which the lieutenant had lost his leg, sealed her fate; and the Moor consults with the villainous ancient how to put her to death. It must be confessed that the mode they hit on is very unromantic. The ancient is concealed in a closet in the bed-room of the Moor and his wife, and when, as agreed upon, he makes a noise, Desdemona is told to get up and see what is the matter; on doing which the ancient rushes out, and gives her a violent blow with a stocking filled with sand. She calls to her husband for help, but is denounced by him as an adulteress. She has only time to protest her innocence, when the third blow puts an end to her life. Then they place her on the bed, and, having broken in her head, pull down the ceiling, so that she may seem to have been killed by accident.

The device succeeded so far that no suspicion arose as to the cause of the death of Desdemona; but as the narrator remarks

"God would not let so great a wickedness remain unpunished." The Moor went about like one beside himself, seeking her in every room in the house. He began to conceive so great a hatred to the ancient that he could not bear the sight of him; and, had he not feared the justice of the Venetian senators, he would have openly killed him; but not being able to do this with safety to himself, he deprived him of his post, whence such a bitter hatred sprang up between them that the ex-ancient turned all his thoughts on how he could be revenged on the Moor. He went to the lieutenant, who had recovered from his wound and was walking about with his wooden leg, and told him that the time was now come when he could avenge himself for the loss of his limb; and that, if he would go with him to Venice, he would there tell him the name of the man who had so injured him. So the two went away together to Venice, and there the ex-ancient told him that the Moor was the person who had cut off his leg because he suspected him of adultery with his wife, and how he had murdered his wife afterwards. The lieutenant immediately accused the Moor before the council, and the Moor was arrested and brought to Venice, where he was put to the torture. The Moor would not confess anything, so he escaped death; after a long imprisonment he was condemned to perpetual exile, and was finally slain by some of his wife's relations. The ancient returned to his own country; but having falsely accused one of his companions of murder, the accused man having protested his innocence under torture, the ancient was himself put to the rack, and so severely injured that he died in great agony: thus was Desdemona's innocence revenged.

From the above narrative we can form some idea of the skill with which Shakespeare adapted his material, and with what a marvellous pathos his genius invested the story of the unhappy Desdemona.

STAGE HISTORY.

The earliest allusion relating to the stage history of this play is that already quoted above in the Literary History (p. 4), referring

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to its representation in 1610. In the accounts of Lord Treasurer Stanhope, 1613, among the payments made to John Heminges "for presenting before the Princes Highnes the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene severall playes." The Moor of Venice is one of the plays mentioned (Century of Prayse, vol. i. p. 103). The sum paid for the whole fourteen seems to have been £93, 6s. 8d., equal to £6, 13s. 4d. for each play. The next reference is in the Elegy "On ye Death of ye famous actor R. Burbadge," published about 1618 or 1619, at line 15, where, among the characters represented by that actor, are

Kind Lear, the *Greened Moore*, and more beside.
—*Ct supra*, p. 131.

The genuineness of this line, together with the two preceding ones and the one following, was at first disputed; but this dispute was put an end to by the discovery of a Folio MS. in the library of the late Mr. Henry Huth, in which these lines are found, and which were proved by Dr. Furnivall to be genuine (see the Academy of April 19th, 1879). In 1629 Sir Henry Herbert was Master of the Revels, and in his accounts of that year for the 22nd November is entered the sum of £9, 16s. 0d., as received "from the kinges company being brought mee by Blagrove, upon the play of *The Moor of Venice*." In the MS. commonplace book of Abraham Wright, written in 1637, or earlier, there is the entry

"*Othello* by Shakespeare.

A very good play, both for lines and plot, but especially the plot. Iago for a rogue, and Othello for a jealous husband, two parts well penned. Act 3, the scene between Iago and Othello, and the first scene of the fourth act, between the same, shew admirably the villainous humour of Iago when he persuades Othello to his jealousy" (*ut supra*, p. 219). On October 11th, 1660, Pepys saw this play at the Cockpit, with Burt as the Moor; and again on August 20th, 1666; but having lately read the *Adventures of Five Hours*,¹ he

¹ Written, as Downes says, by Take, in conjunction with the Earl of Bristol; or rather translated and adapted from one of Calderon's plays.

thought it on the latter occasion "a mean thing."

Downes gives the Moor of Venice as one of the three plays of Shakespeare included among the old stock plays of the company which opened a new theatre in Drury Lane, April 8th, 1663. The cast on this occasion was as follows: Brabantio = Cartwright, the Moor = Burt, Cassio = Hart, Iago = Major Mohun, Roderigo = Beeston, Desdemona = Mrs. Hughes, Emilia = Mrs. Rutter. No other characters are given. To Hart's name Davies appends a note, "that he became so superior to Burt that he took the lead in almost all the plays acted at Drury Lane; *Othello* was one of his master parts" (Downes, edition 1789, p. 15). It would appear that Betterton did not get an opportunity of acting *Othello* till the union of the two companies, The Duke's and The King's, in 1682; upon which union Hart retired, and the Moor of Venice was among the pieces revived in the first season. Downes says that the acting right of *Othello* was vested in Killigrew, and for that reason Betterton could not play the part before the coalition of the two companies; but, as Genest points out (vol. i. p. 405), "he evidently meant no more than that according to the established rule, the Duke's company were not at liberty to act *Othello* before the union" (of the two companies). To the Players' Quarto, 1695, already mentioned above in the Literary History, the following cast is appended, which may be compared with the one given above from Downes:—

The Duke of Venice. Mr. Lydal.
Brabantio, a Magnifico, Father to Desdemona. Mr. Cartwright.
Gratiano, his Brother. Mr. Griffin.
Lodovico, their Kinsman. Mr. Harris.
Senators.
Othello, the Moor, General of the Army in Cyprus. Mr. Hart.
Cassio, his Lieutenant General. Mr. Kynaston.
Iago, Standard-bearer to the Moor; a Villain. Mr. Mohun.
Roderigo, a foolish Gentleman that follows the Moor in hopes to cuckold him. Mr. Beeston.
Montanio, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus. Mr. Wakon.
Clown, Servant to the Moor. Mr. Hayns.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Herald.

OTHELLO.

Desdemona, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to the Moor.* Mrs. Cox.
 Emilia, *Wife to Iago.* Mrs. Rutter.
 Bianca, *Cassio's Vench.* Mrs. James.
Attendants.

Betterton continued to act Othello often up to 1709. On March 3rd, 1705, he took his benefit in this character; and at one of his last appearances at Lincoln's Inn Fields, on March 24th, 1709, Betterton played Othello to the Iago of Colley Cibber, which latter must indeed have been a queer performance. Booth, who seems to have succeeded to Betterton in the character of Othello, was the Cassio on that occasion. In the next season Betterton, now past the age of seventy, appeared as Othello for the last time on September 15th, 1709. Booth seems to have held undisputed possession of the character of Othello till Quin appeared in that part for his benefit, March 12th, 1720. It is uncertain if this was his first appearance in the part, as he had already taken his benefit in the same tragedy on May 1st, 1716, at Drury Lane. He continued to play the part pretty frequently up to 1751. It is curious that he does not seem ever to have played any other part in the piece, and never even to have attempted Iago till March 11th, 1751, when he appeared, at Covent Garden, in the part of the ancient to the Othello of Barry and the Desdemona of Mrs. Cibber. During this period from 1720, Quin's principal rivals in the part of Othello appear to have been Mills and Delane; the latter being the more formidable of the two. It was not till March 7th, 1745, that Garrick made his first appearance in the part at Drury Lane. It was on this occasion that Quin, whose surly and envious nature never seems to have been softened even by the good things of the table, said to Dr. Hoadley when Garrick entered, "Why does he not bring the tea-kettle and lamp?" implying that he looked like one of the black boys whom ladies of fashion at that time were so fond of having among their retinue. However, before the end of the performance, Quin must have seen that the sneer was undeserved, though he had not the generosity to say so. It may be noted that Garrick restored the scene where Othello

falls into the epileptic fit, or "trance," as it is euphemistically termed, which Quin on account of his unwieldy figure had omitted. But Othello was not one of Garrick's great successes; and, after Barry appeared on the scene, he was content to abandon the part to him, for the reason that he could not hope to rival him in that character any more than in Romeo; and, more than that, he showed his good sense by playing Iago frequently to the Othello of Barry, and once, at least, to that of Mossop, at Drury Lane, April 2nd, 1753.

There were one or two comic Othellos during the first half of the eighteenth century; notably when *le diable boiteux*, Samuel Foote, under the anonymous disguise of "a Gentleman," appeared in that character at the Haymarket on February 6th, 1744. This extraordinary performance was repeated three or four times at that theatre, notwithstanding that it was a total failure. On March 10th of the same year Foote perpetrated his murder of "The Moor" at Drury Lane; the Iago being Giffard and the Desdemona Mrs. Giffard. Another still more comical Othello was seen, at the Haymarket Theatre, on September 22nd, 1744, when that monkey-wittol, Theophilus Cibber, acted (✓) Othello. It certainly was a part eminently unsuited to such a complaisant husband as he was; and it is almost to be wondered at that he did not hit upon the notion of ending the play differently by making Othello fall on Cassio's neck, in a transport of enthusiasm, and borrow one hundred pounds of him on the strength of his supposed intimacy with Desdemona. On 7th March, 1751, a distinguished amateur, in the person of Sir Francis Delaval, played Othello, while other members of his family took the parts of Iago, Cassio, and Desdemona; the performance was under the superintendance of Macklin; it was a great success and drew a crowded house, including several members of the royal family.

It would be impossible to notice one tithe of the performances of Othello. No play of Shakespeare's, except Hamlet, has been so constantly acted since the Restoration. No season seems to have passed, at either of the principal theatres, without a representation of Othello; and that in spite of the fact that the two priu-

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 the fact that the two prin-

cipal characters are so nearly equal in impor-
 tance, that it is really very difficult to say
 which is the stronger one of the two. Otway's
 Venice Preserved is, perhaps, the only other
 play which contains two principal male char-
 acters so important as those of Othello and
 Iago. In the time of the old Patent Theatres
 there was not the same difficulty in casting
 such pieces as there is now, when theatres are
 so many and good tragedians so few. It would
 seem that Barry was certainly the greatest
 representative of Othello that appeared before
 Edmund Kean. Among the great actors who
 distinguished themselves in this part in the
 latter half of the eighteenth century, we may
 mention Powell, Sheridan, and Henderson:
 the latter did not attempt the part of Iago till
 near the end of his career, on November
 10th, 1780, when he played the Ancient to
 the Othello of Wroughton. Macklin never
 seems to have appeared as Othello, but he
 played Iago frequently. On March 8th, 1785,
 at Drury Lane, John Kemble made his first
 appearance as Othello, with Bensley as Iago,
 and his great sister, Mrs. Siddons, as Desde-
 mona; but certainly the Moor was not one of
 Kemble's great parts.

Othello enjoys the distinction, among the
 great tragedies of Shakspeare, of being the
 only one on which the desecrating claw of the
 adaptor has never been laid. Even Hamlet
 was unfortunate enough to be improved by Gar-
 rick; but he left Othello alone. It does not
 seem even to have been transformed into an
 opera, till the great master Rossini set to most
 beautiful music a very fair libretto founded on
 Shakspeare's play, in which perhaps the most
 effective scene was that, almost universally
 omitted on the stage, in which Desde-
 mona sings the beautiful willow song. In-
 deed, we may learn from our ancestors of the
 eighteenth century a lesson in reverence for
 Shakspeare's text, as far as Othello is con-
 cerned. It is clear that, on many occasions at
 least, the character of Bianca was retained in
 the cast, and with it that portion of act iv.
 scene 1 where Bianca, within hearing of the
 concealed Othello, taunts Cassio about the
 handkerchief (lines 152-168), which is essen-
 tial to the plot of the tragedy; in fact so

essential that it seems to me its omission is
 utterly unjustifiable. That Bianca should be
 omitted, simply because she is described as
 Cassio's mistress, is incredible in an age which
 patronizes the sickly morbidity of French
 drama, and tolerates the thinly-veiled in-
 decency and shameless vulgarity of what
 passes as comic opera or *opera bouffe*. Let
 us hope that when next Othello is revived on
 a grand scale, Bianca may be restored to
 the Dramatis Personae, as well as the very
 essential scene that depends upon her pre-
 sence.

Among other representatives of Othello it
 will suffice to mention Pope, who seems to
 have played the character very frequently;
 Cooper, Young, and the protean Elliston.
 George Cooke never seems to have played
 Othello; but Iago was among his most suc-
 cessful parts. The portraits of him in this
 character, which have come down to us, cer-
 tainly give one the idea that his villainy must
 have been written too plainly on his face; but
 his Iago is generally admitted to have been a
 very fine performance.

It was on May 5th, 1814, that Edmund Kean
 first appeared as Othello at Drury Lane; and
 on the 7th of the same month he played Iago
 for the first time. This latter character he
 repeated during the season seven or eight
 times to various Othellos. He was great
 in both these parts; but, by those who best
 appreciated him, his Othello was considered
 the finest effort of his genius. True, as Genet
 remarks, his figure was against him. The
 remarkable physical advantages possessed by
 a Barry or a Salvini, were not his; but no one
 seems to have ever exceeded Edmund Kean
 in expressing the deep pathos of Otello. It
 was not that he made many so-called points;
 but throughout the performance there were
 delicate touches by which new beauties of the
 text were brought out. I have been told by a
 very fine judge of acting who saw him at his
 best, that when he spoke that beautiful speech
 to Desdemona, iv. 2. 67-69:

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!

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there was something marvellous in the music and deep pathos of the voice. Maeready and Phelps both played Othello frequently; but neither made any great hit in the part. Gustavus Brooke, whose end was so sad and yet so noble, was, before his voice failed, very great in this part. Fechter followed up his remarkable success in Hamlet by an attempt to play Othello, in which he failed; but, as Iago, he was much more successful. On Monday, February 14th, 1876, Mr. Irving made his first appearance as Othello in London, being the third Shakespearean production at the Lyceum Theatre, then under the management of Mrs. Bateman; Mr. Forrester was Iago, Mr. Brooke Cassio, Miss Isabel Bateman Desdemona, and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) played Emilia for the first time. The tragedy on that occasion ran for a considerable period, and Mr. Irving, following the example of Garrick, revived the "trance" scene, which proved quite a novelty to those who only knew the play from the acting version. On May 2nd, 1881, Mr. Irving appeared as Iago, for the first time, to the Othello of Mr. Edwin Booth, Miss Ellen Terry being the Desdemona, a most beautiful performance. Those who could not agree as to his Othello, were unanimous in considering Iago as one of his finest impersonations. During the engagement of Mr. Booth, up to June 15, he and Mr. Irving played the parts of Othello and Iago alternately. On April 1st, 1875, the great Italian actor Salvini appeared as Othello at Drury Lane in an indifferent Italian version of Shakespeare's tragedy. His performance excited the greatest enthusiasm, and no doubt it was a very fine piece of acting; but for reasons, some of which are given in notes 161, 202, I cannot admit that it was the Othello Shakespeare intended. It is a curious fact, as showing the uncertain tenure of popular favour which the greatest actors may have, that when Salvini returned to England on two subsequent occasions, though his acting was equally good if not better—indeed his Lear was a magnificent performance—he played to comparatively empty houses. The fact is that Shakespeare is of all dramatists the most difficult to translate; and the actor who is forced to play Ham-

let, or Othello, or Lear in a foreign language, can appeal only to a very limited public.

As to the question whether Othello should be represented as a blackamoor, or simply as "a tawny Moor," this is, perhaps, the best place in the Introduction wherein to treat of that much-disputed point. In favour of what may be termed the "negro" theory we have such expressions as that in i. 1. 66, "thick-lips;" and in the same scene, line 88, Iago calls Othello "an old *black* ram." A little further on, line 112, he compares him to a "*Barbary* horse," which would imply that he was a native of Northern Africa. Again, i. 2. 70, Brabantio talks of the "*sooty* bosom" of Othello. It is noticeable, however, that, before the Duke, Brabantio uses no such exaggerated expressions about the colour of Othello. In fact throughout the play he is alluded to generally as "the Moor;" and in i. 3. 291 the Duke says to Brabantio:

Your son-in-law is far more fair than *black*.

Finally we have Othello's own words, iii. 3. 263: "Haply, for I am *black*;" which have been often dwelt upon by those who wish to paint the Moor blacker than he was. It is not necessary here to furnish proofs, at any length, of the undoubted fact that the word *black* was far more often applied to a person of dark complexion than to a negro or blackamoor. (See *Much Ado*, note 175.) In this very play we have a notable instance of this use of the word in ii. 1. 132-134, where Desdemona asks Iago, when he is giving his cynical praises of women:

How if she be *black* and witty?

to which Iago answers:

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

No one would seriously maintain that either Desdemona or Iago was referring here to a negress, or even to a person as dark as an Oriental. On the other hand, it is scarcely worth while to discuss the very peculiar theory, started first, I believe, by Mr. Rawdon Browne in 1875, that Othello was not a Moor at all, but simply a member of the Italian family of *Moro*, one of whom seems to have been Lord-

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in a foreign language, very limited public.

whether Othello should be blackamoor, or simply as, perhaps, the best place herein to treat of that theory we have such i. l. 66, "thick-lips;" me, line 88, Iago calls "black." A little further refers him to a "*Barbary*" imply that he was a Africa. Again, i. 2. 70, the "*sooty bosom*" of able, however, that, Brabantio uses no such ex- about the colour of throughout the play he is as "the Moor;" and in is to Brabantio:

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ly maintain that either was referring here to a person as dark as an er hand, it is scarcely very peculiar theory, by Mr. Rawdon Browne was not a Moor at all, of the Italian family of ems to have been Lord-

lieutenant of Cyprus about the year 1508. It is quite plain that Othello is not meant to be a European; and it is equally plain that he is not meant to be a negro, but probably a native of North-western Africa, of the same country whence the Moors came that conquered Spain; a handsome soldierly-looking man of dark complexion, but not black in the literal sense of the word; in fact like the Prince of Morocco in the Merchant of Venice (where the stage-direction to act it scene 1 is "Enter Morochus, a *tawny Moore* all in white), whom no one would think of representing as a negro. Such expressions as we have quoted above, coming from Roderigo, Iago, and Brabantio in his rage, must be regarded simply as the exaggerations of those who had each his own reason for hating the Moor.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

It may be difficult to classify all the great tragedies of Shakespeare according to the master passion which animates them. We may hesitate as to whether Macbeth should be called the Tragedy of Ambition or of Remorse; whether Lear should be the Tragedy of Ingratitude or of Madness; while with regard to Hamlet we may find it impossible to agree as to what is the leading motive of that complex work. But with regard to Othello there can be no doubt that it is the tragedy of Jealousy; and, many as are the tragedies that have been inspired by this motive, there never has been, and there never will be, any dramatic work which can equal Shakespeare's Othello in the marvellous power of its deep and heart-searching pathos. It is strange that some critics seem to be disinclined to rank this tragedy among the highest of Shakespeare's works; but to me, I confess, the more I study it, the more it stands out as the greatest tragedy of human passion which has ever been written.

We may go back to the ancient classical tragedy of Greece for grander and more heroic subjects; the story of Oedipus, for instance, as told by Sophocles, inspires more awe and horror than does this tale of human weakness and human villainy; but there is no story

that has ever been told, in ancient or modern times, which speaks more to the human heart, which beguiles more easily the very sternest of their tears, than this sad story of Othello and Desdemona.

What strikes us most about this tragedy, when we read it through, or see it acted—though mutilated, alas! of some of its essential parts—is the directness of the treatment. In this respect it resembles more, perhaps, Macbeth, and, in a lesser degree, Romeo and Juliet, than any of Shakespeare's other tragedies.

In Othello there are no episodes that distract us, even for a short time, from the main subject of the tragedy. All the incidents are compactly knit together; the story never halts, but steadily progresses. The devilish scheme of Iago advances gradually and surely. The disregard of consistency and probability as to time (of which striking instances will be found in the note on the Time of Action), adds to the effectiveness of the play. We are not allowed to perceive, or even to suppose, any long intervals between the various events of the tragedy; it is only after we have breathlessly followed the various incidents of the play to the final catastrophe, that we have time to wonder how it was that all this could have occurred in so short a time. Had Shakespeare covered before the gloomy spectres of the unities, we might have had a very elegant and correct exercise in dramatic composition, but we should not have had the tragedy of Othello. As a storehouse of intellectual treasure, as a vast museum of suggestive thoughts clothed in the most beautiful language, Othello cannot compare with Hamlet; but on the other hand, there is more power of characterization in the former than in the latter; necessarily, because in Hamlet the hero is, as it were, the tragedy; there is no room for such an elaborate study as Iago by the side of the Prince of Denmark; but the nature of the story in Othello requires, side by side with the hero, a character of equal importance. Had Shakespeare attempted to sink Iago into a commonplace nonentity, a mere passive vehicle for the conveyance of suspicion, instead of making him, as he has done, an ever-watchful, in-

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triguing tempter, he would have dwarfed the character of Othello, and hopelessly debilitated the tragedy. Even as the play stands, one cannot help feeling sometimes angry with Othello; but what would one have felt, had the character of Iago been less vigorous in conception and less perfect in execution than it is?

The villainous ancient is the keystone of the whole plot; and Shakespeare loses no time in bringing him on the scene. We learn at once that he hates Othello and that he is jealous of Cassio; the frankness with which he admits to Roderigo the motives which influence him, however imprudent it may seem, no doubt serves his purpose well by inspiring that weak-knee'd young gentleman with perfect confidence in the ancient's good faith, as far as he is concerned. In one of Iago's speeches we have a very clear exposition of his principles, such as they are (i. 1. 44-55):

You shall mark
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and, when he's old,
casher'd;

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in foms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they've lin'd their
coats,

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

This gives us only one side of his character, but it is a very important one, his perfect selfishness. The man is a thorough hypocrite, but the sort of hypocrisy he practises is not of that fawning kind which is calculated to disgust those who come in contact with him; it is the hypocritical assumption of bluffness, of plain dealing, of not caring what men think of him, but speaking the truth, or rather a specious imitation of it, whatever may be the consequences. If Iago had told Roderigo that it was admiration for his character that made him try and forward his suit with Desdemona, it is doubtful whether, fool as he was, Roderigo would have believed him. Towards the end of the same scene we are

allowed to see another side of Iago's character, his devilish love of mischief. The delight he takes in irritating Brabantio, in taunting him in the coarsest language, and insulting him behind the shelter of the darkness, are very characteristic of the malignant devilry of his nature. In the next scene we see him with Othello; and, note well, there is no servility in his manner. He is a blunt, loyal friend, who is only prevented by his "conscience"—save the mark!—from killing the man who spoke so scurvily of his captain and friend. We see at once that this is just the sort of man who would inspire confidence in Othello, and throughout the play we find that Iago never makes the mistake of eringing to him; while he conveys the impression that he has the greatest respect and affection for his captain, he always manages to preserve his own self-respect and dignity. In the last scene of this act, when Iago is left alone with Roderigo, the way in which he manages "the snipe" is most artistic—if one may use the expression. While he gives free rein to his cynicism—a cynicism in which there is no affectation—he mixes with it so much good sense, from a worldly point of view, that he renders the bitter draught palatable to his dupe. Far better than any affected sympathy or kindly words of consolation is the oft-enforced worldly maxim, "Put money in thy purse." Iago, consummate actor as he is, can even moralize when it serves his purpose, as when he says (i. 3. 332-335): "If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions." There is no touch of eant about this; it is simply part of the speaker's intellectual superiority to the young fool whom he is lecturing.

But it is in his soliloquies that we must look for the key of Iago's real character. Whenever he is with anyone else—except perhaps for a few moments with his wife—he is always acting some part or other. When he is alone, we think we shall see him at last as he really is; but is it so? Do we not rather see a man steeped in hypocrisy that he cannot be genuine even to himself? Was his moral nature so

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side of Iago's character, mischief. The delight he takes in taunting him, and insulting him, and the darkness, are very malignant devilry of his scene we see him with all, there is no servility as a blunt, loyal friend, sed by his "conscience" from killing the man ally of his captain and ce that this is just the old inspire confidence in at the play we find that mistake of cringing to says the impression that respect and affection for s manages to preserve and dignity. In the last Iago is left alone with which he manages "the e—if one may use the gives free rein to his in which there is no with it so much good point of view, that he aught palatable to his any affected sympathy consolation is the oft- time, "Put money in thy mate actor as he is, can serves his purpose, as 335): "If the balance of scale of reason to poise the blood and baseness conduct us to most pre- There is no touch of is simply part of the superiority to the young ng. quies that we must look l character. Whenever —except perhaps for a wife—he is always act- When he is alone, we at last as he really is; ot rather see a ma. o at he cannot be genuine s his moral nature so

corrupted with pretending to be honest, that, when he sought the reality, he found only the pretence? Some such doubts will suggest themselves to us, as we read his first important soliloquy at the end of act i. Can it be that this man really believed that the Moor, whom afterwards he describes in another soliloquy (ii. 1. 298) as "of a constant-loving noble nature," had debauched his friend's wife? This is what Iago says here (i. 3. 394-396):

I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety.

It certainly seems more probable that he is here trying to find a plausible excuse for the villainous treachery that he is contemplating, than that he really believed that there had been an intrigue between Emilia and Othello. Nothing in Othello's character renders such an intrigue probable; and anyone, who carefully reads the play, will observe that, when Othello and Emilia are alone together, there is not the slightest rag of evidence that any intimate relationship had ever existed between them. But we must not suppose that Shakespeare is here feeling, as it were, for a motive, which he afterwards drops because it does not serve his purpose. It is perfectly true to real life that such a character as Iago—a man who believes there is no real goodness in anyone, or if he does admit that there is any, it is only to scoff at it—that such a man should reap the punishment of his own evil deeds in being perpetually haunted by the notion that his own wife, or daughter, or friend, as the case may be, is false to him. Loyalty and purity have no existence for such miserable creatures; no man can come near their wives, but they suspect that he is intriguing with them; and it often happens that, with all their professed worldly wisdom, and what they are pleased to call their strength of mind, the most contemptible of all their dupes are really their own selves; and that the hearts, which no generous sympathy can touch, no loyal affection can warm, are slowly consumed with the canker of their own evil suspicions.

In the next act we see Iago in two more

distinct phases of his character; first, as the professed cynic who has nothing good to say of any woman, especially of his wife. But Desdemona, gentle and pure-minded as she is, does not seem to feel any repugnance at Iago's caustic remarks on her sex; in her assumed gaiety of spirit she draws him out; and while he certainly does not stoop to pay her compliments, or to flatter her, his manner to her is never wanting in respect. It is evident that, however bitter Iago's tongue may be, Shakespeare never could have intended that his manner should be aggressive or brutal. One is inclined to ask why this man, who says so many disagreeable things, should be so much liked as he seems to be? Desdemona and Cassio both seem to be impressed with his honesty, and never to doubt his loyalty; so that there must have been something attractive about Iago; the actor has a very clear indication here, on the part of the author, that he must never play the part in the style of a villain. No one on the stage must suspect him; the audience only must be in his confidence.

It is evident that when Cassio kisses Emilia Iago's jealousy is aroused, though he does not choose to confess it; but in his soliloquy at the end of the scene ii. 1. 316 he acknowledges that he suspects Cassio, as well as Othello, in regard to his wife:

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too.

This is a very effective touch on the dramatist's part; for it increases Iago's hatred to Cassio, which is the motive uppermost in his mind throughout this act.

The other phase of Iago's character, to which we are introduced now, is that of the "good fellow" or boon-companion, a part which he plays very effectively; but though he sings a good song, and does something more than pretend to drink, he never loses his head; the skill with which he holds together all the clues of his villainous plot throughout this act is marvellous. Nothing can be more consummate than the art with which he turns Cassio's slip, into which he himself has entrapped him, to his own advantage. He strengthens his hold over Othello at the same

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time that he makes the man, whose disgrace he himself has brought about, look to him as almost the only friend who can help him out of it. No wonder that, in the soliloquy at the end of this act, Iago's tone is one of jubilant exultation. But if this act is a triumph for Iago, it is a greater one for the dramatist; for it is a masterpiece of construction, by which what, in other hands, might have proved merely an episode, hampering the progress of the piece, really becomes one of the keystones as it were of the whole structure.

The diabolical art, with which Iago excites Othello's suspicion in the great scene in the third act, must be recognized by every one who reads the play, or sees it acted; but we may also note how the very fact that Iago succeeds in poisoning the noble nature of the Moor beyond his hopes, seems to have a distinctly brutalizing effect on him. True, there is little of humanity at all in his character; the amount of compunction he has shown throughout is small enough; but now he seems like a wild beast whose fury has been whetted by the taste of blood. He wantonly aggravates the agony of his victim; every one that stands in his way now, be it ever so slightly, must be destroyed. Only once does this devil seem to have the slightest touch of pity; and that is when he sees Desdemona weeping after Othello's to her incomprehensible cruelty. Even then it is, perhaps, rather because the sight of a beautiful woman in tears annoys him, than from any true pity, that he utters these words, iv. 2. 124:

Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!

Of course this line may be taken as part of the consummate hypocrisy which he displays, throughout this scene towards Desdemona; but it has always seemed to me that there is just the slightest gleam of pity trying to penetrate the darkness of his heart at this moment. It certainly is but a gleam; for of all the villains Shakespeare has drawn, Iago is the most consistent to the end. Even Edmund in *Lear*, who is not a little akin to him in his ferocious love of evil for its own sake, does show some remorse in the end; but Iago never relents for one moment. His last words are:

Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

—v. 2. 303, 304.

Nor is this an empty threat; for we cannot believe that Iago, like his prototype in the novel, has any taint of cowardice in him. Liar, traitor, would-be murderer of the soul as well as of the body, he is; but a coward, morally or physically, no. A charming writer (Augustus Hare) has said that Iago is "the product of the mature manhood of the mightiest intellect that ever lived on earth." Certainly of all devils in man's shape ever drawn he is the greatest. Other dramatists have created monsters of crime, but they are clumsy abortions by the side of this ultra-human fiend.

Othello's character does not admit of the subtle treatment which Shakespeare has lavished on that of his treacherous destroyer. Simplicity and straightforwardness are the characteristics of Othello. The tortuous scheming and studied hypocrisy of Iago could not have a better subject on which to work. Brought up in the camp, and habituated from his early childhood to the hardships of a soldier's life, Othello is absolutely ignorant of the world; and with that modesty, which is the characteristic of all noble natures, he distrusts his own judgment upon all matters except those which belong to his profession of soldier. His want of self-confidence really proves fatal to him. It is so often the contrary in this world, it is so much more frequent to find men, in every position in life, who are ruined by over-confidence in their own judgment, or by an exaggerated estimate of their own merits, that it is difficult for us to realize that there is a positive danger, to some natures, of falling into the other extreme; of so distrusting their own judgment, and underrating their own capacity, that they are apt to become the dupes, and, sometimes, the slaves of those to whom they look up as great authorities, and unerring guides in matters of which they believe themselves to be quite ignorant. Othello would never have given such easy credence to the cunning suggestions of Iago, unless he had formed not only an utterly false judgment of his honesty, but had unconsciously elevated him into the position almost of a

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demigod, on account of his supposed knowledge of the world and of human nature; of which knowledge Othello believed himself to be utterly devoid.

But it is not only with regard to Iago that Othello's self-distrust helps to ruin the happiness of his life; it is clear that, in a lesser degree perhaps, but still to a considerable extent, Othello doubted himself to be worthy of Desdemona's love. The disparity of their ages, the difference of their colour and complexion, were never completely forgotten by him; it only required the stimulus of Iago's vile suggestions to rouse his memory of them into mischievous activity. Could Othello have suffered himself to dwell with a pardonable vanity upon the heroic attributes of his own character; could he have thought more of the great service he had done the state, of the feats of valour he had performed, he would not have found it so easy to have believed in the disloyalty of Desdemona; he would have been able to stay the progress of suspicion with the consoling reflection, self-conceited though it might be, that she could not possibly prefer Cassio to him. But the very nobility of the man's nature is Iago's best ally; and well does that scoundrel know it. When he insinuates that all women, especially the Venetians, are more or less frail; that their appetites are capricious; their love more akin to lust than to purer affection, he knows that these cheap and petty scraps of so-called worldly wisdom, which would have been swept aside by a man whose nature was more familiar with evil than that of Othello, will be received by him as the utterances of a philosopher of great experience, who has been unwillingly brought to believe ill of his fellow creatures.

And here we cannot help asking ourselves whether Iago would ever have gained his reputation for being such an honest, blunt, sensible fellow, with such a knowledge of the world, and such a disregard for its opinions, if he had been in the habit of speaking good rather than evil of his fellow creatures, and of looking rather for undiscovered virtue than for latent vice in the men and women around him? If we study carefully all that Iago says to the differ-

ent characters in the play, do we find any traces of a good or noble nature in the man? When he talks to Cassio about Desdemona (ii. 3. 14-25) how contemptible is the tone of his remarks as compared with those of the lieutenant! Even with that poor creature Roderigo he contrasts unfavourably. That silly "snipe" has, in his small brain, some clean and manly thoughts; he has enough of the gentleman in him to be capable of thinking with respect of the woman that he loves, though she be another man's wife. Shakespeare does not write the morals of his plays in large round text for every one to read. They must be sought for beneath the surface, sometimes in the more or less indirect windings of that maze, the human character, which he drew so skilfully. But nowhere does he teach us a truer lesson than in this play, when he shows us how great was the influence of Iago on those around him, in spite of the fact that he did not really possess any noble qualities; not even that one, honesty, which he is at such pains to assume.

It is only natural that we should feel tempted to be impatient with Othello for the extravagant respect with which he bows to Iago's judgment, and for the implicit belief which he holds in the ancient's honesty; but we must remember that it is not fair to regard his conduct as if he had the same knowledge of Iago's real character that we have. Moreover Shakespeare, in the great scene of the third act, has been careful to ensure our sympathy for Othello by showing us that, if he does lend too ready an ear to the vile suggestions of Iago, yet all his impulses are those of a noble nature. What constitutes the dramatic power and pathos of this wonderful scene is the struggle that is taking place, in Othello's nature, between his chivalrous trust in, and his deep love for Desdemona on the one side; and, on the other, his misplaced but sincere confidence in the disinterested affection and honesty of his friend, his acute dread of any stain on his honour, and his over-distrust of his own merits already noticed, which makes him more prone to believe his wife's unfaithfulness. The actor is very much mistaken who fancies that this scene can be treated in

the same manner as most great scenes in tragedy; that is to say, as having a definite climax which must be worked up to, as being written in a gradual *crescendo*; that is the way in which ordinary dramatic poets and musicians work. Shakespeare and Beethoven proceed on a different principle; when they treat of the passions there is no gradual and regular progression; a *crescendo* comes when we least expect it; and on the other hand, when the highest note of passion seems to have been struck, we are surprised by a tender *adagio* movement, which changes our feeling of awe into one of infinite pity, and moves our souls to their very depths with a grief too mighty for tears.

The very frankness and openness of Othello's nature makes him impatient of anything like innuendo or suspicion; and the carefulness with which Iago feels his way only serves to irritate him. This impatience of mere suspicion Othello expresses in the speech (iii. 3. 177-183); it would have been well if he could have kept to the resolutions expressed in the rest of this speech; but alas! he does not. When Othello re-enters (at line 333), the agony, which is caused by the state of doubt in which he is, shows how much he has overestimated his own strength of mind. His cry throughout this scene is for proof; and for that reason, if for no other, the omission of the greater part of the first scene of the next act, already alluded to, is the less excusable; and yet, by the end of the scene, he has almost accepted the fact of his wife's guilt without any real proof at all. In fact one is tempted to doubt whether Desdemona's estimate of Othello as being totally exempt from jealousy (see iii. 4. 26-30), and his own description of himself (v. 2. 345) as "one not easily jealous," are not both mistaken. But the fact is that, while not prone to jealousy of the meaner type, Othello's nature was one which, itself incapable of imagining evil of others, was equally incapable of putting aside the suspicions suggested by others. Of his own accord he never would have doubted Desdemona; on the other hand, he could not bring himself to doubt Iago.

But his love for Desdemona is so deeply rooted in his heart that he never succeeds in destroying it; it is always with him, pleading for mercy to the very last. The fury of hatred and revenge bursts out every now and then like a flame, and then dies down again, quenched by the pity which is ever welling up from his heart. At the very moment that he is killing her he loves her still; it is indeed more a sacrifice than a murder; he cannot let her live, less for her treason to him than to herself, the object of his love. She has violated the beautiful and pure shrine of his affection; and therefore she is condemned to death. The cry of anguish with which he flings himself on her dead body, when he finds out too late how he has been betrayed, thrills the heart of every one that hears it.

Desdemona is the very incarnation of purity; she may seem, to some, too weak in her very gentleness, contrasted as she is with Emilia who can chastise men "with the valour of her tongue." Desdemona, even when his cruelty outrages her before others, has no word of reproach for Othello. Astonishment, pain, a piteous bewilderment, which is long before it can find relief in tears; but indignation, resentment, much less any thought of hatred or revenge, she can never feel. As Emilia "unpins" her, before she lays herself down in the wedding sheets, which are to prove her shroud, she declares

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
 . . . have grace and favour in them.
 (iv. 3. 20, 21.)

There is no more exquisite picture of female purity than that scene, nearly always omitted on the stage (iv. 3. 60-106), in which we see that her mind cannot even conceive the idea of being false to her husband. He is to her always the "noble Moor;" he cannot kill her love any more than he can his own; and she well speaks of herself as a child, for her love is as that of a child, unquestioning in its obedience, unselfish in its every thought, pure and tender as the down on angels' wings, inalienable in its devotion.



Dra. Here is the man, this Moor.—(Act I, 3. 71.)

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

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. 'S blood, 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,
I know my price, I'm 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,

[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
theoric,

Wherein the toged counsils can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without
practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th'
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'd² and
calm'd

By debtor-and-creditor,³ this counter-caster;]
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

¹ *Battle* = army.

² *Be-lee'd*, i. e. put on the lee-side of, and so dependent on.

³ *Debtor-and-creditor*, referring to the system of double entry, which we owe to Italy.

And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's
ancient.¹

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

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 't is the
curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter² 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 affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

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,



Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.—(Act I. 1. 41, 42.)

For naught but provender; and, when he's
old, cashier'd:

Whipme such honest knaves. Others thereare,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their
lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they've
lin'd their coats,³

Do themselves homage: these fellows have
some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

[For, sir,

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 demon-
strate

The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is 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 full⁴ fortune does the thick-lips
owe,⁵

If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him:—make⁶ after him, poison his de-
light,

¹ Ancient (F. *enseigne*) = ensign or standard-bearer.

² Letter, i.e. recommendation.

³ Lin'd their coats = "feathered their nests," in the modern phrase.

⁴ Full = rich.

⁵ Owe, own.

⁶ Make = go.

erm an afflu'd
 not follow him, then,
 you;
 y turn upon him;
 s, nor all masters
 . You shall mark
 e-crooking knave,
 obsequious bondage,
 like his master's ass,

Proclaim him in the streets; [incense her kins-
 men:
 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
 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 Bra-
 bantio, ho!

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

Look to your house, your daughter, and your
 bags! 80

Thieves! thieves!

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,¹ 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 worse welcome:
 I've charg'd 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 distemp'ring 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. 107

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that
 will not serve God, if the devil bid you. [Be-
 cause we come to do you service, and you
 think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter
 cover'd with a Barbary horse;] you'll have
 your nephews neigh to you; you'll have cour-
 sers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. [Impudently] 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.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee,
 Roderigo. 120

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,²
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;

But, if you know not this, my manner tell me
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe

That, from³ the sense of all civility, 132
 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:

l not be Iago:
 but myself;
 for love and duty,
 culiar end;] 60
 ction doth demon-

of my heart
 not long after
 upon my sleeve
 not what I am.
 e does the thick-lips

ll up her father,
 him, poison his de-

¹ Make = go.

¹ Burst, broken into

² Allowance, approval.

³ From, contrary to.

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 produc'd—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 cast¹ him; for he's em-
bark'd 150

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
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 nell-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; 150
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is naught 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 't was 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 172

By which the property² of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? 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 179

To get good guard, and go along with me.

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.³—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. 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 coutriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought t' have yerkd' him⁴ 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 hard⁵ forbear him. But, I pray
you, sir, 10

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd;

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 t' enforce it on—
Will give him cable.⁶

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory

² Property, natural inclinations.

³ Officers of night, i. e. the watch.

⁴ Him, i. e. Roderigo.

⁵ Full hard, with difficulty.

⁶ Cable, i. e. scope.

¹ Cast = cast off, dismiss.

et.—Is there not
172
outh and maidhood
ot read, Roderigo,

ir, I have indeed.
r.—O, would you

r.—Do you know
er and the Moor?
over him, if you
179

along with me.
At every house

Get weapons, ho!
ers of night.³—
eserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

Another street.

Attendants with

le of war I have
f the conscience
I lack iniquity
nine or ten times
him⁴ here under

y, but he prated,
provoking terms

ss I have,
n. But, I pray
10

ssur'd of this,
belov'd;
ee potential
will divorce you;
int and grievance
t'enforce it on—

m do his spite:
one the signiory

⁴ *Him*, i.e. Roderigo.
⁵ *Cable*, i.e. scope.

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
know.—

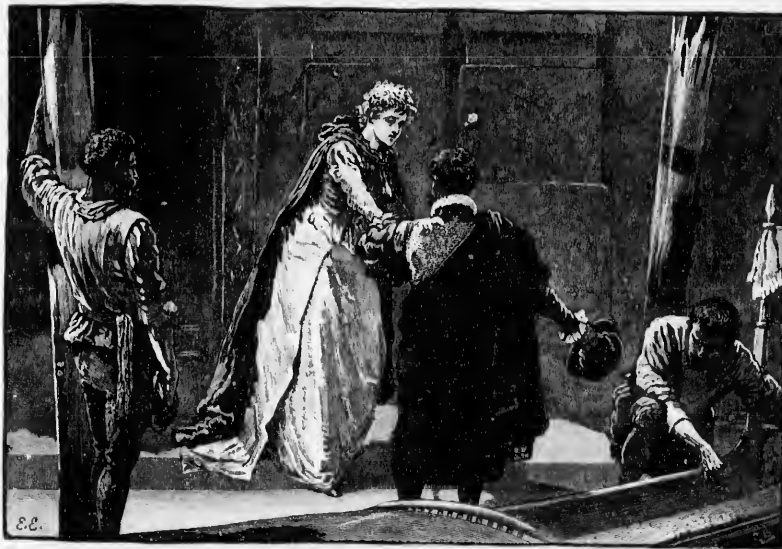
Which, when I know that boasting is an
honour, 20

I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;¹ and my demerits²
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 unhous'd³ free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
come yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his
friends: 29

You were best go in.



Rod. 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—(Act I. 1. 123-126.)

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul 31
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

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 appear-
ance

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, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already:] you have been
hotly call'd for;

¹ *Siege* (*F. siège*), rank, station.

² *Demerits*, deserts.

³ *Unhous'd*, i.e. free, unmarried.

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate 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 carrack:¹ 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 advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with
torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! 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 curld 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,² not to
delight. 71

¹ Carrack, a large merchant vessel

² To fear, i.e. [a thing] to cause fear.

[Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul
charms; 73

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or
minerals

That waken motion:—I'll have 't disputed
on;

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.]

I therefore apprehend and do attach³ 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

To bring me to him?

First Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior;

The duke's in council, and your noble self,

I'm 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 't were their
own; 97

For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen
be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A council-chamber.*

*The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table;
Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition⁴ in these
news

That gives them credit.

³ Attach, arrest.

⁴ Composition, i.e. consistency.

not gross in sense
 on her with foul
 73
 with drugs or
 have't disputed
 to thinking.]
 lo attach³ thee
 a practiser
 warrant.—
 o resist, 80

Hold your hands,
 and the rest:
 could have known
 re will you that I

ison; till fit time
 session,

If I do obey?
 with satisfied,
 about my side,
 of the state

worthy signior;
 your noble self,

duke in council!
 Bring him away;
 e duke himself,
 e state,

as 't were their
 97

passage free,
 all our statesmen
 [Eccent.

council-chamber.

ting at a table;
 ng.

sition⁴ in these

on, i.e. consistency.

[*First Sen.* Indeed, they're 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 not¹ on a just account,—
 As in these cases, where the aim² 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 judg-
 ment:

I do not so secure³ 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 a 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: 't is a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
 Th' 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,⁴
 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.]

¹ *Jump not*, i.e. do not agree.

² *Aim*, conjecture.

³ *Secure me in*, &c., i.e. "I do not rely so much on the
 mistake (with regard to their numbers) as not to . . ." &c.

⁴ *Brace*, preparation.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
 Steering with due course toward the isle of
 Rhodes,

Have there injoined 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 Mon-
 tano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
 With his free duty recommends⁵ 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 rais'd 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.⁶

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted

⁵ *Recommends*, commends himself to you.

⁶ *Still itself*, i.e. never changes.

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 61

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 beguil'd 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 69
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We're 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 approv'd 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 bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd

Their dearest¹ 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 round² 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 charg'd 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 judgment 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 conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
[Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern³ seeming do prefer against him.]

First Sen. But, Othello, speak: 110
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affec-
tions?

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.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know
the place.— 121

[*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 lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd. 131

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;

¹ Dearest = chief.

² Round, plain.

³ Modern = trivial.

That her motion
 In spite of nature,
 Every thing—
 I fear'd to look on!
 And most imperfect,
 So could err 100
 And must be driven
 To hell,
 Before vouch again,
 Powerful o'er the

To this effect,

That this, is no proof,
 More overt test
 Of poor likelihoods
 To offer against him.]
 I speak: 110

And need courses
 To bring maid's affec-
 tion such fair question

Do beseech you,
 To gittary,
 Before her father:
 For report,
 In word of you,
 To your sentence

Desdemona hither.
 For you, you best know
 121

Go and Attendants,
 As to heaven
 To blood,
 As I'll present
 My lady's love,

oft invited me;
 Of my life,
 Of sieges, fortunes,
 131
 My boyish days
 He bade me tell it:
 Of disastrous chances,
 Of land and field;

Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly
 breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And portance¹ in my travels' history: 139
 Wherein of antres² vast and deserts idle,³
 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,⁴ and men whose heads
 Dogrow 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,



Oth. she thank'd me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her.—(Act I. 3. 164-166.)

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear 149
 Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,
 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 parcels⁵ she had something heard,
 But not intently:⁶ 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, 't was strange, 't was
 passing strange; 160
 'T was pitiful, 't was 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 lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
 spake:
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

¹ Portance, demeanour, bearing.

² Antres, caverns.

³ Idle = unutilized.

⁴ Anthropophagi, i. e. man-eaters.

⁵ By parcels, i. e. by pieces.

⁶ Intently = consecutively.

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA with IAGO and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my
daughter too.—

Good Brabantio,
Take up¹ 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 mis-
tress:

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty: 181
To you I'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you're 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 b' w' you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor: 192

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—[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,²

Which, as a grise³ or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour. 201

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pended.

To mouru a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

¹ Take up, &c., = make the best of a bad business.

² Sentence, maxim.

³ Grise (L. *gressus*), step.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her¹ 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;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile. 211

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;⁵

But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruise'd heart was pierced through
the ear.—

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs
of state.] 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty pre-
paration 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,⁶ 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,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize⁷
A natural and prompt alacrity 233

I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.

Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;

Due reference⁸ of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort⁹ 239
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
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

⁴ Her, i.e. fortune's.

⁵ Are equivocal, i.e. tell both ways.

⁶ Mistress of effects = which produces great results.

⁷ Agnize, recognize.

⁸ Reference, i.e. assignment.

⁹ Accommodation and besort = suitable accommodation.

hen fortune takes,
ery makes,
s something from

a bootless grief.
ypus us beguile;
can smile. 211
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great results.
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le accommodation

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
May trumpet to the world: my heart's sub-
du'd 251

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.

Oth. Your voices, lords: beseech you, let
her will 261

Have a free way.

[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 269

Of feather'd Cupid seel¹ with wanton dullness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my busi-
ness,

Let housewives make a skillet² 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: th' affair cries
haste,

And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i³ the morning here we'll
meet again.— 250

Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import³ 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 everyone.—[*To Brabantio*] And,
noble signior,

If virtue no delighted⁴ beauty lack, 290
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desde-
mona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes
to see:

She has deceiv'd 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 299
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
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 death is our physician. 311

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd 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 amend it. 321

¹ Seel = blind.

² Skillet, a cooking-pan.

³ Import, concern.

⁴ Delighted, i.e. which delights.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 't is 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 distract¹ it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible² authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not 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 sect³ 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! drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and [I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness;] I could never better stand thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour⁴ with an usurp'd 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 sequestration;⁵—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.⁶ She must change for youth: when she is sat'd 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 hang'd in compassing thy joy than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 370

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;⁷ thine lath 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;⁸ go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging. 382

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 chang'd: 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,

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

'T 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;⁹
The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now; 385
To get his place, and to plume up¹⁰ my will
In double knavery.—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, 't' abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,¹¹

¹ Distract, diversify. ² Corrigible, which can correct.

³ Sect, cutting: a gardener's term.

⁴ Defeat thy favour, i.e. change thy looks.

⁵ Answerable sequestration, i.e. corresponding withdrawal from her present attitude.

⁶ Coloquintida, colocynth or bitter-apple.

⁷ Hearted = rooted in the heart.

⁸ Traverse, a military term = march.

⁹ Holds me well, has a good opinion of me.

¹⁰ Plume up = make to triumph.

¹¹ Dispose, bearing, demeanour.

l, thou shalt enjoy
A pox of drown-
of the way: seek
n compassing thy
and go without

to my hopes, if I
370

me:—go, make
ften, and I re-tell
to the Moor: my
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rovide thy money.
-morrow. Adieu.
t 't the morning?

382

imes.
Do you hear,

g, do you hear?
sell all my land.
[Exit.
ake my fool my

edge should pro-

such a snipe,
I hate the Moor;
that 'twixt my

not if 't be true;
hat kind,
holds me well;⁹
work on him.

e see now; 398
e up¹⁰ my will
y?—Let's see:—
ello's ear
is wife:—
th dispose,¹¹

arch.
inion of me.

To be suspected; fram'd 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. 409
I have 't;—it is engender'd;—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A seaport town in Cypr-
A platform.*

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
Desery a sail.

Mon. Methinks 'he 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?¹ What shall we hear
of this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation² of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore, 'u
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards³ of th' ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation⁴ view
On the enshafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're
drown'd;

It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the
Turks, 21
That their desigment halts: a noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet. 24

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'm glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio,—though
he speak of comfort 31
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 serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, hol
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 th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

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

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to 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 approv'd allowance; 49
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.⁵

[*Within*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

¹ *Mortise*, a term in carpentry = the joint of two timbers.

² *Segregation*, dispersion. ³ *Guards*=stars See note 74.

⁴ *Molestation*, disturbance.

⁵ *In bold cure*, in a good way of being eured.

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise!

52

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 within.*

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 't is that is arriv'd.

Sec. Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd!

60



Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so lang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts.—(Act II. 1. 20-22)

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid

That paragous description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential¹ vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.²

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. 'Has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd³ to clog the guiltless keel,—
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,

¹ Essential, i.e. true, unadorned.

² Ingener, artist.

³ Ensteep'd, sunk under the water, submerged.

charge their shot of

you, sir, go forth,
is that is arriv'd.

[Exit.

ut, is your general

60



ngregated sands,—
he guiltless keel,—
do omit 71
ng go safely by

What is she?
our great captain's

bold Iago;
ates our thoughts
eat Jove, Othello

hine own powerful

78

with his tall ship,

the water, submerged.

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.

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,
Enwheel¹ thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I
aught 89

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Ported our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.

[Within] A sail, a sail! [Guns within.
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;² 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[Kissing her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of
her lips 101

As of her tongue she oft bes ows on me,
You'd 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.³

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

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

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

¹ Enwheel, compass.

² Extend my manners, i. e. not merely salute, but go so
far as to kiss.

³ With thinking, i. e. in thought, not aloud.

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
[Players in your housewifery, and housewives
in your beds.]

Des. O, tie 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 in-
vention

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,
The one's for use, the other useth it. 131

Des. Well prais'd! [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 for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish
thereunto, 142

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 deserving woman indeed,—one
that, in the authority of her merit, did justly
put on⁴ the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never
proud; 149

⁴ Put on, challenge.

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said "Now I may;"
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being
nigh,

Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change! the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her
mind;

See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what? 160

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small
beer.²

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be
thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he
not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may
relish him more in the soldier than in the
scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay,
well said, whisper: with as little a web as
this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.
Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in
thine own courtship.³ You say true; 't is so,
indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out
of your lieutenantry, it had been better you
had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft,
[which now again you are most apt to play
the sir⁴ in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excel-
lent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again
your fingers to your lips? would they were
cylinder-pipes for your sake!] [*Trumpet within.*]
—The Moor! I know his trumpet. 180

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my con-
tent

¹ To change, &c., the whole line means, to make a bad
exchange. See note 84.

² Chronicle small beer, literally, make out tavern reck-
onings=keep accounts.

³ Courtship, courtesy.

⁴ The sir, the gallant.

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low 190
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should in-
crease,

Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content;

It stops me here; it is too much of joy; 199
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this
music,

As honest as I am.⁵

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks
are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well-desir'd in Cyprus;
I've 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:

Bring thou the master to the citadel; 211
He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desde-
mona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

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

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,

⁵ As honest, &c., a mild oath=by my honesty.

I must
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Rod.

Iago.

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Iago.

¹ Thus

² Preg

³ Foun

⁴ Cou

O my soul's joy!
 In calm,
 You have waken'd
 The hills of seas
 In as low
 Were now to die,
 For, I fear,
 Absolute,
 To this

The heavens forbid
 Ports should in-

Sweet powers!—
 Content:
 Of joy: 199
 At discords be
 [Kissing her.
 'll tum'd now!
 That make this

The castle,—
 One, the Turks
 Of this isle?—
 I in Cyprus;
 Them. O my

ote
 ee, good Iago,
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 Come, Desde-

Desdemona, and
 ently at the
 be'st valiant,
 in love have
 s more than
 e lieutenant
 guard:—first,

y honesty.

I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly
 in love with him. 221

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus,¹ and let thy soul
 be instructed. Mark me with what violence
 she first lov'd 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 to in-
 flame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—
 loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, man-
 ners, and beauties; all which the Moor is
 defective in: now, for want of these requir'd
 conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find
 itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, dis-
 relish 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 pregnant² and unfur'd position,—
 who stands so eminent in 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 slipper³ and subtle knave; a finder of occa-
 sions; that has an eye can stamp and counter-
 feit advantages, though true advantage never
 present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the
 knave is handsome, young, and hath all those
 requisites in him that folly and green minds
 look after: a pestilent-complete knave; and
 the woman hath found him⁴ already.]

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's
 full of most bless'd condition.⁵

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

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but
 courtesy. 261

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and

¹ Thus, on thy lips, for secrecy.

² Pregnant, natural. ³ Slipper, slippery.

⁴ Found him, i.e. has found him out.

⁵ Condition, character, disposition.

obscure prologue to the history of lust and
 foul thoughts. [They met so near with their
 lips, that their breaths embrac'd together.
 Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these
 mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand
 comes the master and main exercise, the in-
 corporate conclusion: pish!—] But, sir, be you
 ruled by me: I have brought you from Ven-
 ice. Watch you to-night; for 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 tainting⁶ 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 Cyprus to mutiny; whose qual-
 ification⁷ 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 expectation
 of our prosperity.]

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any
 opportunity. 290

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

Rod. Adie [Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well be-
 lieve it;

That she loves him, 't is 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
 300

Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure
 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 in-
 wards;

⁶ Tainting = discrediting.

⁷ Qualification, pacification. See note 91.

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 310
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice,¹ whom I trash²
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,³
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 re-
ward me,

For making him egregiously an ass, 315
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.
[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 mere⁴ 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 addiction⁵ leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices⁶ 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!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A hall 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

¹ This, &c., i. e. Roderigo. ² Trash, i. e. restrain, hold in.
³ Putting on = instigation ⁴ Mere, utter.

⁵ Addiction, natural inclination.

⁶ Offices, i. e. the servants' offices or rooms.

Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] [Come, my dear love,—
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—]
Good night.

[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is 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.] 21

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 stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black 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. 39

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified⁷ too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

⁷ Qualified, diluted with water.

Cas.
Iago
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explain it
water)."

Cas. Where are they?

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

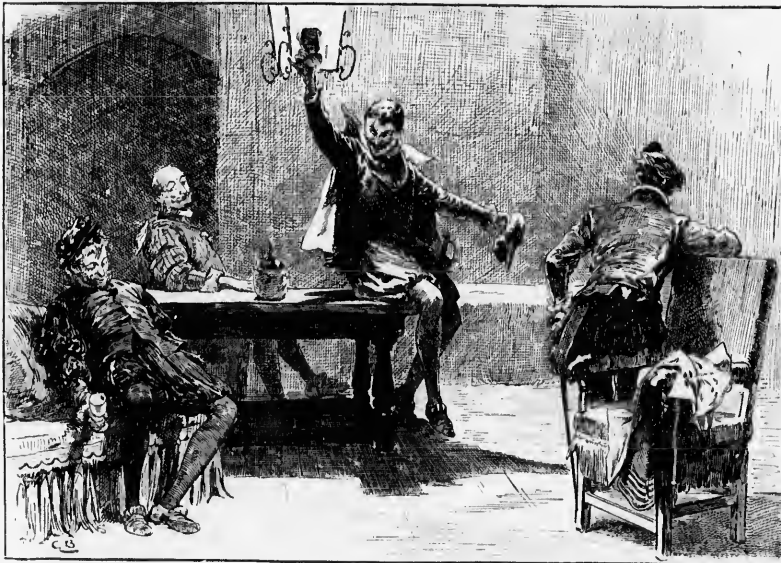
Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*]

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
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 carous'd



Iago. [*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.—(Act ii. 3. 71-75.)

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 elements¹ of this warlike isle— 59
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
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:
If consequence² do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

¹ The very elements, i.e. the quintessence; or, as others explain it, "as quarrelsome as the elements (fire and water)."

² Consequence, i.e. what follows.

Re-enter CASSIO, followed by MONTANO, Gentlemen, and Servant with wine.

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse³ already.

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

Iago. Some wine, ho! 70

[*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!

³ Rouse, a large glass=(as we say), "enough to drink."

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-belli'd 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 dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.¹

Iago. O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His brooches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
Ho was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
T is pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld elock 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 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. [*Drops his handkerchief; in trying to pick it up, falls on his knees.*]—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.

All. Excellent well.

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

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

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,²

The one as long as th' other: 't is 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,³
If drink rock not his cradle.

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 Roderigo*] How now, Roderigo! I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft⁴ infirmity:
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? [*Cry within,—“Help! help!”*]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave to teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen⁵ bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking Roderigo.*]

² *Equinox*, i.e. equal, counterpart.

³ "He will be awake for two rounds of the clock," i.e. twenty-four hours.

⁴ *Ingraft*, rooted.

⁵ *Twiggen*, wicker.

¹ *I'll do you justice*, i.e. I'll pledge you.

then; you must not
drunk. [Exit.
masters; come, let's
low that is gone be-
nd by Caesar
do but see his vice;
equinox,²
her: 't is pity of him.
outs him in, 131
infirmity,

But is he often thus?
the prologue to his

a double set,³
lle.

It were well
mind of it.
his good nature
ears in Cassio, 139
s: is not this true?

ERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!
enant; go.

[Exit Roderigo.
that the noble Moor
ce as his own second
infirmity:
o say

or this fair island:

would do much
—But, hark! what
in,—“Help! help!”

g in RODERIGO.

scal!
matter, lieutenant?
ic my duty! 151
wigger⁵ bottle.

ate, rogne?

[Striking Roderigo.

rt.
ounds of the clock.”

Twigger, wicker.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cus. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.¹

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cus. Drunk! [They fight.

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

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—
sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch in-
deed! [Bell rings.

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo,² ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;
You will be sham'd 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,—Mon-
tano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame!]

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
this? 169

Are we to be Turk's, and to ourselves do that
Which leaves us both forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for³ his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.⁴—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, 179

In quarter,⁵ and in terms⁶ like bride and groom

¹ Mazzard, head.

² Diablo, contracted from Diabolo (Span.), the devil.

³ To carve for, i.e. to supply food for, to indulge.

⁴ Propriety, regular or proper state.

⁵ Quarter = concord.

⁶ Terms = expressions (towards one another).

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men— 182
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;⁷
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;⁸ 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure:⁹ what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion¹⁰ 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— 199

Of all that I do know: nor know I ought
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
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 judgment 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 ront began, who set it on; 210
And he that is approv'd¹¹ in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage¹² private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'T is monstrous.¹³—Iago, who began 't? 217

Mon. If partially affiu'd,¹⁴ or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

⁷ Peevish odds, foolish quarrel.

⁸ Civil = well-ordered. ⁹ Censure, judgment.

¹⁰ Spend your rich opinion, i.e. waste your great repu-
tation. ¹¹ Approv'd, i.e. convicted by proof.

¹² Manage = to bring about, to originate.

¹³ Monstrous, pronounced as a trisyllable.

¹⁴ Partially affiu'd = taking sides from interested motives.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have t'is tongue cut from my month
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
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 determin'd
sword
To execute upon him. Sit, this gentleman



Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?—(Act ii. 3. 259.)

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
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:— 240
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd

From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth.

I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince¹ this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.— 240

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

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

Des.

[What's the matter?]

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; [come away
to bed.]—

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
Lead him off. [*To Montano, who is led 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 wak'd with
strife. [*Exeunt all except Iago and Cassio.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant!

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. 250

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation!
O, I have 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. Repu-
tation is an idle and most false imposition; oft
got without merit, and lost without deserving;
you have lost no reputation at all, unless you
repute yourself such a loser. What, man!
there are ways to recover the general again:
[you are but now east in his mood,² a punish-
ment more in policy than in malice; even so
as one would beat his offenceless dog to af-
fright an imperious lion:] sue to him again,
and he's yours. 277

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd than
to deceive so good a commander with so slight,
so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.
Drunk? [and speak parrot?³ and squabble?⁴
swagger? swear? and discourse fustian⁴ with]

¹ Mince, lessen.

² East in his mood, i.e. dismissed from office in his anger.

³ Speak parrot, i.e. talk foolishly.

⁴ Discourse fustian, i.e. talk bombastically.

one's own shadow?}]—O 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 follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible? 288

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 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. 300

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befalleu; 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 months 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'd, and the ingredient¹ is a devil.

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 a 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, 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:

¹ *Ingredient*, i.e. that which is mixed in the cup; the ingredients.

[this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay² worth naming, this crack of³ your love shall grow stronger than it was before.] 331

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 undertake⁴ 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. 340

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*]

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probal⁵ to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again? [For 't is most easy Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue

In any honest suit: she's fram'd 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, 350
His soul is so enfetted to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function.⁶] 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,⁷
They do suggest⁸ at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, 360
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals⁹ 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.

² *Lay*, wager.

³ *Crack of* = flaw in.

⁴ *To undertake* (my cause), = assume the office of mediator.

⁵ *Probal*, another form of probable.

⁶ *Function*, power of action.

⁷ *Put on*, i.e. encourage.

⁸ *Suggest*, tempt.

⁹ *Repeals*, recalls, as it were, from banishment.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

Rod. How now, Roderigo! I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.¹ My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well endgell'd; 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 witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hath 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 Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
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 III.

[SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

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.

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

First Mus. How, sir, how!

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

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

Clow. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir? 9

Clow. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves,² to make no more noise with it.

¹ Cry = the pack; cf. the phrase, "in full cry."

² Of all loves = by all that is lovable; or, by all your love for him.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clow. 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.

Clow. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! 21

[*Exit Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

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

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets.³ 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?

Clow. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

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

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

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

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke

³ Quillets, nice distinctions, subtleties.

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381
fair against the

ll first be ripe:]
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billeted:
more hereafter:
oderigo.] Two

o her mistress;
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oor apart,
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the way;
delay. [*Exit.*

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wife be stir-
entreats her
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he will stir
o her. 31
Exit Clown.

time, Iago.
then?
ke

eties.

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. 41

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 re-
plies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity,¹ and that in wholesome
wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests
he loves you, 50

And needs no other suitor but his likings
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.*]

¹ *Affinity*, i.e. connections.

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, 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. 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've known him long; and be you well
assur'd

He shall in strangeness² stand no further 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,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it 21
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame,³ and talk him out of
patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a
shrift;⁴

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.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

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

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

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

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

² *Strangeness*, unfriendly behaviour, estrangement.

³ *I'll watch him tame*, i.e. "I'll tame him by keeping
him awake."

⁴ *Shrift*, confessional.

Enter OTHELLO, with papers in his hand, and IAGO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. [Turning suddenly to him] What dost thou say?

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

Oth. [Looks at papers—pause] 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 't was he.

[Goes to table, and seems in deep thought.]

Des. How now, my lord! 41

[Othello starts, then kisses her on the forehead.]

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;¹ For if he be not one that truly loves you, That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,² I have no judgment 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;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:— 60

I prithee, name the time; but let it not

¹ *i. e.* "accept the submission or atonement that he now makes."

² *Cunning*, design, or perhaps = knowledge.

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 T' 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, Or stand so mammering³ on. What! Michael Cassio, 70

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; 'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves, Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit 79

To your own person: nay, when I have a snit 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.

[Exit, with 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?

³ *Mammering*, hesitating; see note 13-.

his penitent;
 upon reason,—
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a fault
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say, Iago?
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why dost

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.

Iago. Indeed! 101

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 something;

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that, 109

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
 And when I told thee he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cri'dst
 "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 thought.

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 giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more: 120

For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just
 They're close delations,¹ 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're vile
 and false,—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets² and law-days, and in session sit
 With meditations lawful? 141

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,

Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wroug'd, and mak'st
 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 150

Out of his scattering³ and unsure observance:—
 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; 't is some-
 thing, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to
 thousands;

¹ Delations, informations; see note 142.

² Leets = days for trial in courts leet.

³ Scattering, careless, flighty.

But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed. 161

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
 hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate,¹ loves not his wronger;
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly
 loves! 170

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich
 enough;

But riches fineless² 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 178
 With fresh suspicions! No; to be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsultiente³ and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me
 jealous

Tossay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Not 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;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love or jealousy! 193

Iago. I'm 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:

¹ Certain of his fate, i.e. who knows the worst.

² Fineless, without limit

³ Exsultante, inflated

I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; 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 undone, but keep 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 lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;

She that, so young, could give out such a
 seeming, 209

To seal⁴ her father's eyes up close as oak—
 He thought 't was witchcraft.—but I'm much
 to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm 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
 mov'd:—

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach 220
 Than to suspicion.

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 mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

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 erring from it-
 self,—

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

Not to affect many proposed matches 229

⁴ To seal—to blind.

I noble nature,
 look to't: 200
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-to be bold

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Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
 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 position¹ 234
 Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

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.

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



Des. Faith, that's with watching; 't will away again:
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.—(Act in. 3. 285-287.)

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature
 doubtless 242
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he
 unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat
 your honour [*Returning.*]
 To seem this thing no further; leave it to time:
 Although 't is 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 entertainment²
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the meantime
 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. 256

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,³

² *Entertainment*, i.e. that you should receive him back.

³ *Haggard*—a wanton. See note 153.

¹ *In position*—directly, formally.

Though that her jesses¹ 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 chamberers² have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—ye, that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief



Iago. Why, what's that to you?—(Act iii. 3. 315)

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather bear toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 271
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. [Yet, 't is the plague of great
ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague³ is fated to us
When we do quicken.⁴—Desdemona comes:

¹ *Jesses*, the leather thongs tied round the hawk's legs and held by the falconer. ² *Chamberers* = effeminate men.

³ *Forked plague*, i. e. cuckold's horns.

⁴ *Quicken*, i. e. come into being.

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

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous⁵ 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; 't will
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'm very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:⁶
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, — 293

For he conjur'd 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,⁷

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?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for
you. 301

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?

⁵ *Generous*, of noble birth

⁶ *Napkin*, handkerchief

⁷ *Ta'en out* = eopled

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

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 you acknown on 't;¹
I have use for it. Go, leave me. [Exit *Emil.*]
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. 'T'rifles light as air 322
Are to the jealous confirmations strong



Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more.—(Act III. 2. 308, 309.)

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! Not poppy, nor man-
dragora,² 330

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

¹ *Be not you acknown on 't*, i. e. "Feign ignorance about it."
² *Mandragora*, mandrake—a powerful opiate.

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

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on
the rack:—

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
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,
Pioneers 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!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill

trump, ³⁵¹
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamour 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; ³⁵⁰
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd 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; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;¹
On horror's head horrors accumulate; ³⁷⁰
Dodeeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God b' wi' you! take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
world, ³⁷⁷

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.

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 begrim'd and black
As mine own face.— If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, ³⁸⁹
I'll not endure it.— Would I were satisfied!

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?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

[It is impossible you should see this, ⁴⁰²
Were they as prime² 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 living³ reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office: ⁴¹⁰

But, sith I'm 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

¹ Remorse, pity.

² Prime, lascivious.

³ Living, conclusive.

me, that was as
 im'd and black
 e cords or knives,
 streams, 389
 were satisfied!
 eaten up with

o you.

ould! nay, I will.
 ! how satisfied,

rossly gape on,—

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 and love,—
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 their affairs;

et Desdemona,
 loves;" 420
 and wring my

d then kiss me:

ne roots
 laid his leg
 iss'd; and then

ing, conclusive.

Cried] "Cursed fate that gave thee to the
 Moor!" 426

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
 'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
 proofs 430

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
 done;



Oth. Now, by yond marble heaven,
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow
 I here engage my words—(Act iii. 3. 460-462.)

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
 Spotted¹ with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a hand-
 kerchief—

I'm 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,
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.

¹ Spotted = embroidered.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand
 lives,— 442

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
 Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
 'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted² throne
 To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy
 fraught,

For 't is of aspies' tongues!

² Hearted, seated in the heart.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood! 451

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
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble
heaven, 460

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 clip¹ 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 com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is 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 lieu-
tenant.

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

SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA [*and Clown.*]

[*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies?²

Cl. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

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

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

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

Des. Can any thing be made of this? 10

Cl. 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 edified³
by report?

Cl. 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

Cl. 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

Drew⁴ 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, hard-
ness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

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

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

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal
heart:—

¹ *Clip*, encompass

² *Lodges*.

³ *Edified*, used purposely in an affected sense—instructed.

⁴ *Drew*, i.e. as the sun draws vapours from the ground.

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
 A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
 Much castigation, exercise devout; 41
 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?



Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady—(Act III. 4. 36.)

Des. I've 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 is 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,

'T would 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 wive,
 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 the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70
The sun to course two hundred compasses,¹
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd 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 startlingly and
rash?

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

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you 't!

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 't.

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 receiv'd 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,
Shar'd 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'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
[They're all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungrily, and when they're full,
They belch us.]—Look you,—Cassio and my
husband.

Enter Cassio and Iago.

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

And, lo, the happiness!² go, and impórtune 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 purpos'd 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 fore'd 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 blank³ 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.

¹ Number'd in the world, &c. i. e. lived 200 years.

² The happiness! i. e. how lucky that she is there!

³ Blank, aim.

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

Something, sure, of state,—
[Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice 141
Made démonstrable 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. ['T is 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 149
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was—unhandsome¹ 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 toy²
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're jealous: 't is 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 't 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?
P' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging,
Cassio. 172

¹ Unhandsome, unfair.

² Toy, whim, fancy.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? 173

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 continue time,³
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]
Take me this work out.⁴

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause: 182
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, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; 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:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore? 192

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition,⁵ 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.⁶

Cas. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you; 199

For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good; I must be circumstanc'd.⁷ [*Exeunt.*]

³ In a more continue time, i.e. when I am less interrupted.

⁴ Take out=copy.

⁵ Addition, title to honour.

⁶ Soon at night—this very night.

⁷ Be circumstanc'd, i.e. obey circumstances.

ACT IV.

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 unauthoriz'd 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, 't is a venial slip:]

But if I give my wife a handkerchief, — 10

Oth. What then?*Iago.* Why, then, 't is 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: — 19Thou said'st, — O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infectious house,
Boding to all, — he had my handkerchief.*Iago.* Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That¹'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,

Convinced² or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab —

Oth. Hath he said anything?¹ That, i. e. what Iago has just said.² Convinced, overcome.*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well
assur'd, 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. — Lie with her!that's fulsome. —] Handkerchief — confessions
— handkerchief! — To confess, and be hang'dfor his labour; — first, to be hang'd, and then to
confess. — I tremble at it. Nature would notinvest herself in such shadowing passion with-
out some instruction. To is not words thatshake 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! 50

Cas. What's the matter?*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 his³ 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.
Would you would bear your fortune like a
man! 62

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

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a popu-
lous city,
And many a civil monster.]

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
[Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper¹ beds
Which they dare swear peculiar:² your case is
better. 70

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a séeure 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; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Continue yourself but in a patient list.³
[Whist you were here o'erwhelm'd with your
grief,—

A passion most unfitting such a man,—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'sense upon your ecstasy; 80
Bade him anon return, and herespeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but enave⁴ your-
self,

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 with your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
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.*

¹ *Unproper*, common.

² *Peculiar*, i. e. peculiar to themselves, their own.

³ *List*, limit, i. e. of self-control.

⁴ *Enave*, i. e. hide in a recess.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, 94
A housewife that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet's
plague

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; 101
And his unbookish⁵ jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light be-
haviour,
Quite in the wrong.

Re-enter Cassio.

How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worse that you give me the addi-
tion
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are
sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. [*Aside*] Look, how he laughs already!
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, 't is faith, she
loves me. 112

Oth. [*Aside*] Now he denies it faintly, and
laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. [*Aside*] 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. [*Aside*] Do you triumph, Roman? do
you triumph?

Cas. I marry her!—what, a customer!⁶
Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not
think it so unwholesome:—ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [*Aside*] So, so, so, so:—they laugh that
win.

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

Cas. Prithee, say true.

⁵ *Unbookish*, ignorant. See note 187.

⁶ *Customer*, loose woman.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

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Oth. [*Aside*] Have you scor'd¹ me? Well.

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

Oth. [*Aside*] 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 falls me thus about my neck,—

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Oth. [*Aside*] Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were; his gesture imports it.



Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!—(Act iv. l. 143, 144.)

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

Oth. [*Aside*] Now he tells how she pluck'd 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!² marry, a perfum'd one.

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Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

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 out³ 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;⁴ wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

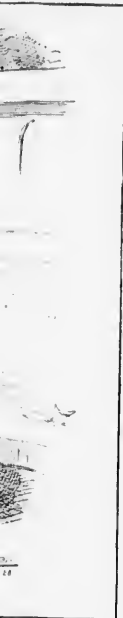
161

¹ Scor'd; branded (?) See note 190 ² Fitchew, polecat
58

³ Take out, copy

⁴ Hobby-horse, loose woman.

now; she haunts
 the other day, talk-
 of certain Venetians;
 and falls me thus
 140
 "as Cassio," as it



141
 "haunt you;
 some handker-
 was a fine fool
 the work?—A
 should find it
 w who left it
 n, and I must
 give it your
 had it, I'll
 161

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

Oth. [*Aside*] 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 prepar'd for. [*Exit.*]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street
 else. 171

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

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

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

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

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

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at
 his vice? 181

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, 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. 190

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

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:
 —so delicate with her needle!—[an admirable
 musician! O, she will sing the savageness
 out of a bear!—] of so high and plenteous wit
 and invention!— 201

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! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so foud over her iniquity,

give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not
 you, it comes near nobody. 210

[*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 unprovide my mind¹ again:—this
 night, Iago. 219

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 under-
 taker:² 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. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

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

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet, 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?

Des. My lord? 239

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?

¹ *Unprovide my mind, i. e.* make my mind waver.

² *Let me be his undertaker, let me deal with him.*

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T' atone¹ 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 mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you merry.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,—

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserv'd this. ²⁵²

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd 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 t' offend you.
[*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. ²⁶⁰

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 pas-
sion!—

I am commanded home.—Get you away;
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: ²⁷³
You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
monkeys! [*Exit.*]

¹ Atone, reconcile.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full²
senate

Call all-in-all sufficient!—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake! whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce!

Iago. He is much chang'd.

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

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe
my censure. ²⁸⁰

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 she would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create³ this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall
observe him;

And his own courses will denote him so, ²⁹⁰
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A room in the castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. [*Sarcostically*] You have seen nothing,
then!

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-
gether.

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!

² Full, i.e. met in full number

³ New-create, cause, originate

Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
 nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
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,



Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
 I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.—(Act IV. 2. 31-33.)

There's Othello's happy; the purest of their
 wive 18
 Is foul as slander
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.
 [Exit Emilia.
 She says enough;—yet she's [a simple bawd
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle
 whore,]
 A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
 And yet she'll kneel and pray; I've 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,¹
 mistress;

¹ Function, service.

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry "hem," if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Emilia.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import? 31

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? 40

Oth. Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

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,¹

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd 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

The fixed figure for the time, for scorn,

To point his slow and moving 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 cheru-

bin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer thos are in the
shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O then 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 com-
mitted! 70

Oth. [Was this fair paper,² this most goodly
book,

Made to write "whore" upon?] What com-
mitted!

[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 com-
mitted!

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!—

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 83

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 sav'd.

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,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell! 90

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!

[We've done our course;] there's money for
your pains:

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

[*Exit.*]

¹ Calling back, i. e. from Cyprus.

² This fair paper, Desdemona's face.

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.¹ 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 us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse!

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 bewhor'd 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.

Emil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.²

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep;—alas the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches, 125

Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't! How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, Some busy and insinuating rogue, 131 Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office, Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie,

There's no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—

O heaven, that such companions³ thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world Even from the east to the west!

Iago. [*Aside to Emil.*] Speak within door.⁴

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side⁵ without, And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, 150

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—

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,

³ *Companions, fellows, in a bad sense.*

⁴ *Speak within door, i.e. speak lower.*

⁵ *Seamy side, i.e. the wrong side.*

¹ *Water, i.e. tears.*

² *Callat, mistress.*

Delighted them in any other form; 155
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 does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might th' addition¹ earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.]

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his
humour;

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other,—

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets within.*

[Hark, how these instruments summon to
supper! 169

The messengers of Venice stay the meat:]
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 deal'st justly
with me.

Iago. What in the contrary!

Rod. Every day thou dall'st² me with some
device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me
now, keep'st 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 suffer'd. 182

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

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

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught 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 receiv'd them, and
return'd me expectations and comforts of

sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find
none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well. 184

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to,
man; nor 't is not very well; nay, I think it is
scurvy, and begin to find myself fobb'd³ in it.

Iago. Very well.

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

Iago. You have said now. 204

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

Iago. Why, now I see there 's metal 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 most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd;
and your suspicion is not without wit and
judgment. 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 Des-
demona, take me from this world with treach-
ery, and devise engines⁴ for my life. 202

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason
and compass?

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, un-
less his abode be linger'd here by some accident:
wherein none can be so determinate⁵ as the
removing of Cassio.

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?

³ Fobb'd, deceived.

⁴ Engines, machinations.

⁵ Determinate, conclusive.

¹ Addition, title. ² Dall'st, puttest me off.

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,¹ 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 will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd 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 high² supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it. 250

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisf'd. [*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; 't will 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 return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look 't 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:³ 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 displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

¹ *Harlotry*, another form of harlot.

² *High*, quite, fully.

³ *Incontinent*, immediately.

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

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— 20

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

Emil. I've 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 lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow;" An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it: that song to-night Will not go from my mind; I've much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, 32 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 bare-footed to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. 40

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

Sing willow, willow, willow; [*moans;*]

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 gurland.

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 more women, you'll couch with more men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I've 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
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. 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.—(Act iv. 3. 94, 97.)

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 had done. Marry, I would not do such
a thing for a joint-ring,¹ nor for meases of
lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor

any petty exhibition;² but, for the whole
world,—why, who would not make her hus-
band a cuckold to make him a monarch? I
should venture purgatory for't.

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

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the
world; and having the world for your labour,
't is 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 van-

¹ Joint-ring, a ring made to divide into two parts

² Exhibition, allowance or reward.

tage¹ as would store the world they play'd 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;²
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 90
 Throwing restraint upon us; or say they
 strike us,
 Or scant our former having³ 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?
 It is so too:—and have not we affections, 101
 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 V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.**Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk;⁴ 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 to a little distance.]

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. [Goes to his stand.]

Iago. [I've rubb'd this young quat⁵ almost
 to the sense,⁶ 11
 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'd⁷ 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
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much
 peril: 21
 No, he must die:—be't so: I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou
 diest! [Rushes from his post and
 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 rushes from his post, cuts Cassio
 behind in the leg, and exit.]*

Cas. I'm main'd for ever.—Help, ho!
 murder! murder! [Falls.]

[Enter OTHELLO, at some distance.]

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,¹ your dear lies
 dead, 33
 And your noblest fate lies: 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, *at some distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?²
 murder! murder!

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

Cas. O, help!

[*Lod.* Hark! 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 in to the cry without more help.]

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

[*Lod.* Hark!

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

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

[*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this that
 cries on³ murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

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? 53

Cas. Iago! O, I'm 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 hereabout,
 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? the dark!—Where be
 these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!⁴—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!

Iago. How is't, brother? 70

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. A notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you
 suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled
 you?

Cas. No. 80

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus: I've 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

¹ *Minion*, i.e. Desdemona

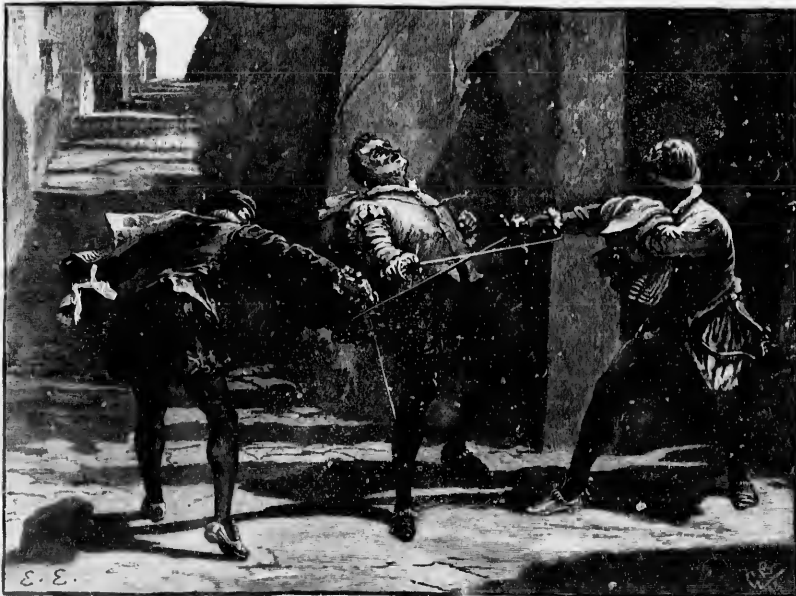
² *Passage*—Passengers

³ *Cries on*, i.e. cries continually

⁴ In the stage version Lodovico and Gratiano enter here.

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! ay.
 [*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle
 pardon; 93
 These bloody accidents must excuse my
 manners,
 That so neglected you.

Gra. I'm glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio!—O, a chair, a
 chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[*I chair brought in.*]
 O, that 's well said;—the chair:—
 Some good man bear him carefully from hence;



Cas. I'm main'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!—(Act v. 1, 27.)

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 be-
 tween you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the
 man.
Iago. [*To Bianca*] What, look you pale?—
 O, bear him out o' th' air.—
 [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
 Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale,
 mistress!—

Do you perceive the gastness¹ 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. 'Tis, what 's the matter? what 's the
 matter, husband!

¹ *Gastness, ghastliness.*
 69

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark 112

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
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.—
[*To Bianca*] 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.—

[*To Bianca*] 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 afore!—[*Aside*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes¹ 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 excell'g nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have
pluck'd the rose, 13

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the
tree.— [*Kissing her.*]

O 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 that's
the last: 19

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's
heavenly;²

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 be think yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, 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're 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. 39

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

¹ Fordoes, undoes.

² Heavenly, i.e. (an affliction) sent by heaven.

ACT V. Scene 2.

Some heat
When I have

13

again,
smell it on the
[*Kissing her.*
most persuade
—One more, one

, and I will kill

more, and that's

19

I must weep,
this sorrow's

She wakes.

Ay, Desdemona.

Oh, my lord!

Oh, Desdemona!

Ay, my lord.

Free of any crime
and grace,

may you mean

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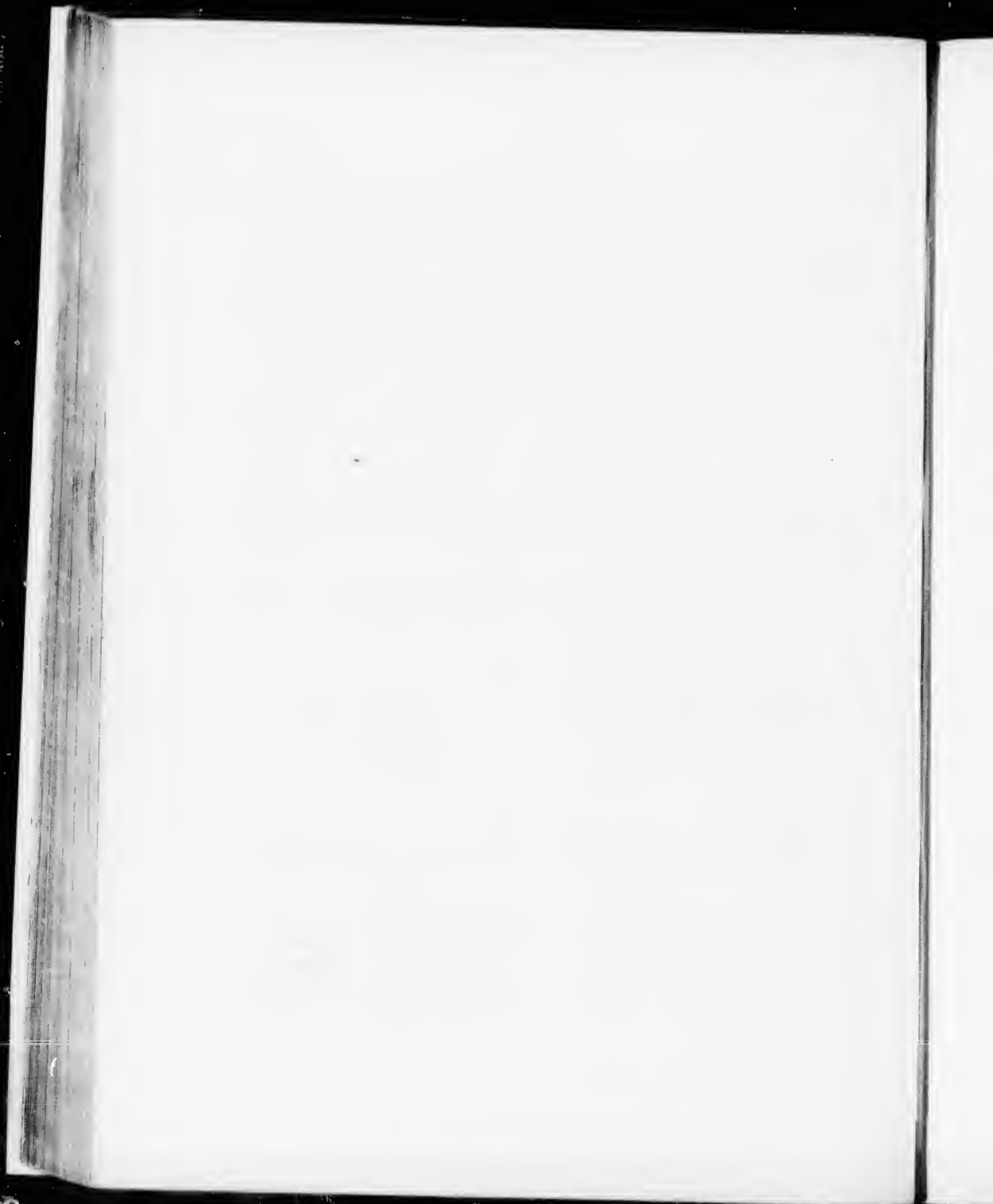
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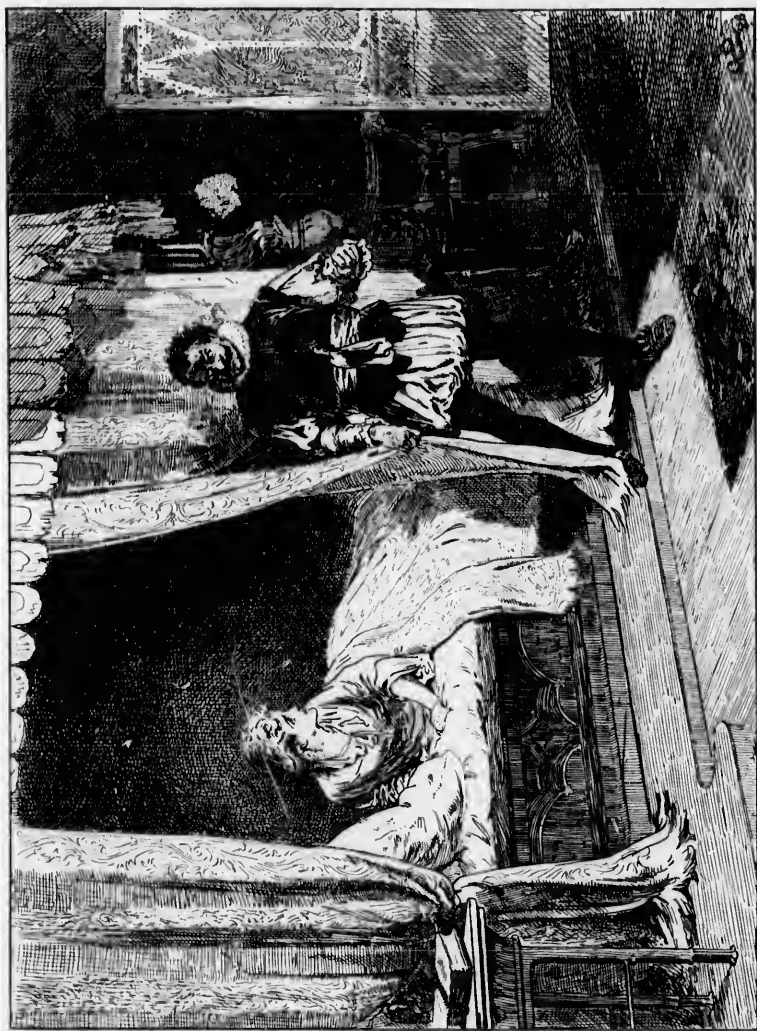
ut yet I feel I

39

I hear to you.

at by heaven.





Othello

Act IV. Scene II.

ACT V

Oth
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Alas
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Oth. Ay, and for that thou dost. 41
Des. That death's unnatural act 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 lov'd
 and gave thee
 Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
 Take heed of perjury; thou'rt 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 concep-
 tion
 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 lov'd Cassio
 But with such general warranty of heaven
 As I might love; I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in
 's hand. 62
 O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart.
 And mak'st 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? 69
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No,] his mouth is stopp'd;
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.¹

¹ Ta'en order for't, i.e. seen to it.

Des. O, my fear interprets:—what, is he
 dead? 73
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
 revenge
 Had stampt it for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!
Oth. Out, damned spot, weep'st thou for him
 to my grief?
Des. O, beseech me, my lord, but kill me not!
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
Oth. Nay, if you strive,— 81
Des. But half an hour!
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer!
Oth. It is too late. [*Softly her.*
Emil. [Within] My lord, my lord! what, ho!
 my lord, my lord!
 [Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not
 quite dead?
 I am too cruel my yet merciful;
 I will not have thee linger in thy pain:—
 See.]
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:—'t is Emilia:—by and by:—She's
 dead.—
 'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
 The noise was high.—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 th' allrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.²
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? [Opens the door.]

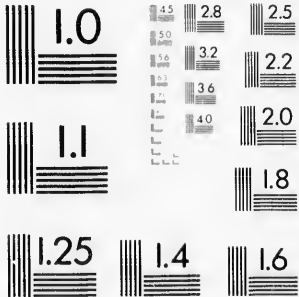
² By and by, in a moment.

³ At alteration = at the change.



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Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she went, 110

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio's not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of time,

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,— 119

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

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: 'T was I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, And you the blacker devil! 121

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 tup 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! 120

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, 't was he that told me first:

[An honest man he is, and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds.]

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration,¹ woman? I say thy husband. 159

[*Emil.* O mistress, villainy hath made moeks 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: 160

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thon hast not half that power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thon hast done a deed— I care not for thysword; 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, and IAGO.

[*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general!]

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you've done well, 169

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

¹ Iterance, repetition.

depth in hell,
 st grounds
 d knew it all.
 140

edlook?
 had she been

another world
 blite,

told me first:
 es the slime

husband!

! woman? I
 150
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He, woman;
 and the word?
 honest Iago,
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 o the heart:
 thy bargain.

160
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 t power to do

O dolt!
 lone a deed—
 e thee known,
 elp! help, ho!

ss! Murder!

and Iago.

—How now,

you've done
 169
 on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 171
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. 180

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
 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'm
 bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

Mon. Gra. O heavens forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the mur-
 der on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true,
 indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth. 189

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!
 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:

'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—
 Pehannee, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [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. O, she was foul!— [Rising.
 I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your
 niece, 201

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
 stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

¹ I think upon't; she recollects the circumstance of the
 handkerchief.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I'm glad thy fa-
 ther's dead: 204

[Thy mateh 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 reprobance.²]

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
 A thousand times committed; Cassio con-
 fess'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. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will 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't.

Iago. [Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
 And I did give't my husband.]

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentle-
 men.— 232

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!

[*Othello offers to stab Iago, but is dis-
 armed by Montano: Iago stabs
 Emilia, and then runs out.*

² Reprobance, reprobation, eternal perdition.

[*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. [?'T is a notorious villain.] Take you this weapon, 239

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain, For 't is a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*

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 me? I will play the swan, And die in music:—Willow, willow,—

[*Singing.*

Moor, she was chaste;] she lov'd thee, cruel Moor; 249

So come my soul to bliss as I speak true; 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:¹—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 250 Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day That, with this little arm and this good sword, I've made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.— Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,²

¹ *The ice-brook's temper, i.e. tempered in the icy brook.*
² *Butt=end.*

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear; Man³ but a rush⁴ 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 court,

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, 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!— O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! 281 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,⁵—but that's a fable.—

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

[*Othello is disarmed.*

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;

For, in my sense, 't is 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 honour'd murderer, if you will;

For navi'g my life in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy;

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay. 298

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

³ *Man, aim*

⁴ *Rush, as though in a mock tournament.*

⁵ *I look down, &c., i.e. in order to see if his feet are cloven.*

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd 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 's a
letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook 311
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 t' 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:
And he himself confess'd but even now 321
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: 330

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've done the state some service, and they
know't;— 330

No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice: then must you
speak

Of one that lov'd 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 sub-
du'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

[*Stabs himself with a dagger.*

[*Lod.* O bloody period!¹

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way
but this, [*Falling upon Desdemona.*]

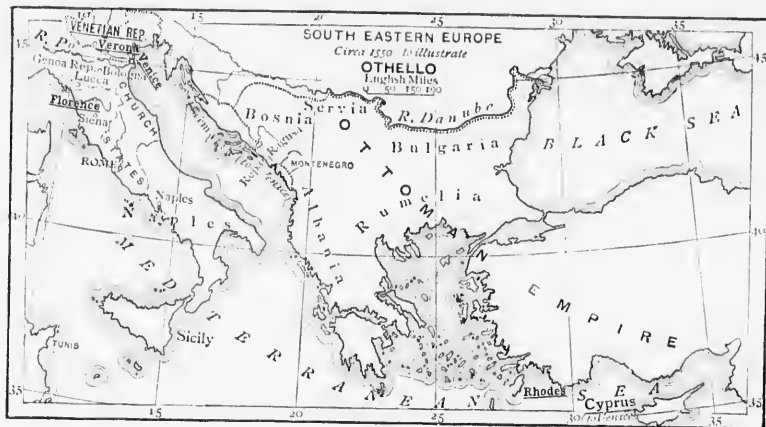
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon; 360

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan² 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 gover-
nor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.] 371
[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Period*, end.

² *Spartan*; the Spartans were taken as types of ob-
stinacy.



NOTES TO OTHELLO.

NOTE ON DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The names of the actors are found in F. 1 at the end of the play:

Othello, *the Moore*.
 Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona*.
 Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant*.
 Iago, *a Villaine*.
 Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman*.
 Duke of Venice.
 Senators.
 Montano, *Governour of Cyprus*.
 Gentlemen of Cyprus.
 Lodouico, and Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians*.
 Saylor.
 Clowne.
 Desdemona, *Wife to Othello*.
 Emilia, *Wife to Iago*.
 Bianca, *a Courtizan*.

In F. 4 they are given, before the play itself, with a few unimportant differences of spelling; but there Iago is written *Jago*. All the Ff. misspell *Roderigo*, *Rodorigo*. Qq. spell the name rightly. Of these names *Gratiano* has been used already in the *Merchant of Venice*; *Lodouico*, in the anglicized form of *Lodowick*, we have had, in *Measure for Measure*, as the assumed name of the Duke when disguised as a Friar. *Rodorigo* we have had in *Twelfth Night*, li. 1. 17, as the name taken by Sebastian, where Ff. also spell it *Rodorigo*. *Desdemona* would, in Italian, be accented, probably, on the antepenultimate. In Ff. it is often abbreviated to *Desdemon*, as in iii. 1. 50; iii. 3. 55, &c. *Emilia* is spelt *Emilia* or *Emilia* in Qq., but always in Ff. *Emilia*. The latter, as the name of the wife of

Iago, occurs in *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 342, &c. In *Winter's Tale* *Emilia* is the name of one of the ladies attendant upon the Queen, Hermione.

NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

The difficulties as to the space of time covered by the events of this play are numerous, and have been pointed out by Mr. Daniel in his admirable *Time Analysis* of this play (see *New Shak. Soc. Trans.* 1877-1879, Pt. II, pp. 224-232). In the first place we learn that Iago and Roderigo have been long acquainted, and that Iago has been borrowing money from Roderigo, apparently on the strength of pretending to support his courtship of Desdemona. This implies that the acquaintance or friendship between Emilia and Desdemona must have existed before the latter's marriage to Othello; which, considering their respective social positions, does not appear very probable. There must be an interval between acts I. and II.; but there can be none, except of a few hours, between the next acts, as the incidents are evidently continuous, and cannot have occupied more than forty-eight hours. Yet we find Roderigo complaining, both at the end of act II. scene 3, and again in act IV. scene 2, that he has been put off by Iago with some excuse or other, has spent nearly all his money, and has given him jewels enough to deliver to Desdemona, which would "half have corrupted a votarist." Again, in act III. scene 4, we have Bianca reproaching Cassio with keeping a week away from her (line 173):

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
 and to make no mistake about it, she adds "Eight score eight hours;" yet he cannot have been on the island more

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than two days. This note of time can only be explained supposing that Bianca was Cassio's mistress in Venice, and had followed or accompanied him to Cyprus. Still greater is the difficulty as to the recall of Othello from Cyprus; for the letters of recall must have been sent before the senate could even have known that he had reached the island. There are other minor points of difficulty which it is not necessary to specify. Suffice it to say that there are allusions, which will be easily recognized by the reader, implying a longer period of married life, as far as Othello and Desdemona are concerned, than is possible consistently with the text of the play. It is useless to try and reconcile these discrepancies and contradictions by a system of "double time," or by any similar device. The fact is, Shakespeare did not care about such matters; and the absence of any change of scenery on the stage made all details as to lapse of time of much less importance than they would be now. All the difficulties mentioned above may be explained by the fact that Shakespeare founded his play on the story, in which Othello and Desdemona are supposed to have lived together as husband and wife for some time before leaving Venice, and the events which take place in Cyprus are certainly not confined to two or three days.—F. A. M.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1. Lines 4-6:

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

These lines are arranged as by Stevens (1793); in Q₁ lines 5 and 6 are printed as one line. The oath 'Sblood is only found in Q₁; F. 1 prints the passage thus, in two lines:

But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me,

which F. 2, F. 3 substantially follow. F. 4 prints the passage thus:

But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhor me

2. Line 10: OFF-CAPP'D to him.—So the Folio. The Quartos have *oft capp'd*. In either case to *cap* will convey the idea of *showing respect to*.

3. Line 13: *with a BOMBAST circumstance*.—*Bombast* is here used adjectivally, in the sense of *fastian*; elsewhere—*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 701, and *I. Henry IV.* ii. 4. 359, where the prince hails Falstaff as a "creature of *bombast*"—the word is a substantive. Properly *bombast* means *cotton-wadding*; Greek *βόμβας*—silk, cotton (Skeat).

4. Line 16. NONSUITS *my mediators*.—Lord Campbell comments upon this line as a good instance of Shakespeare's "proneness to legal parasitology." "*Nonsuiting*," he says, "is known to the learned to be the most disreputable and mortifying mode of being beaten: it indicates that the action is wholly unfounded on the plaintiff's own showing, or that there is a fatal defect in the manner in which his case has been got up: inasmuch that Mr. Chitty, the great special pleader, used to give this advice to young barristers practising at *visi prius*: 'Always avoid your attorney when nonsuited, for till he has a little time for reflection, however much you may

abuse the judge, he will think that the nonsuit was all your fault.'"—Shakespeare's *Legal Acquirements*, pp. 90, 91.

5. Lines 16, 17:

*for, "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer."*

Some editors print "For certes" as though it were a single phrase, equivalent to *for certain*. The *for*, however, does not, I think, make part of what Othello is supposed to reply. Compare the *Tempest*, iii. 3. 29, 30:

If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island.

6. Line 19:

*a great ARITHMETICIAN,
One Michael Cassio, a FLORENTINE.*

Apart from the fact that *Florence* was a great trading town, there may be some allusion to the economical and thrifty ways for which the *Florentines* were famous. "If any," says Peachment, "would be taught the true use of money, let him travel to Italy! for the Italian, the *Florentine* especially, is able to teach all the world, Thrift!"—Peachment's *The Worth of a Penny*, 1641, Arber's *English Garner*, vi. p. 263. Iago, as a Venetian, expresses contempt for a native of Florence.

7. Line 21: *A fellow almost down'd in a fair WIFE*.—

The reference, clearly, is to Cassio, and the *fair wife* may be Bianca; further I cannot see, and nothing that has been written on the line offers the least explanation of what to me appears to be almost inexplicable. Can it be that Iago is speaking, with mocking self-satire, from his own personal experience of a *fair wife*? From time to time he poses as the jealous husband; he affects to doubt the loyalty of Emilia; he, too, has been *damm'd* in the possession of a beautiful consort; and so as he utters the line does he think of his own hard ease, and laugh ironically, or perhaps look the martyr? For it must be remembered that Iago is not merely the personification of deceit towards others; he occasionally tries to deceive himself, the last triumph and victory of the deceiver's art; and this may be one of his daring touches of self-deception. It does not, however, much matter whether we regard the line as said seriously or ironically: the point I would suggest is, that the speaker, in speaking the words, really refers to himself. I need scarcely say that emendations have been numerous. Coleridge was inclined to read *life*; Grant White prints *wise*; and the heroic Hamner, *ausus inmane nefas*, ventured on a *fair phiz*, the last word surely in Bœotian bathos.

[The elaborate explanation given by Arrowsmith (Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, p. 29), and quoted by Dyce, that the words *fair wife* are to be connected with Iago's comparison of Cassio to a *spinster* just below (line 24), and that they are equivalent to saying that Cassio is no more a soldier than a *fair wife*, is too intricate for general comprehension. Certainly Mr. Verity's explanation above seems far more plausible; though quite possibly, as some commentators have pointed out, there is an allusion here to the rumoured marriage of Cassio and Bianca (see iv. 1. 118-133), a union which could not but sojournly *damm* him; or Iago may imply that Cassio is

completely under petticoat government, and therefore not fit to be an officer in any position of trust. Stannton objected that this line can have no reference to Bianca, because "there is no reason for supposing that Cassio had ever seen Bianca until they met in Cyprus." But surely the relations between Cassio and Bianca could not have arisen in so short a time as elapsed between his arrival in Cyprus, and the events in acts iii. and iv. of this play. However, on this point there are many difficulties. Othello does not seem to have known anything of Cassio's connection with Bianca till he sees him talking to her (iv. 1). In iii. 4. 193-195, Cassio gives a reason for not wishing Othello to see him with Bianca; he says he does not wish

To have him see me woman'd.

Again, if Iago knew of this connection of Cassio and Bianca, and that it would be likely to prejudice him with Othello, why did he not mention it before? The answer to this is that it would not have suited his plot to have done so, as it was his object to make out that Cassio was in love only with Desdemona. Part of the confusion as to Bianca's connection with Cassio may have arisen from the fact that Shakespeare combined in her the two women mentioned in Cinthio's story. See Introduction, p. 6.

—F. A. M.]

8. Line 21: *unless the bookish THEORIC*.—For *theoric* = theory, cf. Henry V. i. 1. 51, 52:

So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this *theoric*.

For the same words, retaining the same forms and used with the same antithesis, see Heywood's English Traveller, i. 1. 1-3:

Oh friend, that I to mine own *notion*
Had joined but your *experience*! I have
The *theoric*, but you the *practic*.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 157.

"*Theoric of war*" comes in All's Well, iv. 3. 163.

9. Line 25, *the TOGED CONSULTS*.—So the Quarto of 1622. The Folio has *tongued*.

10. Line 31: *this COUNTER-CASTER*.—Alluding to the practice of making calculations with *counters*, or small metal disks, which are several times referred to in Shakespeare; e.g. As You Like It, ii. 7. 63; Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 28.

11. Line 45: *Many a duteous and KNEE-CROOKING knave*.—This is not unsuggestive of Hamlet, iii. 2. 60:
And *croak* the pregnant hinges of the *knee*.

"*Hinge thy knee*" is amongst the maxims which Apemantus impresses upon Timon of Athens (iv. 3. 211).

12. Line 63: *In COMPLIMENT extern*.—(Cg. and Ff. all print here "in complement extern." On the question of identity of *compliment* and *complement* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 11. Some editors adhere to the spelling of the old copies, and explain the words thus: "in outward completeness." This is intelligible enough, though somewhat tautological. But if we read, as most editors, including the Cambridge, do, *compliment*, the meaning must be "in external or outward compliment," or "ceremoniousness," or "in conventional expression of politeness."

13. Line 65, *I AM he WHAT I AM*.—Compare Sonnet cxxi. line 9:

No, *I am that I am*, and they that level, &c.

Iago, I suppose, means that he will conceal his true character and not be what to others he is, i.e. *seems to be*.

14. Line 66: *does the THICK-LIPS owe*.—Coming from the jealous Roderigo the epithet, obviously, must not be pressed. Upon the question of Othello's nationality see Introduction.

15. Line 67: *if he can CARRY 'T thout!*—That is, "succeeded in this way." The phrase occurs again in Lear, v. 3. 36, 37:

and *carry it so*
As I have set it down;

where the sense is rather "contrive it;" and in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 3. For Shakespeare's vague use of *it* with verbs, see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, page 150.

16. Lines 70, 71:

And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies.

This sentence is certainly not very intelligible. At first sight there appears to be some confusion of idea; for a *fertile climate*, in the sense of one where the vegetation is luxuriant, is generally more productive of insect pests than a cold and sterile one. But the association of ideas in Shakespeare's mind may have been a mixed one. For instance, some sorts of flies are particularly plentiful in sandy soil; and again, where there are much blight and many insect pests, vegetation suffers; but perhaps one must not inquire too curiously into Iago's exact meaning. Delicacy of expression or of thought was certainly not his distinguishing characteristic. *Though* may possibly be a mistake here caused by the *though* in the next line having caught the copyist's eye, or it may be equivalent to "as" or "because."—F. A. M.

17. Lines 72, 73:

'T *throw such CHANGES of vexation on't*,
As *it may lose some colour*.

So Qq. Ff. read *chances*, which I cannot but think, though it is rejected by most editors without any remark, may be the right reading. *Chances* is used frequently by Shakespeare in the sense of "accidents," as by Othello in the speech below (i. 3. 134). Is it not possible that the commentators may have been misled by the *lose some colour* in the next line, and so have too hastily preferred the *changes* of Qq. to the *chances* of Ff.?—F. A. M.

18. Line 76: *by night and negligence*.—This is an elliptical expression, the meaning of course being "in time of night and through negligence;" *by* being used in a double sense. Iago does not stop here to pick and choose his expressions. He wants to urge Roderigo on to instant action, to make him his instrument in annoying Othello. Roderigo throughout the scene is inclined to hang back; having been rejected as a suitor for Desdemona's hand by her father. He does not like the task that Iago sets him; and therefore it is necessary that the latter should keep pushing him forward, and thrusting him into the most prominent position. For, though Brabantio does not seem to know Iago here, it is possible that he might recognize

Compare Sommet

level, &c.

his true char-

e. seems to be

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cagiu in Lear, v.

and in Troilus and

Cressida, use of it with

the same sense, page 150.

—to dwell,

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—F. A. M.

—This is an ellip-

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him by slight as Othello's ancient; and therefore Iago shades his face with his hat, in order that his features may not be recognized, and disguises his voice, taking at the same time a malicious delight in the whole incident. Roderigo is doing his dirty work for him; and Brabantio—for whom he feels almost as much contempt as he does for "the snipe," of whom he is making such "sport and profit,"—is humiliated, and can be insulted with comparative impunity.—F. A. M.

19. Line 106: *My house is not a GRANGE.*—Grange is from the Low Latin *granea*, a barn, i.e. a place where corn, *granum*, is kept. The word appears sometimes to have conveyed the idea of loneliness and isolation (see Measure for Measure, note 134); cf. Heywood's English Traveller, iii. 1:

And indeed
Who can blame him to absent himself from home,
And make his father's house but as a grange?
—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 195.

According to Warton *grange* was used, in this sense, especially in the eastern and northern counties. It is superfluous to mention "the moated grange" in Measure for Measure, which Tennyson has described for us at length in his wonderful poem. Milton, by the way, probably collected the etymology of the word when he wrote in Comus (175): "teeming flocks, and granges full." Hunter has an interesting note on the subject (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. pp. 345, 346); he might, however, have remarked that the modern conception of *grange* as any country house is associated with the word quite early. For instance Cotgrave has "*Beauvegard*: A summer house or *grange*; a house for recreation or pleasure." Again, Nash in his tract, Christ's T'raes over Jerusalem, speaking of the plague, remarks that the poor must remain in the city, while "rich men have their country *granges* to fly to" (Nash's Prose Works, in Huth Library, vol. iv. p. 246). In the ballad, too, of Flodden Field I find the word used of the Cheshire country-seat of the Egerton family.—See Bishop Percy's Folio MS., edited by Prof. Hales and Dr. Furnivall, vol. i. p. 333.

20. Line 112: *your NEPHEWS neigh to you.*—*Nephew* (Lat. *nepos*): here = grandson; cf. Marlowe, Dido Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 335:

Sleep, my sweet nephews, in these cooling shades.
—Works, Bullen's ed. vol. ii. p. 339.

See I. Henry VI. note 135.

21. Line 124: *At this ODD-EVEN and dull watch o' the night.*—The time, that is, when one hardly knows whether, strictly speaking, it is night or day; 2 P.M., for instance, is the *odd-even* of the night; the day has begun, but the night is not over. How any one can find a difficulty in the expression passes my understanding; yet it has been not a little discussed. We have exactly the same idea in Macbeth, iii. 4. 126, 127.

Mach. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

22. Line 126: *a knave of common hire, a GONDOLIER.*—So the Folio; the 1632 Quarto has *gundeler*; in the Quarto of 1622 only the first line and the last three lines of this speech are given. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote *gundeler*; in any case he intended the word to be pronounced

as a trisyllable. See Sidney Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, p. 218. In As You Like It, iv. 1. 38 "swam in a gondola" baffled the printer's skill.

23. Line 133: *Of HERE and EVERY WHERE.*—For the adverbs used as substantives compare Lear, i. 1. 264:

Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find.

24. Line 150: *Lead to the SAGITTARY the raised search.*—What was the *Sagittary*? The subject has been much discussed. According to Knight, the reference is to "the residence at the Arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army. The figure of an archer with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place." Knight's theory is scarcely tenable. In the first place, his description of the figure appears to be incorrect; the latter, says the American critic, Mr. Rolfe, is "not over the gates, but is one of four statues standing in front of the structure. It represents a man holding a bow (not 'drawn') in his hand, but is in no respect more conspicuous than its three companions. If Shakespeare was ever in Venice he probably saw the statue, but we cannot imagine why it should suggest to him to call the place the *Sagittary*" (Furness' Variorum ed., Othello, p. 26). Again, the Arsenal was the most conspicuous building in Venice; no Venetian would require to be guided there; still less could any one in the employ of the government have a difficulty in finding his way thither. Yet in scene 3, line 121, Othello sends Iago with the attendants to show them where the *Sagittary* was:

Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

This is scarcely consistent with the theory that the *Sagittary* was a part of the Arsenal. I may mention, too, an incidental point of evidence, viz. that Coryat in his Crudities gives (vol. i. pp. 273-283) a minute and detailed account of the Arsenal, and had the *Sagittary* formed a portion of the latter, it would hardly have passed without mention. Perhaps, after all, the name was a mere invention on the part of Shakespeare; in which case it is a thousand pities that he has not had the satisfaction of laughing at the tortures to which he unwittingly subjected generations of editors.

25. Line 183: *And RAISE some special officers of night.*—

Raise = rouse, as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 4:
The villain Jew with outcries *rais'd* the duke.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

26. Line 5: *I had thought 't had YERK'd him.*—*Yerk* here = "to strike sharply;" in Henry V. iv. 7. 83, the sense is *kick*:

Yerk out their armed heels.

Compare Lyly's Sapho and Phao, i. 1: "I am afraid she will *yerk* me, if I hit her" (Lyly's Works, Fairholt's ed. i. p. 156). Cotgrave has: "*Ruer des pieds*; to *kick*, *winse*, *Yerke*. *Yerk* and *yerk* are obviously the same word; cf. Cotgrave: "*Fouetter*; to scourge, lash, *yerk* or *jerke*." There is a third word *jert*, given by Cotgrave (s.v. *attainte*) and connected with the more familiar pair. I find it in Nash's Summer's Last Will and Testament: "When I *jerted* my whip and said to my horses but *Hay*" (Nash's Prose Works, edited by Grosart, in Huth Library, vol. vi. p. 125). Skeat *sub voce* *yerk* should be consulted.

27. Line 12: *That the MAGNIFICO is much below'd.*—Compare *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 282, where the Chaucerian Press editors quote from Florio, "*Magnifico*, nobly-minded, magnificent. Also a *Magnifico* of Venice;" see note 217 to that play. In *The Return from Parnassus*, iii. 4, we read:

Where it shall dwell like a *magnifico*.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 45.

Coryat, by the way, tells us that all the "gentlemen of Venice . . . are called *Clarissimoes*" (*Coryat's Crudities*, ed. 1776, vol. ii. p. 32). On the other hand, in Peacham's curious tract, *The Worth of a Penny* (1611), I find the following: "Go into other countries, especially Italy the greatest *magnifico* in Venice will think it no disgrace to his *magnificenza* to go to market" (Arber's English Garner, vol. vi. p. 274). At Milan *clarissimo* appears to have been the term in use; cf. Dekker's *Honest Whore*, Part I. i. 2: "before my *clarissimo* in Milan" (Dekker's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 98).

28. Lines 22-24:

and my demerits
May speak, UNBONNETED, to us proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd.

Unbonneted must, I think, mean *with the bonnet taken off*; i. e. as a sign of respect. How does this fit in with the general drift of the passage? Othello is protesting against the idea that he is a mere adventurer, "an extravagant and wheeling stranger," who has had the luck to win a distinguished position at Venice. I am, he says, of noble birth: if I have succeeded I deserved to; my fortune may be great, but my qualities (*demerits*) are equal to my fortune, or nearly so; using a metaphor, I say that my *demerits* can speak to; adding, acrost—what you will—my fortune, whom, for the moment, we will personify; though, of course, as a slight sign of respect, they would do so *unbonneted*. I believe, therefore, that *unbonneted* is the right reading, and that it is thrown in parenthetically and ironically; and this explanation is, I think, supported by the fact that in the Folio the word is placed in brackets. *And bonneted* (Theobald), *e'en bonneted* (Hammer), are the best of the corrections. (We must notice here the explanation given by Fuseli "At Venice the *bonnet*, as well as the tige, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day" (Fusell, p. 33), and therefore the meaning is that Othello was equal in rank to Brabantio as far as birth went, and that he could, without the addition to the dignity of which the *bonnet* was the sign, speak to "as proud a fortune" as that he had reached. But I think that Mr. Verity's explanation given above is much the simplest, and, in confirmation of it, we may notice the modest affection of the word *demerits*, instead of, as we should have expected, *merits*. Othello's words may be thus paraphrased: "The lack of merit in me is not so great, but that I may, with no other than the ordinary marks of courtesy, claim the honour of an alliance with one of the rank of Brabantio's daughter." But it is just possible that Shakespeare might here, with pardonable carelessness, have used *unbonneted* in exactly the opposite sense to that which it generally has, that is to say, as—"without taking the bonnet off."—F. A. M.]

29. Line 28: *For the SEA'S WORTH.*—We have an equally

vague reference to the "sea's rich gems" in Sonnet xxi. line 6. Perhaps, as Hunter suggests, Shakespeare had in his mind's eye the fascinating idea of "treasures buried in the deep" (Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 282). Compare Richard III. l. 4. 26.

30. Line 46: *The scuttle sent about three several QUESTS.*—As we should say, "search-parties." "*Questing* hounds" was a very common name for sporting dogs, a fact which Otway remembered when he wrote (in *The Soldier's Fortune*, iv. 3): "Lie still, lie still, you knave, close, close, when I bid you; you had best *quest*, and spoil the *quest*, you had!" (*Otway's Plays*, Mermaid ed. p. 257). Cotgrave has: "Queste: A *quest*, inquiry, search, inquisition, seeking."

31. Line 50: *boarded a land CARRACK.*—*Carrack* is properly a Portuguese word signifying any kind of large merchant vessel. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 140: "whole armadoes of *carracks*." So Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, part 1. l. 1. 11, 12:

If the *carracks*

Come deeply laden,

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 51.

And in Arber's English Garner, vol. iii. pp. 11-31, there is an account of a "Voyage, in a Portuguese *carrack*, to Goa, in 1583 A.D."

32. Line 51: *If it prove LAWFUL PRIZE.*—"Shakespeare gives us very distinct proof that he was acquainted with Admiralty law, as well as with the procedure of Westminster Hall . . . the trope (i. e. 'lawful prize') indicating that there would be a suit in the High Court of Admiralty to determine the validity of the capture" (Lord Campbell, *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, pp. 91, 92).

33. Line 63: *thou hast ESCANTED her.*—I do not think that any one has noted the imitation of this and the following scene which occurs in Massinger's *A Very Woman*, v. 3. To me it is quite clear that Massinger remembered Brabantio's words when he wrote the following dialogue, the speakers in which are the father (the Viceroy), his daughter (Almira), a physician (Paulo), and the Duke.

Vice. (to Almiræ). O thou shame
Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!
With what an impious violence thou tak'st from him
His few short hours of breathing!

Paul. Do not add, sir,
Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.

Vice. From whom, degenerate monster, flow these low
And base affections in thee? *What strange philtres*
Hast thou received? What witch with damned spells
Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me,
Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,

From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures
Thou dost prepare thyself.

Duke. Good sir, take comfort;

The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.

Paul. *This villain (for such practices in that nation*
Are very frequently it may be, hath forced,
By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,
This frenzy in her.

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 53.

Many touches in Massinger show that he was well read in the works of Shakespeare.

In Sonnet xxi. Shakespeare had in treasures buried
 ure, p. 282).

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34. Line 68: *The wealthy* CURLED DARTINGS of our nation.—For some mysterious reason curling the hair appears to have been a mark of affection; cf. Lear, iii. 4. 87: "A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair," where Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Hirsnet's Declaration, p. 51: "Maynie the Actor, comes nute upon the stage, with his hands by his side, and his hair curled up. Loe heere (cries Weston the Interpreter) comes up the spirit of pride." Stubbes, too, brands the practice "of curling and laying out of . . . naturall heyre" as "inupions and at no hand lawfull," as "the ensigne of Pride," and a mark of "wantounes to all that beould it" (Anatomie of Abuses, New Shakspeare Society publications, part I. p. 68). So Thion of Athens, iv. 3. 160. *Dartings*, we may note, appears as *dearling* in the Folio. The singular must, I think, have been an error of the printer; the form *dearling* was, perhaps, in current use. In Elizabethan English the word appears to have borne an offensive sense, to have been, in fact, equivalent to *paranour*. This is clear from a passage in Stubbes' Anatomie, where lovers who have been previously described as *paranours* are referred to as *dearlings*; and Dr. Furnivall in his admirable Index quotes from Bulcote, 1552: "*Dearlinge*, a wanton terme used in Veneruall speech, as be these; honeycombe . . . sweteheart, true love, *Adonis* . . . *delitiae*—*suavition*." See Anatomie of Abuses, part I. pp. 85 and 350; and Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. iv. canto viii. ll. 5:

which keeper is this Dwarfie, her *dearling* base.

35. Line 75: *That* WAKEN MOTION.—*Waken* is Hammer's emendation of the text; the folio and quartos read *weaken*. Retaining *weaken*, Ritson interprets: "Impair the faculties." I doubt whether *motion* can bear any such meaning. *To weaken motion* would simply mean *excite motion or passion*, the natural effect of such drugs as Erabautio has hinted at. For *motion* = passion, cf. i. 3. 334, 335: "we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." The A. S. form of *waken* was *wede*: is it possible that in Shakespeare's time *weaken* and *waken* were confused in pronunciation, or even that they were spelling alike? Theobald substituted *weaken motion*, explaining *motion* in the sense of "understanding," "judgment," as in Lear, i. 4. 247-249:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
 Either his *notion* weakens, his discernings
 Are lethargied—'Ha! waking?

Compare also Macbeth, iii. 1. 83: "*a notion* craz'd," and Coriolanus, v. 6. 107. Theobald's emendation is adopted by Pope, Johnson, Capell, and others.

36. Lines 78, 79:

a practicer

Of ARTS INHIBITED.

We may remember that a very severe statute against witchcraft had been passed in the first year of James's reign; see As You Like It, v. 2. 78, with note.

37. Line 83: *were it my CUE*.—That is, "were it my part to light." For *cue*, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 151.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

38. Line 8: *A TURKISH fleet, and bearing up to CYPRUS*.—Upon the historical points which are here raised I shall VOL. VI.

venture to borrow Knight's note; it is as follows: "The Republic of Venice became the virtual sovereign of Cyprus in 1471, when it assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the Republic to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the Republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Sella II. in 1571. From that period it has formed (until, of course, 1889) a part of the Turkish Empire. Nicosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of Othello to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after the first act must be at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known, when in iii. ii. Othello says: 'I will be walking on the works.'" Upon the capture of Cyprus by the Turks Howell has something to say in his Instructions for Forraime Travell (1612): "She (*i. e.* Venice) hath continued a *Vergin* . . . here upon *twelve* long ages, under the same forme and face of Government, without any visible change or symptome of decay, or the least wrinkle of old age, though, her too neer neighbour, the *Turk* had often set upon her skirts and sought to *deflower* her, wherein he went so far that he took from her *Venus joynture* [I meane the Iland of Cyprus,] which she long possessed, and was the sole Crown she ever wore" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 42, 43). Later on (page 45) Howell speaks of Venice as "the greatest rampart of Christendome against the *Turk by Sea*." Turning to Coryat's Crudities I find the following: "And for the space of many yeeres they (the Venetians) possessed the whole Island of Cyprus, situate in the Mediterranean Sea . . . they were expelled againe by the *Turkes An 1571*" (Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1776, vol. ii. pp. 66, 67). It may be worth while to note that the first act of Bekker's Old Fortunatus takes place in Cyprus; so, too, does the whole of Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

39. Line 14: *The Turkish* PREPARATION.—Used of a force ready for action, as in Coriolanus, i. 2. 15:

These three lead on this *preparation*.

So Lear, iv. 4. 22.

40. Line 35: *Have there injoynted them with an after fleet*.—From Knolles' Historie of the Turks it would seem that this detail is historically correct.

41. Line 48, 49:

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

In the novel we are merely told that "the Venetians resolving to change the garrison which they maintain in Cyprus, elected the Moor to the command of the troops which they destined for that island" (Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part I, vol. ii. p. 286).

42. Line 64: *SANS witchcraft*.—Mr. Aldis Wright in a note on *The Tempest*, i. 2. 97 ("A confidence *sans* behind")

suggests that *sons* may first have been used in purely French phrases, such as "*sans* question," *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 91; "*sans* compliment," *King John*, v. 3. 16. Afterwards it appears to have established itself in English as a recognized preposition, Cotgrave giving "*sans*: *Sans*, without."

43. Line 82: *the soft phrase of peace*.—Compare iii. 3. 264:

And have not those *soft* parts of conversation;

and Coriolanus, iii. 2. 82, 83:

Had not the *soft* way which, thou dost confess,

Were fit for thee to use as they to claim.

The epithet conveys the idea of effeminacy.

44. Lines 91, 92:

what drugs, what charms,

What CONJURATION.

The trial of Othello, Lord Campbell remarks, is conducted precisely as though "he had been indicted on Stat. 33, Hen. VII. c. 8. for practising 'conjurat[i]on, witchcraft, enchantment, and sorcery, to provoke to unlawful love;' " a sufficiently pointed reference to the terms of the act of parliament (Shakespeare's *Legal Acquirements*, p. 192). For the omission of *with*—*with what drugs, &c.*, see Abbott, p. 136.

45. Lines 107-109:

Without more wider and more overt test
THAN THESE *thin habits and poor likelihoods*
Of MODERN seeming to prefer against him.

So *FF*; *Q* have "These *are*," and *you* instead of *do* in the next line. As to the exact meaning of *habits* here it is rather difficult to determine. It may mean "externals" or "clothes" in a figurative sense; but Singer makes the very plausible suggestion that it may also be a Latinism from *habita* = "things, considered, reckoned, as in the phrase *habiti* and *repute*; i. e. held and esteemed." *Modern* is used in its not uncommon Shakespearian sense of *hackneyed, commonplace*. So "modern instances," As You Like It, ii. 7. 156; "*mo. tern* ecstasy," *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 170; "a *modern* quill," *Sonnet lxxxiii.*, line 7.

46. Line 135: *Of making ACCIDENTS by flood and field*.—*Accidents* often bears the general sense of events, experiences; e. g. *Edward III.* v. 1:

And I must sing of *doleful accidents*.

—*Doleful Plays of Shakespeare*, Tauchnitz ed. p. 72.

47. Line 139: *And PORTANCE in my travels' history*.—So *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 232:

The apprehension of his present *portance*;

i. e. *demeanour*, bearing. The word occurs frequently in *Spenser*; e. g.

And her proud *portance* and her princely gest.

—*Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. canto li. stanza xxvii. l. 2.

But for in court *gay portance* he perceiv'd.

—*Ibid.*, book ii. canto lii. st. v. l. 7.

See *Globe* ed. of *Spenser*, pp. 92, 165. For *travels* the *Folio* has *travellours*, i. e. *traveller's*, which *Delius* adopts.

48. Lines 143-145:

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

These, obviously, are touches borrowed from contemporary books of travel. They may be illustrated by various references. Humbler, for instance, in the pseudo-Shakespearian drama of *Loecline* remarks, iii. 6:

Would God we had arm'd upon the shore
Where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwell;
Or where the bloody *Anthrophophagi*

With greedy jaws devour the wandering wights.

—*Tauchnitz* ed. p. 198.

There is a similar allusion in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, part I. section xxxvii: "Nay, further, we are what we all abhor, *Anthrophophagi*, and *cannibals*, *devourers not only of men, but of ourselves*;" and Shakespeare may have read the second chapter in the seventh book of Holland's translation (1691) of Play's *Natural History*. With the second part of the lines given above cf. *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 46, 47:

or that there were such men

Whose heads stood on their breasts;

in illustration of which the commentators quote from *Mansuete's Travels*: "And in noot' r' Vlc, toward the South, duellen folk of 'omic (*i. e.* ugly) Stature and of cursed kynde, that hau no Hedes; and here Yen ken in here Schooldres" (*Halliwel's* ed. p. 203). Furness in his note on this passage (*Variorum Othello*, pp. 56, 57) brings together a number of similar passages which it would take too much space to reproduce.

49. Lines 162, 163:

yet she wish'd

That heaven had made her such a man.

Possibly *her* = *for her*; i. e. Desdemona wished "that heaven had made such a husband for her;" more likely, however, she wished "she had been such a man as was Othello."

50. Line 167: *She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd*.—This line is a perfect criticism upon Desdemona's feeling towards Othello. Her love is the love of blinded and blinding admiration: she is carried away by the romance of Othello's great deeds: it is a picturesque passion, not the perfect union of two equally-balanced natures. Hence, without the serpentine craft of Iago to hurry on the tragedy, time might have brought its disillusion and despair.

51. Line 180: *My noble father, &c.*—Desdemona's speech is not unsuggestive of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, part I. v. 2. 386-394.

52. Lines 202, 203:

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.

The rhyme in this speech is obviously intended to emphasize the sententious moralizing of the duke.

53. Lines 218, 219:

I never yet did hear

That the bruis'd heart was PIERCED through the ear.

Warburton, thinking that *pierced* must mean *wounded*, substituted *pieced*. *Pierced*, however, = *reached*, or *penetrated*. Malone aptly quotes from the *Faerie Queene*, bk. iv. cviii. st. 26:

Her words . . .

Which, passing through the eares, would pierce the heart.

54. Line 225: *opinion, a sovereign MISTRESS of effects*—
Compare Merchant of Venice, IV, 1. 50-52:

affection,
*Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
of what it likes or loathes.*

The old form of the word was *mistress*, and in the lines just quoted the two Quartos and the Folio all read *mistress*, or error, probably, for *mistress*.

55. Line 227: *be content to SLUBBER*. *Slubber* is here equivalent to *sully*. Elsewhere the word means "to slur over," "do carelessly;" so Merchant of Venice, II, 8. 39:

Slubber not business for my sake.

Calgrave gives "*buffet*, to bungle up or *slubber* over things in haste;" for which sense, perhaps, compare a couplet in the anonymous sonnets entitled Zepheria (1594):

*My slub ring pencil casts too gross a matter,
Thy beauty's pure divinity to haze.*

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 65.

56. Line 230.—Mr. Irving here marks in his own acting edition (not published) a very suggestive stage-direction: *Look at Desdemona first*; as if to show that Othello felt what a sacrifice he was making in leaving her at that moment, on their very wedding night.—F. A. M.

57. Line 238: *place and EXHIBITION*.—*Exhibition*=allowance, as in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, I, 3. 69; see note 33 of that play. This use of the word is too common to need illustration; cf. however, for a good instance, The London Prodigal, I, 1:

What, dost he spend beyond the *allowance* left him?
How! beyond that! and far more? Why, *your exhibition* is nothing.
He hath spent that, and since hath borrowed.—Tanchnitz ed. p. 270.

58. Line 239: *accommodation and RESORT*.—*Resort* here=lit. attendance. It occurs as a verb in Lear, I, 4. 272:

such men as may *resort* your age;

i. e. suit, become.

59. Line 250: *and STORM of fortunes*.—*Violence and storm* must be taken as a single phrase; but the latter is curious. The 1622 Quarto has *scorne of Fortunes*; one would have been relieved had it read *scorn of fortune*.

60. Line 252: *Even to the very QUALITY of my lord*.—By *quality* Desdemona surely means the very nature, character of Othello. I should not have thought it necessary to note the point, had not some editors interpreted the word to mean *profession*; as though Desdemona wished to say: "I will be as much a soldier as my lord is." *Quality*, where it signifies a *profession*, is generally used of the actor's calling; cf. Hamlet, II, 2. 363. So in Massinger's play The Roman Actor, Aretinus, speaking to Paris (the actor), says, I, 3:

Stand forth.
In thee, as being the chief of thy *profession*,
I do accuse the *quality* of treason.
—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 197.

Compare again The Picture, II, 1:

How do you like the *quality*?
You had a foolish rich to be an actor,
And may *stroll* where you please.

—Ibid. p. 277.

Quarto I has *utmost pleasure* in place of *very quality*.

61. Lines 261, 265.

*Nor to empty with heat—the young AFFECTS
In ME defined—and proper satisfaction.*

Me is a slight and necessary correction of the text; the old reading was *my Affects* is equivalent to *passions*. Two curious imitations of the passage have been pointed out. Compare The Bondman, I, 3:

Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and though *youthful heats*,
That look no further than your outward form,
Are long since *buried in me*.
—Gifford, Massinger, II, p. 37.

So again, Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn, I, 1:

While our cold fathers,
In whom long since their youthful heats were dead
—Vol. X, p. 20 (ed. Dyce).

The arrangement of the lines in our text is that first given by Capell, as suggested by P'pton, and followed by Dyce, the Cambridge edd., and others. *My* read

heat, the young affects

In *my* defunct,

which Ft. follow, except that they have no comma after *heat*; and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 substitute *affects* for *affects*. Pages of commentary have been written on this passage, and the emendations proposed would alone fill half a column of one of our pages. It is difficult to see what all the "pothor" has been about; nor are Othello's words a fit subject to expatiate on at any length. He says later in the play, as Theobald pointed out, when debating with himself the reasons which may have alienated Desdemona's affection from him (III, 3. 205, 260):

or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much,

This makes the meaning of this previous passage perfectly clear, which we take to be that Othello is a man who has learned to restrain his passions, to be their master instead of being mastered by them;—at least so he believes. Perhaps the word *proper* may be taken here to= selfish.

62. Lines 293, 294:

*Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.*

This Parthian arrow, which may well "ankle in Othello's heart, is a fine touch; it is the first suggestion he hears that Desdemona may be faithless, and the suggestion comes from her own father. Compare the warning which Mowbray gives the King in Richard II, I, 2. 201-205, after the latter has pronounced sentence of his banishment:

No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
*But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.*

"In real life," says Coleridge, "how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so, Shakspeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them" (Lectures on Shakspeare, Bohn's ed., 1884, p. 387). We can imagine Othello afterwards recurring again and again to Brabantio's words.

63 Line 32s: *or MANURED with industry*.—That is, cultivated with industry. Milton twice uses the word in exactly the same way:

That mock our scant *manuring*.

—Paradise Lost, bk. iv. 628.

And bk. xl. 28, 29;

Which, his own hand *manuring*, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced.

Compare too Stubbes' *Anatomic of Abuses*, part i. p. 36: "God . . . placed him (man) in Paradise terrestrial, commanding him to *tyl* and *manure* the same" (Furnival's ed. in New Shakspere Society Publications). The derivation is obvious: *man*, *œuvre*.

64. Line 344: *never better STEAD thee*.—That is, "stood thee in good stead." So *The Tempest*, i. 2. 164, 165:

necessaries,

Which since have *steaded* much.

Compare too *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 7.

65 Line 355: *as bitter as cologintida* . . . *therefore put money in thy purse*.—I have taken the reading of the 1632 Quarto; it differs—for the better—in various small points from the earlier Quarto and from the Folio. *Cologintida* is more familiar under its other name *colocyth* as a common ingredient in aperient or liver pills. It is never prescribed alone, and in large quantities is said to be dangerous. It is made from the fruit of the *Citrullus Colocythus* or bitter-apple, a kind of cucumber.

66. Line 363: *a SUPERBULE VENETIAN*.—The shrewdness of the Venetians was proverbial. Howell tells us that Venice "hath subsisted thus long as much by *Policy* as *Armes*, as much by reach of *Wit*, and *advantage* of *truty*, as by open *strength*, it having bene her practise ever and anon to sow a piece of *For* taylor to the skinnie of *S. Marks Lyon*" (Instructions for Ferraine Travell, Arber's Reprint, p. 43). This is a testimony to the Venetian's political sharpness. By *superbule*, however, as applied to Desdemona, Iago doubtless meant cleverness in finding ways of being faithless to Othello; and we may remember the contemporary proverb that "the first handsome woman that ever was made, was made of *Venice Glass*; which implies *Beauty*, but *Brittleness* withal" (Howell's Letters, ed. 1754, p. 56). Readers of Ascham will recollect the very unflattering picture of Venice, and indeed of Italy generally, which he draws in the *Schoolmaster*; see Arber's Reprint, pp. 77-86. Coryat, too, gives us no very edifying account of Venetian society; he finds it necessary to dissertate for several pages on the courtisans of Venice, of whom the number "is very great" (see his *Cruities*, vol. ii. pp. 38-50).

67. Line 389: *Thus do I erre* . . . —Upon this speech of Iago's, which in the final couplet closes with a crescendo of passion, I must borrow Coleridge's criticism: "Iago's soliloquy the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fendish for his own steady view—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil—and yet a character which Shakspere has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal" (Lectures on Shakspere, Bohn's ed., 1881, p. 338).

68. Line 392: *I hate the Moor*.—It is a question what

in the play are the exact motives that influence Iago; in the novel his passion for Desdemona is undoubtedly the main incentive to his villainy. See Introduction p. 6.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

69. *A SEAPORT TOWN in CYPRUS*.—The scene of the action is Famagusta; see what has been said in note 38. Sir John Mamdevile has something to tell us about Cyprus, "righte a gode Ile and a fayr and a gret, and it hathe 4 princypalle Cytees within him. And there is an Erchebyssshope at Nicholas, and 4 othere Bysschoppes in that Lond. And at Famagost is on of the princypalle Iffvenes of the See, that is in the World; and there arryven Cristene Men and Sarazyne and Men of alle Nacioins . . . And besyde Famagost was Seynt Barnabee the Apostle born" (The *Voiage* and *Travaile* of Sir John Mamdevile, Kt., Halliwell's ed. (1883), pp. 27, 28).

70. Line 3: *twixt the HEAVENS and the main*.—Q. 1 reads *kaven*, a reading adopted and strongly defended by Malone. Stevens suggested that Shakespeare might have written *heavens*. If the Gentleman, who had been on the look-out from the rocky promontory which partly defends the harbour of Famagusta, could not discern a sail even on the horizon, it must be confessed that the announcement of Cassio's arrival, a few lines further on (22), "other staggers one; but if, as is often the case in storm weather, no one could see far from the shore, the vessel might have been tolerably near to the *kaven* without being visible; and the reading of Q. 1 would be the more probable of the two. In support, however, of the reading of FL, we may quote the passage from *Paradise Lost*:

As when far off at sea a fleet descried

Hangs in the clouds

—Book ii. 696, 697.

But would not the more poetical expression of "the *heaven* and the *main*" suit Montano better than the somewhat prosaic *First Gentleman*—F. A. M.

71. Lines 7-9:

If it hath RUFFIAN'D so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when MOUNTAINS MELT on them,

Can hold the mortise?

We are reminded at once of "the *ruffian* billows" in II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 22. In line S Q. 1 reads: "the *huge* mountaine ues it;" a misprint for "mountaines melt" (a transposed s). Pope adopted the slightly altered form "huge *mountains* melt." *Mortise* is the cavity cut in one piece of timber to receive the "tenon" or projecting part from another. Heavy timbers are generally fastened together by two of these *mortises* and tenons. The word is apparently used by Shakespeare, in a general sense, for that sort of joint which is still called *can. rise* joint." He does not use the noun elsewhere; but in *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 19, 20, we find the verb:

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are *mortis'd* and adjoined.

72. Line 12: *The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds*.—The exaggerated language in this passage is not suggestive of *The Tempest*, i. 2. 2-5. Compare, too, *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 85-90.

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73 Line 13: with high and nonstuous MARE.—A mag-
nificent metaphor, which the last-century editors entirely
lost by reading, with F. 2 and F. 3, *main*. Qq. give *mayoe*.
Knight restored it to the text.

74 Lines 14, 15:

*Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the GUARDS of th' ever-fixed POLE.*

For the idea compare Lear, iii. 7. 59-61:

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires.

The *ever-fixed pole* is the pole-star, referred to in Much
Ado, iii. 4. 59, Sonnet cxvi. lines 7 and 8, and Julius Caesar,
iii. 1. 60-62, the epithets "true-fix'd" and "resting" being
applied to it in the last-mentioned passage. Upon the
reference to the *guards*, a correspondent of Notes and
Queries writes as follows: "They (*i. e.* the guards) are the
two stars β and γ Ursæ Minoris, on the shoulder and fore-
leg of the Little Bear, as usually depicted, or sometimes
on the ear and shoulder. They were more observed in
Shakespeare's time than now for the purposes of naviga-
tion. Norman's Safeguard of Sailors, 1587, has a chapter,
'Howe to Knowe the houre of the night by the Guards.'
They were even made the subject of mechanical contri-
vances for facilitating calculation, one of which is de-
scribed in The Art of Navigation, trans. by Richard
Eden from the Spanish of Martin Curtis (or Cortez) 1561,
consisting of fixed and movable concentric circles with
holes, through which to observe 'the two starres called
the Guardians, or the mouth of the horne'" (Notes and
Queries, 5th series, vol. viii. p. 83).

75 Lines 25-28:

*The ship is here put in,
A VERONESA. Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore.*

F. I reads:

The ship is here put in: A *Veronessa*, Michael Cassio.

That is to say, *Veronessa* qualifies *Michael Cassio*. Theo-
bald saw the error, Cassio not being a native of Verona,
and changed the punctuation, so as to make the epithet
refer to the *ship*. The question then arises—how are we
to interpret *Veronessa*, or, as Qq. have it, *Veronessa*, of
a vessel? "A ship of Verona" sounds rather impossible,
Verona being inland; also four lines back it was "a noble
ship of Venice." There are two fairly feasible explana-
tions: one, that Verona was a dependency of Venice, and
so might have had to supply the vessel, which for this
reason could have been called a Veronese boat; the other,
that *Veronessa* is the name of the ship. In the latter case
I should propose to read *La Veronessa*, a suggestion
which others, I dresay, have made. Perhaps the *L*
dropped out through some confusion with the next line,
which begins with the same letter. Elze has an ingenious
theory, that we should read *veronessa*, a word which ap-
parently is not actually found in any Italian author, but
which might quite well exist, being a substantive formed
from the nautical word *verrinare*=*parforare*, to cleave;
a *verrinessa* would therefore signify, in our phrase, a
cutter.

76. Line 43: Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle.—
So the Quarto of 1622, except that for *warlike* (the Folio
reading) it gives *worthy*. The Folio has:

Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle.

77. Line 65: does live the INGENER.—The Quarto of 1622
reads *does beave all excellency*; the Folio, *do's tyre the in-
geniuer*; *ingeniuer* may, as Steevens suggested, be a mis-
print for *ingener*, a vague word, signifying any one pos-
sessed of great natural gifts. Cassio means that no artist
could possibly do justice to Desdemona, if he tried to de-
scribe her charms.

78. Line 70: Traitors ENSTEEP'd to eloy the guiltless keel.
—The 1622 Quarto reads *enscarped*, a misprint, perhaps,
for *enscarped*, which would be forcible enough. *En-
steeped* will mean *submerged*, referring to the sands.

79. Line 72: Their MORTAL natures.—*Mortalis*, it may
be observed, never in classical authors bears the sense of
"deadly;" this use of the word is only found in patristic
Latin, a point noted by Keightley in his comment on the
second line of Milton's Paradise Lost:

the fruit
of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the world. —Book i. 1-3.

80. Line 96: See for the news.—Q. I reads *So speaks this
voice*, which might have been meant to be equivalent to
such an expression, on the part of Cassio, as "So say I."

81. Line 120: if not CRITICAL.—That is, censorious; so
critic in Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 131; and Love's Lab-
our's Lost, iv. 3. 170, "*critic* Timon."

82. Line 132: if she be BLACK and witty.—For the Eliza-
bethan dislike of dark complexions, see Love's Labour's
Lost, note 132; and Troilus and Cressida, note 14.

83. Line 149.—*She that was ever fair*, &c.—For the
rhyme in this speech see note 52.

84. Line 156: To change the COB'S HEAD for the saluon's
tail.—This means, as Steevens explains, "to exchange a
delicacy for coarser fare;" and he quotes from Queen
Elizabeth's Household Book, in the 43rd year of her
reign, to show that *saluons' tails* were part of the per-
quisites of the master cook. Singer adds as an illustration
an Italian proverb: "E meglio esser Testa di Lacio che
coda de Sturione." According to Furness (quoted by
Furness), by *salmons' tail* Iago means Othello. There is
no doubt a great deal of personal application in this
rhymed speech. Mr. Booth (the actor) suggests that a
glance at Roderigo, during the last line of the speech,
would imply that Iago was referring to Desdemona; for
Roderigo was one of the *salmons* who had been following
her for some time. On this point Dr. Furness makes a
very sensible suggestion. He asks if Roderigo should not
be disguised in this act, and refers to Iago's advice to
Roderigo (i. 3. 346) to "defeat thy favour with an usurp'd
beard." In this very scene (line 273) Iago tells Roderigo
that Cassio does not know him; and this is strange, for,
as Dr. Furness remarks, it is scarcely possible that Cassio
and Roderigo should not have met in Venice. But, in-
genious as this suggestion is, I doubt if it would be
practicable to carry it out on the stage.—F. A. M.

85. Line 161: *and* CHRONICLE SMALL BEER.—That is, score the reckoning in a tavern. Iago takes up Desdemona's own word—"to make fools laugh i' the alehouse." But his meaning is that women at the best, are only fit to snekle children and to look after the house expenses.

86. Line 184: *O my fair warrior!*—Stevens thought that in this he saw some imitation of the French somethers; pointing out that Ronsard frequently calls his mistress *guerriere*; and was followed by Southerne, who imitated him. But, as Furness observes, Southerne was not born till nearly five or six years after Shakespeare's death; and it is evident that *fair warrior* refers to Desdemona's determination to follow Othello to the wars, instead of remaining "a moth of peace."

87. Line 191: *If it were now to die, &c.*—This is the classical idea, that a man should die in the very moment of his utmost happiness; otherwise "call no man fortunate till he is dead." Scholars will recollect the story of Cleobis and Biton; see Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. i. pp. 165, 166.

88. Line 246: *a SLIPPER and subtle Knave.*—*Slipper*, the older form of *slippery* (which F. 2 and F. 3 read), occurs not infrequently. Compare Spenser, The Shepherds Calendar, November:

O' trustless state of earthly things, and *slipper* hope
Of mortal men.

—Spenser's Works, Globe ed. p. 432.

Nares refers us to The Paradise of Dainty Devices, E. 3:
You worldly wights that have your fancies fixt,
On *slipper* hope.

89. Line 259: *PADBLE with the PALM of his HAND.*—Compare The Winter's Tale, 1. 2. 115:

But to be *padding palms* and pinching fingers;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 185.

90. Line 263: *an INDEX and obscure prologue.*—See Troilus and Cressida, note ss.

91. Line 282: *qualification.*—This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses this word; and it is here used in a sense totally obsolete. Baret gives "to *qualifie* one that is angry. *Tranquillum facere ex irato*;" and again, under *appaise*, he gives to *qualifie* in the same sense; but he does not give the substantive anywhere in this sense. Under *appaicement* Cotgrave gives "a pacification . . . *qualifying*;" and in Sherwood, 1650 (the English dict. appended to Cotgrave), *qualification* is given, and as the French equivalent, among other words, we find *mitigation*; and *mitigation* is rendered by Cotgrave *qualification*. Johnson explains the latter part of the sentence as—"not to retain some bitterness." This, in spite of Mr. Furness's objection, seems certainly to be the meaning. Iago's object was to create mutiny or discontent among the people of Cyprus, which should be composed only by the dismissal of Cassio. It is a curious commentary on the supposed cleverness of Iago that the senate should have chosen Cassio to replace Othello in the command.—F. A. M.

92. Line 312: *If this poor TRASH of Venice, whom I TRASH.*—The Quarto of 1622 has "whom I *crash*;" the Folio and the second Quarto, "whom I *trace*." The change. *trace* to *trash*, gives good sense. To *trash* a

hound was to check his speed by placing on his neck a collar weighted with lead. Upon the origin of the word in this connection Skeat throws no light. Warburton read *brach* of *Venice*; cf., however, "I do suspect this *trash*" in v. 1. 85.

93. Lines 314, 315:

I'll have our Michael Cassio ON THE HIP;
Abuse him to the Moor in the RANK GARB.

For *on the hip* see Merchant of Venice, note 82. [Ff. read "in the *right* garb;" but the reading of Q₄ is generally preferred, and is explained by Stevens as meaning "grossly," that is, "without mincing the matter." It appears to me that whichever reading we adopt the sense must be pretty much the same. Mr. Furness most ingeniously and eloquently defends the reading of the Ff (to which Knight adheres), and says that he should have expected "in a *rank* garb," if we take *rank* to mean "course." Malone, whom Schmidt follows, thinks that *rank* means here "lascivious;" and refers to the well-known passage in The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 81, 82:

the ewes, being *rank*,
In end of autumn turned to the rains,

with which we may compare Cymbeline, ii. 5. 24: "lust and *rank* thoughts;" and it is very possible Iago means to say that he will accuse Cassio, or rather *abuse* him as "a lascivious fellow," a sense which the next line, perhaps, tends to confirm. But *rank* may mean only "immoderate," or even simply "grent;" as in the passage in As You Like It, iv. 1. 85: "I should think my honesty *ranker* than my wit." For *garb* compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 390: "the appurtenance of *welcome* is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this *garb*."—F. A. M.]

ACT II. SCENE 2.

94. Line 3: *the MERE perdition of the Turkish fleet.*—*Mere*, the Latin *acerus*, sometimes, as here, means *complete, entire*; cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 265:

Engag'd my friend to his *mere* enemy.

95. Line 6: *his ADDICTION leads him.*—This is the reading of Q₂, Q₃. Ff. have *addition*; Q₁ reads *mind*. An anonymous conjecture quoted by the Cambridge edd. would combine the two latter readings as *mind's addiction*. Shakespeare uses *addiction* in one other passage only, in Henry V. i. 1. 54:

Since his *addiction* was to courses vain.

96. Line 9: *All OFFICES are open.*—The rooms, says Halliwell, appropriated to the upper servants of great families. Compare Macbeth, ii. 1. 14; so "Unpeopled *offices*" in Richard II. i. 2. 69, where, however, the idea may be rooms generally; and see note 56 of that play.

97. Line 11: *till the BELL have toll'd eleven.*—The reference, probably, is to the *watch-bell* of the fortress. Conceivably, however, Shakespeare is here throwing in a touch of local colour, and the *bell* in question may be the one referred to by Dekker in Old Fortunatus, i. 1: "this fool that mocks me, and swears to have the last word, in spite of my teeth, ay, and she shall have it because she is a woman, which kind of cattle are indeed all echo, nothing but tongue, and are like the *great bell* of St. Michaels

in Cyprus, that keeps most rumbling when men would most sleep" (Dekker, Mermaid ed. p. 294). I hope the suggestion is not too far-fetched.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

98. Line 31: a brace of CYPRUS GALLANTS.—Andelocia in Dekker's Old Fortunatus, l. 2, has a poor opinion of the "curled darlings" of the island: "I doubt for all your braggart's you prove like most of our gallants in Fama-gosta, that is, a rich outside and a beggarly inside, and like mules wear gay trappings, and good velvet foot cloths on their backs, yet champ on the iron bit of penury—I mean, want coin" (Dekker's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 319). [It is worth noticing, in this short dialogue between Iago and Cassio, how strongly the modesty and clean-mindedness of the latter are contrasted with the immodesty and dirty-mindedness of the former.—F. A. M.]

99. Line 57: Three LADS of Cyprus.—So Qq; Ff. have *else* for *lads*. Defins most ingeniously suggests that this may have been meant for *Ls.*, the abbreviation for *Lords*; Collier's Old Corrector altered it to *elves*. Dyce, in his second edition, adhered to the Folio, comparing John, ii. l. 276: "Bastards, and *else*;" i. e. "and such like;" but in his third edition he adopted the reading of Qq. It is quite possible that the reading of Ff. may be the right one; "three *else*" being equivalent to nothing more than "three others (besides Roderigo)"

100. Line 60: with FLOWING cups.—Compare Henry V. iv. 3. 55:

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

101. Line 60: they have given me a ROUSE.—"A rouse," says Gifford, "was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the company formed a carouse." Apparently Gifford connected the words etymologically; really they are quite distinct. *Carouse*, according to Skeat, is the German *garraus*, "right out; used of emptying a bumper." *Rouse*, on the other hand, is (says Skeat) "really a Danish word; such a bout (of drinking) being called the Danish *rouza*." Skeat's derivation, by the way, of *carouse* is given in Blount's Glossographia, s. c. For *rouse* cf. Massinger's Duke of Milan, l. 1:

Your lord, by his patent,

Stands bound to take his *rouse*;

and The Bondaman, ii. 3:

We'll talk anon; and then *rouse!*

Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed.
pp. 65, 111, and 642.

102. Line 68.—Steevens commented on the fact that Montano, who is described in the list of dramatis persone given in F. 1 as *Governour of Cyprus* (that is to say before Othello arrived), seems rather out of place in the present scene, where he is taking part in festivity not very dignified. In Booth's arrangement of the play he makes Montano enter later (at line 123), just in time to see Cassio stagger off drunk. (See Firmess, p. 129.) But Montano is necessary to the dramatic action of the scene; and there is nothing unseemly in his joining, on such an occasion, in a little festivity as long as it was kept within proper bounds, especially as he himself is perfectly sober all the time.—F. A. M.

103. Line 71: And let me the canakin clink, clink.—Halliwell-(Phillips) quotes, from The Knave in Grain new Vampt [a comedy acted with great success "many days together" at the Fortune], Quarto, 1640, by J. D., what appears to be a reference to this scene:

Lod. Clink, boyes.—Toma. Drink, boyes.—

Stult. And let the canakin clink, boyes.

He adds that "the song itself does not appear to have been discovered" (see Firmess, p. 130). Shakespeare treats old ballad snatches a trifle unceremoniously: is he by any chance here giving a free version of a song found in Thomas Ravenscroft's Pammelia; Music's Miscellany or mixed Variety of Pleasant Roundelays, 1609? I reproduce the stanzas as printed in the notes to Bullen's Lyrics (1887), p. 191:

Come drink to me,
And I to thee,
And then shall we
Full well agree.

I've lov'd the jolly tankard,
Full seven winters and more;
I lov'd it so long that I went upon the Score.
Who loveth not the tankard,
He is no honest man;
And he is no right soldier,
That loveth not the can.

Tap the canikin, troll the canikin,
Toss the canikin, turn the canikin!
Hold your good son, and fill us a fresh can,
That we may quaff it round, from man to man.

Mr. Bullen does not notice the resemblance which this bears to the Othello fragment. Iago's stanza, it may be added, was set to music by Lindley in his Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare, 1816. Two other compositions are mentioned by the editors of the volume (1884) on Shakespeare's songs in the publications of the New Shakspeare Society, page 52. Since writing the above I have noted the refrain "tap the canikin" in Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, ii. 3, where Lacy, disguised as a Dutchman, sings a stanza which ends

Tap eens de canneken,

Drincke, Schone Manneken.

—Dekker's Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 27.

[Ff. print line 74 thus (substantially):

O, man's life's but a span;

while, if it did not interfere with the setting of the song, is decidedly preferable to the reading of the Qq.—F. A. M.]

104. Lines 79, 80: your DANE, your GERMAN, and your swag-bell'd HOLLANDER.—References to the drinking faculties of the three nations here mentioned are common enough. Compare Merchant of Venice, l. 2. 92, with note 61 to that play; and Hamlet, l. 4. 17-20. So, to go outside Shakespeare's Works, Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 3:

In Germany and Holland, riot serves;

And he that most can drink, most he deserves;

—Tuchmitz ed. p. 106.

and Heywood, Rape of Lucrece, lii. 3: "Thou shouldst drink well, for thou hast been in the German wars;" also same play, lii. 5, Valerius' song—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. pp. 373, 384; and Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici:

L'Espagnol superbe, et J'Alleman yrogne!

Part ii. section iv.;

and Massinger's Great Duke of Florence, ii. 2:

*drank more in two hours
Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and twenty.*
—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 731.

Also Middleton's The Spanish Gipsy, i. 1, 5: "It's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard as a German sober."

105. Line 82: *Is your ENGLISHMAN SO EXPERT in his DRINKING?—Expert* is the reading of Q. 1. Ft. Q. 2, Q. 3 have *exquisite*. Shakespeare here and in the Hamlet passage (i. 1. 17-20) is satirizing the growing vice of drunkenness in England, a vice which many writers regarded as an importation from the Netherlands. See a very curious paper on *Drinking-Customs in England* in Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature, Chambers ed. ii. pp. 292-300. Disraeli gives the following extract from Nash's Pierce Penniless: "Superfluity in drink is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spit at him, and warned all our friends out of his Company" (Pierce Penniless, 1595, sig. F2). Camden in his History of Queen Elizabeth, bk. iii, writes to the same effect; likewise Peacham in the Compleat Gentleman, 1622, p. 123: "But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands . . . the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their own judges, if we equal them or not; yea, I think rather excell them" (quoted by Furness, Variorum Othello, p. 131).

For what follows the commentators refer us to Beaumont and Fletcher, The Captain, iii. 2:

Loe. Are the Englishmen
Such stubborn drinkers?
Flis. Not a leak at sea
Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
able to knock a Dane down.

—Dyce's ed. ii. p. 257.

Lilly speaks to much the same effect in Sapho and Phao, iii. 2:

O! he's a roaring Englishman,
Who in deep health do's so excell,
From Dutch and French he borrows the bel.

—Works, vol. 4, p. 188.

It may be added that a severe statute against drunkenness was passed in 1607—4 James I. chap. v.—the terms of which are given in the notes to Furnivall's edition of Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses, part i. p. 285; while for further information on the whole subject the reader must be referred to Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.

106. Line 86: *to overthrow your ALMAIN.*—*Almain* = German, occurs very frequently. The following are some of the instances that I have noted, substantive and adjective; Edward III. l. 1:

To solicit too
The Emperor of *Almaine* in one name.
—Tanchitz ed. p. 6.

We Germans have no changes in our dances,
An *Almain* and an upspring, that is all.
—Alphonso Emperor of Germany, iii. 1.
Chapman's Works, ed. 1854, p. 357.

"Schavonians, *Almain* mitters" (Tumbrlaine, part II. l. 1. 22), and the same expression in Doctor Faustus, i. 1. 219—Bulfinch's Marlowe, l. pp. 112 and 219. The use was not merely literary; Master John Newbery, writing from Goa, 20th January, 1584, to a friend in London, says: "All nations do and may come freely to Ormus; as Frenchmen, Flemings, *Almain*s" (Arber's English Garner, iii. 180). The word held its own in England till at least the end of the seventeenth century; for instance, Dryden in his Epistle to Etheredge has the couplet:

But spite of all these fable-makers,
He never sowed on *Almain* acres.
—Etheredge's Works, ed. 1833, p. 474.

Cf. too, Dryden's Play The Assignment, II. 1.

107. Line 90: *I'll do you justice.*—Steevens explains this as—"I will drink as much as you do." Compare II. Henry IV. v. 3. 76, where Falstaff says to Silence, the stage-direction being [*seeing him take off a bumper*]: "Why, now you have done me right."

108. Line 92: *King Stephen was a worthy peer.*—The stanzas are taken from a ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," which Percy printed in his Reliques. In the reprint of Bishop Percy's Folio MS. by Professor Hales and Dr. Furnivall the song appears under a different name—"Bell my Wife"—with the substitution of King Harry for King Stephen; and the editors remark that the dialect and general character of the piece imply a northern origin; also that it is really a political song, "a controversy between the Spirits of Social Revolution and Social Conservatism" (vol. ii. p. 321). I give their version of what Iago sings:

King Harry was a verry good k[ing];
I trow his hose cost but a Crowne;
he thought them mad, oter to deere,
therefor he called the taylor Clowne,
he was King and wore the Crowne,
and thouse but of a low degree;
its pride that puts this cuntry doune;
man! put thye old Cloake about thee!

—U^t supra, p. 324.

The popularity of this old song is shown by the number of references to it which occur. Compare The Tempest, iv. 1. 221-223: "O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!" So Dekker's Guls Hornbook (1609): "his breeches were not so much worth as *K. Stephen's*, that cost but a poore noble" (Dekker's Prose Works, Huth Library, ii. p. 210); and Greene's Quippe for an Vpstart Courtier, 1592. This last reference is worth giving in full: "I tell thee sawey skipjack," says the *laudator temporis acti*, "it was a good and a blessed time here in *England*, when *K. Stephen* wore a pair of cloth *breeches* of a Noble a Paire, and thought them passing costlie; then did hee comt Westminster hal to little to be his dining chamber, and his almes was not bare bones, instead of broken meat, but lusty chlices of beefe fel into the poore mans basket" (Greene's Works, Huth Library, vol. xi. p. 224). Here the point of the allusion is obvious: the speaker pours contempt on his own times, looking back to the old and happy far-off days when the world went so very well.

Though possibly, as we have said, of northern origin, the song is not mentioned in Scotch literature earlier

...haine, part II. l. 1.
...Faustus, i. l. 219—
...The use was not
...writing from Goa,
...don, says: "All na-
...ns; as Frenchmen,
...arner, ii. 180). The
...yden in his Epistle

than 1728, when it is given by Allan Ramsay in his Ten-Table Talk. The music of it, based, says Chappell (ii. 505), upon the old tune of Green Sleeves, will be found in Caulfield's Collection, vol. ii. p. 68.
As to the reading, I have followed the 1622 Quarto. The Quarto of 1630 and the Folio both have:
King Stephen was and a worthy Peere.
For the redundant *and*, so common in ballad poetry, compare the song at the end of Twelfth Night.

109. Lines 113-120. — In Hawkins's Life of Edmund Kean (vol. ii. p. 360) will be found a most interesting anecdote of the great actor, which shows how careful he was to study his facts from nature, and also that he did not limit his interest in any play to the part which he played himself. Sitting in the public room of an inn, a friend who was with him asked Edmund Kean when he studied? Pointing to a man at the other end of the room, who was very much intoxicated, he answered, "I am studying now; I wish some of my Cassios were here." Then he went on to explain that in this drunken scene, instead of rolling about ridiculously, Cassio should "try to stand straight when it was impossible," and he said that the only man who ever played this scene properly was Holland. Furness also quotes from Booth: "The traditional 'business,' said to be Charles Kemble's, cannot be improved upon. Cassio drops his handkerchief, and in his effort to recover it, falls on his knees; to account for this position to his companions, he attempts to pray. His clothes being awry, his sword has slipped to his right side, and this confuses him for a moment as to which is his right or his left hand." — F. A. M.

110. Line 135: *He'll watch the HOROLOGE a double set.* — We have explained this in the foot-note as Johnson explained it, supposing that the dial of the ancient clocks was, like ours, divided into twelve hours only; but Halpin, in his Dramatic Unities (p. 18), says that the Italian *horologe* had twenty-four hours upon its dial-plate; and Halliwell quotes a description by Admiral Smythe of an ancient clock similarly divided. Halpin absolutely bases an argument on this with regard to the Time Analysis of the play; but surely, as Furness remarks, we are not to take Iago here literally. This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses the word *horologe*, nor does it seem to be of common occurrence in the dramatists of his time; but it is used by Chancer and by Heywood in his Epigrammes upon Proverbs, edn. 1598. O. back.
The devil is in *the' orologe*, the houres to trye,
Search houres by the Sinne, the devils diall will lie.
The devil is in *the' orologe*, now cleere in houles:
Let the devill keepe our clocks, while God keepe our soules.
Steevens quotes from The Devil's Charter, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:
my gracions lord,
By Sisto's *horologe* 'tis strack eleven.

From these passages and others it would seem that *horologe* was always used of a clock and never of an hour-glass.

111. Line 152: *I'll beat the knave into a TWIGGEN bottle.* — Q₁ read "wicker bottle;" F. 1 hyphenates the word thus, *Twiggen-Bottle*. Booth, quoted by Furness, says that this means "I will slash him till he resembles one of those Chianti flasks covered with straw net-work"—such

as Cassio probably had just been drinking out of; but this, though very ingenious, is a little far-fetched. The whole passage down to line 156 is printed as prose in Q₁, but as nine irregular lines in F. 1. Our text is arranged as in the Globe and in Dyce; but I must confess it seems ridiculous to me to attempt to arrange such a passage as verse at all. — F. A. M.

112. Line 164:
Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.
[Faints.

It is very difficult to know how to print this line. F. 1 has:
I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.
Q. 1 has: Zouns, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death:
Q. 2 I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. *he faints.*
F. 2, F. 3, F. 4
I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.

The omission of *Zouns* by Q. 2 and F. 1 is of no importance. The difficulty is to decide whether the words "He dies" at the end of the line in F. 1 are really a stage-direction, which, as often happens, has got into the text; or whether they are part of the text, and are meant to indicate that, at this point, Montano, ceasing to act on the defensive, as he has done throughout, vigorously attacks Cassio. The fact that Q. 2, which was most probably printed from a theatre copy of the play, has the words *he faints* in italics, makes it probable that the words "He dies" in F. 1 (printed in roman) were originally a stage-direction. On the other hand, if, at this point, Montano has fallen, half-fainting, into the arms of those near him, it is difficult to understand the reason both for Othello's exclamation in the next line, and for Iago's speech (lines 166-168). True it is that the action is very rapid here, and that Iago might continue crying out to Cassio and Montano to stop, after all necessity for doing so had ceased, in order to emphasize his own zeal in the cause of order. But there is nothing inconsistent with what follows in Montano, at this point, vigorously attacking Cassio. All that he says afterwards is that he acted in self-defence. (See lines 203, 204.) But this would have been equally true, even if he had been driven, by the violence of his adversary's attack, to drop a purely defensive attitude. As Dr. Furness remarks, it does not do to inquire too closely in a scene which depends so much upon hurried action; but I think that the probable explanation may be that this line (164) has got out of its place; or, at any rate, that Iago's speech (lines 166-168) is intended to be spoken immediately after Othello's entrance; for clearly that speech cannot be spoken if one of the combatants is in a passive and fainting condition. — F. A. M.

113. Line 170: *Are we TURND TURKS.* — In Hamlet, iii. e. 287, the phrase *turn Turk* means to change completely; so, too, in Much Ado, iii. 4. 57; cf. also Sedley's Bellamira, iv. 6: "I will *turn Turk*, but I will avoid wio hereafter." In the present passage the expression derives fresh point from the following reference to the Ottomites. It is as though Othello wished to say—not merely have we changed our natures entirely; but by the change we have become like the very people who, if they could, would do us mortal harm.

114 Line 173: *to CARVE FOR his own rage*.—Compare Hamlet, I. 3. 19, 20;

He may not, as unval'd persons do,
Carve for himself.

This is the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses this expression, which Schmidt renders "to indulge, to do at a person's pleasure." It arose from the fact that *to carve for one's self* was a thing one could not often do in Shakespeare's time; as a *carver* was to be found in the retinue of every gentleman of any means, and at every ordinary, so that the privilege of helping one's self to the choicest morsels was not often enjoyed.—F. A. M.

115. Lines 179-181:

*Friends all but now, even now,
IN QUARTER, and IN TERMS like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed.*

There has been much dispute as to the meaning of the word *quarter* here. Johnson explained it "In their quarters, at their lodging" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 329); but that it could not be. Malone corrected this to "on our station," comparing Timon, v. 4. 59-61:

not a man
Shall pass his *quarter*, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds.

Henley says that the *quarter* referred to "was that apartment of the castle assigned to the officers on guard, where Othello, after giving Cassio his orders, had, a little before, left him" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 329). In support of the meaning given in our foot-note Schmidt quotes from Comedy of Errors, II. 1. 108:

So he would keep *fair quarter* with his bed;

and he compares John, v. 5. 20: "keep *good quarter* and good care to-night." Reed quotes from The Dumb Knight, III. 1: "Did not you hold *fair quarter* and commerce with all the spies of Cyprus?" As regards the use of *terms*, Schmidt would render that word here "relation, footing," comparing Lear, I. 2. 171: "Parted you in good *terms*?" and again Cymbeline, III. 1. 89: "If you seek us afterwards in other *terms* (i.e. as an enemy), you shall find us in our salt-water gride." According to this interpretation *in terms* would simply equal our common expression *on terms*; but on the whole the meaning given in our foot-note seems preferable.

116 Line 182: *As if some PLANET had UNWITTED men*.—That the planets exercised a malignant influence was a common superstition in Elizabethan times, often referred to by Shakespeare; e.g. Hamlet, I. 1. 162:

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike.

So Coriolanus, II. 2. 117, 118:

Corioli like a *planet*,
struck

Cf. Titus Andronicus, II. 4. 14; and the use, still surviving, of *moon-struck*.

117. Lines 188, 189:

Oth. *How COMES it, Michael, you ARE thus forgot?*
Cas. *I pray yet, pardon me;—I cannot speak.*

Q. read:

How *came* it Michael you *were* thus forgot.

But there does not seem any necessity for the past tense.

For a similar use of the verb *to be* with an intransitive verb, compare below, III. 3. 265, 266:

or, for *I am declin'd*
Into the vale of years.

Booth, in his acting copy, marked *you* here as to be emphasized. In Fechter's acting-edition the following stage-direction is inserted after *pardon me* in the next line: *Cassio speaks thickly, stops short, and then in deep humiliation*. We have indicated the pause in the text by a break.—F. A. M.

118. Line 195: *And SPEND your rich opinion*.—That is, *waste*. Perhaps, too, there may be some reference to the technical use of *spend* as a hunting term; cf. Venms and Adonis, 695:

Then do they *spend* their mouths.

For *opinion*—reputation, compare above, I. 3. 225, and Merchant of Venice, I. 1. 192: "this fool gudgeon, this *opinion*."

119. Line 206: *having my best judgment COLLIER*.—Properly *collied* signifies *blackened*, as with coal; so Midsummer Night's Dream, I. 1. 145: "in the *collied* night;" see note 25 to that play. The word is well illustrated by Cotgrave, who gives "*charbonner* . . . to *collow*, to bleach, or make black with a coal; *charbonneux* . . . coale, full of coales; *charbonné* . . . *coloured*, smereed, blacked with coales." Here the sense is "having obscured my judgment." Q. read *coold*, an obvious misprint; while Collier's emendation, *quelled*, is quite unnecessary.

120. Lines 216, 217:

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'T is monstrous.

So Q. and F.; but this reading is vigorously attacked by Theobald, who altered it to "court of guard and safety," an emendation which Malone adopted, supporting it by a long note, in which he pointed out that the expression "court of guard" was a recognized phrase for the guard-room, quoting from this very play, II. 1. 220: "The lieutenant-to-night watches on the *court-of-guard*." He also compares line 167 above:

Have you forgot all *sense of place* and duty?

in which Q. and F. both misprint: "all *place of sense* and duty." Certainly the slight transposition, which Malone so ably supports, is a very plausible one; and I cannot see that Stevens does much to support the reading of the old copies when he quotes Bottom's ridiculous line from Midsummer's Night's Dream, III. 1. 192:

I shall desire you of more acquaintance.

Malone says that the expression *guard of safety* is nonsense; but could it not mean the "keeping watch over the security of the town?" Certainly the preposition *on* seems to support the old reading. Cowden Clarke explains the passage "In the very spot and guarding place of safety." As to *monstrous*, which we have marked in a foot-note to be pronounced as a trisyllable, it was undoubtedly often printed *monstrosous*, and so Capell printed it. According to Furness (p. 143), "There is also a third spelling, *mostruous*, found in Surrey's poems, and in the Faerie Queene, I. II. line 396 cd. Grosart"—F. A. M.

121. Line 247: *doth MINCE this matter*.—That is, *lessen*,

with an intransitive

and

here as to be em-
the following stage-
in the next line:
then in deep humi-
in the text by a

opinion.—That is,
reference to the
; cf. Venus and
ths.

ove, l. 3. 225, and
ool gadgeon, this

at COLLIED.—Pro-
cont; so Midsum-
collied night;" see
ell illustrated by
to follow, to
obnoxious
coloured, smeared,
"having obscured
obvious misprint;
quite unnecessary.

ard of safety!

ously attacked by
ward and safety,"
supporting it by
at the expression
use for the guard-
226; "The lieg-
guard." He also

and duty?

all place of sense
position, which
sible one; and I
support the read-
tom's ridiculons
iii. 1. 192:
tance.

of safety is non-
g watch over the
position on seems
rke explains the
place of safety."
in a foot-note to
advently often
d it. According
d spelling, nam-
l in the Faerie
n.

—That is, lessen,

extenuate the matter. We may compare the French
mener, nuire=small.

122. Line 254: *Lead him off*.—Malone thought that this
was a stage-direction which had got into the text, and it
certainly looks very like it. It is exactly in the style of
such directions as we find marked in the margin of MS.
plays, which are generally couched in the imperative
mood. It is not a very elegant expression in Othello's
mouth, and better expressed by a gesture on the part of
the actor.

123. Line 263: *I have lost the immortal part of myself*.—
It may be worth while to point out how completely the
scene through which he has just passed has sobered Cas-
sio; after a brief spell of frenzy he is himself again, and
feels only too well what this terrible interval has cost him.
Iago's speech may be compared or contrasted with his
words in the next act, scene 3, lines 155-161.

124. Line 268: *there is more sense in that than in reputa-
tion*.—Q1, read *offence*, which an anonymous commen-
tator (and Cambridge edd.) suggested was a misprint for
of sense. Singer adopts the reading of Q1, pronouncing
the reading of Ff. "an evident mistake;" but surely most
commentators would exactly reverse that pronouncement.
Iago is ridiculing Cassio's sensibility as to his reputation,
and he says that there is *more sense*; i.e. *feeling*, in a
bodily wound than in a wound to your reputation.

125. Line 276: *to AFFRIGHT an imperious lion*.—Some
commentators find that this word does not suit the sense.
Stanton proposed *to appease*; but surely Iago's meaning
is that Othello has punished Cassio *to frighten* the fiercer
spirits in Cyprus from committing a similar offence.—
F. A. M.

126. Line 330: *against any LAY*.—For *lay*=wager, stake,
see II. Henry VI. v. 2. 26, 27:

*Clif. My soul and body on the action both I
York. A dreadful lay!*

Compare, too, The Honest Whore, part I. l. 4:

*Cas. I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't, that it moves
him, frets him and galls him.*

Pro. Done, 'tis a lay.
—Dekker, Select Plays in Mermaid ed. p. 108.

127. Line 358: *They do SUGGEST*.—*Suggest*, in the sense
of *tempt*, occurs not infrequently; cf. Sonnet cxlv. lines
1, 2:

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still.

128. Line 361: *That she REPEALS him*.—For *repeal*=re-
call, cf. Richard II. ii. 2. 49:

The banish'd Bolingbroke *repeals* himself.

So Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 51; and elsewhere.

129. Line 392: *And bring him JUMP when he may Cas-
sio find*.—That is, "exactly when." So Hamlet, i. 1. 65:
"jump at this dead hour," where Ff. read *just*; and see
note 11 of that play.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

130. Line 1: *Masters, PLAY here*.—Alluding to the old
custom of waking people the morning after their mar-

riage with a song or piece of concerted music. See Romeo
and Juliet, note 144; and as an instance in point compare
the following from Lilly's Mother Bombie, v. 3:

*Syn. Come, fellows, 'tis almost day, let us have a fit of mirth at
Sperantus' doore, and give a song to the bride.*

Nas. I believe they are asleep, it were pittle to awake them.

And again in the same scene:

Bot. . . what shall we sing!

Syn. The Love knot, for that's best for a bridal.

Sing—Good morrow, faire bride, and send you joy of your bridal.

—Works, vol. ii. pp. 132, 133.

Ritson says that hantboys were the wind-instruments
used.

131. Line 2: *and bid* "Good morrow, general."—*Good
morrow, general*, ought, I think, to be printed this way,
though the marks of quotation are wanting in the Folio.

132. Lines 3, 4: *have your instruments been in NAPLES,
that they speak of the nose thus!*—This must be a refer-
ence to the Neapolitan Putschella, although in the earliest
accounts of that old-world hero the extreme nasalism
which we now associate with Mr. Punch is not mentioned.
Punch, by the way, does not appear to have found his
way to England till 1662, when, on May 9th, Pepys saw
"the famous Italian puppet-play" in Covent Garden; cf.,
too, Evelyn's Diary, August 21st, 1667. England's most
distinguished exponent of the "plty and terror" of Putsch-
nella was the Powell whom the Spectator immortalized,
March 16th, 1710. France had its Jean Brioché, friend,
patron, and possessor of illustrations Pngotin, *le singe de
Brioché*. Shakespeare, I suppose, heard of the Neapoli-
tan entertainment from some traveller-friend; or was he
ever in Italy? [A very unpleasant explanation is given
by some commentators of this sentence; but there can be
little doubt that the allusion is to the *nasal tone* so very
prevalent both in the speaking and singing of Neapolitans.
Everyone who has been at Naples for two or three days,
and has heard any of the national melodies sung in the
streets,—such as the well-known *Santa Lucia*,—will re-
member how disagreeable this *nasal twang* is. Having
been present myself, during a long residence at Naples,
at several great musical functions—as it is the fashion to
call them—I can testify that this singing *through the nose*
is not limited to the street singers; it often mars one's
enjoyment of music otherwise well rendered.—F. A. M.]

133. Line 13: *he desires you, OF ALL LOVES*.—So C. 1; Ff.
have for love's sake.—The same phrase occurs in Merry
Wives, ii. 2. 119: "Mistress Page would desire you to send
her your little page, *of all loves*;" and Mids. Night's
Dream, ii. 2. 154: "Speak, *of all loves!*"

134. Lines 42, 43:

I never knew

A FLORENTINE more kind and honest.

There is a pleasant sketch of Florentine character in
Thomas Lord Cromwell, in the person of Frescobaldi, the
merchant. It must not, of course, be supposed, that Cas-
sio calls Iago a *Florentine*, which would be in direct
contradiction with v. 1. 89-91; he merely wishes to say,
"I never knew any one kinder, even among my own
countrymen."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

135 Lines 12, 13:

*He shall in STRANGENESS stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.*

Q1 have "in strangest." The Cambridge edd. record the very plausible anonymous conjecture "in's strangest." Shakespeare is rather fond of the use of the word *strange* and *strangeness* in this sense. Compare the well-known line in *Romeo and Juliet*, II. 2. 102:

I should have been more *strange*, I must confess,

that is, "distant;" and, more apposite to the passage in our text, II. *Henry VI.* III. 1. 5:

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance.

136. Line 23: *I'll watch him*. TAME.—See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 174; and to the instance there given add the following from *The London Prodigal*, I. 1:

I faith, brother, like a mad, unbridled colt,
Or as a hawk, that never stoop'd to lure:
The one must be tam'd with an iron bit,
The other must be watch'd, or still she's wild.

—Tanchütz ed. p. 227.

Probably the reference is the same in *Coriolanus*, v. 1. 56.

137. Line 54: *To suffer with him*.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has "I suffer with him," a reading preferred by Malone, Steevens, and many other editors. If it be adopted there should be a semicolon at the end of the previous line. The reading of Q. 1 perhaps makes Desdemona's sympathy with Cassio a little more marked.

138. Line 70: *Or stand so MAMMERING on*.—*Mammer* = to hesitate, is an uncommon word. Latham gives two good instances of its use: one in *A World of Wonders* (1608), p. 326: "if he stand in amaze and *mammering* to hear such gibberish;" the other in Drant's Translation of Horace (1567): "when she daynes to send for him, then *mammering* he doth, doate" (ii. 3). And to these Halliwell adds a reference from Lyly: "I stooide in a great *mammering*, how I might behaue myself" (*Euphues*, Arber's ed. p. 219). Wedgwood appears to treat the word as a corruption of *stammer*.

139. Line 90: *Excellent WRETCH!*—This is the reading of the old copies, which Theobald, Hamner, and some others, quite unnecessarily, altered to *wench*. *Wretch* is used still, in some parts of England, as a term of endearment. Halliwell (*Archæol.* and *Provincial Diet.*) gives it as being still so used in Gloucestershire. Those who prefer *wench* quote from below, in this play, v. 2. 272: "O ill-star'd *wench!*"

140 Lines 91, 92:

and when I love thee not,

CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.

So Venus and Adonis, 1019, 1020:

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Steevens first quoted the above; and Hunter, in his *New Illustrations* (vol. ii. p. 282), notices this as one of the many passages in this play which remind us of Venus and Adonis and of the Rape of Lucece. Singer says the original idea is to be found in Hesiod's *Theogony*, where Chaos ceases when Love appears.

141. Lines 106, 107:

HE ECHOS *me*,

As if there were some monster in his thought.

This is said aside. The Folio reading is far less graphic:

Alas, thou echos't me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought.

Delius follows the Folio; like Dyce, I have kept to the text of the 1622 Quarto.

It is quite clear, I think, that Ford had this scene in his mind's eye when he wrote the passages in the third act (scene 3) of *Love's Sacrifice*, in which D'Avolos rouses the suspicions of the Duke. Here, for instance, is a typical speech:

Duke. Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss

Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests

And coynage of your politician's brain,

Shall jig me off; I'll know't, I vow I will.

Dud I not note your dark abrupted ends

Of words half spokt your 'wells, if all were known'

Your short 'I take not that 'I your gods and 'buta 'I

Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues

More matter than your subtlety shall hide:

Tell me, what is 't by honour's self I'll know.

—Mermaid edn. of Ford, pp. 338, 339.

There is much in Ford's drama that suggests comparison with *Othello*.

142. Line 123: *They're close DELATIONS*.—The sense required is "secret informations;" cf. *delator* in Latin, meaning an *informant*. According to Minshew, *dilate* and *delate* are synonymous, and *dilatations* is the reading of the Folios in the present passage. It may be noted, too, that in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 38, the Quartos (except the imperfect one of 1603) give *delated*, while Ff. read *dilated*. As to the sense, an exactly parallel use of the word appears to be forthcoming. In Bacon *delate* = to carry, convey; in Minshew's Dictionary *delate* = to speak at large, *i. e.* as we should say, to *dilate*. But I can see no reason for supposing that Shakespeare was unacquainted with the classical meaning of the word: there must be many Latinisms in his vocabulary which are not found in the works of his contemporaries.

143. Line 135, 136:

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts!

Q. 1 has:

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to,

Utter my thoughts?

Q. 2 has the same, except that it has a colon after *thoughts* instead of a note of interrogation. Ff. have, by mistake:

I am not bound to that: All slaves are free:

Utter my thoughts?

The reading in our text is that usually adopted; but it is quite possible that the reading of Q. 2 may be the right one, and that *Utter my thoughts* may be part of the same sentence, that is: "I am not bound to do that all slaves are free not to do," *viz.* *utter my thoughts*.

144. Lines 140, 141:

Keep LEETS and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful!

That is, no heart is so absolutely pure that some unchaste thoughts may not be found in it, sitting, as it were, in

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f Ford, pp. 339, 379.

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ONS.—The sense

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council by the side of good and noble ideas. Shakespeare is using his favourite legal imagery, which displeased Warburton as "wretchedly forced and quaint." The Court Leet was one of the Manorial Courts which were the outcome of the private jurisdictions of *Soc* and *Soc*. To enter into its history would be beside the purpose of a commentary; the judicious reader may consult on the subject Bright's History, l. p. 76, or Feilken's admirable Short Constitutional History of England, p. 64; to say nothing of Stubbs. *Session*, as in Sonnet xxx. lines 1, 2:

When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past.

145. Line 157: *Who steals my purse steals trash, &c.*—The thought developed in these lines is simple enough, and to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to someone else for it would be truly ridiculous. Still, as an interesting parallel, the passage which Hunter quotes from Wilson's *Arte of Rhetoric* (1585) is worth inserting; it is as follows: "The places of Logique help oft for amplification. As, where men have a wrong opinion, and think theft a greater fault than slander, one might prove the contrary as well by circumstances as by arguments. And first, he might shew that slander is theft, and every slanderer is a thief. For as well the slanderer as the thief do take away another man's possession against the owner's will. After that he might show that a slanderer is worse than any thief, because a good man's name is better than all the goods in the world, and that the loss of money may be recovered, but the loss of a man's good name cannot be called back again; and a thief may restore that again which he hath taken from him, but a slanderer cannot give a man his good name which he hath taken from him. Again, he that stealeth goods or cattle robs only but one man, but an evil-tongued man can fetter all their minds into whose ears this report shall come" (p. 126). See Hunter's Illustrations, li. p. 283.

146. Line 166:

It is the GREEN-EY'D monster, which doth MOCK
The meek it feeds on.

Green-eyed as applied to jealousy is a conventional epithet, like the Latin *lividus*; cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 110; we still speak of a person as being *green with envy*. Elsewhere in Shakespeare jealousy is yellow; cf. The Winter's Tale, li. 3, 106, 107, and Merry Wives, l. 3. 113. *Mock* is difficult, and some editors adopt the emendation *make*; the sense then is simple enough: jealousy itself *invents* causes of suspicion, and, feeding on them, grows greater. Perhaps the idea intended by *mock* is, that the jealous man plays with appearances and signs which seem to him to point to evil much as a cat plays with its victim. Some commentators explain that the *meek it feeds on* is the victim of jealousy, i.e. the jealous man himself. What argues rather strongly in favour of *make* is Emilia's diagnosis of jealousy in the next scene, lines 159-162. Still the reading of the copies is not impossible. [May not *mock* mean here to "imitate," "feign?" Compare III. Henry VI. lii. 3. 255:

For *mocking* marriage with a dame of France;

and Tim. i. 1. 35:

It is a pretty *mocking* of the life.

It seems to me that *mock* in this sense is more expressive than *make*; for it implies, what is true, that jealousy is self-conscious, that it knows the food on which it lives is false, a delusion, not a reality.—F. A. M.]

147. Line 170: *yet STRONGLY loves*—So Qq. The Folio has *souidly*, with which compare Henry V. v. 2. 105: "If you will love me *souidly* with your French heart."

148. Line 186: *Where virtue is, these are more virtuous*.—The sense appears to be: these accomplishments are accessions to virtue—they add to the grace and beauty of virtue, as though Shakespeare had written:

Where these are, virtue is more virtuous.

149. Line 210: *To SEEL her father's EYES up close as OAK*.—We have already had *seel*; see l. 3. 270. It is a term borrowed from falconry, *seeling* being a process which gave way to the more humane custom of *hooding* the hawk. The word is used in Macbeth, lii. 2. 46: "*seeling* night;" and again in Antony and Cleopatra, lii. 13. 112: "The wise gods *seel our eyes*." Cotgrave has: "*seiller les yeux*: to seel, or sow up, the eyelids;" and Furness (*Variorum Othello*, pp. 76, 77) quotes from Turberville's *Book of Falconrie*, 1575, a rather gruesome account of the process. Skent connects with O.F. *ciel*, eyelid, L. *celium*, eyelid, eyelash; and *celare*, to hide. He remarks that the word should not be confused with *ceiling*, which is identical with *ciel*=heaven, *celum*, &c.

Close as oak does not seem to have much point, and Staunton's suggestion—"close as hawk's"—is certainly worth mentioning.

150. Lines 227, 228:

Oth. *And yet, how nature erring from itself,*

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

This passage is an extremely subtle one from the actor's point of view. It is evident that Iago interrupts Othello here, eagerly availing himself of something more than his mere words, some gesture, or tone in his voice, which indicates that he is recalling some circumstance that tells against Desdemona's truth and loyalty. Booth says that in line 227 Othello refers to his colour, and adds that his father "indicated this by a glance at his hand as it passed down before his eyes from his forehead."

But it is doubtful whether Othello is not rather referring in his mind to those strange inconsistencies in human nature, more especially in that of women; the inconsistencies that manifest themselves often in evil deeds, which their fellow-creatures, with their limited power of reading the human heart, cannot reconcile with their habitual conduct. In line 228 Booth gave what was, as far as I knew, quite an original interpretation. Instead of making the words *to be bold with you* an apologetic parenthesis, as they are usually interpreted, he took them to refer to the *boldness* of Desdemona with Othello, which was in direct contradiction to the character of her given by her father, i. 3. 94-96:

A maiden never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush'd at herself.

This is an ingenious but surely rather a strained interpretation. Iago has quite sufficient to go upon if Othello's

speech is explained as I have explained it above; and he would naturally preface his reminder that Desdemona has rejected many matches with men of her own clime, complexion, and degree, with some apologetic expression. If the elder Booth's interpretation were the right one we should rather expect *not* instead of *not*.—F. A. M.

151. Line 210: *Set on thy wife to observe; leave me, Iago.*—This line requires to be given with the greatest significance on the part of the actor; for here Othello takes the first step on the road to self-degradation, and he cannot, with his naturally frank and noble nature, do so without a feeling of shame. To set on his wife's confidant and friend to act as a spy upon her is a meanness to which, unless his nature had been poisoned by jealousy, he never could have sunk. It is, perhaps, his consciousness of the contemptible nature of the step that he is taking which makes him so anxious, at this point, to get rid of Iago.—F. A. M.

152. Lines 250-252:

*Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that.*

Compare with these lines, and indeed with the scene generally, the following extract from Cinthio's story: "He (the ensign, *i. e.* Iago) determined to wait till time and place afforded him a fit opportunity for entering on his wicked design (*i. e.* of making Othello jealous of Cassio); and it was not long before the Moor degraded the lieutenant (Cassio) for having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard. This accident was so painful to Desdemona, that she often tried to obtain for him her husband's pardon. In the meantime the Moor had observed to the ensign that his wife teased him so much in favour of the lieutenant, that he feared he should be obliged at last to restore him to his commission. This appeared to that villain the proper moment for opening his scheme of treachery, which he began by saying: 'Perhaps Desdemona is fond of his company.' 'And why?' said the Moor. 'Nay,' replied he, 'I do not chuse to meddle between man and wife; but if you watch her properly, you will understand me.' Nor would he, to the earnest entreaties of the Moor, afford any further explanation. These words had stung the Moor so severely, that he endeavoured perpetually to find out their meaning, and became exceedingly melancholy. Whereupon, when his wife some time afterwards repeated her solicitations that he would forgive the lieutenant, and not sacrifice the service and friendship of so many years to one slight fault, particularly as the lieutenant and the soldier were friends again, the Moor grew angry, and said to her, 'It is somewhat extraordinary, Desdemona, that you should take so much trouble about this fellow; he is neither your brother nor your relation, that he should claim so much of your affection'" (*at supra*, pp. 290-292).

153. Line 260: *If I do prove her haggard.*—Properly a *haggard* was an untrained hawk. Often, however, it was used in a slang sense to mean a loose woman; so Courtall remarks in *She Would If She Could*, iii. 1: "I protest, yonder comes the old *haggard*" (Echeridge's Works, ed. 1888, p. 161). See Much Ado, note 170.

154. Lines 262, 263:

*I'll whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.*

I borrow here Johnson's note: "Falconers always let fly the hawk 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 *preyed at fortune*."

155. Line 266: *into the VALE OF YEARS.*—Gray, I suppose, remembered this when he wrote in the Ode on Eton:

*Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A greely troop are seen.*

"Vale of life" in his Elegy has rather a different sense.

156. Line 270: *Even then this FORKED plague.*—See Trolius and Cressida, notes 24 and 39. "Make men knight o' the forked order," says a character in Wilson's fine play, *The Cheats*, v. 2 (Wilson's Works (ed. 1874), p. 91).

157. Lines 277-279:

Desdemona comes:

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

"Divine!" says Coleridge. "The effect of innocence and the better genius" (Lectures on Shakspeare, Bohn's ed. p. 392).

The sight of Desdemona banishes for a moment doubt and suspicion; Othello is restored to his better nature.

158. Line 296: *I'll have the work TAKEN OUT.*—Here, and in the next scene, line 180, *take out* = copy. Compare Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, I. 1:

She intends

To take out other works in a new sampler.

—Middleton's *Select Plays*, Mermad ed. p. 266.

159. Line 330: *Not poppy, nor MANDRAGORA.*—There is a dissertation on the "herbe Mandragora" in Pliny's *Natural History*; it "*cureth*," we are told, "*weeping and watering ries*;" also, "it may be used safely enough for *to procure sleep*" (Holland's Pliny, ed. 1632, vol. II, p. 235). Shakspeare refers to it again as a soporific in Antony and Cleopatra, I. 5. 4-6; the Duchess of Malli, in that superlatively great scene (2) of the fourth act of Webster's masterpiece, says:

Come, vi lent death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.

—Webster and Tourneur in the Mermad Series, p. 210

and Burton includes "*mandrake* . . . and *syrup of poppy*" in his list of sovereign simples for sleeplessness (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. ii. sec. 5, mem. 1, sub. 6, ed. 1881, p. 456). Compare, too, the following:

The Mandrake call'd in Greeke *Mandragora*;

Some of his vertues if you looke to know,

The Juice that freshly from the roote doth passe,

Porgheth all feame like blacke *Helleborus*;

'Tis good for *paine engendred in the eyes*;

By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arise.

—Chester's *Love's Martyr* (A Dialogue), New Shakspeare Society Publications, p. 82.

The Sybil in Lilly's *Sapho* and Phao remarks (ii. 1), amongst a series of valuable precepts, "sow next thy vines *Mandrage*," with the idea presumably that the produce of the vineyard should prove more than ordinarily sleep-inducing; see Lilly's *Dramatic Works*, Fairholt's ed. i. p. 172. Further references to the same purport will be found in

DOWN the WIND,

oners always let fly
with the wind before
a hawk was for
down the wind, and
preyed at fortune."
—Gray, I suppose,
the Ode on Eton:
death,

a different sense.

—See Trollope
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OUT.—Here, and
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Mermaid ed. p. 266.

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632, vol. ii. p. 235).
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olt's ed. i. p. 172.
will be found in

Hunter's Illustrations, vol. II pp. 254, 285. As to *poppy*,
everyone will remember Keats'

sound asleep,

Propped with the fume of poppies.

—Ode to Autumn.

160. Line 354; and CIRCUMSTANCE of glorious war!—*Cir-
cumstance*=elaborate detail. "So singular a use of the
word," says Hunter, "requires something to show that it
was not without precedent. Take the following from Lang-
ley's Translation of Polydore Virgil, where we find that the
Romans celebrated their dead 'with great pomp and cir-
cumstance.' Fol. 122. b." (New Illustrations, vol. II. p. 286).
For another instance of this use (which, after all, is not
so very rare) of *circumstance*, cf. The Woman in the Moon,
l. 1. 13, 14:

All these, and all their endless *circumstance*,

Here I survey

—Lilly's Works, Fairhol's ed. vol. II. p. 153.
In Hamlet, l. 5. 127, the sense is, "without any circum-
bution"; so again in The Merchant of Venice, l. 1. 154:

To wind about my love with *circumstance*.

161. Lines 359-373.—In this passage Othello reaches
the climax of his passion. It is here that the actor pro-
duces his greatest effect; though the whole scene is full
of effects most various and subtle. Edmund Kean used
to take hold of Iago by the throat at line 359; while Booth
and other actors deferred this action till line 368. It is
better, perhaps, to follow Edmund Kean, as both the
speeches, 359-366, 368-373 are spoken in what may be
called "the white heat" of passion. During the last
speech Othello forces Iago on to his knee, in which posi-
tion the latter speaks the first two lines of his speech be-
ginning *O grace*, rising at line 375. It was at this point
of the scene that Salvini, when in England, roused his
audience to the greatest enthusiasm; but with all respect
to that great actor, whose Othello was a performance full
of beauties, I think that his reading of this whole scene
was entirely wrong. He seemed to me to sacrifice much
of the subtlety, variety, and intensity of all that went
before in order to attain his climax here, which he did by
throwing Iago on the ground and putting his foot upon
him, and then starting back with an expression of loath-
ing or his face. This was very powerful, and to those
who did not understand one word of the language Salvini
was speaking, it was very effective; but surely, even in
his rage, Othello would have too much respect for Iago
to treat him thus; when, in the fury of his passion, he
has taken him by the throat and forced him on to his
knees, it seems as if the next moment he is appalled at
the effects of his own violence.—F. A. M.

162. Line 386: HER name, that was as fresh.—So the
Quarto of 1630; in Q. 1 (1622) the speech is wanting. The
Folios give "my name," with a full stop after *proof*. My
mist, I think, be wrong, because of the words *mine own*
two lines lower down, and because Othello would hardly
apply such vauntful language to himself. Moreover, the
whole passage is concerned with Desdemona; the transi-
tion to Othello would be very awkward.

163. Lines 433-435:

Tell me but this,—

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

It may be convenient to give here Othello's account of
the handkerchief episode; the variations from Shake-
speare speak for themselves: "I have already said that
Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's (Iago's) house,
and passed great part of the day with his wife. The vil-
lain had observed that she often brought with her a hand-
kerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it
was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very
highly valued by them both; he determined to steal it,
and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl
of three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona;
and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to
this villain, he took up the child in his arms and pre-
sented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to
her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from
her snsh the handkerchief, with such dexterity, that she
did not perceive him; and went away with it in very high
spirits. Desdemona went home, and, taken up with other
thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some
days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to
fear that the Moor should ask her for it, as he often did."
Iago, having got possession of the handkerchief, tells
Othello that Cassio had boasted to him (Iago) that Desde-
mona had made him (Cassio) a present of the "napkin;"
Othello determines to question Desdemona; "If his wife
had no longer the handkerchief in her possession, it would
be a proof that the ensign (Iago) had told him the truth.
For which reason one day after dinner, among other sub-
jects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor wo-
man, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively
at this question, and, to hide her change of colour, which
the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her ward-
robe and pretended to look for it. After having searched
for some time, 'I cannot conceive,' said she, 'what is be-
come of it! have not you taken it?'—'Had I taken it,'
replied he, 'I should not have asked you for it. But you
may look for it and this time more at your ease.' Leav-
ing her then, he began to reflect what would be the best
way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and
how he might avoid being prosecuted for murder. . . .
The Moor . . . did all in his power to prove what he
desired not to find true (i.e. that his wife was guilty), and
begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in
possession of the lieutenant (Cassio). Although this was
a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all
in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The
lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable
embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty
of Desdemona's handkerchief (which Iago, I should note,
had secretly left in Cassio's lodging) determined to copy
it before it should be returned to her. She set about
making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign
discovered that she sat at a window where any one who
passed in the street might see her. This he took care to
point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that
his chaste and innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed
with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant"
(*ut supra*, pp. 296-301).

164. Line 435: SPOTTED with strawberries.—As we should
say, embroidered; cf. Coriolanus, l. 3. 55:

What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.

165. Line 442: *O, that the slave had forty thousand lives*—We have the same idea in *Lochner*, iii. 1:

The Han shall die, had he ten thousand lives:
And I would to God he had ten thousand lives.

—Tancholme ed. p. 159.

Forty thousand, we may note, is merely an indefinite number. Elizabethan writers use *four* and *forty* in exactly the same vague way. Compare *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 160,

You know, sometime he works *four* hours together
Here in the lobby

Hamlet changed the reading to *for hours*, but the *Clarendon Press* editors aptly quote Putterlick's *Arte of English Poetrie*, "laughing and gilding with their *four* hours by the clocke" (*Arber's Reprint*, p. 307). Observe, also, *Sonnet* ii. line 1:

When *forty* doors shall besedge thy brow,

The idea may be the same in one of *Spenser's* sonnets (ix.), *Globe* ed. of Works, p. 582.

166. Line 447: *from THE hollow BELL*.—*q* the Folios. *q* read *from thy hollow cell*, which the *Globe* edition prints. The version of the Quartos gives a good antithesis to line 445:

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.

167. Line 453: *Like to the PONTIC SEA, &c.*—*Steevens* suggested that these lines were based upon one following passage in *Holland's* translation of *Pliny's Natural History*: "And the *Sea Pontus* evermore floweth and runneth into *Propontis*, but the sea never retireth back again within *Pontus*." *Holland's* translation was published in 1601; *Othello* can scarcely be referred to an earlier date than 1601; it is quite possible therefore that *Steevens's* conjecture was correct, and that *Shakespeare* did owe his knowledge to *Pliny*. On the other hand, it may simply have been a piece of popular geography—one of the curious facts reported by some Elizabethan adventurer of the type of *Mr. Edward Welbe*. The lines are wanting in the Quartos of 1622.

168. Line 460: *by good MARBLE HEAVEN*.—*Shakespeare* applies *marble* to the sky in three other passages, *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 191; *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 87, and, same scene, 120. The epithet is magnificent, and only the dullest of commentators would care to dissertate on the possible meanings which it could bear. *Milton's* "pure marble air," *Paradise Lost*, iii. 564, was probably a reminiscence of the classical and etymological use of the word = *glittering*; he may even have recollecting *Sophocles's* "*marble* (i. e. bright) radiance of *Olympus*" (*Anthone*, 610), *Marmoreus* is frequently said of the sea in *Virgil*.

169. Line 463: *you EVER-BURNING LIGHTS above*.—A variation on "these blessed *caudles of the night*" in *MERCHANT of Venice*, v. 1. 230, with which in turn may be compared *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 5 (see note 89 of that play); *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 9; and *Sonnet* xxi. line 12.

170. Line 471: *And will upon the instant PUT thee TO T*.—That is, test you; cf. *Coriolanus*, I. 1. 232, 233:

They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't

So Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 101.

171. Line 480.—Here, in the acting edition, act iii. ends; and act iv. commences with line 21 of the next scene.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

172. Line 26: *Fall of CRUSADES*.—Not a Venetian coin, otherwise *Coryat* would probably have mentioned it in the account he gives of the money current at Venice. According to *Grey*, the *crusado* was a Portuguese coin, worth about three shillings; it was so called from the cross stamped on it, and varied in value, according to some authorities, from six shillings and eightpence to nine shillings. It is rather curious that Elizabethan writers should use in this way the names of foreign pieces; cf. *Old Fortunatus*, I. 2: "See'st thou this *crusado*?" (*Dekker's Plays*, *Mermald* ed. p. 328); and *The White Devil*, iii. 1:

I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of *crusades*.

—*Webster's Plays*, *Mermald* ed. p. 51.

173. Lines 46, 47:

the hearts of old garr DAMES;

But our NEW HERALDRY is HANDS, not HEARTS.

This is the passage upon which *Warburton* fastened as approximately fixing the date of the composition of the play. He found here a satirical allusion to the creation of baronets by *James I.* in 1611. It is very probable that this allusion only existed in *Warburton's* mind, for, as *Steevens* pointed out, it was very unlikely that *Shakespeare* would introduce any allusion to the honours instituted by *James I.*, a prince whom, on the contrary, he seems to have desired to flatter rather than to satirize. In *Warner's* *Albion's England* (edn. 1596, p. 282) occurs the line:

My hand shall never give my heart, my heart shall give my hand.

Compare also *The Tempest*, iii. 1. 89, 90:

For . . . here's my hand.

Alc. And mine, with my heart to't.

As *Knight* says, the *new heraldry* might simply have referred to the practice of quartering the arms of husband and wife, or, as *Dyce* suggested, the heraldic term to *give arms* so resembles to *give hands* that the similarity of the two phrases might have suggested to *Shakespeare* the word *heraldry*.

174. Line 56: *Dial an EGYPTIAN to my mother give*.—*Egyptian* is, perhaps, equivalent to *gypsy*, a very common use of the word. So in the travels of *John Eldred* ("the first Englishman who reached India, overland") we have a description of some Arabs whom he came across at *Felija*: "Their hair, apparel, and colour were altogether like to those vagabond *Egyptians*, which heretofore have gone about in England" (*Arber's English Garner*, vol. iii. p. 162). Again, in *Randolph's Hey for Honesty*, v. 1, *Mercury* sings:

From *Egypt* have I come,
With *Solomon* for my guide;
By chronomancy I can tell,
What fortunes thee bestride;

to which one of the characters replies, "Well, thou art an arrant *gypsy*." (*Pander's Works*, *Hazlitt's* ed. ii. p. 479). It is, perhaps, superfluous to note that *egypt* is only a corruption of *Egyptian*, a popular tradition assigning *Egypt*

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as the original home of the gypsies, whereas most authori-
ties are now agreed that they came from India. Ben-
Jonson speaks of "a *Gypsy* lady, and a right behlme,"
in *The Sad Shepherd*, II. 1 (Works, Routledge's ed. p. 497).
The association of *mingie* with the *gyppies* is common
enough.

175. Lines 70-72:

A SIBYL, that had womb'd in the world
The sun to course two hours' red compasses,
In her prophetic FURY saw'd the work.

Here and in I. Henry VI. 1. 2. *that* is used correctly
as a substantive; in *Merchant of Venice*, 1. 2. 116, and
elsewhere the word is treated as a proper name. *Fury*
is used in the sonnets of poetic inspiration, e.g. sonnet c.
line 3; so "poet's rage," *Son. xvii.* line 11.

176. Line 122: *To FORTUNE'S ALMS.*—The construction
of the passage is rather loose, though the sense is clear
enough; Cassio means that he will have to depend on such
scraps of kindness as fortune may throw to him. Pope
changed to *arms*; he must have forgotten *Lear*, i. 1. 281:
"At fortune's *alm*."

177. Line 128: *within the BLANK.*—As we should say,
"within the range." *Blank*, of course, is the centre of a
target.

178. Line 161: *But JEALOUS for they're JEALOUS; 't is*
a MONSIEUR.—Compare line 166; the verse is a good in-
stance of what one may call verbal irony.

179. Lines 174, 175:

and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?

It is one of the love-symptoms noted by Democritus
Junior that the lover when he is gone from his lady
"thinks every minute an hour, every hour as long as a
whole day, ten days a whole year, till he see her again"
(The Anatomy of Melancholy, part III. sec. 2, mem. 3, re-
print (Chatto & Windus), 1881, page 555).

ACT IV. SCENE I.

180. Line 1: *Will you think so?* &c.—The opening of
this scene is difficult and I cannot think that the distri-
bution of the speeches is satisfactory. So far as I can
understand the sense, it is this. Iago has been arguing,
with subtlety and hypocrisy, that after all there may be no
harm in the connection existing between Desdemona and
Cassio; pretending to make things look as well as possible
for Desdemona, he fans the flame of Othello's jealousy.
Grant that there had been a kiss—will Othello think that
any evil was intended? Grant that there had been other
things (of which he has told Othello *before* they come on
the stage), may not these things have been done in pure
innocence? Iago's part is, first to tell Othello that some-
thing has happened, and then to offer a damning palli-
ation of the offence; Othello all the while dissents. I
would suggest some such arrangement as the following:

Iago. Will you think so?
Othello. Think so, Iago! What,
To kiss in private?
Iago. (Ironically) An unauthoriz'd kiss.

VOL. VI.

NOTES TO OTHELLO.

Othello. O! to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more—not meaning any harm:
Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean any harm!

The repetition in line 5 seems to me pointed. The *kiss*
in private and the *naked in bed* represent, I believe, what
Iago has told Othello *before* they appear on the scene.
Iago has been hypocritically suggesting that the incidents
are harmless in themselves, and now Othello replies. As
the text stands I can trace no sequence of thought.

Other commentators, Lettson, for instance, and Deligh-
ton, think also that these lines are not properly dis-
tributed. Mr. Verity's arrangement above is a very
ingenious one; but the question is, would it be effective,
or even intelligible, on the stage? An audience can
understand Othello answering such a suggestion as Iago
makes in lines 3, 4, but they would hardly understand if
Othello spoke all these three lines, that is, from 3 to 6,
that he was referring to what had passed between him
and Iago *before* the scene opened; at least the words *not*
awaiting any harm must be given to Iago. All through
the first part of this scene Iago is suggesting to Othello
or more than suggesting, telling him as facts—certain
things which Cassio and Desdemona have done, which
most decidedly imply that there was a guilty connection
between them, and, at the same time, he pretends they
afford no proof of guilt. He could not have adopted
any more certain means of incensing Othello against both
his wife and Cassio; for the very supposition that such
familiarities were consistent with innocence would be an
insult to his common sense. I think that it would be
better, therefore, from a dramatic point of view, to leave
lines 3 and 4 to be spoken by Iago; but the words *What,*
to kiss in private? might certainly form part of Othello's
speech, the *What* especially being very awkward as com-
ing from Iago. The condition of Othello, at this point,
must be borne in mind. He is on the brink of an epi-
leptic attack, and, as is invariably the case before such
attacks, he would find a difficulty in following out any
consecutive line of thought.—F. A. M.]

181. Line 21: *As doth the RAVEN o'er th' INFECTIOUS*
HOUSE.—Infectious—infected, i.e. where a sick person is
lying. The superstition here referred to is a very old
one; many similar passages might be quoted; for example,
The Jew of Malta, II. 1. 1, 2:

Thus, like the *sad presaging raven*, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak.
—Bulwer's *Marlowe*, ii. p. 35.

Again, Peele's *David and Bethsabe*:

Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths;

where, as Dyce shows (*Greene and Peele*, p. 460), Peele
was really translating some lines by Du Bartas; and Web-
ster's *The White Devil*, II. 1:

Flam. Heav'n rooks the raven!
Is our goodness less dead?
To! Dead!

—Webster's Works, in Mermaid ed. p. 59.

Compare also *Macbeth*, i. 5. 30-41.

182. Line 37: *that's FULSOME.*—Properly *fulsome* only
means *abundant*; cf. *Richard III.* v. 3. 132:

I, that was wash'd to death with *fulsome* whie.

Then comes the idea of *overflowness* and so of *offensiveness*. See Merchant of Venice, note 91.

183. Line 38: *To confess, and be hang'd*.—This seems to have been a common proverb. Compare Marlowe's Jew of Malta, iv. 2: "Blame not us but the proverb, *confess and be hang'd*" (Works, vol. i. p. 253, edn. 1826); and again Halliwell quotes from Shirley's Love Tricks (iv. 6): "*Ruf. Did you hear him confess it? Bub. Here's right confess and be hang'd now.*"

184. Lines 39, 40: *Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some INSTRUCTION*.—Warburton proposed to alter *instruction* to *induction*, and he says that the state of Othello's mind is compared to an eclipse when the earth is darkened by the *induction* of the moon between it and the sun. But surely this is very far-fetched; although *induction*, in the sense of "groundwork of fact," would suit the sense of the passage well enough, if not better than *instruction*; but *induction* is used by Shakespeare invariably in the sense of "introduction" or "prelude," e.g. in Richard III. l. 1. 32:

Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous;

and same play, iv. 4. 5:

A dire *induction* am I witness to.

Some commentators, following Sir Joshua Reynolds' explanation, would make Othello refer to Cassio's dream, iii. 3. 413-426. There can be little doubt that Othello refers to the horrible feeling of growing mental darkness and oppression of the brain which immediately precede an epileptiform attack. Nothing can be more true to nature than the broken exclamations of this speech of Othello's, which Pope, in his blundering namblypambism, called "trash." One can see the unhappy victim, his whole frame trembling with passion, his hand holding his head, into which, creeping from the spine, comes that terrible sense of numbness in the brain, accompanied, as it were, by a feeling of intense mental distress, which those who have suffered from epileptiform attacks know too well. It may be as well to notice here that the stage-direction in the Folio, *Falles in a trunche*, which is generally followed (substantially) in modern editions, is not so suitable to the circumstances as the direction in Q 1, which simply is, *He falls downe*. Epilepsy and epileptiform attacks, which latter were not at that time distinguished from the more serious disease, were both called in Shakespeare's time "the falling sickness," a very apt name. The suddenness with which the unhappy sufferer falls to the ground in such attacks is one of the most characteristic features, and one which has led to fatal accidents in too many cases.—F. A. M.

85. Lines 51, 52:

My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy;

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

The dramatic significance of this epileptic seizure, which Shakespeare now makes Othello undergo, has been almost entirely passed over by most commentators, except in its bearing upon the question of the Time of Action of the play. If we are to take Iago's words here literally, they certainly cannot but confirm the other indications (see note on Time of Action) that a much longer space of time is covered by the play than is included by the dramatic

action. If Othello really had an epileptic attack on the day before, it is probable that some one besides Iago would have known of it, and an interval of at least a day must have elapsed between acts iii. and iv.; but from Bianca's words (line 155 below) "What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me *even now!*" the action in this scene would seem to take place immediately after the last scene (iii. 4); but, as I have said before, it is useless to attempt to reconcile inconsistencies of this kind. Variations between the historic or actual time and the dramatic time must be allowed to a writer of any imaginative power. It is only your monster of artistic propriety, who writes his verse with the aid of a mathematical ruler, that can preserve the utilities of time, place, and action. But there is a dramatic significance in this epileptic attack of Othello far beyond any question of the lapse of time. Though Bucknell, in his Med. Knowledge of Shakespeare (p. 274), says "this designation (epilepsy) appears a mere falsehood," with due deference to that authority, I would submit that Shakespeare's description of epilepsy, or, to be more precise, of an epileptiform attack, given here, is by no means untrue. When Cassio suggests that they should rub his temples Iago says (lines 54-56):

The *phargy* must have his quiet course:

If not, he *foams at mouth*, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness.

This is a description of two of the features of true epilepsy. In epileptiform seizures *foaming at the mouth* does not always occur, nor is there always complete insensibility; but it is quite consistent with Iago's character and conduct at this juncture that he should exaggerate the symptoms. In a temperament predisposed to epilepsy such mental agony and violent excitement, as Othello has lately gone through, would be very likely to produce an epileptiform attack, on recovering from which he would be perfectly sensible, but would be in a more or less dazed condition; so that he would be a much easier subject for the deception which Iago proceeds now to practise on him. I have spoken in the Introduction of the injury done to the play by the omission of the greater part of this scene, which is absolutely essential to the plot, as it is the only scene in which Othello has any *visible* proof of Iago's story. In the physical and mental condition, which this epileptic attack would have produced, there is nothing at all surprising that he should accept the demeanour and gesture of Cassio in his dialogue with Iago, even without the strong confirmatory proof afforded by his seeing Desdemona's handkerchief in Bianca's possession as sufficient proof of the guilt of the lieutenant and his wife. To say, as Salvini did, that this scene is "not in accord with Othello's character," shows considerable misconception of that character. He is a man who habitually puts a very great restraint upon his passion; and the languor produced by the fit from which he had just suffered would help him in restraining himself from any personal violence to Cassio. Nothing can be more pathetic than the wave of tenderness which comes over his agonized spirit in the latter part of this scene, alternating as it does with almost savage ferocity. At last he loses his self-control and sense of dignity alike; and, in his outburst of passion before Lodovico, he shows how much he is degraded physically and morally.

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 and iv.; but from
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 have said before, it
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 says (lines 54-55):
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In epileptiform patients there is very often a lapse of memory more or less partial; and though I would not insist on this point, it is quite possible that Shakespeare might have known that fact, and that we should thus account for Othello having, at the beginning of the scene (see line 19), forgotten the incident of the handkerchief; and, again, though he says (see below, line 164): "By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!" recognizing it in Bianca's hand, he says (line 184), in answer to Iago: "Was that (*i.e.* the handkerchief) mine?" Nor would it do to insist upon the fact that homicidal mania is very often developed in persons subject to epileptiform attacks; but we may safely say that it was not for nothing that Shakespeare introduced this incident of Othello's fit, for the physical strain to which he was thus subjected would materially assist Iago in the prosecution of his infamous design.—F. A. M.

186. Lines 77, 78:

*Whilst you were here O'ERWHELMED with your grief,—
 A passion most UNFITTING such a man.*

Q 1 has here "erewhile, mad with your grief;" the reading of Ff. and Q 2, which we retain in our text, is much preferable. But in the next line Ff. have a curious mistake; they read "resulting such a man," an obvious misprint. The Devonshire copy of Q 1 reads *ensuing*, while Capell's copy and Q 2 both read *enfittng*.

187. Lines 101-104:

*As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
 And his UNBOOKISH jealousy must CONSTRUCT
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.*

This is a hint borrowed from the tale; compare the following: "He (Othello) immediately went [to Iago] and related what had just happened [an unimportant detail], begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could. . . . The ensign (Iago) rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him (Cassio) one day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his movements and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he (*i.e.* Cassio) had concealed nothing from him. He says he had enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity" (*ut supra*, p. 298). The epithet *unbookish* here has been variously explained. Whiter (Specimen of Commentary, 1794), quoted by Furness, after citing many instances where Shakespeare has compared love and lovers to books (*e.g.* Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 60, 61:

*And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader,*

thought that *unbookish* referred to the "Books of Love" and the "Language of Lovers." It is generally explained as=ignorant; but Furness points to the particular use of the word *bookish* in this same play (l. 1. 24), and he thinks that the word is used here in some peculiar sense, as if there were "Books of Jealousy" like Saviole's "Practise

of Honorable Quarrels." Perhaps the meaning is "his inexperienced or simple-minded jealousy, the jealousy of a nature which knew men from the study neither of mankind nor of books."

Ff. read *conserve*, which may very well be a misprint for *conceite*; but the Qq. read *conster*, which, in its modern form of *construe*, is preferred by nearly all editors; it certainly suits the word *unbookish* better than *conserve*, which is meaningless.

188. Line 108: *Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power.*
 —So Qq.; Ff. read *downe*, a reading which Knight, for some mysterious reason, retained.

189. Line 121: *you triumph, ROMAN.*—Manifestly the word *triumph* suggests the epithet *Roman*, which Warburton declared, however, to be one of the most manifest misprints in the whole of Shakespeare, and altered it to *rogue*; a proceeding which Shakespeare might himself have called a very rognish trick.

190. Line 130: *Have you scor'd me? Well.*—This has been variously explained. Johnson, for instance, says it means "Have you told the term of my life?" Others think that it means "marked," as they "marked" the backs of beasts. Compare Ant. and Cleo. iv. 7. 12, 13:

*Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares behind.*

Others think that it means "Have you scored an account against me?" The readings of the older copies are various here. F. 1, Q 2, Q 3 read "Have you *scor'd* me? Well." F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: "scor'd me; Well." Q 1 reads "*stor'd* me well," which Johnson suggests may mean "Have you disposed of me?"

191. Line 150: *BEFORE ME!*—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 4. 34: "*Afore me!* 't is so very late;" All's Well, ii. 3. 31: "*Afore me*, I speak in respect;" and Coriolanus, i. 1. 124, where Mr. Aldis Wright notes that probably it was a petty oath substituted for the more usual "*fore God*," in deference to the severe statute which was passed in the reign of James I. "to restrain the abuses of Players;" this act commenced with the words "For the preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the holy Name of God, in Stage-plays, Enterludes, May games, Shews and such like." In consequence of this statute the reading of the Quartos is often toned down in the Folio; for example, in The Merchant of Venice, l. 2. 121, where Qq. read *I pray God grant them*, the Folio has the milder *I wish*; and other instances might be quoted. Probably it was for this reason that Shakespeare used such classical asseverations as by *Janus* (i. 2. 33), by *Jove*, &c.

192. Lines 139, 140: *and falls me thus about my neck.*—Q 1 has "by this hand she falls thus," &c.; the reading of the Folio seems preferable, as by this hand is not necessary. It is evident from the next line that Cassio is intended here to illustrate by gesture Bianca's action.

Just below (line 144) there is another discrepancy between Ff. and Qq. We have retained the reading of Qq.; Ff. read "so *shakes* and pulls me."

193. Line 151: *such another FITCHEW.*—For a full ac-

count of this word see Troilus and Cressida, note 233. The expression *such another* is a contemptuous one which Schmidt compares to the German *auch so eine*. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 282 (Folio 1): "you are *such another* woman." This expression is used by Shakespeare in three other passages: Merry Wives, i. 4. 160; Much Ado, iii. 4. 87; II. Henry IV, ii. 4. 275.

194. Lines 184-186.—Qq. omit this speech, probably by accident; for, as Jennens pointed out, the catchword at the foot of the page is *Iago*, which shows that the speech was in the MS., though possibly it might have been omitted in the acting.

195. Line 193: *my heart is turn'd to stone*.—Compare v. 2. 63: "thou dost *stone* my heart." Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 9. 15-17:

through my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder.

There the thought is too much elaborated; but surely the commentators go a little too far in saying that the pathos of the speech in the text is marred by the touch of realism. "I strike it and it hurts my hand."

196. Line 199: *she will sing the savageness out of a bear!*—Here again we have a closely parallel passage in Venus and Adonis, 1095, 1096:

when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him.

197. Line 206: *the pity of it*.—We may compare Macbeth, i. 5. 5: "the wonder of it." I suppose it is an ordinary possessive genitive; the pity, or pitifulness, which it (the circumstances) contains. Perhaps, however, *of = concerning, about*; cf. Measure for Measure, ii. 3. 42: "This pity of him." See Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, p. 114.

198. Lines 209, 210: *If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her PATENT to offend*.—Malone compares Edward III. (1396), ii. 1. 426:

Why then give sin a *passport* to offend.

199. Lines 227, 228:

*Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke.*

The reading in our text is from the Qq. with Theobald's punctuation as adopted by the Cambridge edd. F. 1 reads:

I warrant something from Venice,
'T is Lodovico, this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.

The other Ff. read the same except that F. 2 has a comma after *Lodovico*, which F. 3, F. 4 retain, but have no comma after *this*.

200. Line 229:

Lod. *Save you, worthy general!*
Oth. *With all my heart, sir.*

Q. 1 here has: "God save the worthy general." The reading in our text is that of the other Qq. and Ff. The omission of the word *God* was made simply on account of the act of James I. so often alluded to, and is of no importance, as the expression *Save you!* is merely elliptical for "God save you!" The difficulty here is how we are to take Othello's answer. Malone says that Othello spoke with no relation to what Lodovico had just said; but

Stevens and other commentators explain Othello's words as welcoming "the plons wish expressed on his behalf;" and they compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 157, where, in answer to Isabella's wish, "Heaven keep your honour safe!" Angelo says "Amen!"

201. Line 245: Oth. *Are you wise!*—In Fechter's acting edition this speech is given to Iago, with the stage-direction that he "seizes the arm of Othello across the table." This certainly seems to be, unlike most of Fechter's emendations, a most sensible suggestion. The speech, one cannot but feel, is out of place in Othello's mouth, and can have very little significance coming from him, as Desdemona has evidently turned round to Lodovico again after Othello's last furious exclamation; and it is quite in keeping with Iago's hypocritical assumption of honesty that he should attempt to recall Othello here to his better self.—F. A. M.

202. Line 251: Oth. *Devil!* [Striking her.]—The stage-direction was added by Theobald, and is justified by what Lodovico says below (line 283): "*What, strike his wife!*" This is one of the most painful incidents in the whole play. In the hands of Salvini it became absolutely brutal; for he used to strike Desdemona with his hand on the face; but most actors are content to strike her with the paper which Othello holds in his hand, and which he has been biting in his rage on hearing that Cassio is to supersede him in his command.

203. Line 257: *Each drop she FALLS would prove a CROCODILE*.—For the active use of "to fall" compare Lucrece, 1551:

For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds.

Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous account of *crocodiles* current in his time. In Bullokar's English Expositor, one of the earliest English dictionaries (ed. 1616), we find the following (quoted by Malone): "It is written, that he will weep over a dead man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, *crocodilli lachryme*, crocodile's tears, to signify such tears are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive; or doe harm."

204. Line 269: *I am commanded HOME*.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has *here*.

205. Line 274: *Goats and monkeys!*—This may be a recollection of Iago's speech above, iii. 3. 403:

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

206. Line 280: *Is he not LIGHT of brain?*—As we say, *light-headed*. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 143, 149:

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a *lightness*.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

207. Line 18: *the purest of their WIVES*.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has "the purest of their *sex*."

208. Line 22: A CLOSET-LOCK-AND-KEY of *villanous secrets*.—Compare Henry V, ii. 2. 96:

Thou that didst *tear* the key of all my *counsels*.

[Malone was the first to observe on the difficulty of deciding where this scene is supposed to take place. Line 23,

plain Othello's words
used on his behalf;
re, ii. 2 157, where,
in keep your honour

In Fechter's acting
with the stage-director
across the table."
most of Fechter's
tion. The speech,
at Othello's mouth,
coming from him, as
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English Expositor,
(edn. 1676), we find
is written, that he
he hath devoured
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lachrymæ, croco-
and spent
m."

E.—So FF.; Q. 1 has

This may be a re-
403:

is monkeys
ain't—As we say,
48, 149:
weakness,

—So FF.; Q. 1 has

KEY of villainous

is counsels.
e difficulty of de-
e place. Line 28,

where Othello tells Emilia to shut the door, indicates that it is in a room in Othello's castle. On the other hand, line 171, Iago says to Desdemona, "Go in, and weep not," which Malone thought might indicate that the scene was without the castle; but surely *Go in* means nothing more than "Go into your own room." But the appearance of Roderigo here in the same scene is perhaps a greater difficulty; for, after what had occurred in the first act, Roderigo would not be likely to visit Othello or to venture into his house; but, as Cowden Clarke pointed out, we must remember that Roderigo is partially disguised, and that also, as the guard-room was in the castle, it was very natural that Roderigo should go there to look for Iago. The residence of Othello would seem to have been in a public and not in a private building; in fact, merely a portion of the chief fortified place in the town.—F. A. M.]

209. Line 24. *Pray, CHUCK, come hither.*—The word is used much in the same bitterly ironical way by Macbeth, iii. 2. 44-46:

Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.

210. Lines 54, 55:

*The fixed figure for THE TIME, FOR SCORN,
To point his slow AND MOVING finger at.*

As to the second line: the Folio reading *and moving* seems to me far more vivid and realistic than the *moving* of the Quarto of 1622. In the first line the Quartos read *time of scorn*; the Folio has *time of Scorne*, emphasizing more clearly the fact that *Scorn* is personified. The Globe editors mark the line as corrupt, and I confess *time of scorn* conveys no meaning to me. I have ventured, therefore, much as I dislike tampering with the text, to introduce a slight emendation. As the couplet now stands the sense is simple. The use of *time* where we should say *the times*, i. e. the present age, is common enough; cf. Hunter's Illustrations, ii. 240. Hunter, by the way, is commenting on Hamlet, iii. 1. 70:

For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time*.

Is it an absolutely impossible idea that what Shakespeare really wrote in the present passage was,

The fixed figure for the scorn of time!

At any rate the Hamlet line is worth remembering in connection with this well-known crux, although the editors do not seem to have noted the point, if point it be. Scholars, of course, will recollect Horace's *monstrari digito prætereuntium*. [I believe that Mr. Verity's conjecture, *the scorn of time* (an emendation, by the way, which was first suggested by Malone), is the right reading. It is the simplest alteration, and is strongly supported by the line quoted from Hamlet, iii. 1. 70: "the whips and *scorns of time*." All the old copies agree in reading the *time of scorn*; but the two words may easily have been misplaced. If we adhere to the reading of the old copies, we must accept Steevens's explanation that *the time of scorn* is an expression here like, "the hour of death," the idea being taken from a clock. This speech is so pathetic and so exquisitely musical, that one resents the occurrence in it of any difficulty or obscurity.—F. A. M.]

211. Line 68: *It's not so LOVELY-FAIR.*—I have ventured to treat *lovely fair* as a compound. Compare:

Play'd with a boy so lovely-fair and fond.
—Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, 195.
Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 31.

212. Line 71, 72:

*Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon?*

Massinger must have had these lines in his memory when he wrote the following passage in the Emperor of the East, iv. 5:

Can you think
This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum,
Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom.
In capital letters, writ upon it.

—Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 345.

The speaker, it should be added, in the extract is the jealous husband; he points to the face of his wife, whom he suspects of being unfaithful.

213. Line 72: *What COMMITTED!*—An offensive *double entendre*; in fact, as Polonius would say, "a vile phrase." Compare Lear, iii. 4. 84.

214. Line 78: *The BAWDY WIND, that KISSES all it meets.*
—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 16:

Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet* wind.

We have, too, "the *wanton* wind" in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 129.

215. Line 144: *Speak within door.*—Johnson explained this phrase, "Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house;" perhaps we might paraphrase it nearer, thus; "Do not speak so loud as to be heard outside the room;" Qq. have "Speak within doors." It is very important to Iago that Othello should not hear this speech of his good wife; or, even at the last moment, his eyes might have been opened to the treachery of his "honest" ancient.

216. Line 153: *Either in DISCOURSE OF THOUGHT or ACTUAL DEED.*—*Discourse of thought* must be equivalent to *thought*, the natural antithesis to *action* ("actual deed"). So in Macbeth, v. 1. 12, we find "*actual performances*" = what Lady Macbeth does, her walking in her sleep and so forth, placed in contrast with what she says. The exact shade of meaning which the poet wished *discourse* to bear in such a phrase as *discourse of thought* it is impossible to determine; we may compare, however, the parallel expressions "*discourse of reason*" in Hamlet, i. 2. 150, and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 116. See note 120 on the latter play. It should be observed that in the present passage Q. 2 and Q. 3 read "*or thought*," a variation for which, I think, there is nothing to be said.

217. Line 160: *And his unkindness may DEFEAT my life.*
—For *defeat* = *destroy*, cf. Sonnet lxi. 11:

Mine own true love that doth my rest *defeat*;

and for the substantive in same sense, Hamlet, ii. 2. 597, 598:

Upon whose property and most *dear* life
A damn'd *defeat* was made.

Defeat is simply the French *défaire* = to undo, render void; so that Shakespeare is using the word in its strict signification.

218. Line 167: *And he does CHIDE WITH you.*—Ff. omit this line. Compare Sonnet exl. 1:

O, for my sake do you *with* Fortune *chide*.

Baret (Alvearie, 1573) gives "To complaine, to make a quarrell, to *chide* with one for a thing."

219. Line 192: *sudden respect and ACQUAINTANCE.*—This is the reading of Ff. and Q 2; Q 1 has *acquittance*, which some edd. prefer; the meaning being "requital."

220. Lines 196, 197: *NAY, I THINK IT IS scurvey, and begin to find myself Fobb'd in it.*—We have followed the reading of Ff.; Q 1 has "*by this hand*, I say 't is very scurvey;" Q 2, Q 3: "I say 't is very scurvey." *Fobb'd* = deluded, cheated. It seems to me best to print this, the ordinary form of the word, though the Quartos and Folios all give *fopt*. In II. Henry IV. li. 1. 37, we have *fubb'd*. The word is common enough; cf. Coriolanus i. 1. 97; and The London Prodigal i. 1:

What doth he think to *fo*b off his posterity with paradoxes?
Tauchnitz ed. p. 225.

221. Line 220: *he goes into MAURITANIA.*—"Othello," says Hunter (Illustrations, li. pp. 280, 281), "is to be regarded as a Moor in the proper sense of the word, a native of the northern coast of Africa towards the west." Upon this point, however, see the Introduction, p. 12.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

222. Line 23: *Good FAITH, how foolish are our minds!*—This is the usually-adopted reading. The Folios have *good father*.

223. Lines 28, 29:

she had a song of "WILLOW;"
An old thing.

Upon the subject of this old ballad I shall venture to "convey" Mr. Chappell's remarks. "The song," he says, "of *Oh! willow, willow*, which Desdemona sings in the fourth act of *Othello*, is contained in a MS. volume of songs, with accompaniment for the lute, in the British Museum (Addit. MSS. 15. 117). Mr. Halliwell-Phillips considers the transcript to have been made about the year 1633; Mr. Oliphant (who catalogued the musical MSS.) dates it about 1600; but the manuscript undoubtedly contains songs of an earlier time, such as—

O death! rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest, &c.,

attributed to Anne Boleyn, and which Sir John Hawkins found in a MS. of the reign of Henry VIII. The song of *Willow, willow*, is also found in the Roxburghe Ballads, i. 54; and was printed by Percy from a copy in the Pepys collection, entitled 'A Lover's Complaint, being Forsaken of his Love; to a pleasant tune' " (Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. 1. p. 206). Mr. Chappell prints the music of the song, subsequently (p. 774) observing that the music at any rate must be older than 1600, since it is found in the Lutebook (dated 1583) of Thomas Dallis, a Cambridge musician of the time. As to the burden, *Willow, willow*, it was a favourite one in sixteenth-century songs. There is, for instance, a song by John Heywood (famous for his rather dreary Interludes), which is printed in a volume entitled The Moral Play of Wit and

Science, p. 86 (Old Shakespeare Society Publications, 1848), and which has the following burden:

All a green willow; willow, willow; willow;
All a green willow, is my garland.

Agahn, Mr. Chappell (p. 206) quotes a stanza of a ballad in A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions (1578), which commences thus:

My love, what disliking in me do you find,
Sing all of green willow;
That on such a sudden you alter your mind?
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Compare too The Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 79, 80:

Then she sang
Nothing but "willow, willow, willow;"

—Dyce's Beaumont & Fletcher, vol. xl. p. 403.
and Middleton's Blurt, Master Constable, l. 1. 206;

Shall Camillo then sing "willow, willow, willow?"

—Bullen's Middleton, vol. i. p. 14.

and Massinger's Maid of Honour, v. 1:

You may cry *Willow, willow!* for your brother.

—Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 278.

To turn now to another point—the Pepsian version of the song, in which, by the way, the speaker of the stanzas is not the deserted lady, but a forsaken lover. The ballad is far too long for insertion here; I will give, however, the stanzas which correspond to those sung by Desdemona:

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,
O willow, willow, willow!

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;
O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The cold streame ran by him, his eyes wept apace,

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones;

O willow, &c.

The soft tears fell from him, which softened the stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blanie me, her scoones I do prove;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

This extract, to repeat myself, is from the ballad as given by Percy from the original in the Pepsian collection (see the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Gilliland's ed. vol. 1. pp. 158, 159). The variations from Shakespeare's version need not be pointed out; it is probable that the Pepsian ballad was a popular reimpression (dating, says Rimbault, from Charles II.'s reign; from Charles I.'s reign, says Collier, 1646-1650) of an old Elizabethan original; and this would explain the fact that the version quoted by Chappell from the MS. volume of music in the British Museum, the versiou printed by Percy, and the fragmentary quotations that occur in the play, are all different, each, perhaps, being a more or less approximate reproduction of some lost original. Another point in connection with this ballad. In the volume of Shakespeare's songs edited by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Stone for the

of;" F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *For off*. *Forth of*=out of, is used by Shakespeare in several passages, e.g. in Julius Cæsar, iii. 3. 3:

I have no will to wander *forth of doors*.

237. Line 37: *no watch! no passage*.—The explanation given in our foot-note of *passage*=passengers is the one generally adopted. Perhaps it means, more literally, "no passing of steps." We may compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 98, 99:

If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring *passage* of the day,

where "*passage of the day*" seems to mean "time of the day when most traffic of foot passengers is going on."

238. Line 48: *that cries on murder*.—For *cry on*=*cry out*, cf. Hamlet, v. 2. 375: "This quarry *cries on havoc*." Compare also Marston's Eastward Hoë, ii. 1:

Who *cries on* murder? Lady, was it you?

—Works, Halliwell's edn. vol. iii. p. 20.

239. Line 86: *To be a party in this injury*.—So FF.; Q4. have "To *beare* a part."

240. Line 105: *Stay you, good GENTLEMEN*.—So FF.; Q4. have *gentlewoman*, which Malone strongly defends, on the ground that there is no reason for Lodovico and Gratiano going away, while Bianca would naturally follow her wounded lover; but, as Reed points out, Cassio having been named as Othello's successor, it was natural enough that Lodovico and Gratiano should follow, to see if they could render him any assistance, out of respect for his office, even if not out of friendship. A far stronger reason for preferring the reading of FF. is to be found in the context. Iago begins his speech addressing Bianca *What, look you pale!* (line 104)—then gives direction to carry the two wounded men "out of the air," and, as he addresses the rest of his speech to Gratiano and Lodovico, with the exception of the one sentence, *Look you pale, mistress!*—there can be little doubt that it is to them, and not to her, that he addresses the words *Stay you*. Nor is his mode of address to Bianca throughout this scene such that he would be likely to call her by any complimentary title; for it was his cue to be rude and brutal, as he wishes to make her out as bad a character as possible.—F. A. M.

241. Line 106: *Do you perceive the GASTNESS of her eye?*—Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *jeastures*. The form *gastness* is noticeable; it is obviously allied to *aghost*, which Skeat derives from "d. prefix; and *gæstan*, to terrify, torment." Indeed *aghost* should really be spelt *agast*, the latter being short for *agasted*, the past participle of *agasten*. Possibly the *h* was introduced through some erroneous idea that the word was cognate with *ghost*. We have *gasted* in Lear, ii. 1. 57:

Or whether *gasted* by the noise I made,

Cotgrave renders *espoventable* by "horrible, *gastful*, horrid," *gastful* occurs in Spenser, The Shepheard's Calendar, August:

Here will I dwell apart
In *gastful* grove;

and Chaucer repeatedly, if not regularly, uses the form *agaste*—e.g. The Monkes Tale (Balthasar):

This honde, that Balthasar so sore *agaste*.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

242.—The account of Desdemona's death in the novel is as follows: "'A method,' says Iago, 'has occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion. The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places. Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this world remain on the body; when she is dead we will pull down a part of the ceiling, and bruise your wife's head; then give out that a beam in falling has done this and killed her. If you follow this advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental.' This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber. When they were in bed, the ensign, according to his instruction, made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she had heard it? She answered Yes—'Get up then and see what it is.' Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet-door the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared gave her a violent blow on the small of the back. She fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed, and said to her, 'Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity! even so are those wives treated who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds.' The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second blow that the ensign had given her, said, 'That since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the Divine Justice in favour of her honour and her truth;' and invoking the Divine Assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck a third time. Afterwards they placed her in her bed; and after breaking her skull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours on this alarm ran thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams" (*ut supra*, pp. 303-305).

243. Lines 1-3:

*It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.*

This appears to me to be one of the most dillicent passages in the whole play, and one of which there never has been yet given any satisfactory explanation. What does Othello mean by *the cause!* Does he mean the cause which impels him to take Desdemona's life, or does he mean *the cause* which has occasioned her supposed unfaithfulness to him? Feltner, apparently taking the latter to be the meaning, provoked a tempest of ridicule from nearly all the critics, by making Othello catch sight of his own face in a looking-glass. In his stage-version the passage is thus printed:

"Othello accidentally touches the glass in which he sees his bronzed face,—(*With latter despair*):

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!
(*returning to the window his eyes fixed on the heavens.*)

Let me not name it to you you chaste stars!

(Looking at his face once again.)

It is the cause!

(He violently throws the glass into the sea, goes to the door, locks it, advances to the bed, half drawing his sword.)

Certainly this explanation has the merit of boldness. I suppose the idea in Fechter's mind was that Othello attributed Desdemona's intrigue with Cassio to her repugnance to his own tawny complexion, which repugnance drove her to seek consolation in the arms of one of her own countrymen; and that this unchastity of hers was what was not to be named to the *chaste stars*. Johnson explains the passage as follows: "The meaning I think is this:—I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but 'it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause'" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 462). Steevens says: "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself the *cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. He may, however, mean—It is the *cause* of chastity and virtue, that I maintain" (*ut supra*, pp. 462, 463). Hudson says: "Othello means that Desdemona's crime is the sole motive or reason that impels him to the present act; that in this alone he has a justifying cause, a 'compelling occasion' for what he is about to do" (Furness, p. 293). Grant White, who found the passage most perplexing, could not make up his mind what the *cause* was; though on line 2 he says the *it* "refers to Desdemona's supposed unchastity" (*ut supra*, p. 293). Perhaps the general meaning is clear enough; Othello is trying to justify to himself the act of murder that he is about to do. Addressing his soul, he seeks to silence the reproaches of conscience by insisting that his deed is justified by the *cause*. In fact, as he says further on, at the end of this speech (line 21), "this sorrow's heavenly," that is to say, "akin to the divine." "It strikes where it doth love;" as we read in Holy Scripture "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Again, further on, he says (lines 63-65):

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

Compare also lines 137-139:

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity.

Emilia seems to understand the spirit in which Othello has taken Desdemona's life, when she says (lines 160, 161):

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

Indeed, throughout the scene, it is quite evident that Othello had persuaded himself that he was committing not an act of murder, but an act of solemn justice; and though *cause* may not be exactly the word we should have expected, yet it is one too often abused in connection with crimes of homicide; it is found so often in the mouth of the man who gratifies his own personal malice against his enemy under the guise of "the wild justice of revenge;" or

in that of the political cut-throat, who does not scruple to run the risk of taking scores of innocent lives on the chance of reaching the tyrant whom he and his fellow-assassins have condemned to death. Numberless are the cowardly and brutal crimes that have been justified, according to some, by the sacred *cause* for which they were committed—F. A. M.

244. Line 5; *smooth as MONUMENTAL ALABASTER*.—Alabaster was much used for tombs and monuments (see Merchant of Venice, note 22). Compare also Comus, 659-661:

If I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in *alabaster*,
And you a *statue*.

Coryat tells us that he saw in one of the libraries at Venice "a little world of memorable antiquities, made in *Alabaster*" (Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1776, vol. i. p. 224). The simile, of course, is natural and effective; cf. Lucrece, 419:

Her azure veins, her *alabaster* skin;

with line 291 of the same poem:

Where, like a virtuous *monument*, she lies.

So The Woman in the Moon, iv. 1:

Such golden hayre, such *alabaster* lookes,
—Fairholt's Lilly, ff. 197.

Alabaster is the old and incorrect form, used by Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. iii. canto ii. st. xiii. line 7:

Her *alabaster* breast she soft did kis.

In Paradise Regain'd, iv. 547, we find the right form:

app'ring like a mount
Of *alabaster*, topt with golden spires.

245. Lines 7-13: *Put out the light, &c.*—These lines are full of very wonderful tragic intensity. The speaker seizes on some trivial, accidental object and makes it serve as an illustration of his own position and purpose. We have a precisely parallel piece of artistic subtlety in Richard II. v. 5. 41-43, where the king, in his prison, hears music outside, and lets the music serve as a kind of unconscious commentary on his own jangling, ill-tuned life, and that of men generally.

[We have printed line 7 as Capell prints it. It has been very variously punctuated by different editors, but certainly his arrangement seems the best. Whether Othello carries on the light himself, or whether the light is burning by the bedside, the idea is the same. He is going to extinguish it, when he checks himself as the thought occurs to him which is so beautifully amplified in the following lines. Goldwin Smith thought that this line was a stage-direction which had crept into the text, and would omit it altogether; but surely the beauty of the passage is much injured by such an omission.—F. A. M.]

There are some discrepancies between the Q₁ and F₁ in this passage. In line 10 the Q₁ read: "But once put out *thine*;" we have kept the reading of F₁. Again, in line 13 Q₁ has "That cau thy light *returne*;" Q₂, Q₃ have *returne*; the reading in our text is substantially that of F₁; they print *re-tune*.

246. Line 22: *It strikes where it doth LOVE*.—"Let me repeat"—I quote from Coleridge's Lectures—"that Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago

—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; and in considering the essence of the Shakesperian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall feel immediately the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousies of Leontes, and the morbid suspiciousness of Leontus, who is, in other respects, a fine character. Othello had no life but in Desdemona:—the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart, and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspectingness and holy entireness of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most? (Lectures on Shakspeare, pp. 393, 394). This, it seems to me, is one of those passages in which Coleridge reveals the very heart and vital idea of the poet's work. So far as I know, all modern criticism of the present drama is based on that of Coleridge; a statement indeed which is true of Shakesperian criticism in general—at any rate to a very considerable extent.

247. Line 31: *I would not kill thy UNPREPARED SPIRIT.*
—We may remember Hamlet, l. 5. 76-79:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

The idea comes out very clearly and pathetically in Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, lv. 6:

O me unhappy! I have found them lying
Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.

—Thomas Heywood's *Select Plays*, in *Merrmaid* ed. p. 53.

Compare, too, Massinger, *The Bashful Lover*, ii. 7:

Stand forth and tremble!
This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,
Shall now arouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,
I would not kill thy soul.

—Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 540.

248. Line 46: *They do not POINT ON ME.*—For *point on* = *point to*, refer to, compare Julius Cesar, i. 3. 31, 32:

they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they *point upon*.

So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 330, 331:

find Hector's purposes
Pointing on him.

249. Lines 64, 65:

*And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A MURDER, which I thought a SACRIFICE.*

The sense is: "I came to kill you with the feeling in my mind that I was about to fulfil a sacred duty; but you *stone my heart* (the Quarto has *thy heart*), you fill my soul with pitiless cruelty, and when I stab you it will be, not with the calmness of the priest, rather with the remorseless rage of the murderer." Othello will now be

an assassin; before he was only avenging justice. His deed is no longer sanctified by sorrow.

250. Lines 83, 84:

Oth.

It is too late.

Emil. *My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!*

So the Folio and the Quarto of 1630. The Quarto of 1622 inserts a fragment which is much better away; it reads:

Oth. 'Tis too late.
Per. O Lord, Lord, Lord,
Em. My Lord, my Lord, &c.

Perhaps the words placed in the mouth of Desdemona represent a piece of player's gag.

251. Line 83: [Smother her].—"To the Cockpit to see 'The Moore of Venice,' which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered" (Pepys's Diary, Oct. 13, 1660).

252. Line 97: *My wife! my wife! what wife! I have no wife.*—Did Tennyson by any chance remember this line when he wrote in *Enoch Arden*—

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd!

253. Line 110: *she comes MORE NEAR THE EARTH.*—We may recall Milton's:

while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and *nearer to the earth*
Wheels her pale course. —Paradise Lost, l. 784-786.

254. Line 183: *Go to, CHARM your TONGUE.*—Johnson thought it "not improbable that Shakespeare wrote *etain* your tongue; to *etain* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow and hinders the sound." The proposed correction is certainly maladroit, and perfectly unnecessary, to *charm the tongue*, i.e. to put it under the spell of silence, being a proverbial phrase. Compare *The London Prodigal*, ii. 1:

Away, sirrah; *charm your tongue!*
—Shakespeare's *Doubtful Plays*, Tauchnitz ed. p. 231.

and Cynthia's Revels, i. 1:

How now! my dancing broggart! *charm your skipping tongue.*
—Ben Jonson's Works, Routledge's ed. p. 72.

Perhaps in *Winter's Tale*, lv. 4. 250, *etainour* is, as Gifford supposed, a misprint for *charm*. Furness, by the way (*Variorium Othello*, p. 315), refers us to *The Faerie Queene*, v. ix. xxxix. line 3, where *charm*, however, might mean *tune*, a sense which it bears in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, line 5: "*charming his oaten pipe.*" See *Globe edition of Spenser*, pp. 341 and 340.

255. Line 220: *as liberal as the NORTH.*—The First Quarto (1622) gives *ayre*, and this reading has been adopted by many editors. It is more obvious than the *north* of the Folios, which I have retained (as does the *Globe edition*), and which may be partly paralleled by *Cymbeline*, i. 3. 36, 37:

And like the tyrannous breathing of the *north*
Shakes all our buds from growing,

Collier's MS. Corrector proposed *wind*, remembering perhaps *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 47, 48:

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the *wind*

ing justice. His deed

It is too late.
Oh! my lord, my lord!
 The Quarto of 1622
 after away; it reads;

outh of Desdemona

the Cockpit to see
 all done. But acted
 by pretty lady that
 emotion smothered"

*What wife? I have
 once remember this*

one,
 had he a home?

R THE EARTH.—We

the moon
 with
 Advice Lost, l. 784-786.

TONGUE.—Johnson
 espere wrote *clam*
 for the clapper with
 ts the sound." The
 troit, and perfectly
 e. to put it under
 phrase. Compare

uence;
 Fauchnitz ed. p. 23.

our skiffing tongue.
 outledge's ed. p. 72.

mour is, as Gifford
 nness, by the way
 The Faerie Queene,
 ever, might mean
 louts Come Home
 pipe." See Globe

—The First Quarto
 been adopted by
 in the north of the
 the Globe edition),
 umbeline, i. 3. 36, 37:
 the north

remembering per-

arty
 was

256. Line 235: *PRECIOUS villain!*—The 1630 Quarto has, less graphically, *pernitious*.

257. Lines 247, 248:
*I will play the SWAN,
 And DIE IN MUSIC.*

A very old superstition, alluded to in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 44, and *King John*, v. 7. 21, and based, perhaps, on Ovid's

*Sic uti fata vocant uelis abjectus in herbis
 Ad vada Mæandri concitatus albos.*
 —Heroides, vii. 1, 2.

With the English poets the idea is a very favourite one. Compare "The Phoenix and the Turtle, 14-17; and *Hero and Leander*, Fourth Bestiad, 266, 267:

the white black-eyed swans
 Did sing; —Bullen's *Marlowe*, iii. 67.

and Wyatt's *The Dying Lover Complaineth*:

Like as the swan towards her death
 Doth strain her voice with doleful note.
 —Wyatt's Works, ed. Gillilan, p. 80.

Many other references might be given; e.g. one in Sidney's *Sonnets*, Arber's *English Garner*, ii. p. 173; another in Spenser's *Shepherds Calendar*, October (*glosse*); another in Love's *Metamorphosis*, iii. 1—Fairholt's *Lilly*, vol. ii. p. 233; and so on.

258. Line 253: *It is a SWORD OF SPAIN*.—Spanish swords were, of course, exceedingly famous and in request. Allusions to them are frequent enough; e.g. 'Tis *Pity She's a Whore*, i. 2; "spoonmeat is a wholesomer diet than a *Spanish blade*" (*Ford's Select Plays*, in *Mermaid* ed. p. 104).

259. Line 268: *And very SEA-MARK of my utmost sail*. —So *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 72: "Like a great *sea-mark*."

260. Lines 272, 273:
O ill-starr'd WENCH!
Pale as thy SMOCK!

"I may observe," wrote a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1829, that among the common people in Staffordshire the words *boy* and *girl* seem ever now to be scarcely known, or at least are never used, *lad* and *wench* being the universal substitutes. Young women also are called *wenches*, without any offensive meaning, though in many parts, and especially in the metropolis, the application has become one of vulgar contempt. Hence I have heard that line in *Othello*,

'O ill-starr'd *wench*, pale as thy *smock*,'

thus softened down to suit the fastidious ears of a London audience, 'O ill-starr'd *wretch*, pale as thy *sheets*.' I owe this extract to Mr. Gomme's *Gentleman's Magazine Library*, Dialect Section, p. 5.

261. Line 279: *Blow me about in WINDS!*—We are reminded of *Claudius's*

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world.
 —Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 124-125.

262. Lines 281, 282:
O Desdemona! Desdemona! deal!
Oh! oh! oh!

So the Quartos. Dyce, following neither Quartos nor Folio, prints the most unmusical line

O Desdemona! dead! Desdemona! dead! O!

Professor Hales in his article upon Shakespeare's use of Greek names remarks upon the peculiar appropriateness of *Desdemona's* name; obviously it is the Greek *δωδεκάμων*, and she of all Shakespeare's characters is superlatively and supremely unfortunate; the very type and symbol of sorrow; not merely unhappy, but unhappiness itself. Professor Hales's essay is reprinted in his *Notes and Essays on Shakespeare*; see pages 111-113.

263. Lines 346, 347:
*of one whose hand,
 Like the base INDIAN, threw a pearl away.*

This is the reading of the Quartos; the Folio has:

*Of one, whose hand
 (Like the base JUDÆAN) threw.*

Those who retain the text of the Folio suppose that allusion is made to the story of Herod and Mariamne. Myself, I cannot doubt that *Judean* is an error for *Indian*, and that the lines are to be explained by a reference to the precisely parallel passages which Boswell was lucky enough to discover. Compare the following:

So the unskillfull Indian those bright gems
 Which might addie majestie to diadems
 'Mong the waves scatters.
 —Habington's *Castara—To Castara Weeping*.
 —Arber's Reprint, p. 67.

Again, in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard:

Behold my queen—
 Who with no more concern I'll cast away
 Than Indians do a pearl that ne'er did know
 Its value;

And Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*:

The wretched Indian spurns the golden ore.
 —Works, ed. 1753, vol. ii. p. 551.

This last reference is given by Sidney Walker, *A Critical Examination, &c.*, iii. p. 292. These parallels appear to me to be quite conclusive.

264. Lines 348-350:
*whose subdu'd EYES,
 Albeit UNUSED to the MELTING MOOD,
 Drop TEARS.*

Not unlike *Sonnet xxx. line 5*:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow.

265. Line 351: *Their med'cinable GUM*.—"The gum," says Hunter, "is probably that called *Bernix*, of which the following account is given in *The Great Herbal*: 'Bernix is the *gomme* of a tree that groweth beyond the see. For this tree droppeth a gommy thickness that hardeneth 'neath of the sonne.' Its uses in medicine are then described" (*Illustrations*, ii. 289). Another suggestion is that *myrrh* is meant.

266. Lines 358, 359:
 NO WAY BUT THIS,
 Killing myself, to DIE UPON A KISS.

No way but this is probably a variation on the more common *no way but one*, upon which see Henry V. note 121,

WORDS PECULIAR TO OTHER PARTS

Stevens aptly com-
part II. ii. 4. 69, 70;
die,
of my lord.
orks, Bulen's ed. i. 132.

that the word is
cited.
Q. 1 and F. 1.

Act Sc. Line
ation... iii. 2 5
t³¹ (sub.) iii. 3 440
ness... iii. 4 38
... ii. 3 282
y... iii. 4 117
... 2 57
... v. 1 109
(verb) iv. 2 62
... i. 1 114
... i. 1 114
... i. 1 126
... ii. 3 180
... i. 2 70
ke... iii. 3 39
-hen... i. 3 317
... ii. 1 69
(verb) ... ii. 1 171
d (adj.) iii. 3 266
adth... i. 3 136
... i. 3 374
(iii. 3 448
ish... v. 2 313
y (adv.) v. 2 135
rough ii. 1 2
... ii. 3 135
affairs. i. 3 147
... i. 3 326
ok³⁵... v. 2 258
d... v. 2 272
ty... iii. 3 149
ney... i. 3 20
... ii. 3 269
ntly... i. 3 306
... i. 3 274
... iii. 3 183
... i. 3 35

Act Sc. Line
Intentively... i. 3 155
Iturance... v. 2 150
Jesses... iii. 3 201
Joint-ring... iv. 3 72
Knee-crooking... i. 1 45
Knot (verb)... iv. 2 62
Law-days... iii. 3 140
Lengned¹... ii. 3 218
Lettuce... i. 3 325
Levels²... i. 3 240
Light-winged³... i. 3 269
List (=desire)... ii. 1 105
Landing (sub.)... v. 2 363
Lucrests... i. 3 356
Loveliness⁴... ii. 1 233
Last-stained... v. 1 36
Mammering... iii. 3 70
Man⁵ (verb)... v. 2 270
Manage⁶... ii. 3 215
Mediators⁷... i. 1 16
Molestation... ii. 1 16
Moorship... i. 1 33
Mornar... ii. 3 301
Mortise⁸ (sub.)... ii. 1 9
Mutualities... ii. 1 267
Night-brawler⁹... ii. 3 196
Nonsults... i. 1 16
Observancy... iii. 4 149
Ocular... iii. 3 360
Odd-even... i. 1 124
Off-capped... i. 1 10
Offenceness... ii. 3 275
Olympus-high... ii. 1 100
Outsport... ii. 3 3
Out-tongue⁹... i. 2 19
Overt... i. 3 107
Parallel (adj.)... ii. 3 355

¹ = joined in friendship; used figuratively in Cymbeline, li. 2, 213.
² = to coincide with; used elsewhere in various senses.
³ hypheced in Q. 1. 48onn. lv. 1.
⁴ = (to) aim; used elsewhere in various senses.
⁵ = to bring about; used elsewhere in other senses.
⁶ = to bring about; used elsewhere in other senses.
⁷ Lucrece, 1629.
⁸ A term in carpentry; the verb occurs in Hamlet, iii. 3. 29.
⁹ Two words in Q. 1.

Act Sc. Line
Partially¹⁰... i. 3 218
Pegs (sub.)... ii. 1 202
Felt (trans)... ii. 1 12
Player¹¹... ii. 1 113
Pleasance¹²... ii. 3 203
Plant... i. 3 151
Plume (verb)... i. 3 309
Poppy... iii. 3 330
Post-post-haste... i. 3 49
Pottling... ii. 3 70
Pottle-deep... ii. 3 50
Prerogative¹³... iii. 3 274
Prime¹³ (adj.)... iii. 3 403
Probat... ii. 3 344
Procreants... iv. 2 28
Promnigate... i. 2 21
Protectress... iv. 1 14
Curse¹⁴... iii. 3 113
Qualification... i. 1 282
Quarries¹⁵... ii. 3 141
Quit... v. 1 11
Rash (adverbially) iii. 4 70
Reconciliation... iii. 3 47
Recover¹⁶... ii. 3 272
Retinue... v. 2 13
Reprobance... v. 2 209
Requisites... ii. 1 16
Ro-stem... i. 3 37
Rose-flipped... iv. 2 63
Sagittary... i. 1 159
Sail¹⁷... v. 2 268
Sanny... iv. 2 146
Search¹⁸... i. 1 159

¹⁰ Lucrece, 634.
¹¹ = a trifter; = one who plays at a game, Lear, i. 4. 96; very frequently used = an actor.
¹² Pass. Pilgrim, 168.
¹³ = lascivious; used repeatedly in other senses.
¹⁴ = to wrinkle; occurs elsewhere in two other passages = to rot in a purse.
¹⁵ (of stone); as term in hunting occurs elsewhere in three passages.
¹⁶ = to reconcile; often used in other senses.
¹⁷ = a voyage; used elsewhere frequently, especially in other figurative senses.
¹⁸ = searches; used frequently elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

Act Sc. Line
Sect¹²... i. 1 37
Segregation... ii. 1 19
Self-bounty... iii. 2 200
Self-charity... ii. 2 267
Sequester (sub.)... iii. 1 10
Shadowing... iv. 1 33
Shipped²⁰... ii. 1 47
Signory²¹... i. 2 18
Silliness... i. 3 300
Skillet... i. 3 273
Slipper (adj.)... ii. 1 240
Slubber²²... i. 3 228
Snipe... i. 3 290
Solicitation... iv. 2 202
Sooty... i. 2 70
Sorry²³... iii. 4 51
Sour²⁴... iv. 3 96
Spirit-stirring... iii. 3 352
Squabbie... ii. 3 281
Startling... iii. 4 70
State-affairs... i. 3 72, 190
State-matters... iii. 4 155
Steep-down... v. 2 280
Stone²⁵... v. 2 63
Supersubtle... i. 3 265
Supervisor... iii. 3 305
Swag-bellied... ii. 3 79
Symbols... ii. 3 350
Tented... i. 3 85
Thicken²⁶... iii. 3 430
Thick-lips... i. 1 66
Thinly²⁷... iii. 3 431
Toget... i. 1 25
Topped²⁸ (verb) iii. 3 396
Toughness... i. 3 344
Tranquil... iii. 3 348

¹⁹ = a cutting or scion; used elsewhere in other senses.
²⁰ Used adjectively.
²¹ = grand council of Venice; used elsewhere in other senses.
²² = to sully; = to do carelessly, in Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 39.
²³ = painful; used in other senses very frequently elsewhere.
²⁴ Used substantively; and in Lucrece, 867.
²⁵ Figuratively = to harden; = to throw stones, in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 807, 836; Lucrece, 978.
²⁶ Used transitively; intransitively in two other passages.
²⁷ = inadequately; used in its more ordinary sense of net thickly in two other passages.
²⁸ = tapped.

Act Sc. Line
Tash²⁹... i. 1 89
... v. 2 159
Turbaned... v. 2 267
Twiggon... i. 3 267
Unauthorized... iv. 1 312
Unbitted... i. 1 89
Unblessed³⁰... iv. 1 341
Unbookish... iv. 1 342
Unfitting... iv. 1 343
Unhatched³¹... iii. 4 141
Unface³²... ii. 3 194
Unmoving... iv. 2 55
Unperfectness... iii. 3 295
Unpiu... iv. 3 21, 34
Unproper... iv. 1 49
Unprovide... iv. 1 218
Unreconciled... v. 2 27
Unshammable... iii. 3 275
Unused³³... v. 2 349
Unvarnished... i. 3 90
Unwitted... ii. 3 182
Venid... iv. 1 9
Veritable... iv. 4 76
Veronesa... ii. 1 26
Waterfish³⁴... iii. 3 15
Wenponed... v. 2 296
Wedding-sheets iv. 2 105
Well-desired... ii. 1 266
Well-painted³⁵... iv. 1 268
Whereinto... iii. 3 137
Whipster... v. 2 214
Wind-instrument iii. 1 5, 10
Wind-shaked... ii. 1 13
Womaned... iii. 4 195

²⁹ = to restrain; = to lop, in Tempest, i. 2. 81.
³⁰ This verb is used in Sonn iii. 4.
³¹ = not yet brought to light; = unshaked, Tw. Night, iii. 4. 257.
³² Figuratively = to disgrace; in literal sense in Sam. P. Ham. 149.
³³ = not accustomed, and in Sonn. xxx. 5; = not used, in Hamlet, iv. 4. 39; and in several passages in Sonnets.
³⁴ Used figuratively in the sense of thin; in its literal sense of water in Lear, i. 1. 261.
³⁵ Hero figuratively; but used literally in Venus, 212; Lucrece, 1443. Printed as two words in Q. 1.

figuratively = a load; in Titus And. i. 1. 71.
figuratively = bombas- occurs in Taming of
= a coarse stuff.
and Adonis, 299,
groom; used by Shak.
ses.
[1] Ischrook in Q. 1.
etere; used elsewhere
ses.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ON OTHELLO.

EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note 180. iv. 1. 1:

Iago. *Will you think so?*

Othello.

Think so, Iago! What,

To kiss in private!

Iago. (Ironically) *An unauthoriz'd kiss.*

Othello. *Or! to be naked with her friend in bed*

*An hour or more—not meaning any harm:
Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean any harm!*

EMENDATION ADOPTED.

Note 117. ii. 3. 188, 189:

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

Cas. *I pray you, pardon me:—I cannot speak.*



*of any harm:
mean any harm'*

DOPTED.

*in are thus forgot!
I cannot speak.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY
OSCAR FAY ADAMS AND ARTHUR SYMONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD BROWN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<p>MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CESAR, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs. POMPEY (Sextus Pompeius), DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, } VENTIDIUS, } EROS, } Friends to Antony. SCARUS, } DERCETAS, } DEMETRIUS, } PHILO, } MECENAS, } AGRIPPA, } Friends to Cæsar. DOLABELLA, } PROCCULEIUS, } THYREUS, } GALLUS, }</p>	<p>MENAS, MENECRATES, } Friends to Pompey. VARRIUS, } TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar. CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony. SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army. EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar. ALEXAS, } MARDIAN, } 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, }</p>
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Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—In several parts of the Roman empire.

HISTORIC PERIOD: From B.C. 40 to B.C. 30.

TIME OF ACTION.

This is divided by Daniel into twelve days represented on the stage, with intervals:—

<p>Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-4.—Interval (? 40 days). Day 2: Act I. Scene 5; Act II. Scenes 1-3. Day 3: Act II. Scene 4.—Interval. Day 4: Act II. Scenes 5-7 [Act III. Scene 3].—? Interval. Day 5: Act III. Scenes 1 and 2 [Act III. Scene 3. See Day 4].—Interval. Day 6: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval.</p>	<p>Day 7: Act III. Scene 6.—Interval. Day 8: Act III. Scene 7. - Day 9: Act III. Scenes 8-10.—Interval. Day 10: Act III. Scenes 11-13; Act IV. Scenes 1-3. Day 11: Act IV. Scenes 4-9. Day 12: Act IV. Scenes 10-15; Act V. Scenes 1 and 2.</p>
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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

"The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra" was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. "A booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*" was entered by Edward Blount in the Stationers' Registers, May 20, 1608. Blount was afterwards one of the publishers of the First Folio, and it seems most probable that this entry relates to the play of Shakespeare. Possibly the play was written a little earlier than the year in which it was first entered, and a certain kinship which the play seems to have—despite some marked differences—with *Macbeth* perhaps favours the supposition. The dramatic method, indeed, in the two plays, or rather the precise form of the construction, is (as I shall point out later) of a quite dissimilar kind. But the style in both plays seems clearly to belong to the same period, and there are various interesting links connecting the characters of *Macbeth* and *Anthony*.

As in all the Roman plays, Shakespeare has taken the materials for his tragedy from North's version of Amyot's *Plutarch*, which appeared in 1579; a translation perhaps twice removed from the original—for the great Bishop of Auxerre, one of the earliest masters of really nervous and scholarly French, is said to have followed a Latin text—but a translation, certainly, which is still the most inspiring version of the most inspiring book of antiquity. How closely Shakespeare has followed the life of *Marcus Antonius* will be seen from the quotations given in the notes.

Many plays were written both before and after the publication of Shakespeare's tragedy on the same subject. Of the former we may mention Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, of which Halliwell says in his *Dictionary of Old Plays*: "This play is founded on the

story of *Cleopatra* in *Plutarch's Lives of Anthony and Pompey*; and on a little French book, of which we have a translation by Otway, entitled the *History of the Three Triumvirates*. This tragedy was very much esteemed in its time; and in the edition of it in 4to, 1623, the author has made various alterations greatly to its advantage." There was also a play called the *Tragedie of Antonie*, translated from the French by the Countess of Pembroke, 1595. To neither of these, any more than to the various Italian tragedies produced in the latter half of the 16th century, of which *Cleopatra* was the heroine, does Shakespeare seem to have been indebted. Sir Charles Sedley wrote a tragedy on the same subject, called *Anthony and Cleopatra*, which was licensed April 24th, 1677. Dryden's play, best known under its abbreviated title *All for Love*—the full title being *All for Love or the World Well Lost*—was a far more successful attempt to rival the great master's work; but this play will be more properly treated in the *Stage History*.—A. S.

STAGE HISTORY.

Not until the middle of the eighteenth century can any record be traced of a representation of Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*. The first performance is assumed to have taken place some time shortly previous to 20th May, 1608, under which date in the Stationers' Register Edward Blount or Blunt has the following two entries: "Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Sir George Buek knight and Master Warder Seton A booke called *The booke of Pericles Prynce of Tyre*," and "Entred also for his copie by the like authoritie A booke Called *Anthony and Cleopatra*" (ed. Arber, iii. 167). With every appearance of probability both entries are supposed to refer to Shakespeare, though

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

no copy of Antony and Cleopatra earlier than the first Folio has been traced. Two plays on the same subject had then been printed in England. Daniel's Cleopatra is dated 1594, and the Antony of the Countess of Pembroke, which, however, was written some years earlier, 1595. Daniel founded his tragedy upon Plutarch's Lives of Cæsar and Pompey, and, according to the Biographia Dramatica, upon a French History of the three triumvirates subsequently translated by Otway the dramatist. Lady Pembroke's Antony is a translation of the Marc-Antoine of Robert Garnier, 1578. A Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, a tragedy by Thomas May, followed at no very remote date, being acted in 1626 and printed in 1639. As none of these plays appears to have influenced Shakespeare or been influenced by him they claim scanty attention. Slight coincidences of idea in the treatment of a common theme are to be expected. Such even, except in the case of actions for which there is an historical foundation, are scarcely to be traced. The nearest approach to a resemblance occurs in Garnier's tragedy, one of the numerous works written in imitation of Seneca. Here, after Cleopatra has bidden farewell to her children in the words,

Adieu ma douce eure,

and has been answered in phrase to which English ears will never reconcile themselves,

Adieu Madame,

she bends over the corpse of her lover and declaims a speech in which are the following lines:

Que de mille baisers, et mille, et mille encore
Pour office dernier ma bouee vous honore;

faintly and remotely recalling Shakespeare's magical lines:

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

The first Antony and Cleopatra of the performance of which in England any account survives was that of Sir Charles Sedley, which was licensed 24th April, 1677, and assumably

played at Dorset Garden near the same period. This piece was given with the following cast: Antony = Betterton, Cæsar = Smith, Photinus = Sandford, Mecænas = Harris, Canidius = Medbourne, Thyreus = Crosby, Agrippa = Jevon, Cleopatra = Mrs. Mary Lee, Octavia = Mrs. Betterton, Iras = Mrs. Gibbs, Charmion = Mrs. Hughes. There are, in addition, Memnon and Chilax, two Egyptian lords, played respectively by Mr. Percival and Mr. Gillow. It is a dull rhymed tragedy, apparently from the French. As a mere conjecture, which there is no present means of verifying, the suggestion is put forward that it may be a version of the Marc-Antoine of Mairet, 1630, with which it has something at least in common. The character of Photinus Genest assumes to have been intended by Sedley for Sandford.

The drama which, written in avowed imitation of Shakespeare, was destined for a century and a half practically to banish Shakespeare from the stage of the country that professed to honour him, was the All for Love or the World Well Lost of Dryden. Its title-page bears upon it: "Written in Imitation of Shakespeare's Stile."

All for Love was entered at Stationers' Hall, 31st January, 1677-78, and was acted at the Theatre Royal, subsequently known as Drury Lane, some time in the latter year. The cast as preserved in Downes's Roscius Anglicanus, p. 11, comprised Marc Antony, Mr. Hart; Ventidius his General, Major Mohm; Dolabella his Friend, Mr. Clark; Alexas the Queen's Eunuch, Mr. Goodman; Seraphion, Mr. Griffin; Cleopatra, Mrs. Boutel; Octavia, Mrs. Corey. This play Dryden, justly, regarded as his highest dramatic accomplishment, attributing in part its success to his study of Shakespeare. What he says at the conclusion of a preface dealing with customary truculence with his enemies and his critics—the two words are with him equivalent—is worthy of quotation. "In my stile I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare: which that I might perform more freely I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need

INTRODUCTION.

not to explain my self that I have not copy'd my author servilely. Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages, but 't is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of stiles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my self throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt Anthony and Ventidius in the first act, to any thing which I have written in this kind."

In his prefaces Dryden ordinarily shows himself a man of modesty and taste, though the subsequent performance sometimes goes far to remove the impression. His verdict upon his *All for Love* has been and will be accepted as accurate. It is immeasurably his greatest play. Dryden himself states that it is the only play he wrote for himself; the rest were given to the people. It has with allowances been praised by Samuel Johnson, who, however, owns to a sneaking kindness for rhymed plays, or at least says that, "The description of night in the 'Indian Emperor,' and the rise and fall of empire in the 'Conquest of Granada,' are more frequently repeated than any lines in 'All for Love,' or 'Don Sebastian.'" The favourable estimate is accepted by subsequent critics, including Dryden's latest editors, Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Saintsbury. Whether the passages between Antony and Ventidius are worthy of the preference accorded them by Dryden is open to question. In these, however, the imitation of Shakespeare extends far beyond Antony and Cleopatra. In the speeches of Antony most frequently selected for extract and commendation such lines as the following

are obviously inspired by *As You Like It* and other Shakespearean plays:—

Give me some music: look that it be sad:
I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell
And burst myself with sighing.
'Tis somewhat to my humor: Stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oke:
I lean my head upon the mossy bark
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like misleto
Hang o'er my hoary face, a murmur'ing brook
Runs at my foot.

Ventidius. Methinks I fancy
My self thyro too.

Anthony. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on
And take me for their fellow-citizen, eh!

Not even here, tempting as is the occasion, may the often-meditated and as yet inadequately accomplished parallel between the treatment of the same theme by two great poets be essayed. Dryden has rendered his *All for Love* in some respects conformable to the ideas of classical tragedy, and boasts even that it all but fulfils the requirements of the unities. In this and some other respects of order Dryden may claim some merit. Between the two works, however, there is just the difference between a monarch of the forest, and a garden tree clipped into orderly and formal symmetry. The passion, the humanity, the grandeur of Shakespeare are the things wanting from *All for Love*. What, indeed, is wanting is just what is Shakespeare.

It was in *All for Love* that the actors of the Stuart period made their reputation. Such success as was won by Sedley's play, which is scarcely up to its author's reputation, was eclipsed by that of *All for Love*, and no mention is made of its revival. *All for Love*, on the contrary, kept the stage until far into the present century.

Between 1704 and 1706, according to Downes, four plays, to be acted by the players of both companies—Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields—were commanded at Court. First among these was *All for Love*, in which Betterton appeared as Antony, Verbruggen as

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Ventidius, Wilks as Dolabella, Booth as Alexas, Mrs. Barry as Cleopatra, and Mrs. Bracegirdle as Octavia. Concerning these representations Downes says, with every probability of truth in his favour, "These four plays were well acted and gave great satisfaction." On 3rd December, 1718, at Drury Lane, when the management of Cibber, Wilks, and Booth was at the height of its good fortune, an important revival took place. In this Barton Booth was Antony; Mills, Ventidius; Wilks, Dolabella; Cibber, Alexas; Mrs. Oldfield, Cleopatra; and Mrs. Porter, Octavia. Concerning this revival Colley Cibber says, "The habits of that tragedy amounted to an expense of near six hundred pounds; a sum unheard-of for many years before, on the like occasion" (*Apology*, ii. 175, 176, ed. 1889). Dennis, complaining to Steele of the non-production of his *Invader of his Country* or *The Fatal Resentment*, an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, states that the managers of the Theatre Royal, whom he calls Steele's "deputies," spent "above two months of the season in getting up *All for Love*" (*The Theatre*, by Sir Richard Steele, &c., ed. Nichols, ii. 544).

This representation ran for six nights without the aid of pantomime or farce, which in those days, says Davies (*Dramatic Miscellanies* ii. 369), was esteemed something extraordinary. For this the dignified action and forcible elocution of Booth were held by him primarily responsible. Of Mrs. Oldfield he says, that as Cleopatra, "to a most harmonious and powerful voice, and fine person [she] added grace and elegance of gesture." "Mills," he continues, "acted Ventidius with the true spirit of a rough and generous old soldier. To render the play as acceptable to the public as possible, Wilks took the trifling part of Dolabella, nor did Colley Cibber disdain to appear as Alexas; these parts would scarcely be accepted now by third-rate actors. Still to add more weight to the performance, Octavia was a short character of a scene or two in which Mrs. Porter drew not only respect, but the more affecting approbation of tears, from the audience" (*ib.* ii. 370). Elsewhere (vol. i. p. 161) Davies expresses his conviction that *All for Love* is

"the first play, after the Restoration, in which was revived the true dramatic style."

On the 2nd April, 1734, *All for Love* was given at Drury Lane, with Milward as Antony, and Mrs. Heron as Cleopatra; and on 11th March, 1736, at Covent Garden, with Delane and Mrs. Horton in the same characters. It was once more revived at Drury Lane, 2nd February, 1747, with Spranger Barry as Antony, and Mrs. Woffington for the first time as Octavia. It was then acted about five times. Once more was it revived before Antony and Cleopatra saw again the light. This was 12th March, 1750, at Covent Garden, when, for the benefit of Quin, who played Ventidius, Delane reappeared as Antony, and Mrs. Woffington as Cleopatra, Miss Bellamy playing Octavia.

At length, on Wednesday, 3rd January, 1759, at Drury Lane, Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, abridged and transposed by Edward Capell (Genest calls him Capel), saw the light. It seems almost reasonable to assume that it had previously been played, seeing that the bills announced it as first time at that house. If such performances took place no record concerning it has survived. On Capell's version little comment was passed at the time. Warburton, addressing Garrick on the very day of the production, wrote with irony scarcely concealed as regards the play: "Whatsoever advantage, I say, Shakspeare may receive from the whims of his dead editors, he will this night receive a lustre from a living one, which I make no doubt was in his own idea when he wrote the play, but despaired to give, applying the words of the poet to his case with more propriety than when they were first spoken:

Monstrare nequeo, et sentio tantum.

(Garrick Correspondence, i. 93).

To the "passionate desire" of Garrick to "give the public as much of their admired poet as possible," Davies (ii. 368) attributes Garrick's revival of the play, which he (Davies) believes had lain dormant since it was first exhibited. From him we learn that it had "all the advantages of new scenery, habits, and other decorations suitable to the play." Many of the characters were omitted. As

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the first-recorded cast of Shakespeare's play a full list of performers is given from Genest:

ANTONY = Garrick.
 ENOBARBUS = Berry.
 THYREUS = Holland.
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR = Fleetwood.
 ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS and DERCETAS = Blakes.
 SEXTUS POMPEIUS and PROCULEIUS = Austin.
 EROS = Davies.
 CANIDIUS = Wilkinson.
 AGRIPPA = Packer.
 CLEOPATRA = Mrs. Yates.
 OCTAVIA = Mrs. Glen.
 CHARMIAN = Miss Hippisley.
 IRAS = Miss Mills.

The more important alterations in the text consist in assigning to Thyreus the opening speech of Philo, beginning:

Nay but this dotage of our general's;

and the magnificent description of the barge of Cleopatra upon the river Cydnus, which belongs to Enobarbus. It is easily seen by one familiar with the stage that these things were done to commend to an actor of Holland's importance a secondary part such as Thyreus. The assignment to Diomedes of what belongs to the Soldier and Scarns is for the simple sake of economizing characters. The substitution by Capell of the name of Canidius for that of Ventidius, and Shakespeare's use of Modena instead of Mutina, are, with other matters, the subject of severe strictures in Genest (iv. 545).

It is melancholy to find, though the fault appears to have been principally attributable to the actors, that the long-deferred production of Antony and Cleopatra was not a success. After half a dozen repetitions the piece was withdrawn. Why Garrick should not have been a good Antony is not easily seen. He was not, however. Mrs. Yates, meanwhile, though popular as Lady Macbeth, won little recognition in other important female characters of Shakespeare, and made no impression as Cleopatra. Few of Garrick's revivals attracted less attention. Davies and Murphy in their biographies leave it unmentioned. Dr. Doran, without advancing any authority, speaks of it as the great event of its season, and says, with what almost sounds disingenuousness, but is only carelessness, that Garrick

and Mrs. Yates gained "even more laurels as Zaanti and Mandane in the Orphan of China" than in Antony and Cleopatra, in which they gained none at all. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald confesses it a failure.

Writing in 1783 in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, Davies, after stating that Antony and Cleopatra did not answer the expectations of Garrick and of the public, says that "in Antony Garrick wanted one necessary accomplishment, his person was not sufficiently important and commanding to represent the part"—all of which is nothing. Mrs. Yates was young and had not afforded such proofs of genius as she subsequently displayed, and "Mossop wanted the essential part of Enobarbus, humour." Turning, then, to *All for Love*, he contrasts the acting of Booth with that of Garrick. He ends by saying that "*All for Love* has gradually sunk into forgetfulness" (*Dramatic Misc.* ii. 370). From this torpor, if such ever existed, it soon awoke. While Antony and Cleopatra slept for another seventy years Dryden's play was revived at Drury Lane 22nd Mar., 1766, with Powell as Antony and Mrs. Yates again as Cleopatra; and once more at the same house, still under Garrick's management, 17th Dec. 1772, with Spranger Barry as Antony, Mrs. Barry as Octavia, and Miss Younge, for the first time, as Cleopatra. On the 28th of the following March, at Covent Garden, Mrs. Hartley, whose first season it was, made her first appearance as Cleopatra to the Antony of Smith and the Dolabella of Wroughton. With Miss Younge and Smith in the principal parts *All for Love* was played at Drury Lane on 12th May, 1775, and 13th March, 1776. With Smith as Antony, and Miss Yates from Drury Lane as Cleopatra, with West Digges as Ventidius, and Farren as Dolabella, it was given at Covent Garden 8th Jan. and 5th Feb. 1779.

In Dryden's *All for Love*, and not in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, Mrs. Siddons essayed, at Drury Lane, 5th May, 1788, the character of Cleopatra, Kemble being the Antony; Palmer, Ventidius; Barrymore, Dolabella; and Mrs. Ward, Octavia. That the performance by Mrs. Siddons of a character so suited to her powers was fine may be

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assumed. Not being in Shakespeare, however, it calls for no further comment than the statement that Borden (*Life of Siddons*, ii. 243) says that she showed "the daring atrocity of crime," and adds, with sub-acid banter, that "the notion of frailty was visually banished." Campbell (*Life of Siddons*, ii. 127) suggests that Octavia would under certain conditions have been a better part for the actress than Cleopatra; and says that "she never established 'the Siren of the Nile' among her popular characters." On 24th May, 1790, at Covent Garden, Miss Brunton played Cleopatra to the Antony of Holman; and on 12th Jan. 1818, at Bath, Conway, the unfortunate actor, treated with so much perverse cruelty by Hazlitt and Theodore Hook, was the Antony to the Cleopatra of Miss Somerville, afterwards Mrs. Bunn.

At Covent Garden meanwhile, on 15th Nov. 1813, a mongrel version extracted from both Shakespeare and Dryden was produced, with Young = Mark Antony, Terry = Ventidius, Egerton = Enobarbus, Abbott = Octavius, Barrymore = Lepidus, Hamerton = Dolabella, Murray = Thyreus, Mrs. Fawcett = Cleopatra, Mrs. Mae Gibbon = Octavia, and Miss Cooke = Charmion. To Kemble is attributed the dishonour of this patch-work. The following description of the amalgam is abridged from Genest, vii. pp. 417, et seq.: act i. follows pretty closely the original; act ii. begins with Shakespeare (act ii. sc. 2), but omits the conclusion with the description of Cleopatra's galley; act ii. sc. 5, and a scene from act iii. follow. After the entry of Antony the play reverts to Dryden. Act iii. is principally Shakespeare, and act iv. nearly all Dryden. In act v. both authors are used; Ventidius kills himself, as in Dryden; and when Antony has fallen on his sword the play to the end follows Shakespeare; Cleopatra's speeches are mutilated, and the play concludes with a funeral procession. Though acted about nine times, this version failed to please. The *Theatrical Inquisitor*, vol. iii. pp. 310, 311, is justly severe upon this hotch-potch, but gives due praise to the spectacle. Admiration is specially accorded the naval contest between Mark Antony and Cæsar.

On 21st November, 1833, Macready produced at Covent Garden an acting version of Antony and Cleopatra. The great feature of the revival was the scenery by Clarkson Stanfield, on which Bunn, the manager, built great hopes. This Macready pronounced very inappropriate, though he owned that it was beautifully painted. Macready was dissatisfied with his own performance. In his diary he declares on 20th November that he read the great play and "just got an insight into the general effect, but had no power of furnishing a correct picture, or of making any strong hit." On the 22nd he says that the newspapers were very liberal in their strictures on Antony; a phrase of somewhat dubious import, and adds: "Acted Antony better to-night than last night, but it is a hasty unprepared unfinished performance." A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, assumably Talfourd, the biographer of Lamb, says that the version was prepared by Macready himself, and "damns" his performance "with faint praise," saying: "The correct judgment of Mr. Macready could not fall into much error, and the performance of this character was like all others that he attempts, distinguished by a severe taste, the evident result of laborious study." There were scenes of great power, notably the death; but Talfourd missed from the mind of Antony "that spirit of revelry and bounding joyancey which ought to distinguish the madcap banqueter of sixty." The Enobarbus of Cooper is said to have been respectable, and the Cleopatra of Miss Phillips not to have approached in any one respect Shakespeare's description "profuse of joy." A figure "of voluptuous majesty, a mingling of dazzling beauty and intellectual command," the writer holds necessary to the adequate presentation of Cleopatra. From this the pale and delicate beauty, the "mild intellectual expression of countenance," the "meagre figure and lady-like deportment" of Miss Phillips were far removed. The remaining members of the cast are dismissed as unworthy of mention.

Antony and Cleopatra was naturally included in the series of revivals of Shakespeare undertaken under the Phelps and Greenwood management at Sadler's Wells. It was first

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played 22nd October, 1850, with Phelps as Antony, G. K. Dickinson as Octavius, Henry Marston as Sextus Pompeius, George Kenrick as Enobarbus, and Miss Glyn as Cleopatra. This was one of the most successful of the Sadler's Wells revivals, and elicited much approval. Miss Glyn's performance of Cleopatra was the crowning triumph of her career. In personal appearance she conformed to the requirements of Talfourd. In her death scene she was pronounced equal to Pasta. J. A. H. (grand), in Tallis's Dramatic Magazine, says that "the glory that irradiated her countenance at the glad thought that she should meet her 'curled Antony' in the shades was strikingly sublime." In the Athenæum a writer, probably the same, credited her with touching "to admiration" the "variety and fascination of the character." F. G. Tomlins, secretary of the first Shakespeare Society, a competent critic, spoke also in praise of the Cleopatra. Phelps's Antony was much of the same order as that of Macready. The character was outside the actor's limits. Bennett assigned Enobarbus a rugged honesty of manner, Marston declaimed as Pompeius with Kemble-like recitation, and Dickinson was a somewhat too energetic Octavius. The entire representation was warmly praised by George Daniel, the D. G. of the Cumberland edition of acting plays. Miss Glyn's impersonation of Cleopatra was seen again at the Standard Theatre, 3rd March, 1855, and at the Princess's in May, 1867. The latest revival of Antony and Cleopatra was at Drury Lane in September, 1873, when Mr. James Anderson appeared as Antony and Miss Wallis, then almost a debutante, as Cleopatra. The piece had been arranged with a view to spectacular effect, and with no very reverend hand, by Andrew Halliday, and the general cast was far from strong. Mr. Anderson's performance of Antony was picturesque and vigorous but old-fashioned; Miss Wallis's qualifications for Cleopatra did not extend beyond good looks and some eloquent ability, and the production was one of those experiments on the strength of which Chatterton, by whom it was tried, put forward the famous managerial dictum that "Shakespeare spelt ruin."

Of the revivals accordingly of Antony and Cleopatra the particulars of which stage annals supply, one only, that at Sadler's Wells, has been successful. Some consolation may be found in the fact that it was almost, if not quite, the only revival in which Shakespeare's words were treated with reverence, and in which the dramatic aspects of the play were not sacrificed to the spectacular opportunities it afforded. In other words, it was the only revival that deserved to succeed. If it were permitted to dream, the older and the modern stages have been rich with conceivable Cleopatras. Good Antonies are less easy to find, and the part has rarely commended itself to actors. In the United States Antony and Cleopatra has failed to find favour with histrionic stars, and its stage-history is, so far as English records of American undertakings are concerned, a blank.—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Antony and Cleopatra is the most wonderful, I think, of all Shakespeare's plays, and it is so mainly because the figure of Cleopatra is the most wonderful of Shakespeare's women. And not of Shakespeare's women only, but perhaps the most wonderful of women. The queen who ends the dynasty of the Ptolemies has been the star of poets—a malign star shedding baleful light—from Horace and Propertius down to Victor Hugo; and it is not to poets only that her name has come to be synonymous with all that one can conceive of the subtlety of feminine beauty. Before the thought of Cleopatra every man is an Antony—Shakespeare no less than another, though in the play he holds the balance quite steadily. The very name calls up everything that one has read or thought or known of "the world well lost," the giving up of all for love, the supreme surrender into the hands of Lilith, and the inevitable penalty exacted. Probably Shakespeare had had his Cleopatra, though, fortunately for us and for him, he stopped short of the choice of Antony, when

Entre elle et l'univers qui s'offraient à la fois
Il hésita, lâchant le monde dans son choix.

But unless we adopt the surely untenable theory that the Sonnets, with their passionate

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sincerity of utterance, the curiously individual note of their complex harmonies, are merely passion according to the Italian Opera, is it not possible that the dark woman, the "woman colored ill," of whom they show us such significant hints of outline, may have turned his thoughts in the direction of Plutarch's story of Antony and Cleopatra? It is possible; and if so, Shakespeare must have felt a singular satisfaction in putting thus to use an experience bought so sorrowfully, with so much "expense of spirit;" must have felt that he was repaid, more than repaid.

In the conduct of this play, dealing with so typical a story of passion, and with lovers so unrestrained, one is curious to note how much there is of restraint, of coolness, how carefully the style everywhere is heightened, and how much of gravity, in the scenes of political moment, comes to hinder us from any sense of surfeit in those scenes, the central ones of action and interest, in which the heady passion of Cleopatra spends itself. Never was a play fuller of contrasts, of romantic elements, and variety. The stage is turbulent with movement; messengers come and go incessantly, troops are passing over, engaging, and now in flight; the scene shifts, carrying us backward and forward with a surprising rapidity. But one has a feeling that contrast is of the essence of the piece, and that surprise is to be expected; and not even the variety of the play is more evident than its perfect congruity. Some of this comes about, there can be little question, from the way in which Shakespeare has constructed his play on the very lines of Plutarch, following his authority with a scrupulousness not unlike the regard felt by a modern Realist for his "human documents," and no doubt for the same reason. Plutarch was, for Shakespeare, the repository of actual fact; in those pages he found the liveliest image attainable of things as they really happened, and in the comments, outlining the characters, something far more likely to be right than the hazard of any guess of his, so long after. And so fully aware was he of the priceless value of every hint art can extort from nature—of the priceless value of all we can get of real nature, that he was content here to copy merely, to

reconstruct after a given plan, and almost without altering a single outline. He gave the outlines life, that was all; and it is a real Antony, a real Cleopatra, that come before us on the romantic stage.

While the main interest of the play is of course centred in the personages who give it name, Shakespeare has not here adopted the device which he used in *Macbeth*, for instance, of carefully subordinating all the other characters, leaving the two principal ones in the strongest possible light and isolation. He has rather developed these characters through the medium of a crowd of persons and incidents, giving us, not a small corner of existence burningly alive with tremendous issues, but a lover's tragic comedy played out in the sight of the world, on an eminence, and with the fate of nations depending upon it—a tragic comedy in whose fortunes the arrival of a messenger may make a difference, and whose scenes are timed by interviews with generals and rulers. It is the eternal tragedy of love and ambition, and here, for once, it is the love which holds by the baser nature of the man who is the subject of it, the ambition which is really the prompting of his nobler side. Thus the power of Cleopatra is never more really visible than in the scenes where she does not appear, and in which Antony seems to have forgotten her. For by the tremendous influences which in these scenes are felt to be drawing him away from her, by all that we see and hear of the incitements to heroic action and manly life, we can measure the force of that magic which brings him back always—from *Cæsar*, who might be a friend, from *Octavia*, who would be a wife, from *Pompey*, a rival—to her feet. Such scenes are, besides, a running comment of moral interpretation, and impress upon us a sane and weighty criticism of that flushed and feverish existence, with what is certainly so tempting in it, which is being led by these imperial lovers on terms of such absolute abandonment of everything to the claims of love. This criticism is singularly definite and clear, and leaves us in no doubt as to the moral Shakespeare intended to draw—a moral still further emphasized by the beautiful quiet character of *Octavia*, the counterpoise to Cleo-

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patra, and a curious instance of supreme delicacy of art, from the precise and attractive image she leaves upon a play where she is mainly silent. The ambiguous character of Enobarbus is still further useful in giving the point of irony which appears in all really true and fine studies of a world in which irony seems, after all, to be the final word with the disinterested observer. Enobarbus acts the part of chorus; he is neither for nor against virtue; and by seeming confounded moral judgments he serves the part of artistic equity.

"Antony being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted upon him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen of any: and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight, and made it worse than before." So Plutarch, in the picturesque version of Sir Thomas North, "Shakespeare's Plutarch," gives the first distinct sign of the finally downward course of Antony. Of Antony as he had been, we read a little above: "Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity: and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself." When the play opens, this Antony of the past is past indeed; the first words strike the keynote: "Nay, but this dotage of our general's." Yet in the character as it comes before us, one finds, broken indeed, yet there though in ruins, the potent nature of the man, standing out now and again suddenly, usually with no very great result in action. See, for example, in the second scene, the scarcely perceptible flash, in the jesting colloquy with Enobarbus: "No more light answers!" and the sudden change which comes about. He can still, when Antony is Antony, command. And observe again, in the meeting between the jarring triumvirs, how gravely and well he holds his own, and especially his scrupulous care of his honour, evidently so dear to him, and by no means a matter of words only. But the man, as we see him, is wrecked; he has given himself wholly over into the hands of a woman, "being so ravished and enchanted of the sweet poison of her love, that he had no other thought

but of her." It is in studying Cleopatra that we shall best see all that is important for us to see of Antony.

In the little scene which precludes in the play, we get a significant glimpse of the kind of power wielded by Cleopatra, and the manner in which she wields it. We see her taming with an infliction of frivolous irony the man who has conquered kingdoms; and we see too the unerring and very feminine skill, the finesse of light words veiling a strong purpose, by which she works the charm. From the second scene we perceive something of the tremors incident to a conquest held on such terms—the fear of that "Roman thought" which has taken Antony, the little touch of anxiety at his leaving her if but for a moment. So long as the man is in her presence she knows he is safe. But she has always to dread the hour of departure. And now Antony is going. She plays her spells admirably, but with a knowledge that they will be for once in vain. Her tongue still bites with the scourge of Fulvia—"What says the married woman?"—the sneer, a little bitter to say, which comes from a consciousness of the something after all worth having in mere virtue, turned desperately into a form of angry and contemptuous mockery. Antony is not yet dead to honour; he feels his strength, feels that he can break away from the enchantress—as Tamblhäuser breaks away from Venus. But Cleopatra knows well that—like Tamblhäuser—her lover must come back and be hers for ever.

One sees from the scene which follows how deeply Cleopatra loves, not alone her conquest, but her lover. Hers is a real passion, the passion of a woman whose Greek blood is heated by the suns of Egypt, who knows, too, how much greater is the intoxication of loving than of being loved. There is a passage in one of the Portuguese Letters—and no passage in that little golden book is more subtly true—in which the writer pities her inconstant lover for the "infinite pleasures he has lost" if he has never really loved her. "Ah, if you had known them," she says, "vous auriez éprouvé qu'on est beaucoup plus heureux, et qu'on sent quelque chose de bien plus touchant

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quand on aime violemment que lorsqu'on est aimé." Cleopatra knew this, as she knew everything belonging to the art of which she was mistress. "Us who trade in love," she speaks of frankly, but with perfect self-knowledge,—a saying, however, which does her injustice if it leads us to confound her with the Manon Lescauts, exquisite, faithless creatures who keep for their lovers an entirely serviceable kind of affection, changing a lover for a calculated advantage. Love is a "trade" in which she never calculates; wily by nature, and as a loving woman is wily who has to humour her lover, she follows her blood, follows it to distraction, and her fits and starts are not alone played for a purpose, before Antony, but are native to her, and break out with the same violence before her women. She is a woman who must have a lover, but she is satisfied with one—with one at a time; and in Antony she finds her ideal, whom she can call, in her pride, and truly:

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget of men.

And she loves him with passion real of its kind—an intense, an exacting, an oppressive and overwhelming passion, wholly of the senses, and wholly selfish—the love which requires possession, and to absorb the loved one. Before Antony she is never demonstrative: "the way to lose him!" She knows that a man like Antony is not to be taken with snares of mere sweetness, that neither for her beauty nor her love would he love her continuously. She knows how to *interest* him, to be to him everything he would have, to change with or before every mood of his as it changes. And this, in a word, is her secret, as it is the secret of success in her kind of love. "So sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not possibly but be taken"—we read in Plutarch. And Shakespeare has expressed it monumentally in the lines which bring the whole woman before us:

Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetite they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her.

In the fifth scene of the second act we have what is perhaps the most wonderful revelation that literature gives us of the essentially feminine—not necessarily of woman in the general, but of that which radically, in looking at human nature, seems to differentiate the woman from the man. It is a scene with the infinite variety of Cleopatra: it is as miraculous as she: it proves to us that the woman who was "cunning past man's thought" could not be cunning past the thought of Shakespeare. We realize from this scene, more clearly than from anything else in the play, the boundless empire of her caprice, the incalculable instability of her shifting moods, and how natural to her, how entirely instinctive, is the spirit of change and movement 'y which, partly, she fascinates her lover. The scene brings out the tiger element in her—the union, which we often find, of cruelty with voluptuousness. It shows us, too, that even in the most violent shock of real emotion she never quite loses the consciousness of self—that she *cannot* be quite simple. Even at the moment when the blow strikes her—the news of the marriage with Octavia—she has still the posing instinct: "I am pale, Charmian!" Then what a world of meaning—how subtle a touch of insight into the secrets of the hearts of women—there is in that avowal:

In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cesar.

I am paid for 't now.

But when at last, exhausted by the violence of her uncontrollable and battling emotions, she surprises us by those little low words, so full of real pathos—

Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me—

one becomes aware of how deeply the blow has struck, how much there is in her to feel such a blow. Certainly, in this as in everything, she can never be quite simple. There is wounded vanity as well as wounded love in her cry. But the superb and deadly creature asks for pity! One can refuse her nothing, not even that.

It is significant of the magic charm of the "queen, whom everything becomes," and of

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the magic of Shakespeare's art, that she fascinates us even in her weakness, dominating division, and winning an extorted admiration from the very borders of contempt. In the scene which follows the flight from Actium Shakespeare puts forth his full power. There are few more effective groupings than this of Cleopatra sitting silent over against Antony, neither daring to approach the other: he, crushed into an unspeakable shame which can never be comforted; she, incapable of shame, but seeing it in the eyes of Antony, and conscious that she has done him a deed which can never be forgiven. She is here, as ever, cunning. Excuses *must* be useless, and she attempts none—none but the faintest murmur.

I little thought
You would have follow'd!

It is a mere broken sob of "Pardon, pardon!" The tears are at hand, tears being with her the last weapon of all her armoury. They cannot but conquer, and the lover, who has given the world for love, says, not without the saddest of irony, as he takes her kiss: "Even this repays me."

It is in the recoil from a reconciliation felt to be ignoble that Antony bursts out into such coarse and furious abuse—the first really angry reproaches he has addressed to her—at the mere sight of Cæsar's messenger kissing her hand. Despair and self-reproach have pricked him into a state of smarting sensitiveness. One sees that, as Enobarbus says, "valour preys on reason"—he is "frighted out of fear." Well may Cæsar exclaim, "Poor Antony!" Is there really a cause for his suspicion of Cleopatra? did she really betray him to Cæsar? Plutarch is silent, and Shakespeare seems intentionally to leave it a little vague. But I think the suspicion wrongs her. Merely on the ground of worldly prudence she had more to hope from Antony than from Cæsar. And there is nothing in all she says to Antony which comes with a more genuine sound than that reproachful question: "Not know me yet?" and then, "Ah, dear, if I be so!"

I have said that Cleopatra has the instinct of posing. But in Antony, too, there is almost

always something showy—an element of somewhat theatrical sentiment. Now, preparing for his last battle, and really moved himself, he cannot help posturing a little before his servants, exerting himself to win their tears. It is not a simple leave-taking; it comes as if prepared beforehand. And next morning how stagily, and yet with a real exhilaration of spirits, does he arm himself and set forth, going forth gallantly, indeed, as Cleopatra says of him. Experience has taught him so little that he thinks even now he may conquer. It has been so much his habit, as it has been Cleopatra's (caught perhaps from her), to believe what he pleases! His treatment of Enobarbus shows him still capable of a generous act—a little ostentatious, as it may perhaps be. And the effect of that generous and forbearing tolerance shows that his fascination has not left him even in his evil fortune. He can still conquer hearts.—And Cleopatra's? His, certainly, is still hers; and when, raging against the woman who has wrought all his miseries, he learns the news of her pretended death, it is with words full of the quiet of despair that he takes the blow which releases him:

Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.

Love, as it does always when death has freed us from what we had felt to be a burden, returns; and he stabs himself with the sole thought of rejoining her. When, this side of the grave, he does rejoin her, not a syllable of regret or reproach falls from his lips. In the presence of death he becomes gentle: the true sweetness of the man's nature, long poisoned, comes back again at last. Nothing now is left him but his love for Cleopatra—love refined to an oblivious tenderness; that, and the thought that death is upon him, and that he falls not ignobly—

a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd.

And so the fourth act ends on the magnificent words of Cleopatra over the dead body of the lord of the world and of her. The thought and the spectacle of death—of such a death—call out in her a far-thoughted reflection—

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

tion on the blindness of Fate, the general hazard of the world's course, with a vivid sense of the emptiness of all for which one takes thought. Death takes Antony as a man is taken; her, too, he leaves un-queened, a mere woman who has lost her lover. Then "all's but nought," the world is left poor, the light of it gone out; and it is with real sincerity, with a feeling of overwhelming disaster now irretrievably upon her, that she looks to "the briefest end."

In her last days Cleopatra touches a certain elevation; the thought of the death she prepares for herself intoxicates (while it still frights) her reason. It gives her still a triumphant sense of her mastery over even Cæsar, whom she will conquer by eluding; over even Destiny, from which she will escape by the way of death. After all, the keenest incitement to her choice comes from the thought of being led in triumph to Rome—of appearing there, little, and conquered, before Octavia. She has lived a queen; in all her fortunes there has been, as she conceived it, no dishonour. She will die now—she would die a thousand times—rather than live to be a mockery and a scorn in men's mouths. How significant is her ceaseless and pining remembrance of Octavia!—a touch of almost petty spite, the spite of a jealous woman. Petty, too—but, inexhaustible as she is in

resources, turned with the frank audacity of genius into a final triumph—is the keeping back of the treasures. But craft is as natural to her as breath. It is by craft that she is to attain her end of dying. The means of that attainment, a poor man bringing death in his basket of figs—the very homeliness of the fact, comes with an added effect of irony in the passing of this imperial creature. She is a woman to the last, and it is in no heroic frame of mind that she commends the easiness of the death by which she is to die. Yet, too, all her greatness gathers itself—her love of Antony (the one thing that had ever been real and steadfast in the deadly quicksand of her mind) her pride and her tenderness, and, at the last, her resolution.

I'm fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.

So she dies, undisfigured in death, the signs of death barely perceptible, lying

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

And the play ends with a touch of grave pity over "A pair so famous," cut off after a life so full of glory and of dishonour, and taking with them, in their passing out of it, so much of the warmth and colour of the world.

—A. S.



Phi.
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2 Res



Philo. Look where they come.—(Act I. 1. 16.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

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 plated¹ Mars, now bend,
now turn,

The office² and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny f³ his captain's heart,
Which in the scutiles of great fights hath burst
The buckle in his breast, reneges³ all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. [*Flourish within.*] Look
where they come: ¹⁰

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple⁴ pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

¹ Plated, armoured.

² Office, service, duty.

³ Reneges, denies, repudiates.

⁴ Triple, third.

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
Train; Eunuchs fanning her.*

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 belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:⁵—the sum.⁶

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony: ¹⁹
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Caesar 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."

⁵ Grates me, it vexes me.

⁶ The sum, give me the sum, be brief.

Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:—
 You must not stay here longer,—your dis-
 mission
 Is come from Cesar; therefore hear it,
Antony.—
 Where's Fulvia's process?¹ Cesar's I would
 say?—both?—
 Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's
 queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of
 thine
 Is Cesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays
 shame
 When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The
 messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
 arch

Of the rang'd² 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 weet³
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra.—
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound⁴ 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 everything becomes,—to hide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
 No messenger but thine; and all alone
 To-night we'll wander through the streets,
 and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;

¹ *Process*, legal summons.

² *Rang'd*, well-arranged, orderly.

³ *To weet*, to wit, to know.

⁴ *Confound*, consume, waste.

Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.
 [*Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cesar with Antonius priz'd 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 approves⁵ the common liar,⁶ who
 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 in the
 same.*

*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 prais'd 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 yon, sir, that
 know things?

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

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
 enough

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

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

Char. He means in flesh.

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

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

⁵ *Approves*, justifies, proves true.

⁶ *The common liar*, i. e. rumour.

Sooth.
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Char. I
 ing.
Alex. M
Char. C
 Let me b
 noon, and
 at fifty,



Char.
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 wench
Sooth.
 And fo
Cha
Alex.
 privy
Cha
Alex.

Sooth. You shall be more beloved than
belov'd. ²²

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drink-
ing.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune!
Let me be married to three kings in a fore-
noon, 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
Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

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

[*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer
former fortune

Than that which is to approach.



Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.—(Act i. l. 14.)

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 for² a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes. ⁴¹

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 pre-
sageth famine. ⁵⁰

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

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

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

¹ Have no names, prove bastards.

² Forgive thee for, acquit thee of being

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? 60

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

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

Char. Amen. 79

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

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.]

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd 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. 90

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius!

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made friends of them, jointing¹ their force 'gainst Caesar;

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. 90

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—
On:—

Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as² he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,

Extended³ 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; no Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

When our quick⁴ minds lie still; and our ills told us

Is as our earring.⁵ [Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sieyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sieyon,—is there such an one? 118

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.]

¹ Jointing, joining.

² As, as if.

³ Extended, seized, got possession of.

⁴ Quick, living, active. ⁵ Earring, ploughing, tilling.

Enter another Messenger.

[What are you?]

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a letter.

Ant. Forbear me. [*Exit Sec. Mess.*
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempt doth often hurt from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become 129
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd
her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! *Euo-*
barbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Euo. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Euo. Why, then, we kill all our women:
we see how mortal¹ an unkindness is to them;
if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. 140

Euo. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:² I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. 149

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Euo. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot

be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her! 158

Euo. O, sir, you had then left us seen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Euo. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Euo. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead. 166

Euo. 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's 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 crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence. 179

Euo. And the business you have broach'd 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 expedience⁴ to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving⁵ friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius 190 Hath given the dare to⁶ Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea: [Our slippery people— Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past—begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power,

³ Shows to man, makes them appear to man.

⁴ Expedience, expedition.

⁵ Contriving, plotting, active in our behalf.

⁶ Given the dare to, defied.

¹ Mortal, deadly, fatal.

² Upon far poorer moment, i.e. for less reason.

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, 199

Which, like the countess's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is nuder us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in
the same.*

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 not¹ 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,²
forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

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 further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

¹ I did not, act as if I did not.

² I wish, I pray.

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's
some good news. 20

What says the married woman?—You may go:

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine
and true,

Though you in sweating shake the throned
gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riots on
madness, 29

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour³ 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;⁴ none our parts so
poor,

But was a race of heaven;⁵ 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 use⁶ 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:

³ Colour, pretext.

⁴ Bent, bending, inclination.

⁵ Was a race of heaven, was of celestial birth.

⁶ In use, in pledge, in trust.

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How

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers
 threaten; ⁵²
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge¹
 By any desperate change:] my more particu-
 lar,²
 And that which most with you should safe my
 going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
 me freedom,

It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen: ⁵⁹

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garboils³ she awak'd; at the last, best:
 See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to
 know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice: by the fire ⁶³
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
 Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
 But let it be:—I am quickly ill and well,
 So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
 And give true evidence to his love, which stands
 An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
 I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
 Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
 meetly.⁴ ⁸¹

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
 But this is not the best:—look, prithee, Char-
 mian,
 How this Herculean Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe.⁵

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 lov'd,—but there 's not it:
 That you know well: something it is I would,—
 O, my oblivion⁶ is a very Antony, ⁹⁰
 And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
 Holds illeness your subject, I should take you
 For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
 To bear such illeness so near the heart
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
 Since my becoming⁷ kill me, when they do
 not

Eye⁷ 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! [Exit.

SCENE IV. Rome. An apartment in Caesar's
 house.

Enter OCTAVIUS CESAR, LEPIDUS, and
 Attendants.

Ces. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
 know, [Giving him a letter.
 It is not Caesar'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 man-
 like

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he; hardly gave audi-
 ence, or
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you
 shall find there

A man who is the abstract⁸ of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are

⁵ The carriage of his chafe, his angry bearing.

⁶ Oblivion, forgetfulness.

⁷ Eye, appear.

⁸ Abstract, epitome.

Evils enow¹ to darken all his goodness: 11
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd;² what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Ces. You are too indulgent. Let us grant,
it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knives that smell of sweat: say this
becomes him,— 21

As his composure³ must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils,⁴ when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy⁵ with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't:⁶ but to confound⁷ such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state and omrs,—'t is to be child
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
ledge, 31

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,

Most noble *Cesar*, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd *Cesar*: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports 39
Give⁸ him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less;
It hath been taught us from the *Roman* state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth
love,

¹ *Enow*, enough. ² *Purchas'd*, acquired.

³ *Composure*, composition. ⁴ *Soils*, stains, faults.

⁵ *Vacancy*, leisure.

⁶ *Call on him for't*, make him pay for it.

⁷ *Confound*, waste.

⁸ *Give*, give out, declare.

Comes dear'd⁹ by being lack'd. [This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lacing the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. *Cesar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear¹⁰ and
wound

With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime 21
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth
revolt:

No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes
more

Than could his war resisted.]

Ces. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.¹¹ 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 faintly brought up, with patience
more 69

Than savages could suffer: [thou didst drink
The stale¹² of horses, and the gilded¹³ puddle
Which beasts would cough at:] thy palate
then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,

The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the
Alps

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lack'd¹⁴ not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly 72
Drive him to Rome: 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

⁹ *Comes dear'd*, becomes dear, or valued.

¹⁰ *Ear*, plough. ¹¹ *Wassails*, drinking bouts, revels.

¹² *Stale*, urine. ¹³ *Gilded*, yellow with scum.

¹⁴ *Lack'd*, became lack or thin.

Lep. To-morrow, Cesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front¹ this present time.
Cas. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. so

Lep. Farewell, my lord; what you shall
know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cas. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.² [*Exeunt.*]



Messa. Thy lablings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cesar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad.—(Act i. 4. 34-36.)

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.³

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, 't is treason!

[*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Then, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 't is well for thee,

That, being unseminar'd,⁴ thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou
affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

¹ Front, face, meet. ² For my bond, as my duty.

³ Mandragora, a soporific plant.

⁴ Unseminar'd, made an eunuch.

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 wott'st thou whom
thou mov'st!

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgenet¹ 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, 29

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine²
hath

With his tinct³ gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my
heart. 41

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

¹ *Burgenet*, helmet, headpiece.

² *Great medicine*, the "grand elixir" of alchemy.

³ *Tinct*, tincture.

Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the
east,

Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he
nodded,

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes 51

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is 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
by

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.—Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messen-
gers:

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's horn that day

When I forget to send to Antony

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Char-
mian.—

Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so!

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. B† Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,

When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But, come, away;

Get me ink and paper:

He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

† *So thick*, in such quick succession.

ACT II.

[SCENE I. *Messina. A room in Pompey's house.**Enter POMPEY, MENEGRATES, and MENAS.**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

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors: Caesar gets money where

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Caesar and Lepidus Are in the field; ... mighty strength they carry.*Pom.* Where have you this? 't is false.*Mene.* From Silvius, sir.*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,

Salt¹ Cleopatra, soften thy wam'd² 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 cloyless³ sauce his appetite: That sleep and feeding may prorogue⁴ his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

¹ Salt, wanton.² Wam'd, faded.³ Cloyless, unrelieving.⁴ Prorogue, linger out, cause to languish.*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 't is A space for⁵ farther travel.*Pom.* I could have given less matter A better ear.—Menas, I did not think This amorous surfeiter would have don'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.

Mene. I cannot hope⁶ Caesar and Antony shall well greet together: His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar; His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think, Not mov'd 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 pregnant⁷ they should square⁸ between themselves:For they have entertained cause enough To draw their swords: but how the fear of us May cement their divisions, and bind up The petty difference, we yet not know. Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands Our lives upon⁹ to use our strongest hands. *[Exeunt.]* Come, Menas.SCENE II. *Rome. A room in the house of Lepidus.**Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.**Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed, And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

⁵ Space for, time enough for.⁶ Hope, expect.⁷ Pregnant, probable.⁸ Square, quarrel.⁹ Stands our lives upon becomes us, if we value our lives.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.¹

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give
way. 11

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, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

[*Ant.* If we compose² well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecenas; ask Agrippa.]

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leamer 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 grow³ to the matter.]

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

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,

¹ Stomaching, resentment.

² Compose, agree, come to terms.

³ Curstness grow, ill-humour be added.

Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I 31
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 hereat Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on⁴ my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you,⁵ practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
intent 41

By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you,⁶ 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,⁷
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours; 49
And make the wars alike against my stomach,⁸

Having alike your cause?⁹] 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 judgment 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 graceful¹⁰ eyes attend those
wars 60

⁴ Practise on, plotted against.

⁵ How intend you? what do you mean by?

⁶ Was theme for you, had you for its subject.

⁷ Reports, reporters.

⁸ Stomach, inclination.

⁹ Having alike your cause, i. e. I having alike your cause.

¹⁰ Graceful, favouring, approving.

Which fronted¹ mine own peace. As for my
wife, 61

I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third² of the world is yours; which with a
snaffle

You may pace² easy, but not such a wife.

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

Ant. So much incurable, her garboils,³
Caesar,

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

Ces. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you 72
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive⁴ 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;⁵ 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.

Ces. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Caesar!
Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.

Ces. To lend me arms and aid when I re-
quir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
may, 91

I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
power

Work without it.⁶ 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 betis mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need 101
Speaks to atone⁷ you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecenas.

Euo. 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.

Euo. That truth should besilent I had almost
forgot. 110

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

Euo. Go to, then; your considerate stone.⁸

Ces. 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 staunch, from edge
to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar.

Ces. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony 121
Is now a widower.

Ces. Say not so, Agrippa:

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.⁹

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: 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 130
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this
marriage,

⁷ Atone, reconcile.

⁸ Your considerate stone, i. e. I'll be dumb as a stone.

⁹ Of rashness, for your rashness.

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 't is a studied, not a present thought, 110
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

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

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,



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.—(Act ii. 2. 165-197.)

If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so," 114
To make this good?

Ces. The power of Caesar, 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 150
And sway our great designs!

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

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

[Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword
'gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only, 159
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.]

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently¹ be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

¹ Presently, immediately.

ave spoke;
thought, 149

peak?
y is touch'd

in Agrippa.



s; and never

amen!
y sword

s and great
m only, 159
report;

alls upon 's;
sought,

[*Ant.* Where lies he?

Ces. About the mount Misenum.]

Ant. What is his strength by land?

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

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

Ces. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170
Whither straight I'll lead you.

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

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* *Cesar, Antony,*
and *Lepidus.*]

[*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cesar*, worthy *Me-*
cenias!—My honourable friend, *Agrippa!*]

Agr. Good *Enobarbus!*

[*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested.] You stay'd well by't
in Egypt. 180

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of com-
tenance, and made the night light with drink-
ing.

Mec. 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.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square¹ to her. 190

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my re-
porter devis'd 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 perfum'd that

The winds were love-sick with them; the oars
were silver,
Which to the tune of dutes kept stroke, and
made 200

¹ Square, just

The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It begg'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er picturing that *Venus* where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpl'd boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
cool, 200

And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for *Antony!*
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,²
And made their bends adornings;³ at the
helm

A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,

That rarely frame the office.⁴ From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.⁵ The city c. st.

Her people out upon her; and *Antony*, 210
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacuency,⁶

Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,

It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the
feast,

And for his ordinary⁷ pays his heart 220
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great *Cesar* lay his sword to bed:

[*He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.*]
Eno. I saw her once

² Tended her i' the eyes, waited upon her looks.

³ Made their bends adornings, made their bowings or
obscance ornamental.

⁴ Rarely frame the office, dextly perform the duty.

⁵ Wharfs, banks, shores.

⁶ But for vacuency, but for causing a vacuum (which
Nature is said to abhor). ⁷ Ordinary, dinner.

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.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her; nor custom stale 210
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: [for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.²]

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery³ to him.

Agp. Let us go.—
Good Eubarbun, make yourself my guest 240
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same. A room in Caesar's house.*]

Enter ANTONY, CESAR, 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;¹ but that to come
Shall all be gone by the rule. Good night,
dear lady.

Good night, sir.

Ces. Good night.

[*Exeunt* *Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in
Egypt? 10

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you thither!

¹ That, so that.

² Riggish, wanton.

³ Lottery, prize.

⁴ Kept my square, lived a regular life.

Ant. If you can, your reason!

Sooth. I see it in my motion,⁵ have it not in
my tongue; but yet lie 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, unmatched, 20
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy
angel

Becomes a fear; as being o'erpower'd: there-
fore

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,⁶

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone: 30
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,⁷
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;⁸
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught;⁹ and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.¹⁰ I will to
Egypt:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'll the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

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

⁵ In my motion, in my mind, intuitively.

⁶ Thickens, grows thick or dim.

⁷ Art or hap, skill or chance.

⁸ Speeds, is fortunate.

⁹ All to naught, everything against nothing.

¹⁰ At odds, against the odds.

have it not in
Egypt again.
er, Casar's or

by his side:
keeps thee, is
hable, 20
ear him, thy
wer'd: there-

this no more,
ore, but when

y game,
that natural
s: thy lustre

thy spirit
him;

ee gone: 20
with him:—
it Soothsayer.
or hap?
ice obey him;
ning faints
s, he speeds;⁴
of mine,
is quails ever
0 I will to

formy peace,

me, Ventidius,
ession's ready;
[*Exeunt.*]

ely.

othing.

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, 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.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount



Char. 'T was 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.—(Act II. 5. 15-18.)

Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in
Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

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,¹—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."

Chor. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency² 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,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires³ and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!—
Run thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's 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-ntering 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 favour⁴
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
snakes, ⁴⁰

Not like a formal man.⁵
Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st:

¹ *Angle*, angling-line.

² *Fervency*, eagerness.

³ *Tires*, head-dresses.

⁴ *Favour*, face.

⁵ *A formal man*, an ordinary man; or, in the form of a man.

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well, ⁴³
Or friends with Cesar, 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 Cesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cesar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence;⁶ fie upon "But yet!"

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth ⁵²
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithce, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with
Cesar;

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. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll m'hair thy head:

[*She hates 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 't is not so, a province I will give
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou
hadst ⁶⁹

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with⁷ what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

⁶ *Precedence*, what preceded.

⁷ *Boot thee with*, give thee to boot.

s well, 43
 captive to him,
 and hail

's well.
 Well said.

n honest man.
 r friends than

ou me.
 et, madam,—
 it does allay
 "But yet!"

g forth 52
 rithee, friend,
 mine ear,
 's friends with

nd thou say'st
 made no such

at good turn?
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 ale, Charmian.
 o Octavia. 60
 estilence upon
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you?—Hence,
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 hine eyes
 ir thy head:
 up and down.
 re, and stew'd

acious madam,
 not the match.
 nce I will give

the blow thou
 69
 ng me to rage;
 t gift beside

boot.

Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd 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: 75
 The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunder-
 bolt.—
 Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures



Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!—(Act ii. 5. 61.)

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.

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 83
 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 worse than I do, 90
 If thou again say "Yes."

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou
 hold there¹ still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
 So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
 A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence:
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

¹ Hold there, stick to that

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married!
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
 That art not what thou'rt sure of!¹—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 disprais'd Caesar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
 Lead me from hence;
 I faint:—O Iras, Charmian!—'tis no matter.—
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
 Report the feature² of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination,³ 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 Marbrian*] 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: from the other, CESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBBARBUS, MECENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
 And we shall talk before we fight.

¹ That art not what thou'rt sure of, that art not thyself the tidings thou statest so positively.

² Feature, personal appearance.

³ Inclination, disposition.

Ces. 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 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
 And carry back to Sicily much tall'd youth
 That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Caesar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
 Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous
 freedom,
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would
 Have one man but a man! And that is it
 Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 Toscourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Ces. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear⁵ us, Pompey, with
 thy sails;
 We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
 know'st
 How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'er-count me of⁶ my father's house;
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us—
 For this is from⁷ the present—how you take
 The offer we have sent you.

[*Ces.* There's the point:]
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but
 weigh

What it is worth embrac'd.
Ces. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.]

Pom. You have made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send

⁴ Tall, stout, gallant.

⁵ Fear, frighten.

⁶ O'er-count me of, overreach me concerning, cheat me out of.

⁷ From, away from, foreign to.

Measures of wheat to Rome; this greed¹ upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted. 39

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
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 for² a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and
thanks to you, 51
That call'd me, timelier³ 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, 59
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.]
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part;
and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that;—he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you!

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou,
soldier!

Eno. Well; 72
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.⁴

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 lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.— 81

Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all except Menas and Enobarbus.*
Menas. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have
known,⁵ sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.
Menas. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water. 90
Menas. And you by land.

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

Menas. 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.

Menas. An' 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. 101

Menas. All men's faces are true, whatsoever
their hands are.

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

Menas. No slander; they steal hearts.

¹ Greed, agreed.

² Well studied for, well disposed or inclined to.

³ Timelier, earlier.

⁴ Toward, coming, preparing.

⁵ Known, known each other, been acquainted.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune. 110

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

Men. You've said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Caesar's sister is call'd Octavia.

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

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

Men. Pray ye, sir? 120

Eno. 'Tis true.

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

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

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

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. 131

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He's wul to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here. 140

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 us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, lying near Misenum.*

[*Music.* Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

First Serr. Here they'll be, man. 'Some o'

¹ Pray ye, sir? Pray, do you mean it?

² Conversation, behaviour.

their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind 't the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serr. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

First Serr. They have made him drink almost-drink.³

Sec. Serr. As they pinch one another by the disposition,⁴ he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serr. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 11

Sec. Serr. 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 partisan⁵ I could not heave.

First Serr. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster⁶ the cheeks.]

Sound. Enter CESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. [To Caesar.] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile 20

By certain scales 't the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

Or foison⁷ 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. 31

Ant. They are so.

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

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er ont.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in⁸ till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the

³ Almost-drink, perhaps—the leavings.

⁴ Pinch one another by the disposition, try each other by banter.

⁵ Partisan, halberd, battle-axe.

⁶ Disaster, disfigure. ⁷ Foison, plenty, full harvest.

⁸ In, i. e. "in liquor."

Ptolemies' pyramids¹ are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that. 41

[*Men. [Aside to Pompey]* Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Menas] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [Aside to Pompey] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside to Menas] Forbear me till anon.— This wine for Lepidus!]

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates. 51

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Ces. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

[*Pom. [Aside to Menas]* Go hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

Does I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?]

Men. [Aside to Pompey] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, 61

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [Aside to Menas] I think thou 'rt mad.

The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off² to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.

What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. [These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.]

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice. 68

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 dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales,³ or sky inclips,⁴ 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 then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoken on't! In me 'tis villany; In thee't had been good service. Thou must know, 81

'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside] For this, I'll never follow thy pall'd⁵ fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus! *Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey. 91

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the eup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.⁶ 100

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,⁷ ho!—

Here is to Caesar!

³ Pales, incloses.

⁴ Inclips, embraces.

⁵ Pall'd, waning, fading.

⁶ Increase the reels, make it go the faster.

⁷ Strike the vessels, broach the casks.

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,¹ I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Evo. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor'

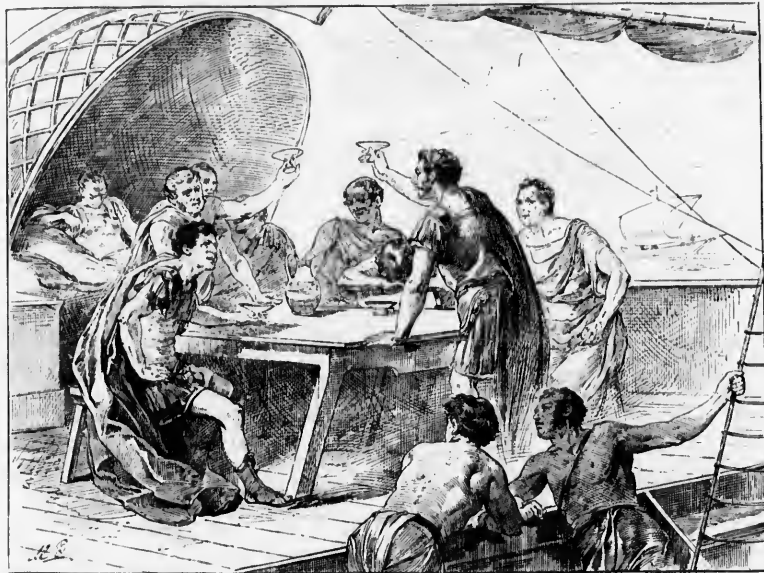
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchianals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands, 112
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Evo. All take hands.—



Evo. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchianals,
And celebrate our drink?—(Act II. 7. 109-111.)

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall
sing;

The holding² every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them
hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!³

In thy fats⁴ our eares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

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

¹ Possess it, be master of it. ² Holding, burden, chorus.

³ Pink eyne, half-shut eyes.

⁴ Fats, vats.

ACT II. Scene 7.

Bacchanals,

Good soldier,

112

steep'd our

like hands.—



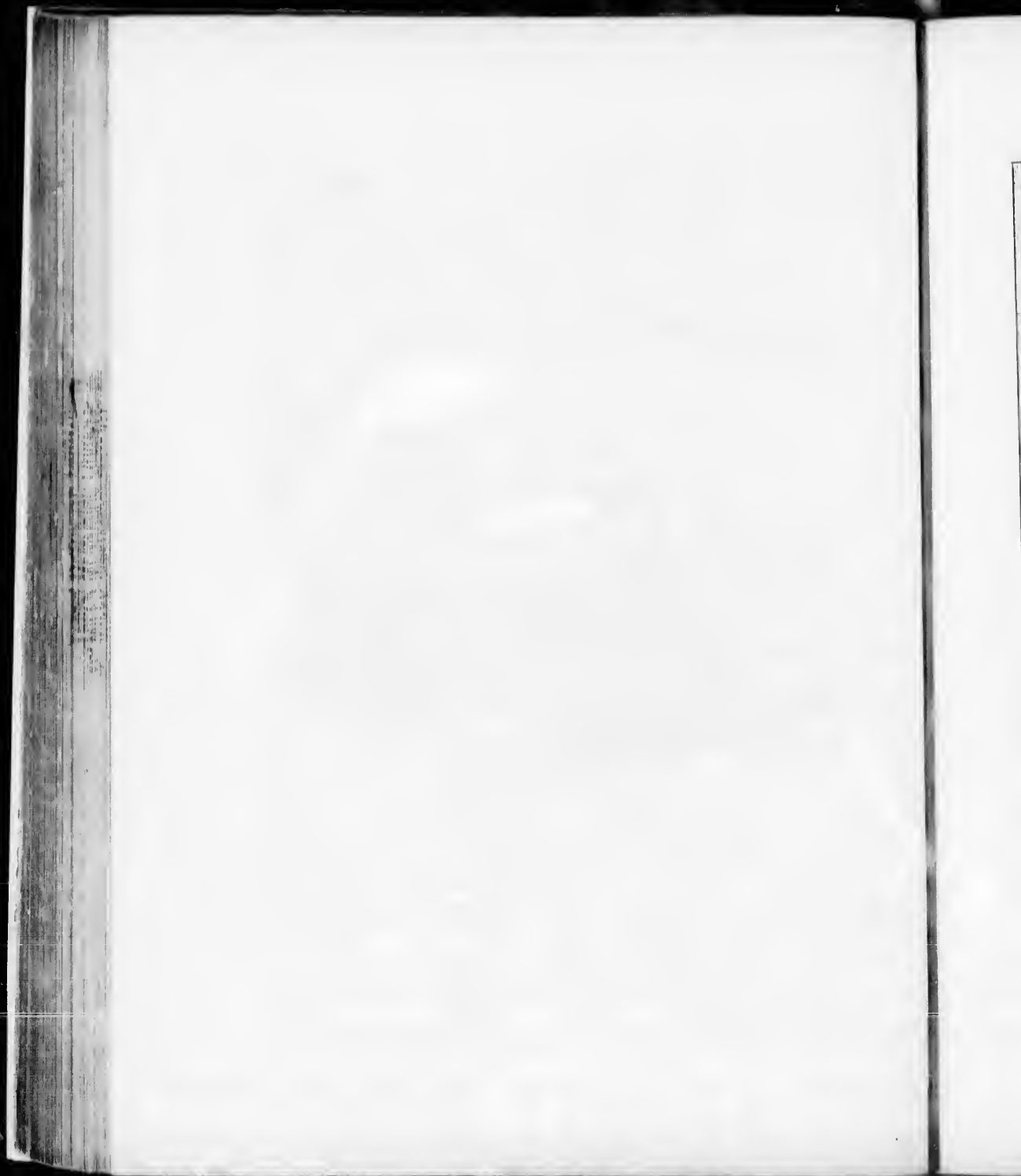
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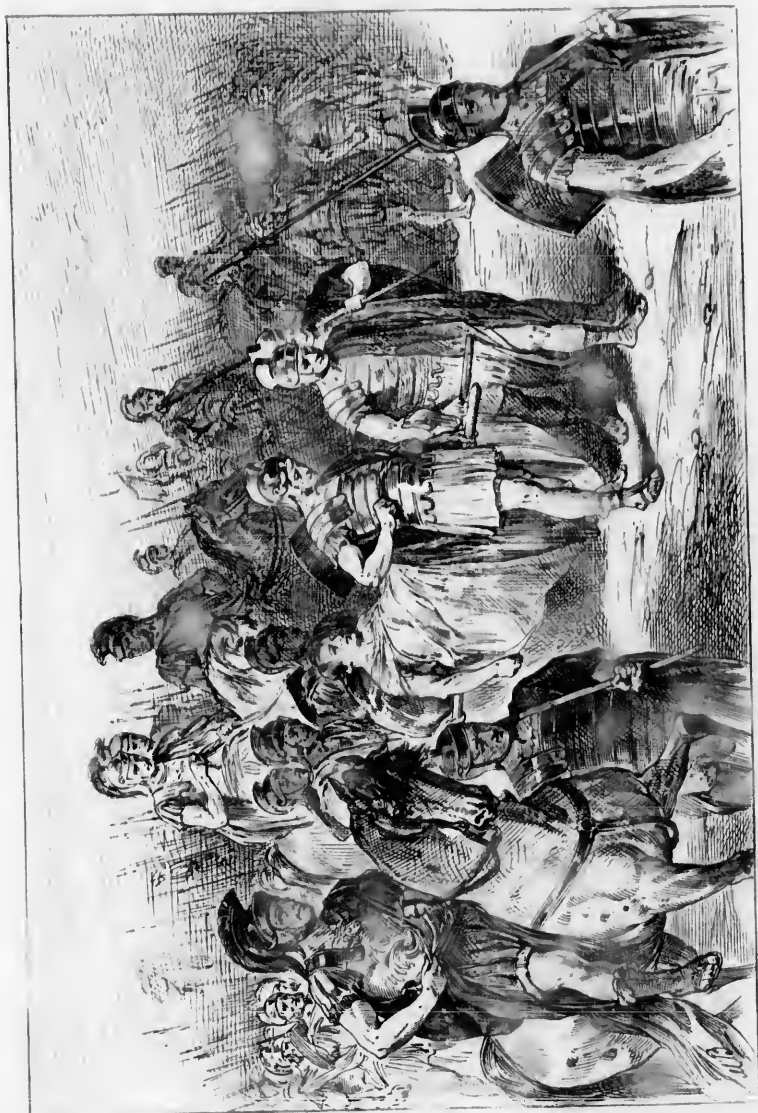
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!

—Pompey,

rauer busi-

lords, let's;





THE MOUNTAIN TRAVELERS

1857

ACT I

You

Is we

Split

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Bo

You see we have burnt¹ our cheeks: strong
 Enobarb
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath
 almost 131
 Antick'd² us all. What needs more words?
 Good night.—
 Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.
Pom. O Antony,
 You have my father's house,—But, what?
 we're friends.

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.
 [Exeunt all except 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! [A flourish, with drums.
Eno. Hoo! says 'a.—There's my cap. 141
Men. Hoo!—Noble captain, come.] [Exeunt.

ACT III.

[SCENE I. A plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS 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
 Pleas'd 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.

Cesar 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 achiev'd by the minute, lost his
 favour. 20
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain
 can
 Become his captain's captain: and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of
 loss
 Than gain which darkens³ him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 't would offend him; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thon hast, Ventidius, that
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction. Thon wilt write to
 Antony? 20

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected;
 How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded⁴ out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with
 what haste 25
 The weight we must convey with's will per-
 mit,

We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass
 along! [Exeunt.]

¹ Burnt, flushed, reddened. ² Antick'd, made fools of.

³ Darkens, obscures.

⁴ Jaded, driven like jades, or wretched nags.

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in
Cæsar's house.*

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agri. 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 Menassays, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agri. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one; O, how he loves Cæsar!

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

Eno. Cæsar! Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.
Agri. What 's Antony! The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar! How! the non-
pareil!

Agri. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!¹
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar,"
—go no further.

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

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves
Antony:

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast,² write, sing, number,—
hoo!—

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards,³ and he their
beetle. [*Trumpets within.*] So,—

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agri. 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 furthest
band⁴

Shall pass on thy approval.⁵—Most noble

Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it buikid, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd 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,⁶ the least
cause

For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your
ends!

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's
spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be
cheerful.

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

Cæs. What,

Octavia!

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart,
nor can

Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's
down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agri. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] He has a
cloud in 's face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa*] He were the worse
for that were he a horse;

So is he being a man.

Agri. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

¹ Arabian bird, the phoenix. ² Cast, reckon, compute.

³ Shards, wing-cases of beetle.

⁴ Furthest band, utmost pledge.

⁵ Approval, approval, test.

⁶ Curious, careful, scrupulous.

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept 51
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa*] That year, indeed,
he was troubled with a rheum;¹

What willingly he did confound² he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

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

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

Ces. Adieu; be happy!

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

Ces. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*]

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound within. Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's
palace.*

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

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

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

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?

Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led 12
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

¹ *Rheum*, cold in the head. ² *Confound*, destroy.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-
tongu'd or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is
low-voic'd.

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

Char. Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!—¹⁹

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps,—
Her motion and her station³ 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.⁴

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive 't;—there's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow,—

Cleo. Widow!—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty. 31

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't
long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish
that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business; go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper⁵ man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him.⁶ Why, methinks, by
him,

This creature's no such thing.

³ *Station*, standing.

⁴ *Observance*, power of observation.

⁵ *Proper*, comely, worthy.

⁶ *Harried him*, used him roughly.

Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,¹
 And serving you so long!



Ant. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it. (Act III. 4. 19-21.)

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
 good Charmian: 48
 But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
 Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Athens. A room in Antony's house.]

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
 That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Of semblable² import,—but he hath wag'd
 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.³

Octa. O, my good lord,
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe, 11
 Stomach⁴ not all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock
 me presently,
 When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and
 husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 "O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win
 brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point, which
 seeks 21
 Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself; better I were not yours
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
 quested,
 Yourself shall go between's; the mean time, 3
 lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain⁵ 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 30
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain
 men

Should solder up the rift.

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

² *Semblable*, similar

³ *From his teeth*, in words merely, not from the heart.

⁴ *Stomach*, resent ⁵ *Stain*, compromise, overshadow.

¹ *Defend*, forbid

Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your
 going;
 Choose your own company, and command what
 cost 37
 Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ESOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Ero. How now, friend Eros!
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Ero. What, man?
Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars
 upon Pompey.
Ero. This is old: what is the success?¹
Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the
 wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him
 rivalry;² would not let him partake in the
 glory of the action: and not resting here, ac-
 cuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to
 Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so
 the poor third is up, till death enlarge his
 confine. 35

Ero. Then, world, thou hast a pair of claps,
 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!" 18
 And threats the throat of that his officer
 That murder'd Pompey.

Ero. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius;
 My lord desires you presently: my news
 I might have told hereafter.

Ero. 'T will be naught:
 But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Rome. A room in Caesar's house.*

Enter CESAR, AGRIPPA, and MECENAS.

Ces. 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 enthron'd; [at the feet sat
 Cesarion, 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 stablishment³ of Egypt; made her
 Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
 Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Ces. 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 Phoenicia: she
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appear'd; and oft before gave
 audience,

As 't is report'd, so.

[*Mec.* Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy⁴ with his insolence 20
 Already, will their good thoughts call from
 him.

Ces. The people know it; and have now
 receiv'd

His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Ces. Caesar: 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 mrestor'd:] lastly, he frets
 That Lepidus of the triumvirate
 Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
 All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Ces. 'T is done already, and the messenger
 gone. 31

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority abus'd,
 And did deserve his change: for what I have
 conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
 And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

³ *Stablishment*, permanent inheritance

⁴ *Queasy*, inclined to be sick, disgusted.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Ces. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her Train.

Octa. Hail, Cesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cesar!

Ces. That ever I should call thee castaway!
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause. 41

Ces. Why have you sto'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cesar's sister: the wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come 50

A market-maid to Rome: and have prevented The ostentation¹ of our love, which, left unshown,

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you By sea and land; supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

Octa. 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 prepar'd for war, acquainted My griev'd ear withal; whereon I begg'd His pardon for return.

Ces. [Which soon he granted, Being an obstruct² 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Ces. I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind.] Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Ces. No, my most wrong'd 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 Liliya; 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!

Ces. Welcome hither: Your letters did withhold our breaking forth, Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led, 80 And we in negligent danger.³ 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 abus'd, 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.

Agg. Welcome, lady. 90

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you: [Only the adulterous Antony, most large⁴ In his abominations, turns you off; And gives his potent regiment⁵ to a trull,⁶ That noises it⁷ against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Ces. Most certain. Sister, welcome; pray you,] 97

Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARRUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not
Eno. But why, why, why?

¹ In negligent danger, in danger from our negligence.

² Large, free, loose.

³ Regiment, rule, authority.

⁴ Trull, harlot.

⁵ Noises it, raises a disturbance.

¹ Ostentation, display, manifestation

² Obstruct, obstruction

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke¹ my being in these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

Euo. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denou'c'd² against us, why should not we

be there in person?

[*Euo.* [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear

A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?]

Euo. Your presence needs must puzzle

Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already

Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome

That Phôtinus [an enmch] and your maids

Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot that speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will appear there for a man. Speak not against it; I will not stay behind.

Euo. Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,

That from Tarentum and Brundisium²²

He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,

And take in³ Toryne!—You have heard on't, sweet!

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd

Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke, which might have well becom'd the best of men,

To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we

Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Ant. Why will my lord do so?

Cleo. For that he dares us to 't.

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Cleo. For that he dares us to 't.

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Cleo. For that he dares us to 't.

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Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Cleo. For that he dares us to 't.

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Cleo. For that he dares us to 't.

Euo. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia, Where Cesar fought with Pompey: but these

offers, Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; And so should you.

Euo. Your ships are not well mann'd,—Your mariners are muleters,⁴ reapers, people

Ingross'd⁵ by swift impress;⁶ in Cesar's fleet Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey

fought: Their ships are yare;⁷ yours, heavy: no disgrace

Shall fall⁸ you for refusing him at sea, Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Euo. 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 unexercit Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

The way which promises assurance; and Give up yourself merely⁹ to chance and hazard,

From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn; And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head

of Actium Beat the approaching Cesar. 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 deseri'd;

Cesar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;

Strange that his power¹⁰ should be.—Canidius, Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,

And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship;

Away, my Thetis!

⁴ Muleters, muleteers.

⁵ Ingross'd, got together.

⁶ Impress, impressment.

⁷ Yare, light and fleet.

⁸ Fall, befall.

⁹ Merely, absolutely, entirely.

¹⁰ Power, forces, army.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd 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.

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

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

Gen. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justinius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's
Carries¹ beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions² as
Beguill'd all spies.

Gen. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Gen. Well I know the man.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius. so

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

[SCENE VIII. A plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord!

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: pro-
voke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this ju³ p.] [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Carries, goes, extends.

² Distractions, detachments

³ Jump, hazard

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;¹ 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,² the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see³ 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 eagle⁴ of the world is lost
With⁵ very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd⁶ pesti-
lence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred⁷ 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 breeze⁸ 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.

¹ Battle, army. ² The Antoniad, Cleopatra's ship.

³ Eagle, piece, portion. ⁴ With, through, by.

⁵ Token'd, marked, spotted

⁶ Ribaudred, ribald, lewd. ⁷ Breeze, gad-fly

Scar. She once being loof'd,¹
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting
mullard,² 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.

Eros. 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!

Eros. 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 Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eros. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance³ of Antony, though my
reason 36
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Alexandria.* A room in Cleopatra's
palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

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

It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come
hither:

I am so later⁴ 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 resolv'd upon a course

¹ Loof'd, luffed.

² Mullard, drake.

³ Wounded chance, broken fortunes

⁴ Later, belated.

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:⁵ take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straight-
way: 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 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,⁶ and no practice had
In the brave squares⁷ of war: yet now—No
matter. 40

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:

He is unequalled⁸ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

⁵ Loathness, unwillingness.

⁶ Dealt on lieutenantry, depended on his lieutenants,
fought by proxy.

⁷ Squares, squadrons.

⁸ Unequaled, unmanned.

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's seel'd in'd, and death will seize her, but¹
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most immobile swerving.²

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'd³ in dishonour.

Clea. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful⁴ sauls! 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
Command me.

Clea. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter⁵ in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Clea. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall⁶ not a tear, I say; one of them rates⁶
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; 70
Even this repays me.—[We sent our school-
master;

Is he come back?—] Love, I am full of lead,—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—

Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XII. *Caesar's camp in Egypt.*

Enter CESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

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

¹ But, unless.

² Fearful, frightened.

³ Fall, let fall, shed.

⁴ Stroy'd, destroyed.

⁵ Palter, equivocate.

⁶ Rates, is worth.

Dol. Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument⁷ that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pindon of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Ces. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his⁸ grand sea.

Ces. Be't so;—declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
and 11

Requires⁹ 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 circle¹⁰ of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Ces. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she 21
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!

Ces. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis
time: dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
perjure 30
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy enning,
Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I go.
Ces. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,¹¹

⁷ Argument, proof.

⁸ His, its (referring to morn-dew).

⁹ Requires, requests permission.

¹⁰ Circle, crown.

¹¹ Becomes his flaw, behaves in his ill fortune.

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power¹ that moves.

Thyrs. Cesar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in
Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think,² and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
ranks³

Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd⁴ his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being



Eno. 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.—(Act iii. 13. 10-12.)

The mered question:⁵ 't was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course⁶ your flying
flags, 11

And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EURYDIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy,
so she

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.—
To the boy Cesar send this grizzled head,

¹ Power, bodily organ.

² Think, despond, give way to discouragement.

³ Ranges, ranks. ⁴ Nick'd, set the mark of folly on.

⁵ Mered question, sole cause of war.

⁶ Course, follow.

And he will fill thy wishes to the brim,
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world
should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would
prevail

Under the service of a child as soon
As if the command of Cæsar. I dare him there-
fore

To lay his gay comparisons¹ apart,
And answer me declin'd,² sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exit Antony and Euphrasia.*

Evo. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled³
Cæsar will

Enstate⁴ his happiness, and be staged⁵ to the
show,

Against a sworder!⁶ I see men's judgments are

A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. [That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast sub-
du'd

His judgment too.]

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony!—See, my
women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their
nose

That kneel'd unto the bolts.—Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attendant.*

Evo. [*Aside*] Methinks honesty and I begin to
square.⁷

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 in the story.

¹ *Comparisons*, comparative advantages.

² *Declin'd*, fallen.

³ *High-battled*, commanding great armies.

⁴ *Enstate*, invest of state or dignity.

⁵ *Staged*, exhibited, put on the stage.

⁶ *Sworder*, gladiator. ⁷ *Square*, contend, quarrel.

Enter THYREUS

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

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

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

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar en-
treats,

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, there-
fore, he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He's a god, and knows—
What is most right: mine honour was not
yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Evo. [*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 desir'd to give. It much would please
him,

[That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits.]
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,⁸
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 his feet, and there to kneel:

⁸ *Shroud*, shelter, protection.

Tell him, from his not obeying¹ breath I bear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course,
[Wish in and fort me consulting together,
If that the former were less what it can, — so
No chance may shake it.] Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As² it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and LEONARUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Evo. [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,³ kings would start for
And cry "Your will?" — Have you no care
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack,⁴ and whip him.
Evo. [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 Caesar, 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 eringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony.
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: — this Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Escort Attendants with Thyrcus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: — ha!

Have I my pillow left impress'd in me,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?⁵

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 seal⁶ our eyes;
[In our own filth] drop our clear judgments;

All 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 Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a frug-
ment

Of Cæus 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 temperance⁷
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 Basin, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like 129
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare⁸ about him.

Re-enter Attendants with Thyrcus.

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 Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.] — Get thee back to
Caesar, 139

¹ All-obeying, that all obey.

² As, as if.

³ Jack, fellow, rascal.

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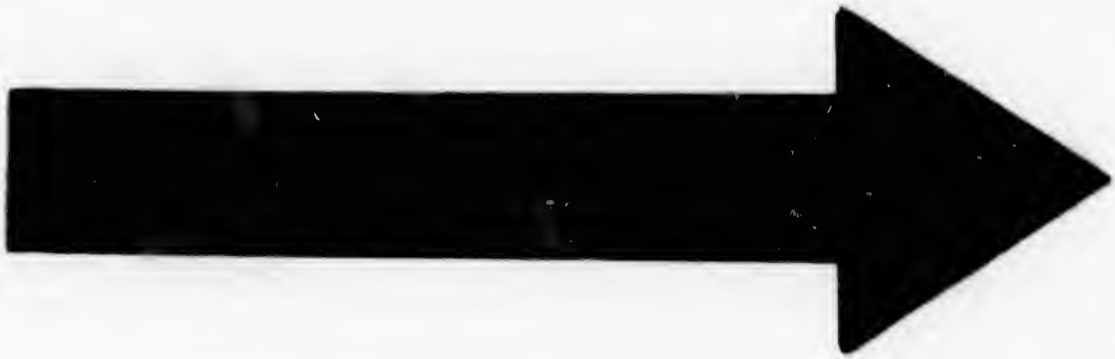
⁴ Y. — scramble.

⁵ Federa, parasites.

⁶ Seal, blind.

⁷ Temperance, chastity.

⁸ Yare, prompt, quick.



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Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. [If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit¹ me: urge it thou:]
Hence with thy stripes, begone!¹⁵²

[*Exit Thyreas.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene² moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?³

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so⁴ 161
Dissolve my life! The next Cesarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying⁴ of this pelleted storm,⁵
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cesar 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,⁶ threatening most
sea-like.

¹ *Quit*, requite.

² *Terrene*, terrestrial.

³ *Ties his points*, laces his hose.

⁴ *Discandying*, melting.

⁵ *Pelleted storm*, storm of hail.

⁶ *Fleet*, float.

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, 175

And fight maliciously: for when nine hours
Were nice⁷ and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy⁸ 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 190
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on,
my queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* [all except *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;⁹ and I see
still,

A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on
reason, 199

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

⁷ *Nice*, dainty, effeminate.

⁸ *Gaudy*, festive.

⁹ *Estridge*, ostrich.

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178

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[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's camp at Alexandria.**Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECENAS, and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as¹ he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares
me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony;—let the old ruffian
know
I have many other ways to die;
meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage,
he's hunted
Event to falling. Give him no breath,
but now
Make boot² of his distraction:—
never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of
many battles¹⁰
We mean to fight:—within our files
there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony
but late,
Enough to fetch him in.³ 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. A room in Cleopatra's palace.**Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.

¹ *As, as if.*² *Make boot, take advantage.*³ *Fetch him in, capture him.**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



Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt.—(Act IV. 1. 1, 2)

Shall make it live again. Woo't⁴ 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 homineers at our meal.⁴ *Woo't, wouldst, wilt (provincial)*

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou;—you have serv'd
me well, 12

And kings have been your fellows.

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

Eno. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] '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
As good as you have done.

Servants. 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 Enobarbus*] What does he
mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] To make his fol-
lowers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period¹ 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 yield² you for 't!

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

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

You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort,—did desire
you 40

¹ *Period*, end.

² *Yield*, reward.

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 Cleopatra's
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 't is 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.

[*The first and second go to their posts.*]

Fourth Sold. Here we: [*the third and fourth
go to their posts*] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10
Our landmen will stand up.³

Third Sold. 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys underground.*]

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. 'T is he god Hercules, whom
Antony!

Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk: let's see if other watchmen
Do hear: what we do?

[*They advance to another post.*]

³ *Stand up*, hold their ground.

⁴ *Signs*, betokens.

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!
Soldiers. [Speaking together] How now!
 How now! do you hear this?
First Sold. Ay; is't not strange?
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear!
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
 Let's see how 't will give off.¹
Soldiers. [Speaking together] Content. 'T is strange. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same.* A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.²—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 daff³ 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
 Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
 More tight⁴ 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.

¹ Give off, give out. end.

² Chuck, chick.

³ Daff't, doff it, take it off.

⁴ Tight, expert, adroit.

Enter a Captain armed.

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.



Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.—(Act iv. 4. 5.)

Capt. A thousand, sir,
 Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
 And at the port⁵ expect you.

[Shout and flourish of trumpets within.]

Enter other Captains and Soldiers.

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

All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'T is well blown,⁶ lads:
 This morning, like the spirit of a youth

⁵ Port, gate.

⁶ Blown, referring to the trumpets.

That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well
said.¹—

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me;
This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful cheek it were, to stand
On more mechanic² 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 Caesar
might

Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *Antony's camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound within. 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 Caesar's camp
Say "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe³—gentle adieus and greetings;

¹ Well said, well done.

² Mechanic, vulgar.

³ Subscribe, sign.

Say that I wish he never find more cause ¹⁶
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Eno-
barbus! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.*

*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'd⁴
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 except Enobarbus.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and [went to Jewry⁵
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,⁶ but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger ²²
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 saf'd⁷ the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,

⁴ Three-nook'd, of three parts or divisions—Europe, Asia,
and Africa.

⁵ Jewry, Judea.

⁶ Entertainment, employment.

⁷ Saf'd, gave safe-conduct to.

Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony, 31
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows¹
my heart:
If swift thought² break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't,
I feel.



Eros. They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.—(Act iv. 7. 11, 12.)

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

[SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

*Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter
AGRIPPA and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd³ ourselves too
far:
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression⁴
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

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

Ant. Thon bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.⁵

Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes.⁶ I
have yet
Room for six scotches⁷ more. 10

¹ Blows, swells.

² Thought, sorrow.

³ Engaged, involved, entangled.

⁴ Oppression, opposition.

⁵ An H, a double gash.

⁶ Bench-holes, privy-holes. ⁷ Scotches, cuts, wounds.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're 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:
T'is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarums. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,
and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp:—run
one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.¹—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as² you serv'd the cause, but as't had
been

Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip³ your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears

Wash the congealment⁴ from your wounds,
and kiss⁵
The honour'd gashes whole.—[*To Scarus*] Give
me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—[*To Cleopatra*]

O thou day o' the world,
Chain⁶ mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
all,

Through proof of harness⁶ to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphant!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from

¹ *Gests*, exploits.

² *As*, as if.

³ *Clip*, clasp, embrace.

⁴ *Congealment*, clotted blood.

⁵ *Chain*, enclasp.

⁶ *Proof of harness*, armour of proof.

The world's great snare uncaught!

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat thee to the beds. What, girl!
though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown,
yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

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

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled⁷
Like holy Phœbus' ear.—Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; ²⁰
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe⁸
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;⁹
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together, ³⁸

Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this
hour,
We must return to the court-of-guard:¹⁰ the
night

Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd¹¹ one to 's.

Enter ENOBBARUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

⁷ *Carbuncled*, adorned with carbuncles.

⁸ *Owe*, own.

⁹ *Tabourines*, drums.

¹⁰ *Court-of-guard*, guard-room.

¹¹ *Shrewd*, evil, mischievous.

light
My nightingale,
sds. What, girl!

younger brown,
20

eyes, and can
rehold this man;
omring hand:—
fought to-day
d, had

ve thee, friend,
a king's
e it embancled?
me thy hand:—
olly march; 30
men that owe⁸

city
d sup together,
t day's fate,
Trumpeters,
city's ear;
tabornines;⁹
e thy sounds
38
[*Exeunt.*

camp.

ost.
ey'd within this
of-guard:¹⁰ the

l embattle

is last day was

ness, night,—

is?

, and list him.
a blessed moon,

uncles.
rines, drums

When men revolted shall upon record 8
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

First Sold. Enobarbus!

Third Sold. Peace!

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispouge¹ 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;² 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive;³
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 Caesar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a
prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?]

First Sold. The hand of death hath rought⁴
him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums

[Demurely⁵ wake the sleepers.] Let us bear
him

To the court-of-guard: [he is of note: our hour
is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;] 33

He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X. *Ground between the two camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, [with Forces,
marching.*

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

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight 't the fire or 't the
air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot⁶
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—let us on,
Where their appointment we may best dis-
cover; 8

And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

Enter CAESAR, with his Forces, marching.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still⁷ by
land,

Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

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

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not,—they cannot tell,—look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.]

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd⁸ whore!
't is thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only v's on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,

¹ *Dispouge*, distil, drop.

² *Particular*, private relation.

³ *Fugitive*, deserter.

⁴ *Raught*, reached.

⁵ *Demurely*, with measured beat.

⁶ *Foot*, infantry.

⁷ *Be still*, remain quiet.

⁸ *Triple-turn'd*, i.e. thrice faithless.

I have done all:—bid them all fly begone.
 [Exit Scarus.]
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
 hearts 20

That spanie'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd¹ forth my wars, and call'd
 them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet,² my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,³
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his
 love? 31

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,⁴ for dolts; 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 't were 30

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,⁵ thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the hea-
 viest club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall
 die:

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me,
 and I fall 48

Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho!

[Exit.

¹ Beck'd, beckoned. ² Crownet, coronet.

³ At fast and loose, falsely, treacherously.

⁴ Diminutives, insignificant people.

⁵ Alcides, Heracles.

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in
 Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
 MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more
 mad
 Than Telamon⁶ for his shield; the boar of
 Thessaly

Was never so emboss'd.⁷

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, Mar-
 dian, 9
 And bring me how he takes my death.—To
 the monument! [Exit.

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room in
 the same.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dra-
 gonish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod into the world,
 And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen
 these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with
 a thought 9

The rack dislims,⁸ and makes it indistinct
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy cap-
 tain is

⁶ Telamon, Ajax Telamon.

⁷ Emboss'd, foaming at the mouth.

⁸ The rack dislims, the floating cloud effaces.

Even such a body: here I am Antony;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my kinsave.
 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,¹ now lost,—she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards² with Caesar, 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 lov'd 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 discharg'd: 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'd³ life,
 Thy name so buried in her.]

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task
 is done,

And we must sleep.—[*To Mardian*] 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.⁴ O, cleave, my
 sides! 30

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,⁵
 Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;

¹ *Moe*, more.

² *Pack'd cards*, shuffled the cards unfairly.

³ *Render'd*, gave up.

⁴ *Keep the battery from my heart*, restrain my throbbing heart.

⁵ *Continent*, container.

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 length⁶ 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 thou, 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 *Aeneas* shall wait troops,⁷

And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have liv'd 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 Caesar tells
 "I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn,

Eros,

That, when the exigent⁸ 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 strik'st not me, 't is Caesar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

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

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and
 see 72

Thy master thus with pleach'd⁹ arms, bending
 down

His corrigible¹⁰ neck, his face subdu'd

⁶ *Length*, continuance of life.

⁷ *Troops*, followers.

⁸ *Exigent*, exigency.

⁹ *Pleach'd*, folded.

¹⁰ *Corrigible*, submitting to punishment.

To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat¹
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd!²

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must
be cur'd.

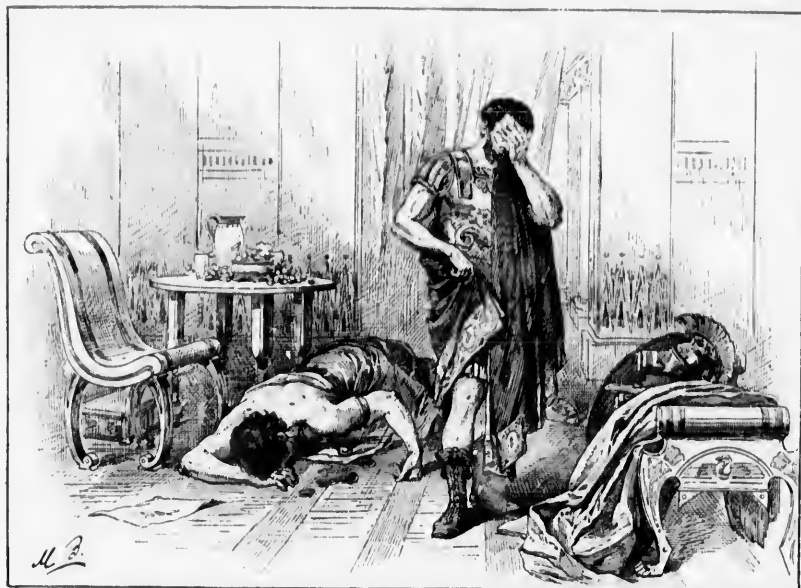
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st
thou not then

81



Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself:
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not.—(Act iv. 14. 95-97.)

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent³ services are all
But accidents unparpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble coun-
tenance,

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.

¹ Wheel'd seat, chariot.

² Ensu'd, followed after.

³ Precedent, former.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 99
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 [falls on his sword]:
—thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Dies.]

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 me¹
 A nobleness in record: but I will be ⁹⁹
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
 As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
 [Falling on his sword.
 I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead!—
 The guard ho!—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCEVAS 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.²]

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I.

[*Sec. Guard.* Nor I.] ¹⁰⁹

Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy fol-
 lowers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tid-
 ings,
 Shall enter me³ with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

[*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?] [*Exit Dercevas.*

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 ¹²⁰

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
 Which never shall be found—you did suspect
 She had dispos'd⁴ with Cæsar, and that your
 rage

Would not be purg'd,⁵ 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,⁶ 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 some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleo-
 patra 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 wel-
 come

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
 And have my thanks for all. ¹⁴⁰

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from
 hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
 But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
 As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death⁷ upon him, but not dead.
 [Look out o' the other side your monument;]
 His guard have brought him thither.

¹ Got upon me, gained before me.

² Period, end.

³ Enter me, gain me a place.

⁴ Dispos'd, come to terms.

⁵ Purg'd, cured.

⁶ Dread, fear.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—dark-
ling! stand ¹⁰
The varying shore o' the world.—O Antony,
Antony, Antony!—[*Help, Charmian; help,
Iras, help;—*
Help, friends below!—let's draw him hither.]
Ant. Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 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-fortun'd Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd² with me; if knife, drugs, ser-
pents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion,³ shall acquire no honour
Demuring⁴ upon me.—But come, come, An-
tony,— ²⁰

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. [Here's sport indeed!—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight:] had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw Antony up.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
liv'd:

Quicken⁵ with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

¹ *Darkling*, dark. ² *Brooch'd*, adorned.

³ *Still conclusion*, calm determination.

⁴ *Demuring*, looking demurely.

⁵ *Quicken*, revive.

[*All.* A heavy sight!] ¹

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; ⁴¹
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,

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety.

—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Caesar. ⁵⁰

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrowat; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My count'nan, a Roman
Valiantly crush'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't⁶ 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!
my lord!—

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole⁷ 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 is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—]

Char. O madam, madam, madam,—

Iras. P : Egypt,

Empress,—

[*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!]

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks

⁶ *Woo't*, wouldst, wilt.

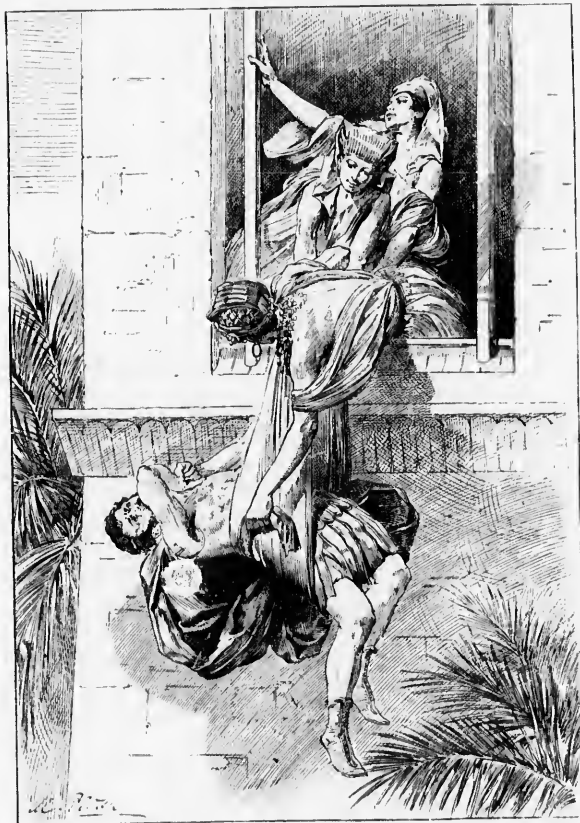
⁷ *Pole*, standard.

And do
To thro
To tell

To rus
Ere de
w
What,
C

And does the meanest chares,¹—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious² gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish,³ and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin 80



Cleo. How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight.—(Act iv. 15. 32-34.)

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 lump is spent, it's out!—[Good sirs, take
heart:—]
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,

¹ *Chares*, drudgery.

² *Injurious*, malignant.

³ *Sottish*, foolish, stupid.

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
away:—
This ease of that huge spirit now is cold;

Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end. 91
[*Exeunt; those above hearing
off Antony's body.*]

ACT V.

[SCENE I. *Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate,¹ tell him he mocks
The pauses² that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou
that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: 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,³
And citizens to their dens:—the death of An-
tony

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 self⁴ 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;

¹ *Frustrate*, frustrated.

² *He mocks the pauses*, the delay is but mockery.

³ *Civil streets*, city streets. ⁴ *Self*, same.

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 is⁵ a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament 29
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd 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 be-
fore 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 stall⁶ together
In the whole world; but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor 42
In top of all design,⁷ 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 a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meetest season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress, 52

⁵ *But it is*, if it is not. ⁶ *Stall*, dwell, find room.

⁷ *In top of all design*, in all high endeavour.

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preperadly may frame herself
To the way she's fore'd 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 learn
To be unger'd.

Mess. So . . . gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*]
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life¹ in Rome
Would be eternal² in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she
says,

And how you find of her.
Pro. Caesar, I shall. [*Exit.*]
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]
Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?
Agr. Mec. &c. 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 75
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in 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,³
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the
dung,⁴
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

¹ Life, living presence.

² Eternal, a lasting honour.

³ Knave, servant.

⁴ The dung, this vile earth.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt; 9

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
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 no-
thing:

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.⁵ I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it. 34

Gal. [You see how easily she may be sur-
pris'd:]

[Here Proculeius and two of the Guard
ascend the monument by a ladder placed
against a window, and, having descended,
come behind Cleopatra. Some of the
Guard unbar and open the gates.]

[To Proculeius and the Guard] Guard her
till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*]

Irás. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

⁵ The greatness he has got, the sovereignty he has gained.

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
 Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
 That rids our dogs of languish?¹
 [*Pro.* Cleopatra,
 Do not abuse my master's bounty by 43
 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,² 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 Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
 Nor once be chastis'd 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-nak'd, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you
 shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius.
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent me 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 Cleopatra*] To Cæsar I will speak what
 you shall please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

¹ *Languish*, lingering disease.

² *Temperance*, self-restraint

Cleo. Say, I would die.
 [*Exit Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard
 of me! 71

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 dream'd 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 80

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid³ the ocean: his rear'd
 arm

Crested the world; his voice was propertyed
 As⁴ 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 't was
 That grew the more by reaping: his delights
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in: in his livery 90
 Walk'd crowns and crownets;⁵ realms and
 islands were

As plates⁶ 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

³ *Bestridd*, bestrode.

⁴ *Propertyed* as, had the property of.

⁵ *Crownets*, coronets. ⁶ *Plates*, pieces of silver coin.

An Antony, were nature's piece¹ 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might
never 102

O'er take pursu'd success, but I do² feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know't. 110

[*Flourish within.*]

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

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

[*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam.]

[*Cleopatra kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project³ mine own cause so well 121
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:⁴
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 129
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 't is
yours; and we,
Your scuteheons and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my
good lord.

[*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleo-
patra.

Cleo.] This is the brief⁵ of money, plate,
jewels,
I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted.⁶—Where's Sel-
eneus? 140

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleneus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have
made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be
mine. 152

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired!—What, goest thou
back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine
eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain,
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is
this,—

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

¹ Piece, masterpiece.

² But I do, if I do not.

³ Project, set forth, state.

⁴ Enforce, lay stress upon.

⁵ Brief, list, summary.

⁶ Not petty things admitted, leaving out trifles.

To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sun¹ of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy;² Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Inmoument³ toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern⁴ friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be infolded 170
With⁵ one that I have bred? The gods! it
smites me

Beneath the fall I have.—[*To Seleucus*] Pri-
thee, go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance;⁶ wert thou
a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me,

Ces. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be 't known that we, the greatest, are
mishought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits⁷ in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what ae-
knowledg'd, 180

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Caesar'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 dispose⁸ 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!

Ces. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exit Caesar and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words⁹ me, girls, he words me, that
I should not 191

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

¹ Parcel the sun, add to the sun. ² Envy, malice.

³ Inmoument, unmimportant. ⁴ Modern, ordinary.

⁵ Unfolded with, exposed by. ⁶ Chance, fortune.

⁷ Merits, deserts. ⁸ Dispose, dispose of.

⁹ Words, flatters with words.

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.¹⁰

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: Caesar 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.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

[*Exit Dolabella.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: meekanie slaves, 209
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And fore'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras;—sauey
lictors

Will eatch at us, like strumpets; and seald¹¹
rhyners

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick¹² comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall

see 219
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy¹³ my greatness
[*'T the posture of a whore.*]

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

¹⁰ Put it to the haste, attend to it at once.

¹¹ Seald, scurvy. ¹² Quick, lively.

¹³ Boy, personate (as boys played female parts).

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.*—



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.—(Act v. 2. 266-268.)

Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou'st done this chare,¹ I'll give
thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown
and all.
Wherefore 's this noise?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

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

¹ *Chare*, task.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*]
What poor an² instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant;³ now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter one of the Guard, with Clown bringing
in a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid,⁴ and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]

² *What poor an*, how poor an.

³ *Marble-constant*, firm as marble.

⁴ *Avoid*, depart.

Hast thou the pretty worm¹ of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not!

Cleon. 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! 219

Cleon. Very many, men and women too.
I heard of one of them no longer than yester-
day: 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. 260

Cleon. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[Sets down his basket.

Cleo. Farewell.

Cleon. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.²

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Cleon. 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.

Cleon. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Cleon. 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. 280

Cleon. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the
worm. [Exit.

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

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grapes shall moist this lip:—

Vare, vare,³ 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 Caesar, which the gods give men
To exense their after wrath:—husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements 292
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

Have I the asp⁴ 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 desir'd.] Dost thou liestill?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. 301

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that
I may say

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou
mortal wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate⁵
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpoliced!⁶

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sneaks the nurse asleep?

[*Char.* O, break! O, break!
Cleo.] As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another asp to her arm.
What should I stay— [Dies.

Char. In this vile world!—So, fare thee
well.—

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows,⁷ close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld 320

³ Vare, promptly.

⁴ Asp, asp.

⁵ Intricate, intricate.

⁶ Unpoliced, senseless, stupid. ⁷ Windows, eyelids.

¹ Worm, snake.

² Do his kind, act out his nature.

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. Caesar hath sent—

Char.

Too slow a messenger.

[Applies an asp.]

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

First Guard. *[Approach, ho! All's not well!]*

Caesar's begun'd.

[See, Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; call him.]



Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—(Act v. 2. 338-340.)

First Guard. What work is here!—Char-
mian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a
princess

Descended of so many royal kings. 330

Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

[Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects! in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Caesar!]

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 level'd² at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—[The manner of their
deaths? 340

I do not see them bleed.

¹ Touch their effects, are realized.

² Level'd, guessed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs: This was his basket.

Ces. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Caesar, This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood, And on the sudden dropp'd.

Ces. O noble weakness!— If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear By external swelling; but she looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony 350 In her strong toil¹ of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood, and something blown:² The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an asp's trail; and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves Upon the eaves of Nile.

Ces. Most probable That so she died; for her physician tells me She hath pursu'd conclusions³ infinite Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed; And bear her women from the monument:— She shall be buried by her Antony: 361

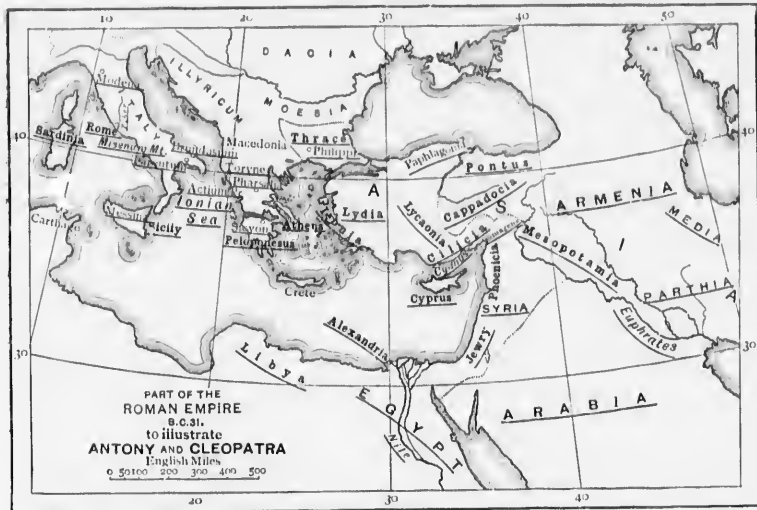
No grave upon the earth shall clip⁴ in it A pair so famous. [High events as these Strike those that make them; and their story is No less in pity than his glory which Brought them to be lamented.] Our army shall In solemn show attend this funeral; And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]

³ Pursu'd conclusions, tried experiments.

⁴ Clip, inclose.

¹ Toil, net, snare. ² Something blown, somewhat swollen.

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NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. **MARK ANTONY'S** career, up to the battle of Philippi (B.C. 42), has been traced in the notes to Julius Caesar. He then went to Asia, which had been assigned to him as his share of the Roman world. In Cilicia he met with Cleopatra, whom he followed to Egypt. In B.C. 41 Fulvia, the wife of Antony, and L. Antonius his brother, made war upon Octavianus (Octavius) in Italy; but the contest ended before Antony reached Italy to take part in it. The death of Fulvia facilitated the reconciliation that followed between Octavianus and Antony, which was strengthened by the marriage of the latter with Octavia, sister of the former. After the triumvirs had made peace with Sextus Pompey, Antony returned to his provinces in the East; but in B.C. 37 he again visited Italy, when the triumvirate was renewed for another five years. He then went back to Asia, whence he soon sent Octavia home to her brother, and gave himself up to the thralldom of Cleopatra. After an unsuccessful campaign in Parthia, and a more fortunate one in Armenia, in B.C. 34 he assumed the pomp and state of an eastern despot, with Cleopatra for his queen. Octavianus now saw that the time had come for erasing his rival, and the memorable campaign that culminated in the battle of Actium followed, with the defeat and suicide of Antony in B.C. 30, as described in the play. Many of the details of these

closing years of Antony's life, as recorded by Plutarch, will be found in the notes below.

2. **OCTAVIUS CÆSAR**, like Antony, has already appeared in Julius Caesar, and the leading events in his life, after the battle of Philippi, have been sufficiently set forth in the preceding sketch of Antony. After the death of the latter he was the undisputed master of the Roman world, but he prudently refrained from assuming kingly power, being satisfied with the title of *pontifex maximus*. In B.C. 27 the senate and the people gave him the title of Augustus to express their veneration for him, and until his death in B.C. 14, at the age of 76, he was virtual emperor.

3. **M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS**, after the battle of Philippi, received Africa as his province, and remained there from B.C. 42 till B.C. 36, when Octavius called him to Italy to assist in the war against Sextus Pompey. Lepidus obeyed, but, impatient of his subordinate position, resolved to acquire Sicily for himself. He was soon subdued by Octavius, who deprived him of his office as triumvir and restricted him to Circiæ as a residence. He died B.C. 13.

4. **SEXTUS POMPEIUS MAGNUS**, younger son of Pompey the Great, fought, with his brother Cneius, against Cæsar at Munda, but escaped with his life. After the death of Cæsar he became master of the sea with his fleet, and gained possession of Sicily; but, being defeated by Oct-

vius, he fled to Asia, where he was captured and put to death in B.C. 35.

5. CAIUS CILNIUS MECENAS was one of the chief friends of Octavius, and intrusted by him with many important political responsibilities; but in his latter years he became somewhat alienated from the emperor, and retired entirely from public life. His fame rests mainly on his patronage of literature, especially of Virgil and Horace. He died in B.C. 8.

6. GAIUS PULCHRUS VASENIUS AGRIPPA was born in B.C. 63, studied with the young Octavius at Apollonia, and was ever after one of his most devoted friends. He commanded the fleet of Octavius at the battle of Actium. He was three consul, and in B.C. 27 built the Pantheon at Rome. In B.C. 21 he married Julia, the daughter of Augustus. He was actively engaged in military commands until his death, B.C. 12. He and Mecenas are by far the most noted of the persons grouped in the *deanathia parva* under the heads of "friends to Caesar," "friends to Augustus," &c. Concerning the others the play and the extracts from Plutarch in the notes give all needed information.

7. CLEOPATRA (born B.C. 69) was the eldest daughter of Ptolemy Anketes and a lady of Pontus, and was therefore of pure Greek blood, not the half-African beauty that poets and other writers have often represented her. She was only seventeen at the death of her father, who made her joint heir of his kingdom with her brother Ptolemy, whom she was to marry. Having been expelled from the throne by her guardians in B.C. 49, she gained by her fascinations the support of Caesar, who restored her and her brother to sovereignty. She had a son, Cesarion, by Caesar, and followed the dictator to Rome, where she probably was at the time of his assassination. Returning to Egypt, she met Antony in B.C. 41, and from that time he was her lover and slave. She was present at the battle of Actium, as in the play, and her flight hastened the defeat of Antony. The brief remainder of her history is given by Shakespeare and by Plutarch, from whose narrative the notes give ample quotations. Her death occurred in B.C. 30, in the thirty-ninth year of her age, and with it the reign of the Ptolemies in Egypt came to an end.

8. OCTAVIA, the sister of Octavius, was first married to P. Marcellus, who was consul in B.C. 50. Her marriage to Antony occurred in B.C. 40. She had three children by Marcellus, one of whom was the young Marcellus so nobly commemorated by Virgil, and two by Antony. She died B.C. 11.

ACT I. SCENE I.

9. Line 1: *generals*.—F. 1 has *Generals*, the other Folios have *generall* or *general*.

10. Line 6: *tawny front*.—So Tennyson, in the *Dream of Fair Women*, describes Cleopatra as having "swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes;" but see note 7 above.

11. Line 8: *reneges*.—So F. 4: the earlier Ff. have *reneages*. Coleridge would spell the word *reneagues*, to imitate the pronunciation. It is used by Shakespeare again in *Lear*, ii. 2. 84 ("Reneg, affirm"), where the

quartos have *Reneg*. Halliwell quotes *The Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 113:

Shall I *reneg*? I made them then!
Shall I deny my cunning from?

12. Lines 9, 10:

*And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust.*

Johnson wished to read, "To kindle and to cool a gypsy's lust;" but the *bellows*, like the *fan*, is here employed to *cool*. Malone quotes Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, ii. 9. 39:

There added was, by goodly ordinance,
A huge great payre of bellows, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath buspyre

The word *gypsy* is used here, as it commonly was in Shakespeare's time, in a tone of contemptuous abuse. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 44: "Bido, a dowdy; Cleopatra a *gypsy*." No metaphor, however, as all who know anything of the gipsies know well, could be less exact than that which takes their women as a symbol of lust. They might much more correctly stand as a symbol of chastity.

13. Line 12: *triple*.—For the use of the word here, compare All's *Well*, ii. 1. 103-112:

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience he' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a *triple eye*,
Sister than mine own Iwo, more dear.

14. Line 18: *grates me*.—The meaning is clear enough; but F. 2 has "Rate me, the sunne," and Rowe gives "Rate me the sun." Pope reads, "It grates me." Tell the sun," which, though good as a paraphrase, is equally unjustifiable and unnecessary.

15. Line 19: *hear them*.—Pope thought it necessary to change *them* to *it*; but *news* is both plural and singular in Shakespeare. See, too, in the quotation from North's Plutarch in note 38 below: "very *li news* were brought him."

16. Line 28: *process*.—Malone (*Var. Ed.* vol. xii. p. 168) quotes *Minsheu's Dictionary*, 1617: "The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *process*, by which a man is called into the court and no more."

17. Line 34: *rang'd*.—Rowe changes the word to *rais'd*; but it occurs in a similar sense in *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 295-297:

To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly *ranges*,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

18. Line 35: *our dungy earth*.—The expression is repeated in *Winter's Tale*, ii. 1. 157: "the whole *dunghy earth*."

19. Line 43: *But stir'd by Cleopatra*.—It seems best to regard this as taking up and completing what the queen has said: "but inspired by Cleopatra." Johnson, however, explains *but* as "except."

20. Line 44: *the love of Love*.—For the love of Venus. We find *Love* personified as feminine in *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 52:

Let *Love*—long light, be drowned if she sink.

21. Line 50: *whose*.—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *who*.

22. Line 51: *Compare*.—*Compare* Cleopatra. Plutarch compares her to a new dawn, leaving her sight of her sight with him, him when And some city disgard into poor browl with in a chun streets wi both moel of this job wisely: 'wit, a mo face, to m

23. Sta Enter Lucillius. "Hexas;" appear in Ed. vol. 3. It as first oversight as it stand wife of I the Mids for the Pyramng when speare is the mind *pygas*, R quotation

24. "h has *cha* of Warbu explaine this is a fectly rig introduc burton, I whilst, c affords m

25. Lin Merchar In I. He the "me replies, wasted I 26. Li In the of

22. Line 53: *To-night we'll wander through the streets.*—Compare North's Plutarch: "But now again to Cleopatra. Plato willeth that there are four kinds of flattery; but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying very gaily and wisely: 'that Antonius shewed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, to say, a grim look!'" (pp. 177, 178).

ACT I. SCENE 2.

23. Stage-direction: Enter CHARMIAN, &c.—F. 1 has *Enter Eubarchus, Lamprius, a Southanger, Rannius, Lucilius, Charuon, Ivas, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas;* but Lamprius, Rannius, and Lucilius do not appear in the scene or indeed in the play. Stevens (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 172) suggests that they may have been in it as first written, and their names retained here by an oversight. So in the first stage-direction of Much Ado, as it stands in F. 1, we have "Innogen" introduced as the wife of Leonato, but she takes no part in the play. In the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, l. 2, parts are assigned for the father and mother of Thisbe and the father of Pyramus in the clowns' interlude, but they are all missing when the performance takes place in act v. Shakespeare is often guilty of such carelessness with regard to the minor details of the action. *Lamprius* (or *Lamprius*), it may be noted, is mentioned by Plutarch. See quotation in note 115 below.

24. Line 5: *must change his horns with garlands.*—F. 1 has *change*, which Theobald corrected at the suggestion of Warburton. *Change* has been retained by some, and explained as "vary, give a different appearance to." But this is a very forced interpretation, and Malone is perfectly right in saying: "I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense; whilst, on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none."

25. Line 23: *HEAT MY LIVER with drinking.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 31:

And let my liver rather heat with wine.

In *I. Henry IV.*, ll. 4, when Bardolph asks Prince Hal what the "meteors" of his own red nose "portend," the Prince replies, "Hot livers and cold pusses;" that is, money wasted in drinking.

26. Line 28: *Head of Jervy*—A prominent character in the old mysteries and moral plays, being represented

as "a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant." The wish of Charulian, therefore, as Stevens remarks (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 175), is "for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke." Compare ll. 3, 3 below.

27. Line 32: *I love long life better than figs.*—This was a proverbial expression.

28. Line 38: *—a FERTILE every wish, a million.*—For *fertile* see *Notes* have *foretell* or *foretell*. The correction was suggested by Warburton, and put into the text by Theobald. There can be no doubt of its accuracy.

29. Line 65: *Alexas*.—*come, &c.*—F. 1 prints this as if it were the speech of Alexas: "*Alexas* Come, his Fortune," &c. But, as Rolfe notes, the prefix to the speeches of Alexas is, throughout the play, *Alex*. And apart from this, the sense shows very plainly that the speech is Charulian's. The correction was first made by Theobald.

30. Line 84: *SAW you my lord?*—F. 1 has *Saw*, which was corrected in F. 2.

31. Line 96: *JOINTING their force 'gainst Cæsar.*—The verb to *joint* (i. e. join) is used by Shakespeare only here and in two passages of *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 142, and v. 5. 440: "*Jointed to the old stock*"—the same words in both passages. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives *Joint*, but renders it by *deartuo*, which means to *disjoint*.

32. Line 105: *Extended Asia from Euphrates.*—*Asia* is a trisyllable, and *Euphrates* is (according to the custom of the day) accented on the first syllable, as in Drayton's *Polyolion*, 21:

That gliding go in state, like swelling *Euphrates*.

Extended here means "seized upon," as in the legal use of the word *extent*. Shakespeare does not use the verb in this sense elsewhere. *Extent* he uses in *As You Like It*, iii. 1. 17:

Make an *extent* upon his house and lands

33. Line 109: *Speak to me home.*—That is, directly, without *mincing*. Compare "*strike home*," and similar phrases.

34. Lines 113-115:

O, then we bring forth veils

*When our quick MINDS lie still; and our ills told us
As is our caring.*

The folios have *veils* or *veils*, which Hamer corrected at the suggestion of Warburton. Knight, Staunton, and Clark retain *winds*, the last-named explaining it as "a figurative image for the brisk, wholesomely searching winds that make the earth dull, fruitful instead of letting it lie stagnant and overgrown with idle weeds; as well as for the wholesomely rough breath of public censure and private candour which prevent the growth of moral weeds, and allow good fruits to sprout up." Collier takes *winds* in the provincial sense of "two furrows ploughed by the horses going to one end of the field and back again." See the three pages in the Var. Ed. (xii. 182-185), from which one gathers little in favour of the old reading, which seems simply one of the commonest of misprints. Warburton explains the passage as follows: "While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and

luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest" (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 184).

35. Line 117: *From Sicyon*, NO, THE NEWS!—This is Dyce's correction of the *Ff.*, which read *how the news*.

36. Line 127: *contempt doth*.—F. 1 has *contempts doth*, and F. 2 *contempts do*; but doth was not likely to be misprinted *do*, while the other slip of the type is a common one.

37. Line 129: *by revolution, lowering*.—The allusion is probably to the turning of a wheel, perhaps that of Fortune. The turn of the wheel changes pleasure to pain. Warburton fancied it to be a reference to "the sun's diurnal course."

38. Line 130: *she's good, being gone*.—Plutarch gives the following account of Antony's receiving the news of Fulvia's death: "Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cesar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news, as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates and from Syria unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius with much ado a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phoenicia: but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred sail: and as he went, took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war: who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon: and therefore Octavius Cesar and he were the easier made friends again" (pp. 178, 179).

39. Line 131: *could pluck her back*.—Would willingly; call her back to life.

40. Line 141: *Under a compelling occasion*.—*Ff.* read "a compelling an occasion." The correction was made by Rowe.

41. Line 153: *call her winds and waters sighs and tears*.—Dignify her expenditure of air and water by the name of sighs and tears. There is a humour and an irony in the passage which Malone did not appreciate when he proposed to read "her sighs and tears winds and waters," nor when he afterwards treated it as a mere grammatical transposition.

42. Lines 168-172: *When it pleaseth their deities, &c.*—"When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the

tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another" (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 187).

Hammer changed the text to "they show to man," &c.

43. Line 176: *the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow*.—This convenient property of the onion is alluded to several times by Shakespeare. See IV, 2, 35 of this play: "And I, an ass, an onion-ey'd;" and compare All's Well, v. 3, 321:

Mine eyes smell onions: I shall weep anon;

and The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, l. 124-125:

And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commandment tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

This last quotation is very closely paralleled by an actual case known to me, in which a young man, at the funeral of his betrothed, was seen to pull out his handkerchief, from whose folds an onion rolled to the ground. The poor fellow was the victim of a particularly heartless practical joke, but the story could never be forgotten.

44. Line 182: *your ABODE*.—The word *abode* has now lost this sense of time (abiding, or remaining), and is used only of place. In Shakespeare, however, it occurs several times, as in the Merchant of Venice, ii. 6, 21:

Sweet friends, your patience for my long *abode*.

45. Line 185: *The cause of our EXPEDIENCE*; i. e. OUR expedition. The word is used again in this sense in I. Henry IV. i. 1, 33:

In forwarding this dear *expedience*.

46. Line 186: *And yet her LEAVE to part*.—This is Pope's correction of the *Ff. love*. The same misprint, as Malone notes, occurs in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1, 292, where, in the line:

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;

the *Ff. have loves*.

47. Line 191: *HATH given the dare*.—F. 1 prints *Have*.

48. Lines 199-201:

*much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison.*

According to a popular notion, not yet entirely extinct, a horse-hair becomes a snake if left soaking for a length of time in water.

49. Line 202: *To such whose PLACE is under us, requires*.—So F. 2 corrects the places of F. 1.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

50. Line 28: *Though you in swearing shake the throned gods*.—Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3, 136-138:

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you.

51. Line 40: *port of Rome*.—This has been explained as "gate of Rome;" but Pompey is approaching by sea, not by land. The reference is, therefore, beyond question to Ostia.

52. Line 55: *And that which most with you should safe my going.*—The verb to *safe* is used by Shakespeare only here and in iv. 3. 26 below ("best you *saft'd* the bringer").

53. Line 58: *from childishness.*—From being so childish or foolish as to believe you.

54. Lines 60, 61:

*Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; AT THE LAST, BEST.*

The word *garboils* (i.e. commotions) is used by Shakespeare only in this play, here and in ii. 2. 67. Steevens quotes Heywood, *The Rape of Incerce*, v. 6:

*Thou of the Tarquins dost alone survive,
The head of all these garboils*

The word is from the Old French *garbonille*. Coles has: "A garboil, *traba, rixa, contentio*," and Boyer, in his edition of 1729, gives the word *garboil*, but marks it as a low word. The expression *at the last, best* was oddly understood by Steevens as a "conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia"! If a conjugal tribute, it is of a queer kind, for Antony evidently means either, "in the last part of the letter is the best news," or "the best thing she ever did was her last act, that is, her leaving me."

55. Lines, 63, 64:

*Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water!*

"Alluding to the lacrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend" (Johnson). Compare *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 5. 4, 5:

*Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*

56. Line 73: *So Antony loves.*—If Antony loves me. Several editors make *so* equivalent to *thus*, referring to the changeableness in her condition. It is not easy to decide between the two interpretations; and the reply of Antony does not help us in settling the question. The former, however, seems to me to give the better sense.

57. Line 80. *You'll heat my blood: no more.*—Ff. read "You'll heat my blood no more?" The correction was made by Rowe.

58. Line 82: *Noie, by my sword.*—*My* is omitted in F. 1.

59. Line 84: *this Herculean Roman.*—Antony claimed to be descended from Anton, a son of Hercules. So in iv. 12. 44 of the play he addresses *Aleides* (Hercules) as his ancestor.

60. Lines 90, 91:

*O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.*

I cannot see the obscurity in this which some of the "Variorum" commentators chose to find. *Oblivion* is of course used for "forgetfulness," "an oblivion memory," and *Forgotten* with an active signification, perhaps playing also on the passive sense of it.

61. Lines 91-93:

*But that your royalty
Holds illness your subject, I should take you
For illness itself.*

Roife very well explains this: "But that your sovereignty

can make frivolousness subservient to your purpose, I should take you for frivolousness itself." This seems to me the plain and obvious meaning of the lines.

62. Line 96: *my BECOMINGS kill me; i.e. my own graces are as my deadly enemies.* The word *becoming* is used by Shakespeare as a noun only here and in Sonnet cl. 5:

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill?

63. Line 100: *laverel.*—F. 2 has *lavere'd*, and that reading, less attractive, is adopted by many editors.

64. Lines 103, 104:

*That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.*

Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 198) compares Sidney's *Arcadia*, which he thinks may have suggested the conceit:

*She went, they staid; or, rightly fort to say,
She staid with them, they went in thought with her.*

He quotes also the Mercator of Plantius: "*Si domi sum, foris est animus; sin foris sum, animus domi est.*"

ACT I. SCENE 4.

65. Line 3: *OUR great COMPETITOR.*—The folios have *Our* for *Our*. Hamner substituted *A*, and Heath and Johnson independently conjectured *Our*. *Competitor* is used for associate or partner, precisely as *rival* is elsewhere. Compare ii. 7. 76 and v. 1. 42 below.

66. Line 8: *VOUCHSAFE to think he had partners.*—F. 1 has *ronchsafe*, the later Ff. *did vouchsafe*. The reading in the text is Johnson's.

67. Line 9: *A man who is the ABSTRACT of all faults.*—F. 1 reads *abstracts*, which is corrected in the later Ff.

68. Lines 23, 24:

*yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils.*

F. 1, F. 2 read *foyles*; F. 3, F. 4 *Foyls*. The reading in the text, now generally followed, is due to Malone, who rightly says that "there cannot be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation."

69. Lines 24, 25:

*when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.*

That is, as Johnson says, "when his trifling levity throws so much burden upon us." Shakespeare's plays upon the word *light* are very frequent.

70. Line 31: *being mature in knowledge.*—Being old enough to know better. Hamner changed *mature* to *immature*, which is inconsistent with the *experience* and *judgment* that follow. It is not *knowledge* that the boys are weak in, but the moral strength that comes with manhood.

71. Line 33: *discontents.*—For the personal use of the word (in the sense of malcontents) compare I. Henry IV. v. 1. 76: "fickle changelings and poor *discontents*."

72. Lines 41-44:

*It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er low'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes DEAR'D by being lack'd.*

Fl, instead of *dear'd*, which is the conjecture of Warburton, adopted by Theobald, have *fear'd*. The emendation seems to me no doubt of its correctness, though *dear* as a verb is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare. The sense can hardly be other than, "the *ebb'd man*, the man whose fortunes have declined (compare *Tempest*, ii. 1. 226: "*ebbing men*"), who had never been loved while he was in power, becomes beloved (*dear'd*) as soon as his power is gone and he is found wanting." Compare *Coriolanus*, iv. 1. 15: "I shall be *lov'd* when I am *lack'd*."

73. Line 46: *lackeying*.—This is Theobald's brilliant emendation of the *lacking* of the folios. Steevens quotes from Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, bk. v.:

who would willingly

Lucky along so vast a lake of brine?

and from his translation of the *Iliad*, bk. xxiv.:

My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackeying* by thy side.

74. Line 52: *Lack blood to think on't*.—Turn pale at the thought of it. *Flush youth* is youth in the full flush of its perfection, or ripening into manhood.

75. Line 56: *When thou once*, &c.—Compare Plutarch: "Cicero, on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius: so that in the end he made the senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cesar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a Consul or Prætor; and moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cesar, who also had an army, went against Antonius that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle: but both the Consuls were slain there.

"Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity: and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity, knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do: but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and dislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart, and lack of courage, do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers, to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps, they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before" (p. 167).

76. Line 56: *vassails*.—The folios have *vassaites*, *vassails*, or *vassals*. The emendation is Pope's, and has been generally adopted, though Henley defended *vassails*.

77. Line 57: *Modena*.—Accented on the second syllable.

78. Line 75: *Assemble we immediate council*.—This is

the correction of F. 2; F. 1 has *we*, which could hardly have been said by Cesar before Lepidus.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

79. Line 4: *drink mandragora*.—Compare *Othello*, iii. 3. 330-333:

Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Steevens quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, iv. 2:

Come, violent death,
Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep.

Nares in his glossary quotes Lyte's translation of Dodonus, ed. 1578, p. 438: "It is most dangerous to receive into the body the juyce of the roote of this herbe, for if one take never so little more in quantitie, than the just proportion which he ought to take, it killeth the body. The leaves and fruit be also dangerous, for they cause deadly sleepe, and peevish drowsines, like opium."

80. Line 11: *unseminar'd*.—Deprived of virility; a word not found elsewhere, and probably coined by Shakespeare for the occasion.

81. Line 23: *the demi-Atlas of this earth*.—Alluding to the fact of Atlas bearing the globe on his shoulders. Compare III. Henry VI. v. 1. 36: "Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight."

82. Line 24: *burgonet*.—See II. Henry VI. v. 1. 200, and note 326 on that play.

83. Line 33: *ANCHOR his aspect*.—We have the same metaphor in connection with the eyes in *Sonnet cxxxvii. 5, 6*:

If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
Be *anchor'd* in the bay where all men ride.

84. Lines 36, 37:

*Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.*

Allusions to alchemy, which was then universally believed in, are frequent in Shakespeare. Compare, for example, *AR's Well*, v. 3. 101-104:

Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring.

Steevens quotes Chapman's *Shadow of Night*, 1504:

O then, thou great elixir of all treasures;

and the note to it: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the great elixir."

85. Line 48: *And sobriety did mount an ARM-GAUNT steed*.—The word *arm-gaunt* (Fr. *arme-gaunt*) is one of the insoluble mysteries of Shakespeare's text. Various plausible emendations have been suggested, of which the best are *arrogant* (printed by Singer, on the suggestion of Boaden), *terragant* (Steevens, after Malone's conjecture), and *rampant*, the conjecture of Lettson. Of these, *arrogant* is by far the most likely to have been misprinted *arm-gaunt*, and if any emendation be necessary, this is the one I should be inclined to adopt. But I cannot be sure that the original word is really a mere misprint. It has a very interesting look about it—a Shakespearean

look -though I cannot pretend to say with any certainty what it means. Dr. Ingleby (The Still Lion, pp. 36, 37) says: "*Arm-gaunt* is assuredly a misprint; for if such a word was ever applied to a horse in the sense of *gaunt* in the forequarters, such a horse would be in Shakespeare's phrase, *shoulder-shotten*: and most certainly Antony's high-bred charger could not have been that." Halliwell, however, in his dictionary defends the reading of the Fl., explaining it as "lean, thin, very thin," adding: "Shakespeare uses *arm-gaunt*, as thin as an arm, in the same way that Chaucer writes *arm-gret*, as thick as a man's arm:

A wreth of gold *arm-gret*, of huge weight,
Upon his hed sate full of stones bright.

—Canterbury Tales, 2147."

This explanation does not seem to be consistent with the obvious meaning of the whole passage: why should Antony be represented as mounting such a beggarly steed? Nares, in his Glossary, says with more reason: "Some will have it *lean-shouldered*, some *lean with poverty*, others *stender as one's arms*; but it seems to me that Warburton, though he failed in his proof, gave the interpretation best suited to the text, *worn by military service*. This implies the military activity of the master; all the rest of the senses are reproachful, and are therefore inconsistent with the speech which is made to display the gallantry of a lover to his mistress." Schmidt's suggestion, in his Lexicon, would fit the sense admirably if it could be accepted as a probable interpretation of the word itself, which it is not quite easy to do. "There is in Old English," he says, "another '*gaunt*,' the German *ganz*, signifying whole, healthful, lusty, and *arm-gaunt* may mean completely armed, harnessed, or rather: lusty in arms, full of life and martial spirits."

86 Line 50: *dumb'd*.—The Folio reading is *dunbe* or *dumb*. The correction is Theobald's. For *beastly* the Collier MS. has *boastfully*.

87. Line 74: *cold in blood*.—The Folios join these words to the preceding; but Warburton's pointing, as in the text, is adopted by the great majority of editors.

88. Line 78: *unpeople Egypt*.—"By sending out messengers," as Johnson explains it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

89. Line 10: *My powers are crescent*.—Theobald reads *My power's a crescent*, on account of the following *it*; but Shakespeare is careless in these little grammatical points. Pronouns are often singular when their antecedents are plural. Compare, for instance, Timon of Athens, iii. 0. 101:

Who, stuck and spangled with your *flatteries*,
Washes it off.

90 Lines 20, 21:

*But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy WAX'D lips.*

Ff. print *wax'd*, which is usually given in modern editions as *wax'd* or *waxed*. I think the word is rather, as Stevens suggested, a contraction of *waxu'd*; i.e. made wan, become faded. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 580:

That, from her working, all his visage *waxu'd*.

A lip may be said to become *wan*, but it can hardly, with any appropriateness, be said to *wane*.

91. Line 24: *Epicurean*.—Accented on the third syllable, according to the pronunciation of the time, as shown by other examples of the word in verse.

92. Lines 26, 27:

*That sleep and feeding may PROROGUE his honour
Even till a LETHE'D dulness!*

Prorogue is used here for "draw out, linger out, keep in a languishing state" (Schmidt), as again in Pericles, v. 1. 24-26:

A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to *prorogue* his grief.

Lethe'd is printed in Ff. *Lethied*.

93. Line 37: *Egypt's widow*.—Cleopatra had been married to her brother Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. See note 7.

94. Lines 38, 39:

*I cannot HOPE
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.*

Boswell says (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 218) that *hope* in the sense of *expect* was regarded as a blunder in the Elizabethan age, and cites Puttenham, Arte of English Poesie: "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, said thus with a certaine rude repentance: I *hope* I shall be hang'd to-morrow! For [I feare me] I shall be hang'd, whereat the king laughed agood, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his ill-shapen terme."

95. Line 41: *His brother WARR'D upon him*.—So F. 2 corrects the *wax'd* of F. 1. Compare ii. 2. 42, 43:

Your wife and brother
Made *wars* upon me.

96. Line 45: *pregnant*.—For this use of *pregnant* for probable, compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 325: "O, 'tis *pregnant*, *pregnant*!" The idea is that of something ready to come into existence, about to appear.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

97. Line 8: *I would not shave't to-day*.—Apparently meaning, I would not take even that trouble out of respect for him. Compare note 122 below.

98. Line 9: *stomaching*.—*Stomach* as a verb (meaning "to give way to anger") is used by Shakespeare only here and in iii. 4. 12 below.

99. Line 16:

*I do not know,
Mecenas.*

This is a part of the conversation which has been going on between Cæsar and Mecenas before they enter.

100. Line 25: *Nor earnestness grow to the matter*.—"Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference" (Johnson). On this part of the dialogue, as well as on what follows, compare North's Pintarch (the passage directly follows that quoted in note 38): "For when

Antonius landed in Italy, and that men saw Cesar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia; the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrul any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward into Antonius, and the countries westward into Cesar, and left Africa unto Lepidus; and made a law, that they three, one after another, should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cesar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cesar himself afterwards of Actia. It is reported, that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband Calpis Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. For he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, neither did he confess that he had her as his wife: and so with reason he did defend the love he bare unto this Egyptian Cleopatra. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserveth) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So when Cesar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome about this marriage, although it was against the law that a widow should be married within ten months after her husband's death. Howbeit the senate dispensed with the law, and so the marriage proceeded accordingly" (pp. 179, 180).

101. Lines 52, 53:

*If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have NOT to make it with.*

Fl. omit *not*, which was inserted by Rowe. The insertion seems necessary to make any real sense, though Clarke tries to explain the F. reading by supposing that Antony allows Cesar "to understand either 'If you desire to pick a quarrel with me, you could find stronger ground for basing it upon than these frivolous causes of complaint,' or 'If you wish to make up the quarrel between us, you have better means of doing so than by ripping up these trivial grievances.'" But this seems a forced interpretation. The meaning appears rather to be the reverse: make trivial things—mere bits and *patches*, as it were—the ground of quarrel. These slight occasions for disagreement are opposed to *matter whole*, or some serious cause for dissension. The dropping of the little negative is no rare slip in the early editions.

102. Line 60: *Could not with GRACEFUL eyes attend those wars.*—So Fl. Pope substitutes *grateful*, and the slip is an easy one; I have, in fact, seen that very misprint. But no change is necessary. The expression means: "I could not look on those wars with favour." Steevens com-

pares the similar expression (now obsolete): "I could not look *handsomely* on such or such a proceeding."

103. Line 62: *I would you had her spirit in such another.*—"I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find that, though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter" (Malone in Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 225).

104. Line 64: *You may PACE easy.*—Compare Henry VIII. v. 3. 21-24:

those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.

105. Lines 85-87: *The honour is sacred which he talks on now, &c.*—"The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself" (Malone as above, p. 227).

106. Line 98: *'Tis noble spoken.*—The reading of F. 1. *Noble* in F. 2 is changed to *nobly*; but the use of adjectives as adverbs is very common in Elizabethan writers.

107. Line 112: *your considerate stone.*—The figure and the ellipsis are both natural and familiar enough; but several of the editors of the last century attempted to emend the passage by reading "Go to, you considerate ones," "your confederates love," and the like exquisite pieces of absurdity.

108. Line 117: *What HOOP should hold us stanch.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 43: "A *hoop* of gold to bind thy brothers in."

109. Line 122: *Say not so.*—The Folios have *Say not, say*, which Rowe corrected.

110. Lines 123, 124:

*If Cleopatra heard you, your REPROOF
Were well deserv'd of rashness.*

Fl. print *proof*; the reading in the text was adopted by Hammer at the suggestion of Warburton.

111. Line 136: *truths would be tales.*—The metre has been mended in various ways: "be but tales," "then be tales," "be as tales," "be half tales," "be mere tales," "be tales only," &c. Any one of these may possibly be right, and perhaps none of them. If I thought it necessary to admit any emendation I should read "be but tales," after Pope.

112. Line 163: *Misenum.*—The promontory in the Bay of Naples, the origin of the name of which Virgil gives in *Æneid*, vi. 162-235.

113. Line 179: *digested.*—F. 1 has *digested*, as in Coriolanus, I. 1. 154 and Julius Cesar, I. 2. 305. This seems to have been an old form of the word, and is recognized by Nares and other lexicographers.

114. Line 183: *Eight wild-boars roasted.*—See extract from Plutarch in next note.

115. Lines 196-231.—For the description that follows, compare Plutarch: "So she furnished herself with a world

ey): "I could not
bedding."

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alone in Var. Ed.

Compare Henry

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of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdain'd to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, howboys, cithernes, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her self, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little faus in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them, were apparelled like the nymphs Nereids (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitude of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side: others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience: and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to shew himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it.

"Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Caesar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the King's lieutenants had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia, ready to invade Syria; yet (as though all this had nothing touched him) he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend (as Antiphon saith), and that is, time. For they made an order between them, which they called *Animetobion* (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it), one feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather Lamprys report, that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physick; and that having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a

young man desirous to see things), to shew him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said: 'Sure you have a great number of guests to supper.' The cook fell a-laughing, and answered him: 'No,' quoth he, 'not many guests, nor above twelve in all: but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well today, or else hath had some other great matters in hand: and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in'" (pp. 174-176).

116. Line 204: *cloth-of-gold of tissue*; i.e. cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue. Staunton says that the expression is common in the books of the time. It is used by North in the passage quoted in the preceding note.

117. Line 209: *To glow the delicate cheeks*—F. 1 has *glove*, the later Ft. *glove*. Rowe's emendation *glow* is obviously correct.

118. Line 212: *tended her e the eyes*.—Waited upon her looks. Compare Hamlet, iv. 4. 6: "We shall express our duty in his eye." This is the obvious explanation; but see the next note for another.

119. Line 213: *made their bends adornings*.—No passage in the play has led to more discussion than this, as a reference to the Variorum of 1821 and more recent editions will show. Indeed, so lengthy are the disquisitions in the Variorum that they are shifted to the end of the play, where they fill the whole of pp. 427-432 with most entertaining matter, and even, on the part of Steevens, with some very tolerable fooling, such as the offer to undertake "the expence of providing characteristic tains for any set of mimick Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adstitutions terminations, so 'as to render them a grace instead of a deformity.'" It is Steevens, too, who is on the side of common-sense in his explanations; namely, that "each inclined her person so gracefully that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty." Hamner changed *adornings* to *adorings*—a very common-place reading—and Grant White has *their bends, adoring*. Dr. Ingleby (Shakespeare Hieronymites, p. 119) gives the following interpretation, which is worth quoting as an instance of too ingenious ingenuity: "We read, after Zachary Jackson, '*the bends' adornings.*' Both *eyes* and *bends* were parts of Cleopatra's barge. The *eyes* of a ship are the hawscholes; the *bends* are the wales, or thickest planks in the ship's sides. North has it: 'others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge; which settles the question as to the meaning of *eyes*: and that once fixed, the other part of the interpretation is inevitable. What could the hardy soldier, Enobarbus, care for the curves of the mermaids' bodies? To us it is obvious that if the girls tended Cleopatra at the eyes, they would, *there*, be the natural ornaments of the bends." Rolfe, commenting upon this, remarks: "This is ingenious, but we cannot

accept it. The reference in North to 'tending the tackle' follows the mention of 'steering the helm;' and the counterpart to it in the play is *the silken tackle*, etc., which occupies the same position in the description. The part of North's account which corresponds to *made their bends adornings* seems to be the statement that the gentlewomen were apparelled 'like the Graces,' and this might suggest a reference to grace in their movements. We believe that in all that has been written on the passage, no one has called attention to the very close paraphrase of North which S. gives: 'Her ladies and gentlemen . . . were apparelled like the nymphs *Nereids* (which are the *mermaids* of the waters) and'—after getting so far we have only to seek a parallel for 'like the Graces,' and may we not find it in *made their bends adornings!*—made their very obeisance, as they *tended her*, like that of the Graces waiting on Venus. As to the appropriateness of the description in the mouth of 'the hardy soldier Enobarbus,' is it any more poetical or sentimental than what precedes and follows? If he had an eye for the 'delicate cheeks' and the 'flower-soft hands' and all that, why not for the 'curves of the mermaids' bodies?' Note how fond he is of dwelling on Cleopatra's witchery."

120. Line 214: *tackle*.—Treated as a noun of multitude; hence the plural *swell*. *Swell* appears to refer to the swelling of the sails, which are a part of the *tackle*.

121. Lines 218: *wharfs*; i.e. banks. The word is used again in Hamlet, l. 5. 33: "Lethe *wharf*."

122. Line 220: *barber'd ten times o'er*.—Contrast this with line 8 above.

123. Lines 230, 231:

*And for his ORDINARY pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.*

Ordinary, in the sense of a meal, or of "a public dinner where each person pays his share," is of such very frequent occurrence in the plays of Shakespeare's contemporaries that one is surprised to find it only twice in his own plays, here and in All's Well, ii. 3. 211. See the quotations in Nares, s.v. (who, however, in giving the quotation just referred to from Shakespeare, prints Love's Labour's Lost by a misprint for All's Well).

124. Line 245: *riggish*; i.e. wanton, from *rig*, a strumpet. Neither word occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare, but Stevens in the Variorum Ed. (vol. xii. p. 238) and Nares in his Glossary both give quotations illustrative of the noun. Both words are still given in the current dictionaries.

125. Line 248: *lottery*.—Theobald adopted the *allottery* (allotment) proposed by Warburton; but *lottery* in the sense of *prize* is a simple metonymy.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

126. Line 8: *Good night, sir*.—F. 2 gives these words to Octavia; but the reply of Caesar proves that they are addressed to him.

127. Line 13: *I see it in my MOTION*.—Theobald changed *motion* to *notion*; but the former word is elsewhere

used to express mental operations. See, for example, All's Well, iii. 1. 11-14:

like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable *motion*; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it.

In that passage Warburton reads *notion* for *motion*.

128. Lines 15, 16:

*Say to me
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, &c.*

Compare Plutarch: "With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cesar's fortune; and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. 'For thy demon,' said he, (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee) 'is afraid of his; and being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other.' Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cesar's coeks or quails did ever overcome" (p. 181).

129. Line 19: *Thy demon, THAT thy spirit which keeps thee*.—This is the reading of F. 1, changed in F. 2 and some modern editions to *that's thy spirit*. The latter comes nearer to North's wording, but this is not a sufficient ground for meddling with the original text. Indeed, the reading of F. 1 seems to me much the better of the two.

Demon is explained by the context. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 54-57:

There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cesar.

130. Line 30: *But he AWAY, 'tis noble*.—F. 1 has: "But he *alway* 'tis Noble," which the later Ff. print: "But he *alway* is noble." The excellent emendation in the text is Pope's.

131. Lines 37, 38:

and his QUAILS ever

Beat mine, INHOOP'd, at odds.

"The ancients used to match quails as we match coeks" (Johnson). *Inhoop'd* probably refers to the inclosure in which the birds were confined while fighting. Some, however, say that the bird driven out of a *hoop*, or circle drawn on the ground, was regarded as beaten.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

132. Line 6: *at the Mount*; that is, at Miscenum. F. 1 omits *the*.

133. Line 8: *draw me much about*.—Take me by a very circuitous route.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

134 Lines 1, 2:

*Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.*

Compare the opening line of Twelfth Night:

If music be the food of love, play on.

135. Line 3: *let's to BILLIARDS*.—This is of course an anachronism, as no doubt Shakespeare was quite aware. The game was a favourite one in Shakespeare's time. In Notes and Queries, no. 115, p. 183, the following reference to *billiards* occurs, apropos of the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringham: "It would appear that the queen was allowed to play *billiards*, as six yards of material were purchased at Coventry 'For the Q [queen's] *billiard board*.'"

136. Line 12: *Tawny-FINN'D fishes*.—So Theobald. Ft. read "tawny fine."

137. Lines 15-18: *'Twas merry when, &c.*—Compare Pintarch: "On a time he [Antony] went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before: and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing: but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bad them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra laughing also, said unto him: 'Leave us, my lord, Egyptians (which dwell in the country of Pharus and Canobus) your angling-rod: this is not thy profession, thou must hunt after conquering of realms and countries'" (p. 175).

138. Line 23: *his sword Philippa*.—Named in honour of the battle of Philippi. Theobald says (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 245), and no doubt correctly, that the Romans did not name swords in that way.

139. Line 24: *Ram*.—Hammer changed this to *Rain*, and Delius conjectures *Cran*; as in Tempest, ii. 1. 106: "You *cran* these words into mine ears." It is quite obvious that no change whatever is necessary. Ritson's objection that "*Ram* is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket," is without force, when applied to a creature such as Cleopatra, who is not squeamish as to the words she uses when excited.

140. Line 26: *Antony's dead!*—F. 1 has *Anthony's dead*. The Cambridge editors read *Antonius dead!* which

was suggested by Delius. This seems to me both further from the original text and less effective in itself.

141. Line 27: *mistress*.—A trisyllable, like *frustrate* in v. 1. 2 of the present play.

142. Line 30: *Upp'd*.—This word is used again in Othello, iv. 1. 72:

To *tip* a wanton in a secure couch.

143. Lines 37-39:

*if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings!*

This is the reading of the Ft.; Lowe, with considerable probability, reads: "*why so tart a favour?*" In the reading as it stands, however, there is an abruptness of emphasis which is striking.

144. Lines 43, 44:

*Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar.*

Ft. print "*'t is well*," which Capell altered at the suggestion of Tyrwhitt. The grammar of the sentence and the reply of the messenger both require the change.

145. Line 44: *captive*.—F. 2 has *captaine* and *Marke* for *Make* in line 49.

146. Lines 50, 51:

*I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good PRECEDENCE.*

This word occurs in Shakespeare only here and in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 83, where it is used by Armado in the same sense as here, i. e. what has gone before:

No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure *precedence* that hath tofore been said.

147. Line 96: *Narcissus*.—The beauty of Narcissus, who (see Venus and Adonis, 161, 162)

so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

148. Line 103: *That art not what thou'rt sure of*.—Knight explains the passage thus: "Thou art not an honest man, or which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee." Clarke says with mere reason: "Who art not thyself that fault which thou art so sure has been committed. The messenger has before said, 'I that do bring the news made not the match,' and 'I have made no fault; and he has so often repeated his assertion that Antony is married, that Cleopatra alludes to it as 'what thou'rt sure of.'" Hammer reads "That say'st but what thou'rt sure of," Grant White has "That art but what thou'rt sure of," and explains thus: "Being merely a messenger, you are to be regarded only according to the tenour of your message." He interprets the preceding line as follows: "O, that (namely Antony's marriage), which is his fault, should make a knave of thee, that art but what thy tidings are"—ingenious, no doubt, but unnecessary. The plain meaning of the phrase is as Clarke has explained it, or, as some one has written on the margin of the London Library copy of the Variorum Ed. now before me: "That art not the unpalatable fact which in so much assurance of its truth thou reportest."

149. Line 101: *merchandise*.—As a noun of multitude it is made to take a plural verb.

150. Line 116: *Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, &c.*—Compare Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy; "Like those double or turning pictures; stand before which you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl;" and Chapman, All Fools, l. 1:

But like a cozening picture, which one way
Shows like a crow, another like a swan.

For the allusion to the optical contrivance called a *perspective*, see Richard H. note 150.

151. Line 117: *The other way's a Mithras*.—So F. 4; the earlier Ff. have *vayes*.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

152. Line 13: *Whot Philippi the good Brutus* GHOSTED.—This verb, coined for the occasion perhaps, is (as Stevens notes) used again by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 22, introd.: "Ask not, with him in the poet, *Larve hunc, intemperat, insanisque agitant senem?* What madness *ghosts* this old man, but what madness *ghosts* us all?"

153. Line 16: *the all-honour'd*.—F. 1 emits *the*, and in line 19 it has *his for is*.

154. Line 27: *Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house*.—On this and other parts of this scene, compare Plutarch: "Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicily, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of plinaces and other pirates' ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Meneerates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia, and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Miscna, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea: Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cesar their armies upon the shore-side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal, that he should send a certain of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him: 'And where shall we sup?' 'There,' said Pompey, and shewed him his admiral galley which had six banks of oars: 'that,' said he, 'is my father's house they have left me.' He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of mount Miscna: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love into Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear, said unto him: 'Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole

empire of Rome besides?' Pompey, having paused a while upon it, at length answered him: 'Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor.' The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily" (p. 180).

155. Line 31: *To try a larger fortune*.—In trying, or if you try, to win more from fortune; referring to the risk of losing instead of gaining.

156. Line 37: *greed*.—Agreed: but not a contraction of *agreed*. F. 1 and F. 2 print the word without the apostrophe. It was used in prose as well as for metrical reasons.

157. Line 39: *Our TARGES undated*.—*Targe* is used again in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 556, and in Cymbeline, v. 5. 5. See note 206 to the former play.

158. Line 48: *am well studied*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 205: "Like one *well studied* in a sad ostent," &c.

159. Line 54: *THERE is a change upon you*.—F. 1, F. 2 read *ther's*; F. 3, F. 4, *there's*. The correction was made by Rowe.

160. Line 67: *I have fair* MEANINGS, *sir*.—Ff. have *mean* *y*, but that this is a misprint is proved by Antony's reply: "And fair words to *thea*." The change was first made by Malone on the suggestion of Heath.

161. Line 70: *No more of that*.—So F. 3 corrects the earlier Ff., which omit *of*.

162. Line 71: *A certain queen to Cesar in a mattress*.—Compare Plutarch, Life of Julius Cesar: "She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a little boat, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then having no other men to come into the court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or flocked, which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his back and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cesar in at the castle gate. This was the first occasion (as it is reported) that made Cesar to love her: but afterwards, when he saw her sweet conversation and pleasant entertainment, he fell then in further liking with her, and did reconcile her again unto her brother the king, with condition that they two jointly should reign together" (p. 86).

163. Line 83: *SHOW us the way, sir*.—So Hammer; Ff. print *show's*.

164. Line 86: *You and I have known, sir*.—Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 26: "Sir, we *have known* together in Orleans."

165. Line 103: *whatso'er*.—F. 1 has *whatsomere*, the later Ff. as in the text. The same form of the word occurs again in the Ff. Compare All's Well, iii. 5. 54.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

166. Stage-direction: Enter two or three Servants, with a BANQUET.—Here *banquet*, as often in Shakespeare's time,

seems to mean a dessert, though Schmidt in his Lexicon gives it under the primary heading. Compare Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 9, 10:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer.

Boyer, in his French Dictionary, gives under the heading of *Banquet*: "A Banquet of Sweet-meats, *Une Collation de Confiture*." Compare Massinger, *The City Madam*, II. 1:

Most of the shops
Of the best confectioners in London ransacked
To furnish out a *banquet*;

and Unnatural Combat, III. 1:

We'll dine in the great room, but let the music
And *banquet* be prepared here.

See Nares, *s. v.*, for numerous illustrative quotations.

167. Line 5: *They have made him drink* ALMS-DRINK.—Warburton (who was not likely to know much on the subject) states that this is "a phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him." I am not sure that Schmidt is not more likely to be right in taking the word (which occurs only here) to mean, the leavings; such as barnaulds nowadays, it may be added, sometimes serve out to customers who are, like Lepidus, too tipsy to perceive the difference.

168. Line 6: *piach one another by the disposition*.—Warburton explains this as "touch one another in a sore place;" but it seems more likely to mean, as Clarke interprets it, "try one another by banter."

169. Line 20: *they take the flow o' the Nile*, &c.—This is probably taken from Holland's translation of Pliny (1601), or Pory's translation of Leo's History of Africa (1600), both of which give some account of the process. See Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 263.

170. Line 49: *pyramises*.—The singular *pyramis* was in use when Shakespeare wrote (compare I. Henry VI. I. 6. 21), but the proper plural was *pyramides*, which is used in v. 2. 61 below. The word here is no doubt meant as a drunken slip of the tongue.

171. Line 49: *its own*.—So "3; the earlier Ff. have "it owne." Shakespeare uses the old possessive *it* fourteen times, and in six of these it occurs in the phrase *it own*. In the only passage in the Authorized Version of the Bible in which *its* appears (Leviticus xxv. 5) the edition of 1611 has "it owne." It seems scarcely necessary, however, to preserve in a modern text what is a mere variation of spelling—such as *digest* for *dijest* (cf. II. 2. 170 above)—or a really inexpressive survival of an ancient form.

172. Line 79: *All THEN is thine*.—Ff. have *there*, which many editors retain, and which Rolfe endeavours to account for by supposing that Menas accompanies the word "with a gesture towards the company they have left." But I cannot see that this gives anything much like sense. It was not Cæsar and Lepidus that Antony wanted to have possession of, and to make Menas speak in such a fashion is tame indeed compared with the reading introduced by Pope: "All *then* is thine." It need scarcely be said that no misprint in the language is commoner than that which arises from a confusion of *then* and *there*, which are often quite indistinguishable when hastily written.

173. Line 98: *The third part, THEN, is drunk*.—Ff. print *then he is*, which was corrected by Rowe.

174. Line 99: *it might go on wheels*.—"The world goes on wheels" was a proverbial expression. Taylor the Water-Poet made it the title of a pamphlet, and the original title of Chapman's *All Fools* (1605) was *The World runs on Wheels*.

175. Line 103: *Strike the vessels!*—Some think this means "Strike your cups together;" but the other explanation—"broach the ensks"—is favoured by passages like that in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 10: "Homo, Lamee, and *strike* a fresh piece of wine." *Vessels* was also used of casks rather than cups; as in *Timon of Athens*, II. 2. 156: "If I would broach the *vessels* of my love."

176. Line 106: *And it grows fouler*.—F. 1 has *grow*. Singer took *And* to be equivalent to *And*, or "if."

177. Line 107: *Possess it*.—The Collier MS. has *Profess*, and Staunton conjectures *Propose*.

178. Lines 118, 119:

*The HOLDING every man shall BEAR as loud
As his strong sides can volley.*

Ff. have *beate* and *beat*. "Nichold corrected this by *beat*, which leaves scarcely a doubt as to its being the right word. Johnson took *beat* to refer to the accompanying of the horns by every man "drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause;" but this is really too grotesque. Monck Mason says "to *beat* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a song, is the phrase at this day." In reference to *holding*, which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, Malone quotes a passage from an old pamphlet called *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1595: "where a song is to be sung the undersong or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all."

179. Line 121: *pink eyne*.—Johnson in his Dictionary defines *pink eye* as a *small eye*, and refers to this passage. Nares quotes Fleming's Nomenclator: "Ayant fort petits yeux. That hath little eyes; *pink-eyed*." Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "Pink-eyed, *lucivius, ocella*;" and Boyer, French Dictionary, "Pink eyed, *qui a de petits yeux*."

180. Line 122: *fats*.—Pope changes the word to *vats*; but *fats* was in common use. It does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, nor is *vats* used by him at all. *Fats* is used twice in the Authorized Version of the Bible, in Joel, II. 24, and III. 13; *vats*, not at all. Coles in his Latin Dictionary gives both forms of the word; so does Boyer.

181. Lines 127, 128:

*Let me request you OFF: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.*

Ff. read

Let me request you of our graver business
Frownes at this leuitie.

The reading in the text was adopted by Rowe in his second edition.

182. Lines 136, 137: *Take heed you fall not*, &c.—F. 1 reads thus:

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: He not on shore,
No to my Cabin, &c.

The arrangement adopted in the text, now generally followed, is due to Capell.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

183.—On the present scene, compare Plutarch: "In the meantime, Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Ptolemy's son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria: at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius' displeasure by it. Notwithstanding, he led his army against them that had rebelled, and conquered them again; amongst whom he besieged Antiochus king of Commagena, who offered him to give a thousand talents to be pardoned his rebellion, and promised ever after to be at Antonius' commandment. But Ventidius made him answer, that he should send unto Antonius; who was not far off, and would not suffer Ventidius to make any peace with Antiochus, to the end that yet this little exploit should pass in his name, and that they should not think he did anything but by his lieutenant Ventidius. The siege grew very long, because they that were in the town, seeing they could not be received upon no reasonable composition, determined valiantly to defend themselves to the last man. Thus Antonius did nothing, and yet received great shame, repenting him much that he took not their first offer. And yet at the last he was glad to make truce with Antiochus, and to take three hundred talents for composition. Thus after he had set order for the state and affairs of Syria, he returned again to Athens; and having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome, to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family: who only came to that he attained unto, through Antonius' friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Caesar, to wit, that they were always more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sosius, one of Antonius' lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service; and Canidius, whom he had also left his lieutenant in the borders of Armenia, did conquer it all. So did he also overcome the kings of the Iberians and Albanians, and went on with his conquests unto mount Caucasus. By these conquests the fame of Antonius' power increased more and more, and grew dreadful unto all the barbarous nations" (pp. 182, 183).

184. Line 1; *art thou struck*.—*Struck*, of course, keeps up the metaphor of *darting*: as Johnson says: "Thou whose darts have often struck others art struck now thyself."

185. Lines 27-29:

*Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.*

Warburton says: "The sense is this: 'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword.' You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom or knowledge of the world."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

186. Line 12: *O thou Arabian bird!*—Compare Cymbeline, l. 6. 17: "She is alone the Arabian bird."

187. Line 16; *figures*.—*Fi*, *havo figure*, but it is evident from the sense and context that Hammer's correction, given in the text, is right.

188. Line 20: *They are his shards, and he their beetle*.—"They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground" (Stevens). Compare Macbeth, iii. 2. 42: "The shard-borne beetle," and see note 145 to that play.

189. Line 28: *piece of virtue*.—Compare Tempest, i. 2. 56; "Thy mother was a piece of virtue." Here *piece* may be equivalent to *masterpiece*; or, as Grant White argues, to *woman*. This latter view has been endorsed by the New Shakespeare Society after a discussion of White's plea and illustrations.

190. Line 31: *The fortress of it; for better might we*.—This line, so given in *FL*, seems metrically imperfect, and Capell inserted *far* before *better*, *Hammer* *much*. Either of these may be correct; but might not *fortress* be pronounced much as if it were a trisyllable?

191. Line 32: *this mean*.—*Mean* is often used by Shakespeare in the singular, though oftener in the plural. Compare iv. 6. 35 below; also Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 89, 90:

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean, &c.

192. Line 40: *The elements be kind to thee*.—There is no reason to suppose that this means more than it says on its surface: that Octavia might have a good voyage from Rome to Athens. Some of the Variorum commentators suppose that an allusion is made to the *elements* in their more technical sense (see note 83 to Twelfth Night), but, I think, without reason.

193. Line 43: *The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring*.—We have a different comparison of the "sprig of love" to the showery April in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 84-87:

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

194. Line 49: *at full of tide*.—So *F. 2*; *F. 1* has "at the full of tide."

195. Line 52: *He were the worse for that were he a horse*.—"A horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and, being supposed to indicate an

ill temper, is of course regarded as a blemish" (Steevens, Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 279).

193. Line 59: *I weep too.*—The Folios have *weep* or *weep*. The correction is Theobald's.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

197. Line 3: *Herod of Jewry.*—See note 26 above.

198. Lines 15-17:

Cleo. *Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?*
Mess. *Madama, I hear'd her speak; she is low-voic'd.*
Cleo. *That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.*

Shakespeare's fondness for that "excellent thing in woman," a low voice, is often shown, and I think that here, despite what Malone says to the contrary (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 282), Cleopatra means that a low voice is so good a thing in itself that it is "not so good" for her, as it denotes a charm in Octavia. The latter part of the line—"he cannot like her long"—is not at all consequent on what has just been said, but expresses the secret anxiety of the woman by her emphasis in uttering it. It would be better perhaps to print it as a separate sentence.

199. Line 24: *a breather.*—This word is used again in Sonnet lxxxii. 12:

When all the *breathers* of this world are dead;

and in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 297: "I will chide no *breather* in the world but myself." In *Measure for Measure*, iv. 4. 31 it occurs in the conventional sense—a "scandal" that "confounds the *breather*."

200. Line 43: *harried.*—This is the only time Shakespeare uses this word, very common in the literature of his day. Coles explains it by "*Exeo, laersso*," and Boyer by "*Harcasser, harcelev, fatiguer, tourmeuter*." Malone cites Florio: "*Tartassare*. To rib-baste, to bang, to tuggle, to hale, to *harrie*."

ACT III. SCENE 4.

201.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cesar, upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail. And because those of Brundisium would not receive his army into their haven, he went farther unto Tarentum. Thero his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. Octavia at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cesar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Maccenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunatest creature of all other. 'For now,' said she, 'every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other. And if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid) and that they grow to wars: for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow. But for me, on which

side soever the victory shall be, my state can be but most miserable still." (Plutarch).

202. Line 9: *he not talk?*—F. 1 has *be not he*, and F. 2 *he had look't*. The correction is due to Theobald. Rowe has *o'erlook'd*, and the other MS. gives *he not look'd*.

203. Line 14: *Pray for both parts: the good gods will mock us presently.*—F. 1 has:

Praying for both parts

The good Gods will mocke me; presently.

Dyce in his second edition inserted *Sure* at the beginning of the second line, *she is suspiciously easy enunciation*. S. Walker conjectured that both lines should be read as one, and this conjecture I have adopted, but he thought it necessary to omit *good*. The line can be read rhythmically without any omission.

204. Line 24: *yours.*—F. 1 has *your*.

205. Line 27: *STAIN your brother.*—Compare Sonnet xxxv. 3:

Clouds and eclipses *stain* both moon and sun.

Dr. Ingley, *The Still Lion*, pp. 94-96, has an interesting and admirable note on this passage: "Shakespeare's figurative use of the verb *stain*, whether substantive or verb, is various. The primary notion is that of giving to something a colour from without; this may be a stain of foulness or otherwise, and *stain* may thus mean *pollute, pollute, taint*, or somewhat more generally, *dishonour*; otherwise, *stain, intue* (verb), in Shakespeare's peculiar sense, and therefore *subtue* (verb),—*i.e.* to a particular attribute or quality; and again, *infect, infection*, and finally *compromise*. In another view the substantive *stain* may signify the reverse of *fold*, as in *Venus and Adonis*, st. 2, '*stain* to all nymphs,' *i.e.* casting their charms into the shade by comparison with those of Venus. The passage we have in view, in making these remarks, is in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 4. Antony complains to Octavia that her brother has gone to war against Pompey without reason, and without his (Antony's) concurrence; that he has given him (Antony) 'narrow measure' in speaking of him. This touches his honour, and he therefore declares that while his wife goes, as reconciler, between the two triumvirs, he will give Cesar a strong motive for making overtures of friendship. He says:

the mean time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall *stain* your brother.

The metaphor, which once seized can never occasion the least perplexity, has misled the critics, who have accordingly attempted to remedy a seeming imperfection, by treating '*stain*' as a misprint. Theobald reads *strain*; Boswell proposed *stay*, which Mr. J. P. Collier adopted. Rann has '*stain* for *sustain*.' Jackson proposed *stain*; and the Cambridge editors, worst of all, conjecture *stuck*! Certainly, had *strain* been in the old text we should have been well satisfied with it. But while regarding that as *facile princeps* among the proposed substitutes, we hold it quite inferior to the word of the folio. *Compromise* would be a dilution of *stain*, in the sense we believe Shakespeare to have intended. Antony's preparation was designed to effect a total change in Cesar's purposes and plans, in fact to induce and subdue him to the quality of Antony's mind—possibly even to overshadow Cesar, and impress him with the weight of Antony's personal char-

acter. As it seems to us, we lose a sea of meaning by adopting any of the proposed substitutes. Our bard eschewed, for the most part, weak generalities, and though his word *stain* have a considerable range of meaning, it is preserved from vagueness by its anchorage in the world of sense."

206. Line 50: *Your reconciler*.—F. I has *you*

207. Line 55: *Your heart has mind to*.—F. I prints *he's*.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

208. Line 8: *riality*; i.e. copartnership. The word is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare, but *rieals*, in the same sense, occurs in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. 2. 156, and *Hamlet*, I. 1. 13 ("The *rieals* of my watch," i.e. the partners).

209. Line 14: *Then, world, thou hast, &c.*—The Folios read *Then would thou hadst*. The correction was one of Hamner's finest guesses. The same result was independently arrived at by Malone.

210. Lines 15, 16:

*And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.*

"Caesar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them" (Johnson). For the one the other the Folios have only the *other*. The correction was suggested by Johnson. Hamner has *each other*.

ACT III. SCENE 6.

211.—Compare Plutarch: "When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Caesar commanded her to go out of Antonius' house, and to dwell by herself, because he had abused her. Octavia answered him again, that she would not forsake her husband's house, and that if he had no other occasion to make war with him, she prayed him then to take no thought for her. 'For,' said she, 'it were too shameful a thing, that two so famous captains should bring in civil wars among the Romans, the one for the love of a woman, and the other for the jealousy betwixt one another.' Now as she spake the word, so did she also perform the deed; for she kept still in Antonius' house, as if he had been there, and very honestly and honourably kept his children, not only those she had by him, but the other which her husband had by Fulvia. Furthermore, when Antonius sent any of his men to Rome to sue for any office in the commonwealth, she received them very courteously, and so used herself into her brother, that she obtained the things she requested. Howbeit thereby, thinking no hurt, she did Antonius great hurt. For her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a lady; but the greatest cause of their malice unto him was for the division of lands he made among his children in the city of Alexandria. And, to confess a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans. For he assembled all the people in the showplace, where young men do exercise themselves, and there, upon a high tribunal sivered, he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself, and the other for Cleopatra,

and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria; and at that time also Caesarion king of the same realm. This Caesarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Caesar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy for his portion Phenich, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown after the fashion of the Medes with a high cop-tank hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armeulius do use to wear them; and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time (but at all other times else when she came abroad) the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects, as a new Isis.

"Octavius Caesar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius on the other side sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with, were these. First, that having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the Ile. Secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war. Thirdly, that having put Lepidus their copartner and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof, which had been assigned unto him for his part. And last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Caesar answered him again: that for Lepidus, he had indeed deposed him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over cruelly use his authority. And secondly, for the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia. And thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain" (pp. 201-203).

212. Line 16: *Lydia*.—This is the word in North's Plutarch, but the original has *Libya*, which Johnson put into it.

213. Line 13: *His sons HE THERE proclaim'd the KINGS of kings*.—The Folios have *hither* instead of *he there*. The correction is Johnson's. In the latter part of the line Rowe corrected the F.'s "King of Kings."

214. Line 53: *Is often left unlov'd*.—The Collier MS. has *held unlov'd*, and various other emendations have been

proposed; but *left undiv'd* may be only an instance of Shakespeare's carelessness when writing rapidly. The great majority of the editors have retained it.

215 Line 61; *abstract*.—The Folios have *abstract*. Warburton suggested *abstract*, and it was adopted into the text by Theobald.

216. Line 63, *Boechus, the king of Libya*, &c.—For this list of kings see the extract from Plutarch in note 213 below. I have not seen it noted that Shakespeare has given one of the kings twice over, under his proper name and under his title. In line 72 appears the "King of Pont," and two lines below is "Polemon," given as a different person. But we see from Plutarch that Polemon was himself the King of Pont.

217 Lines 80, 81:

*Till we perceive'd both how you were WRONG LED,
And we in negligent danger.*

This is the reading of Ft., which some editors forsake in favour of Capell's emendation *wrong'd*, which is very plausible, and may very possibly be right. But as in the Ft. *perceiv'd* is given in the abbreviated form, it does not look to me like a printers' error.

218 Line 88; MAKE THEM ministers.—Ft. have *makes his Ministers*, which was corrected by Capell.

ACT III. SCENE 7.

219.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "Now after that Cesar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up into a woman. And Cesar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons; and that they, that should make war with them, should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bed-chamber, that frizzled her hair, and dressed her head) and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius' empire.

"Before this war, as it is reported, many signs and wonders fell out. . . . The admiral-galley of Cleopatra was called *Antonius*, in the which there chanced a marvellous ill sign: swallows had bred under the poop of her ship, and there came others after them that drove away the first, and pincked down their nests.

"Now when all things were ready, and that they drew near to fight, it was found, that Antonius had no less than 500 good ships of war, among which there were many galleys that had eight and ten banks of oars, the which were sumptuously furnished, so not meet for fight as for triumph; an hundred thousand footmen, and 12,000 horsemen; and had with him to aid him these kings and subjects following: Boechus king of Lybia, Tarconlemis king of high Cilicia, Archelaus king of Cappadoeia, Philadelphus king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates king of Comagena, and Adallas king of Thracia. All which were there, every man in person. The residue that were absent, sent their armies: as Polemon king of Pont, Manclus king of Arabia, Herodes king of Jewry; and furthermore Amyntas king of Lyeaonia and of the Galatians: and

besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Medes sent unto him. Now for Cesar, he had 250 ships of war, 80,000 footmen, and well near as many horsemen as his enemy Antonius. Antonius for his part had all under his dominion from Armenia and the river of Euphrates, unto the sea Ionian and Illyrienn. Octavius Cesar had also, for his part, all that which was in our hemisphere or half-part of the world, from Illyria unto the ocean sea upon the west: then all from the ocean unto *mare Siculum*: and from Africa, all that which is against Italy, as Gaul and Spain. Furthermore, all, from the province of Cyrenia to Ethiopia, was subject unto Antonius. Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea; though he saw before his eyes, that for lack of water-men his captains did prest by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys: so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough. But on the contrary side, Cesar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarge, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundisium. So Octavius Cesar sent unto Antonius, to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy; and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble; and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius on the other side bravely sent him word again and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cesar and Pompey had done before. Now whilst Antonius rode at anchor, lying idly in harbour at the head of Actium, in the place where the city of Nicopolis standeth at this present, Cesar had quickly passed the sea *Ionium*, and taken a place called *Toryne*, before Antonius understood that he had taken ship" (pp. 206-208).

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but three score ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two and twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut; who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said: 'O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the midn land, where we use to conquer or to be slain on our feet.' Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself" (p. 210).

220. Line 3: *Thou hast* FOESPOKE *my being in these ears.*—Shakespeare here used *foespoke* in the sense of "spoken against," a meaning in which it was seldom used. When used, it was generally in the sense of bewitching, a sense which is given to the word in both Coles and Boyer. Compare *The Witch of Edmonton*, ii. 1. 8-13:

Some call me witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one; urging
That my bad language—by their bad usage made so—
Forspoaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.

221. Line 5: *If not denounc'd against us.*—The Folios have *If not, denounc'd, &c.*

222. Line 27: *becom'd.*—Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 406: "He would have well *becom'd* this place."

223. Line 36: *muleters.*—F. 1 has *Militers*, the later Ff. *militers*, as in North (the original edition; as given above the spelling is modernized). The word is used again in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 68: "base *muleters* of France."

224. Line 52: *the head of Actium.*—F. 1 has "th' head of *Actium*;" the later Ff., "the *heart of Actium*." The obviously correct reading was established by Pope.

225. Lines 69, 70.
*but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't.*

Well explained by Malone (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 302): "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, who wishes that he should fight by sea." Or as a MS. note in the copy before me has it: "his conduct is not decided by that in which its strength should be most effective—grows not out of what should give it power, be power to it." Johnson thought it meant, "His whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right or by reason."

226. Line 73.—This speech is given in Ff. to Ven., a misprint corrected by Pope.

227. Lines 75, 76:
*this speed of Cæsar's
CARRIES beyond belief.*

Carries is no doubt, as Stevens suggested, a phrase from archery. Compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 52: "a' would have . . . *carried* you a forchard shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half."

228. Lines 81, 82:
*With news the time's with labour, and THROES forth
Each minute some.*

Compare *The Tempest*, ii. 1. 230, 231:
*a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield—*

where *throes* is used in the sense of *tortures*, the primary sense of the word. The word is not used by Shakespeare elsewhere.

ACT III. SCENE 8.

229. Line 5: *The PRESCRIPT of this scroll; i.e. the direction.* The word (as a noun) does not occur again in Shakespeare except in the Q₁ of *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 112, where Ff. read *precepts*. Boyer, *French Dictionary*, has "Prescript, *Subst. (or Ordre) Ordonnance, Ordre.*" *Pre-*

scription is used in the same general sense of an order in *Henry VIII.* i. 1. 151.

230. Line 6: *this jump; i.e. this hazard.* The word as a substantive is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare in this sense; as a verb it occurs in three other places. See note 73 to *Macbeth*.

ACT III. SCENE 10.

231.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both; when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yarmasts, and hoising sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships. For the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius shewed plainly, that he had not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, that the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not in his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction" (p. 212).

232. Line 2: *The Antoniad.*—See the extract from Plutarch in note 219 above.

233. Line 6: *The greater CANTLE of the world is lost.*—Shakespeare uses *cantle* (a piece) again in I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 100. See note 199 to that play. The word means literally a corner (from Old French *chantel, chantear*), and it is given in Walker's Dictionary, ed. 1837, with the definition "a piece with corners." Compare *Chaucer, Knights Tale*, 2150:

For nature hath not take his bygynning
Of no partye ne *cantel* of a thing.

—Ed. Morris, Clarendon Press, p. 93.

234. Line 9: *the TOKEN'D pestilence.*—"The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Stevens). Compare the play upon the word in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 421-423:

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's *tokens* on you do I see.

235. Line 10: *ribaldred.*—This appears to be a derivative of *ribald*, like *ribaldrous* and *ribaldous*, which are found in writers of the time. Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, gives "Ribaldrous, *obscœvus*," and both he and Boyer give "Ribaldry" or "Ribaldry." The word has been altered to *ribald*, *ribald-rid*, &c., and *vag to hag*, but without any necessity so far as one can see.

236. Line 14: *The BREESE upon her, like a cow in June.*—Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 45, 49:

The herd hath more annoyance by the *breeze*
Than by the tiger.

Cleopatra
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Shakespeare
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237. Lines 19-21:

*Antony,**Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a dotting MALLARD,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.*

Shakespeare alludes in much the same way to the wild-duck in 1. Henry IV. ii. 2. 108: "there's no more valour in that Poin than in a *wild-duck*;" and iv. 2. 21: "such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt *wild-duck*."

238. Line 28: *O, HE has given example for our flight.*—*F.* I prints *his*.

ACT III. SCENE II.

239.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "Then Antonius sent unto Canidius, to return with his army into Asia by Macedon. Now for himself, he determined to cross over into Africa, and took one of his careots or hulks laden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart; and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place, until they had made their way and peace with Cesar" (p. 213).

"But now to return to Antonius again. Canidius himself came to bring him news, that he had lost all his army by land at Actium; on the other side he was advertised also, that Herodes king of Jurie, who had also certain legions and bands with him, was revolted unto Cesar, and all the other kings in like manner: so that, saving those that were about him, he had none left him. All this notwithstanding did nothing trouble him: and it seemed that he was contented to forgo all his hope, and so to be rid of all his cares and troubles. Thereupon he left his solitary house he had built by the sea, which he called *Timoneon*, and Cleopatra received him into her royal palace. He was no sooner come thither, but he straight set all the city on rioting and banqueting again, and himself to liberality and gifts. He caused the son of Julius Cesar and Cleopatra to be enrolled (according to the manner of the Romans) amongst the number of young men; and gave Antyllus, his eldest son he had by Fulvia, the man's gown, the which was a plain gown without garb or embroidery, of purple. For these things, there was kept great feasting, banqueting and dancing in Alexandria many days together" (pp. 216, 217).

240. Line 3: *lated*.—Belated; but not a contraction. Compare Macbeth, iii. 3. 6: "Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace," &c. So *Stroy'd* in 54 below is a complete word, not to be printed "*Stroy'd*."

241. Line 17: *Sweep your way for you*.—Make your way smooth and easy. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 204: "they must *sweep my way*."

242. Line 18: *loathness*; i. e. reluctance. The word is used again in Cymbeline, i. 1. 108; and Tempest, ii. 1. 130.

243. Lines 19, 20:

*let THAT be left**Which leaves itself.*So Capell; *F.* have them.

244. Line 23: *I have lost command*.—"I have lost all power to command you to go," as Steevens explains it. Johnson took it to mean: "For I am not master of my own emotions;" but the *pray* is in obvious antithesis to *command*.

245. Line 36: *His sword e'en like a dancer*.—Who keeps it in the scabbard at his side while engaged in the dance. Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 32, 33:

*no sword worn
But one to dance with!*

See note 65 to that play.

246. Line 39: *Dealt on lieutenantry*; i. e. fought by proxy. Compare iii. 1. 16, 17 above:

*Cesar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person.*

247. Line 47: *death will SEIZE her*.—*F.* 1 has *cease*.

248. Line 52: *How I convey my shame, &c.*—"How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight" (Johnson).

249. Line 58: *TOW me after*.—The *F.* have *stove*, which Rowe corrected.

250. Line 59: *THY full supremacy*.—*F.* have *The*, which Theobald corrected in his second edition.

251. Line 62: *send humble treaties*.—That is, proposals for a treaty; as in King John, ii. 1. 480, 481:

*Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?*

252. Line 71: *our schoolmaster*.—This was Euphronius, who was the tutor of Antony's children by Cleopatra.

253. Line 73: *within*.—"This word might be fairly ejected, as it has no other force than to derange the metre" (Steevens).

ACT III. SCENE 12.

254.—On this scene and the following compare Plutarch: "This notwithstanding, they sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cesar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cesar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. For Alexas Laodicean, who was brought into Antonius's house and favour by means of Timagenes, and afterwards was in greater credit with him than any other Grecian (for that he had ever been one of Cleopatra's ministers to win Antonius, and to overthrow all his good determinations to use his wife Octavia well): him Antonius had sent unto Herodes king of Jurie, hoping still to keep him his friend, that he should not revolt from him. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he persuaded him to turn to Cesar: and trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Cesar's presence. Howbeit Herodes did him no pleasure, for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chains to his own country, and there by Cesar's commandment put to death. Thus was Alexas, in Antonius's life-time, put to death for

betraying of him. Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests: but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent Thyrens one of his men unto her, a very wise and discreet man: who bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that besides greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour: insomuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well-favourably whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar: and bad him tell him, that he made him angry with him, because he shewed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now specially, when he was easy to be angered, by reason of his present misery. 'To be short, if this mislike thee,' said he, 'thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance.' From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence: so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich. Now things passing thus, Agrippa by divers letters sent one after another unto Cæsar, prayed him to return to Rome, because the affairs there did of necessity require his person and presence. Thereupon he did defer the war till the next year following: but when winter was done, he returned again through Syria by the coast of Africa, to make wars against Antonius and his other captains. When the city of Pelusium was taken, there ran a rumour in the city, that Seleneus (by Cleopatra's consent) had surrendered the same. But to clear herself that she did not, Cleopatra brought Seleneus' wife and children unto Antonius, to be revenged of them at his pleasure. Furthermore, Cleopatra had long before made many sumptuous tombs and monuments, as well for excellency of workmanship, as for height and greatness of building, joining hard to the temple of Isis. Thither she caused to be brought all the treasure and precious things she had of the ancient kings her predecessors: as gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, and besides all that, a marvellous number of torches, faggots, and flax. So Octavius Cæsar, being afraid to lose such a treasure and mass of riches, and that this woman for spite would set it on fire and burn it every whit, he always sent some one or other unto her from him, to put her in good comfort, whilst he in the meantime drew near the city with his army" (pp. 217-219).

255. Line 18: *The CIRCLE of the Ptolemies.*—Circle is again used for *crown* in King John, v. 1. 1, 2:
Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

256. Lines 28, 29:

add more,
From thine invention, offers.

204

The meaning is clear, but the arrangement is awkward. Grant White conjectures that we should read as follows:

What she requires; and in our name add more
Offers from thine invention;

and Walker suggests:

and more
From thine invention offer.

But we are not justified in altering the text in such a case, though we may suspect some corruption.

257. Line 31: *Thyrens.*—The Ft. have *Thidias*, as also in line 73 of the next scene. Theobald corrected the slip.

ACT III. SCENE 13.

258. Line 1: *THINK, and die.*—Give way to despondency, and die. Hammer audaciously changed *Think* to *Drink*, and Tyrwhitt, yet more audaciously, to *Wink*; but there can be no doubt that *think* is here equivalent to *take thought*, as used in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 186, 187:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar.

Thought was often used in this sense of "anxiety, melancholy," &c. Compare iv. 6. 35 below; also Holland, Camden's Ireland: "the old man for very *thought* and grief of heart pined away and died;" and Bacon, Henry VII. (p. 230): "Hawis . . . dyed with *thought* and anguish." See also I. Samuel ix. 5, and Matthew vi. 25.

259. Lines 7, 8:

*The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship.*

That is, his passion for Cleopatra should not have set the mark of folly on his captainship. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 175:

His man with scissors *nick's* him like a fool.

See note 132 to that play.

260. Line 10: *The MERED question.*—Here *mered* may be equivalent to *mere*, to which Rowe altered it. Some critics take it from *meere*, to divide, and explain it as "limited." *Moted* and *admired* have been conjectured. I think Abbott is right in suggesting (Shakespearean Grammar, 294) that it is the *verbo* from the adjective "meere" or "mere," which in Elizabethan English means "entire." "Hence, 'he being the *entire* question,' i.e. 'Antony, being the sole cause of the battle, ought not to have fled.'"

261. Lines 25, 26:

*I dare him therefore:
To lay his gay COMPARISONS apart.*

It is not improbable that Pope was right in regarding this as a misprint for *caparisons*; and this conjecture is perhaps strengthened by a closely parallel passage in Venus and Adonis, 286:

For rich *caparisons* or trappings *gay*.

But the sense of the word as it stands being so good as it is—"comparative advantages," "what is in his favour, as compared with me"—we are not justified in displacing it.

262. Line 31: *a sworder*; i.e. a gladiator. The word is used also in II. Henry VI. lv. 1. 135:

A Roman *sworder* and handito slave.

263. Lines 42, 43:

*The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly.*

Fidelity to fools is nothing but folly. Theobald reads:
The' loyalty, &c.

264. Line 55: *Further than he is* CÆSAR.—F. 1 has
Cæsars.

265. Lines 71, 72:

*And put yourself under his SHROUD,
The universal landlord.*

Shroud (it is as well to preserve the old spelling, so as to avoid confusion) is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare in the sense here evidently intended—shelter, protection. As a verb the word was, and is, quite common. Boyer, French Dictionary, gives "Shroud, (or Shelter) *Couvert, Abri*." The Cambridge editors mark the line as corrupt, and it is very possible that the Collier MS. was right for once in conjecturing that the words *who is* originally completed the measure. The conjecture, however, is much too uncertain to be admitted into the text.

266. Lines 74, 75:

*in DEPUTATION
I kiss his conquering hand.*

Ff. print "in *disputation*," which Steevens faintly attempts to explain by suggesting that the phrase may mean "I own he has the better in the controversy." Such an interpretation seems very forced. Warburton conjectured with great probability *deputation*; it was put into the text by Theobald, and has since been adopted by most editors.

267. Line 91: *Like boys unto a MUSS*.—"A scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares). Compare Ben Jonson, *Magnetic Lady*, iv. 1:

*The moneys rattle not, nor are they thrown
To make a muss yet 'mong the gamesome suitors;*

and Dryden, prologue to *Widow Ranter*:

*Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss of more than half the town.*

Boyer and Coles both enter it as equivalent to "a scramble."

268. Line 98: of *SHE* here.—Only one of many examples of the loose grammar of the time. Compare Othello, iv. 2. 3: "you have seen Cassio and *she* together."

269. Line 103: *THIS Jack of Cæsar's*.—Ff. have *the*. The correction, which seems necessary, was made by Pope.

270. Line 109: *feeders*.—The word apparently means parasite, "one who *feeds* at great men's tables," both here and in *Timon of Athens*, ii. 2. 166-168:

*So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders.*

Some, however, suppose the word in both cases to mean servant, and Johnson interprets the passage here: "one that waits at the table while others are eating."

271. Line 112: *the wise gods SEEL our eyes*.—*Seel* was originally a term in falconry. Nares says: "to *seel* is to

close the eyelids partially or entirely, by passing a fine thread through them; this was done to hawks until they became tractable." See Macbeth, note 146.

272. Line 127: *the hill of Basan*.—See Psalms lxxviii. 15, and xxii. 12. Putting this reference to the Hebrew Scriptures into the mouth of the profligate Roman is a good illustration of Shakespeare's carelessness in these minor matters. Compare the allusion to "graves in the holy churchyard" by Menenius in *Coriolanus*, iii. 3. 51.

273. Lines 145-147:

*When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their ORBS, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell.*

Orbs alludes to the crystalline spheres in which they were fixed, according to the Ptolemaic astronomy as accepted in the time of Shakespeare. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 153, 154:

*And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.*

274. Line 161: *as it determines*.—As it comes to an end, or dissolves.

275. Line 162: *The next CÆSARION SMILE!*—See iii. 6. 6, and note 7 above. Cleopatra appears to apply the name to Antony's offspring as an indirect compliment; as if she had said, this second Cæsar's son. The Ff. have *Cæsarian smile*, a misprint corrected by Hamner.

276. Line 165: *diseandering*.—The Ff. have *diseandering*, which Theobald corrected after the conjecture of Thirlby. *Candy* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of *congeal* (as in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 226:

Candied with ice, the cold brook,

and *diseandy* in the sense of *melt* in the present play, iv. 12. 22 below. Theobald's correction is, therefore, indubitable.

277. Lines 170, 171:

*our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and FLEET, threatening most sea-like.*

Rowe substituted *float* for *fleet*, but the latter was formerly used in the sense of the former. In Coles, Latin Dictionary, *fluetuo* is given as one of its meanings, and *fluetuo* is explained as "to rise in waves, to rock upon the waves." Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. xiv. p. 333) quotes a number of examples for this use of the word; among others, Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, Part II. i. 1. 39, 40:

*The wandering sailors of proud Italy
Shall meet those Christians, *flueting* with the tide;*

and Edward II. i. 4:

*Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me
This isle shall *fluet* upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.*

Compare also *Tamburlaine*, Part II. v. 1:

*Which makes them *fleet* aloft and gape for air.*

278. Line 183: *Let's have one other GAUDY NIGHT*; i. e. a night of feasting. The term is still used at Oxford. "The etymology of the word," says Blount in his *Glossographia*, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students." We need

not doubt as to which derivation is the correct one. As Nares very justly remarks: "such days were held in all times, and did not want a judge to invent them." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Gandy days, (or grand days in colleges and inns of court) *Jours de fête, jours de réjouissance dans les collèges.*"

279. Line 197: *The dove will peck the estridge.*—For *estridge* compare I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 98;

All plunn'd like *estridges* that wing the wind;
and Drayton, Polyolbion: "The Mountfords, all in plumes,
like *estridges*, were seen."

280. Line 199: *prays on reason.*—The Fl. have *prages in reason.* The correction is Rowe's.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

281.—On the first three scenes of this act compare Pharaoh: "So Caesar came and pitched his camp hard by the city, in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drove Caesar's horsemen back, fighting with his men even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the flight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and headpiece of clean gold: howbeit the man-at-arms, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night and went to Caesar. Antonius sent again to challenge Caesar to fight with him hand to hand. Caesar answered him, 'That he had many other ways to die than so.' Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land. So being at supper (as it is reported) he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board, that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could: 'For,' said he, 'you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body.' This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, 'that he would not lead them to battle, where he thought not rather safely to return with victory, than valiantly to die with honour.' Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had smg as they use in Bacchus's feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs: and it seemed, that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the trompe, that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them" (pp. 219, 220).

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

282. Line 8: *I'll strike, and cry "Take all."*—"Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death" (Johnson). The expression is a gambling one: it was used when a man staked all on the hazard of a throw. Steevens compares Lear, iii. 1. 15: "And bids what will, *take all.*"

283. Lines 26, 27:

or if,

A mangled shadow.

That is, if you see me at all, you will see me but a mangled shadow.

284. Line 33: *And the gods YIELD you for't!*—This was an expression commonly used in returning thanks, more generally in the contracted form *God 'ild.* See note 66 to Macbeth.

285. Line 35: *onion-ey'd.*—See note 43 above.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

286. Line 3: *mine iron.*—The Fl. have *thine Iron*, which Malone explains as "the iron which thou hast in thy hand"—an impossible interpretation. The misprint was corrected by Hammer.

287. Lines 5-8: *Nay, I'll help, &c.*—F. 1, followed by the other Fl., except in little variations of orthography, reads:

Clev. Nay, he helps too, *Anthony.*
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law he helps: Thus it must bee.

Capell arranged the passage as in the text, and his arrangement has been generally followed.

288. Line 13: *daff't.*—F. 1 has *dafft*; the later Fl. *doft*. The correction is Dyce's.

289. Lines 14, 15:

my queen's a squire

More TIGHT at this than thou.

Tight is used here for handy, adroit, as *tightly* in Merry Wives, I. 3. 89:

Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters *tightly*;

and il. 3. 67: "He will clapper-claw thee *tightly.*" "*Tight* and trim" is an expression still used.

290. Line 24: *The morn is fair, &c.*—The Fl. give this speech to Alexas, but as he had revolted ere this he could not possibly be the speaker. Rowe made the correction.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

291. Line 1: *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*—The Fl. give this and the two following speeches of the soldier to Eros. It is evident from Antony's reply (as Theobald says, who corrected the misappropriation) that the first line is not spoken by Eros, but by the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, had advised Antony to fight on land. It is equally obvious that the same speaker carries on the conversation in the next two speeches.

292. Line 18: *Dispatch.*—*Enobarbus!*—F. 1 has *Dispatch Enobarbus*, which Steevens punctuated as in the text.

F. 2 mis-
ever, so
line as
"Dispa-
time in
at once
sive th
on the

293.
John,

294.
Rowe s-
above:
revolting

295.
258 abo-

296.
irregul-
sneeter
presen-

297.
wound

298.
ache, v
joke (M
garet a
replies

299.
misprin-
in this
It was
tionary,
ploits
Coles

300.
syllabi-
91; &c.

301.
its pri-
of his
explai-
view;
came

302.
hand.
Theol

303.
regula-
time),
come

F. 2 makes the very unfortunate alteration (which, however, some editors have adopted) "*Dispatch Eros*." The line as it stands seems to me very expressive and pathetic. "*Dispatch*" is addressed to Eros, telling him to lose no time in what he has to do; the cry of "Enobarbus!" comes at once as a reproach and a regret, and is more expressive than many words, especially as it might be spoken on the stage.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

293. Line 6: *the three-nook'd world*.—Compare King John, v. 7. 116:

Come the three corners of the world in arms.

294. Line 13: *persuade*.—The Ff. have *dissuade*, which Rowe set right. Compare Plutarch, quoted in note 254 above: "For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *persuaded* him to turn to Caesar."

295. Line 35: *If swift THOUGHT break it not*.—See note 253 above.

ACT IV. SCENE 7.

296. Line 5: *draven*.—Shakespeare has not a few of these (irregular participial forms; as *becomed*, *strucken*, *fretten*, *sweaten*, *beated*, &c. Compare *split* in v. 1. 24 of the present play.

297. Line 6: *With elouts about their heads*.—With the wounds in their heads bandaged.

298. Line 8: *an II*.—In *II* there is probably a pun upon *ache*, which was then pronounced *aiteh*. Cf. Beatrice's joke (Mueh Adu, iii. 4. 55) when, upon her sighing, Margaret asks, "For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?" and she replies, "For the letter that begins them all, II."

ACT IV. SCENE 8.

299. Line 2: *gests*.—The Latin *gesta*, exploits. The Ff. misprint *gests*, corrected by Theobald. The word *gest*, in this sense, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. It was common enough at the time. Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "*Gests*, *Subst.* (or noble acts) *Gestes*, on exploits de guerre, belles, grandes, memorables actions;" and Coles interprets it by *gesta*.

300. Line 16: *triumphing*.—The accent is on the second syllable, as in I. Henry IV. v. 3. 15; Richard III. iii. 4. 91; &c.

301. Line 17: *O infinite virtue*.—*Virtus* is used here in its primary sense—the Latin *virtus*, valour. For *virtue* in this sense compare Coriolanus, i. 1. 41: "the altitude of his *virtue*." In the same play, ii. 2. 88, we have the explanation of this meaning, from the Roman point of view; "valour is the chiefest virtue"—hence *virtue* became equivalent to *valour*.

302. Line 23: *Commend unto his lips thy FAVOURING hand*.—Ff. misprint *savouring*, which was corrected by Theobald.

303. Line 25: *mankind*.—Shakespeare accents the word regularly on the first syllable (as do other writers of the time), except in Timon of Athens—an interesting point in connection with the discussed authorship of that play.

304. Lines 28, 29:

*He has deserv'd it, were it CARBUNCLED
Like holy Phaebus' car.*

Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 189, 199:

had it been a *carbuncle*
Of Phaebus' wheel.

305. Line 37: *Make mingle with our rattling TABOURINES*.—A *tabourine* was a small drum (Old French *tabourin*). Shakespeare uses the word again in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 275: "Beat loud the *tabourines*."

ACT IV. SCENE 9.

306. Line 29: *raught*.—See note 296 above.

307. Lines 29, 30:

Hark! the drums

DEMURELY wake the sleepers.

Demure is, on the face of it, a singular word to apply to the sound of drums, and many emendations have been suggested. Clarke defends the F, reading well enough in noting how aptly it expresses "the solemnly measured beat, the gravely regulated sound of drums that summon sleeping soldiers to wake and prepare themselves for a second day's fighting after a first that has just been described by the listeners as a *shreved one to us*."

ACT IV. SCENE 10.

308.—Plutarch says: "The next morning by break of day, he [Antonius] went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city; and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of the enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploits his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Caesar's men; and then Caesar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one: and then did all together row toward the city" (p. 220).

309. Lines 7-9:

*They have put forth the haven:—LET US ON,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.*

Ff. print:

They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeouer.

It is obvious, equally from the metre and the sense, that line 7 is imperfect, and various attempts have been made to fill up the gap. Such attempts must, in the nature of the case, be mere conjectures; but, as something is really required to complete the sense, one feels bound to adopt one or other of them. Of the eleven chronicled in the Cambridge edition, the best, to my ear, seems to be Nicholson's, which I have accordingly adopted. I see's reading, "Forward, now," which has been much followed, seems to me too painfully reminiscent of the drill-sergeant, and quite out of keeping, in its peremptoriness, with the tone of the context. Capell's *Hie we on* is better, but not so good as Nicholson's, which, if not Shakespeare, does at least make a line which he very conceivably might have written.

ACT IV. SCENE 12.

310. Line 3: *Swallows have built*, &c.—See extract from Plutarch in note 219 above.

311. Line 4: *augurers*.—The Ff. have *Auguries*. The correction is due to Capell.

312. Lines 20, 21:

*The hearts
That SPANIEL'D me at heels.*

The Ff. have *pannelled*; for which Theobald substituted *panter'd*. The correction in the text is Hamner's, and admits of no question. *Spaniel* was formerly written, not infrequently, *spannel*, so that the emendation does no more than add a single letter.

313. Line 22: *discandy*.—See note 276 above.

314. Line 25: *O this false soul of Egypt!*—The word *soul* has been suspected, quite unnecessarily, and *soil*, *spell*, and *snake* have been conjectured. *So grave*—which is perhaps used in the sense of the Latin *gravis*, which in one of its meanings signifies "oppressive, grievous"—has been changed to *gay*, *great*, and *grand*.

315. Line 28: *at fast and loose*.—Compare King John, iii. 1. 242: "Play fast and loose with faith?" and see note on that passage (114).

316. Line 31: *pébetians*.—The accent is on the first syllable, as in Coriolanus, i. 9. 7:

That, with the fussy pébetians, hate thine honours.

See also v. 4. 39 of the same play.

317. Lines 36, 37:

*most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts.*

Thirby conjectured that *dolts* was a misprint for *doits*, and so the passage is generally given in modern editions, even the Cambridge. Warburton says: "As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shows, it is plain, that the words 'for poorest diminutives,' must mean for the least piece of money. We must therefore read the next word:

"—for doits,—"

i.e. farthings, which shows what he means by 'poorest diminutives.'" But I fail to see that the sense we get by this change is in any degree better than the natural sense of the passage as it is printed in the Ff. The word *diminutives*, in the only other passage where it occurs in Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 33, means insignificant creatures—"how the poor world is pester'd with such waterlies,—*diminutives* of nature!"—and it seems improbable that Shakespeare would have used it for small coins. Then, as Malone says, Cleopatra would certainly not be shown to the Roman populace for *poor'st diminutives* (if that be taken to mean small coins) but for nothing. Surely, therefore, it is better to accept the passage as it is printed in the Ff., understanding—"be shown like a monster, be made a show, for the meanest and stupidest of the rabble." As Rolfe very well says: "it seems more natural for Antony to emphasize the low character of the spectators than the pettiness of the price charged, if there were any." Indeed, compared with the sense of the pas-

sage as I have just given it, the idea of Cleopatra complaining of the smallness of the sum for which she was on exhibition, seems to me rather ludicrous.

318. Line 44: *Alcides, thou mine ancestor*.—See note 59 above.

319. Line 45: *Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon*.—Lichas was the attendant of Hercules, who brought him from Deianira the shirt poisoned with the blood of Nessus, and was hurled by his enraged master into the sea. Compare Ovid, Metamorphoses, bk. ix. (the passage in Golding's version is quoted by Steevens in the Var. Ed. xii. 366, 367). Lichas is referred to again in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 32.

320. Line 47: *my worthiest self*.—Myself most deserving of the fate I suffer.

ACT IV. SCENE 13.

321.—On this scene and the two next, compare Plutarch: "When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cesar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrowen, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which he had caused to be made, and there she locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the meantime sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius believing it, said unto himself: 'What doest thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservest thy life?' When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and married himself, and being naked, said thus: 'O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman.' Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him, that he should kill him when he did command him; and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius: 'O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to myself, which thou couldest not do for me.' Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid: and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out, tormenting himself: until at last there came a secretary unto him (called Diomedes) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra

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would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius up. They that were present to behold said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death: who holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra, stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bad her of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had bewrayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antor^{us} is made her excuse her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded her, that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour: and that chiefly she should trust Proenkleus above any man else about Cesar. And as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days: but rather that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received; considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world; and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman" (pp. 220-222).

322. Lines 1-3:

*O, he is more mad**Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.*

This alludes, first to Ajax Telamon's contest about the armour of Achilles (the *shield* being the most valuable part) and his subsequent madness; then to the *boar of Thessaly* killed by Melager after it had long devastated the fields of Calydon. *Emboss'd*, i. e. foaming at the mouth, is used again, in Taming of the Shrew, Induction, l. 17.

ACT IV. SCENE 14.

323. Line 10: *The rack distimms*.—For *rack* compare Sonnet xxxii. 6 (describing the sun):

With ugly rack on his celestial face;

and Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, 115: "The winds in the upper region (which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*;) pass without noise." *Distimms* (Theobald's emendation) is in *Ff. distimes*.

324. Line 19: *Cesar*.—*Ff.* have *Cesars*, which Rowe corrected.

325. Line 35: *Unarm me, Eros*.—*Ff.* have *Unarme, Eros*. I have adopted Rowe's emendation, because it is evident from what follows that Antony is telling Eros to unarm not himself but his master, and I do not think

Shakespeare would have put it so ambiguously as in the reading found in the *Ff.* Nothing would be more likely than that the compositor, seeing a word ending in "me," should have forgotten to add "me" as a separate word.

326. Lines 38, 39:

*The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!*

Boswell (*Var. Ed.* vol. xii. p. 371) paraphrases as follows: "the battery *proceeding from my heart*, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me."

327. Line 42: *bruised pieces*.—Referring to the armour that Eros is taking off from him.

328. Line 53: *Dido and her Æneas shall want troops*.—Hammer changed *Æneas* to *Sichæus*, at the suggestion of Warburton, in order to make the allusion conform to Virgil's narrative; but Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote *Æneas*, having forgotten—for the moment, at least—that part of the story.

329. Lines 59-61:

*condemn myself to LACK**The courage of a woman; less noble-MIND
Than she, &c.*

Rowe altered the "*lesse Noble mind*" of the *Ff.* into "*less nobly-minded*," which makes the sentence no doubt more correct, but not more Shakespearean. The ellipsis is obvious enough. Malone criticised the construction by which Antony seems to be made to say that he is "*destitute of a less noble mind*" than Cleopatra; and compares The Winter's Tale, lii. 2. 55-58:

*I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.*

He quotes also from Plutarch (see note 321 above): "I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman"—which Shakespeare has here very closely followed, with just enough divergence to bring in a solecism. Stevens takes "*condemn myself to lack*" to mean "*condemn myself for lacking*."

330. Lines 62-67: *Thou art scorn, Eros, &c.*—Compare Julius Cesar, v. 3, where Cassius makes a similar appeal to Pindarus.

331. Line 72: *Wouldst thou be WINDOW'D in great Rome?*

—Shakespeare again uses *window'd* as a verb in Lear, iii. 4. 31: "*loop'd and window'd raggedness*."

332. Line 73: *PLEACH'D arms; i. e. folded arms*. The word *pleached* is used in the sense of interwoven in two or three places. See note 62 to Much Ado.

333. Line 74: *His CORRIGIBLE neck*.—*Corrigible* is here used in the sense of "submissive to correction." In Othello, i. 3. 329, it is used in the sense of "corrective."

334. Lines 99-101:

*but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed.*

Compare the close parallel in *Mensure for Measure*, iii. 1. 83-86:

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.

ACT IV. SCENE 15.

335 Line 10: *the great SPHERE thou mov'st in.*—See note 273 above.

336 Line 21: *I dare not*—I dare not descend from the monument. Theobald absurdly added *Come down* to the preceding speech; Cleopatra is of course replying to a look or gesture of Antony.

337 Lines 23-25:
*not the IMPERIOUS SHOW
Of the full-fortun'd Cesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me;*

i. e. the imperial triumph of Cesar shall never be adorned by me. For the figurative use of *brooch*, compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 94, 95:

he is the *brooch*, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

338 Lines 25, 26:
*if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation.*

Hammer reads "edge, operation, or sting," to make the order conform to that in *knife, drugs, serpent*; but we have a similarly broken order (whether intentional or not) in *Locrine*, 615, 616:

For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

See also Hamlet, iii. 1. 151:

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword

339. Lines 27, 28:
*Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And STILL CONCLUSION.*

Schmidt interprets this as "silently drawing inferences in surveying and examining my appearance;" and Nares as "deep but quiet censure, looking demure all the while."

340. Line 32: *Here's sport indeed!*—A touching instance of an attempt at merriment under the most painful circumstances, for the sake of cheering a loved one. Johnson explains it prosaically as, "here's trifling, you do not work in earnest."

341. Line 38: *die WHERE thou hast liv'd.*—Ff. have *when* (perhaps the very commonest of all misprints), which was corrected by Pope.

342. Line 43: *let me rail so HIGH.*—Compare Massinger, *The Guardian*, iii. 5: "Good sir, grow not so high."

343. Line 44: *the false HOUSEWIFE Fortune.*—Compare Henry V. v. 1. 85:

Doth Fortune play the *housewife* (*housewife*) with me now?

Housewife in both passages is used with contempt, like *Hussy*. Royer, in his French Dictionary, has an interesting note on the twofold meaning of the word, *s. v. Housewife*: "On se sert quelque fois de ce mot avec mépris, & alors c'est une espèce d'injure qui veut dire, petite

salope, on petite impertinente. Mais dans ce sens on écrit ordinairement *Hussy*."

344. Line 65: *The soldier's pole.*—Johnson explains this as "He at whom the soldiers pointed as at a paganus held high for observation;" but it probably means the standard round which they rallied.

345. Line 67: *remarkable.*—Stamton observes: "The word, in the poet's time, bore a far more impressive and appropriate meaning than with us: it then expressed not merely observable or noteworthy, but something profoundly striking and uncommon."

346. Line 73: *FEN a woman.*—The Ff. have "in a Woman," which Capell corrected. As Mrs. Jameson (*Characteristics*, American ed. p. 307) says: "Cleopatra replies to the first word she hears on recovering her senses, 'No more an empress, but a mere woman!'"

347 Lines 74, 75:
*the maid that milks
And does the meaviest CHORES.*

Compare v. 2. 231, the only other place in Shakespeare where the word *chore* is used. The word itself has become practically obsolete (though I believe it survives in America in the vulgarism *chores*), but we still use its derivative *chore-woman*, for a woman hired in to do rough work. *Chore* and *chore-woman* still figure in the dictionaries, though the terms are never used except by the lower classes.

348. Line 85: *Good sirs, take heart.*—For the feminine use of *sirs*, compare *Sorrah* in v. 2. 229 below. Dyce quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb*, iv. 3, where the mother says to Viola, Nnn, and Madge, "Sirs, to your tasks;" and A King and No King, ii. 1:

Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [Exit Waiting-women.

349. Line 87: *Let's DO IT after the high Roman fashion.*—Ff. have *don't* and *do't*; the correction was made by Pope.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

350. Line 2: *frustrate.*—A trisyllable. Compare *mistress* in ii. 5. 27 above.

351. Line 13: *Antony is dead.*—Compare Plutarch: "As Antonius gave the last gasp, Procneius came that was sent from Cesar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard (called Decretus) took his sword with which he had stricken himself, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cesar the first news of his death, and shewed him his sword that was blooded. Cesar hearing this news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends and shewed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife: and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him" (p. 222).

352. Lines 15, 16:

*the round world**Should have shook lions into civil streets.*

Line 15 is metrically imperfect, and it is most probable that something has been lost; but the general meaning is clear enough as the passage stands. As Johnson remarks: "Shakespeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might have been expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost." Various attempts have been made to complete the line—all of course being mere conjectures, and mere conjecture is only admissible in such a case as in iv. 10. 7 above, where metre and sense are alike imperfect, and there is some clue in the context by which conjecture may be guided.

353. Line 24: *SPLITTED the heart.*—*Spitted* is the form of the participle in the four instances in which Shakespeare uses it; the past tense does not occur in his works. On the passage compare Richard III. i. 3. 209:

When he shall *split* thy very heart with sorrow.

354. Line 28: *And strange it is, &c.*—The Ff. give this speech, as well as the next but one, to Dolabella, who has left the stage. Theobald made the correction.

355. Line 31: *Wag'd.*—The reading of F. 1, changed in F. 2 to *wag*, and in F. 3 and F. 4 to *may*. Rowe reads *reign'd*. *Wag'd* has been plausibly explained by Steevens as "were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager."

356. Line 36: *lance.*—So Theobald. Ff. have *launch*. The two words were often confused, as in Richard III. iv. 4. 225, where "*lanc'd* their tender hearts" is in Ff *launched*.

357. Lines 37-39:

*I must perforce**Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine.*

Hammer reads *look'd*, which is very likely right, but not necessarily, as the sentence may mean: "I must either have shown to thee such a declining day, or must now look on thine."

358. Lines 46-48:

*that our stars,**Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.*

Unreconcilable is the reading of F. 1 and F. 2, and is confirmed by the necessities of the measure. *Should divide our equalness to this* is explained by Johnson as "should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die."

359. Line 59: *Cesar cannot learn.*—The Ff. have *leave*, and Rowe reads *lie*. The emendation adopted in the text is Dyce's, after a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's. It seems to me that the reading *learn* is at once more natural as to sense, and more likely to have been mis-printed, than *lie*.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

360.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "After this, he [Cesar] sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost; and furthermore, he

thought that if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For Proculeius came to the gates that were thick and strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some crackes, through the which her voice might be heard; and so they without understood, that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cesar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cesar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bad him purposely hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high widow by the which Antonius was trised up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut up in her monuments with her, saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and skreeked out: 'O poor Cleopatra, thou art taken.' Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself in with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, said unto her; 'Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cesar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to shew his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him, as though he were a cruel and merciless man, that were not to be trusted.' So even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her" (pp. 222, 223).

"Shortly after, Cesar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. Cleopatra being laid upon a little low bed in poor estate (when she saw Cesar come into her chamber, suddenly rose up, naked in her smock, and fell down at his feet marvellously disfigured: both for that she had plucked her hair from her head, as also for that she had martyred all her face with her nails; and besides, her voice was small and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbering; and moreover, they might see the most part of her stomach torn in sunder. To be short, her body was not much better than her mind: yet her good grace and comeliness and the force of her beauty was not altogether defaced. But notwithstanding this ugly and pitiful state of hers, yet she shewed herself within, by her outward looks and countenance. When Cesar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius: Cesar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length, she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cesar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept back many things of purpose. Cleopatra was

In such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well-favour'dly. Caesar fell a laughing and parted the fray. 'Alas,' said she, 'O Caesar: is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and done me this honour, poor wretch and callit creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable state: and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that they, making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me. Caesar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself. There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Caesar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no ill will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly (as she had requested him) that Caesar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Caesar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead unto the soul of Antonius. This being granted her, she was carried to the place where his tomb was, and there falling down on her knees, embracing the tomb with her women, the tears running down her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: 'O my dear lord Antonius, it is not long sithence I buried thee here, being a free woman: and now I offer unto thee the funeral sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner; and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with blows, which they carefully guard and keep only to triumph of thee: look therefore henceforth for no other honours, offerings, nor sacrifices from me: for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, sith now they carry her away. Whilst we lived together, nothing could sever our companies: but now, at our death, I fear me they will make us change our countries. For as thou, being a Roman, hast been buried in Egypt: even so, wretched creature, I, an Egyptian, shall be buried in Italy, which shall be all the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power and authority, sith our gods here have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be carried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee: but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one self tomb with thee. For though my griefs and miseries be infinite, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could less bear withal, than this small time which I have been driven to live alone without thee.

"Then having ended these doleful plaints, and rewound the tomb with garlands and sundry nosegays, and marvellously lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath; and when she had bathed and

washed herself, she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates, asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table writtun and sealed unto Caesar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Caesar, when he had received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit, he sent one before in all haste that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sudden: for those whom Caesar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman (called Charmion) half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmion?' 'Very well,' said she again, 'and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings: she said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspick was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspick should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs, she perceived it, and said, 'Art thou here, then?' And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspick to be bitten. Others say again, she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspick, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit few can tell the truth. For they report also, that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen on her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb; but it was reported only, that there was seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone, on the tomb-side toward the sea, and specially by the door-side. Some say also that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Caesar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspick biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Caesar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial" (p. 225-228).

361. A room in the monument. — Malone (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 396) remarks that the dramatist has here attempted to exhibit the outside and the inside of a building at the same time. On the stage of Shakespeare's day this was possible, on account of the balcony at the back, in which Cleopatra and her attendants would appear, while the Romans would be in front below.

362. Lines 4-6:

*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 dust,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.*

This passage has occasioned much controversy, though Johnson remarks: "The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state which has no need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Caesar and the beggar are on a level."

Warburton conjectured *dig* for *ding*, and Theobald adopted that reading, as some more recent editors have done; but Grant White observes that *ding* is "expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life." Compare l. 1. 35, 36 above:

*our dungy earth alike
Feels beast as man;*

and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 443-445:

*the earth's a tithel,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement.*

In both these passages there is a connection between the action of the fertilizing *ding* and the earth which feeds and nourishes us. Certainly the words *palates* and *nurse* seem to support the conjecture; but, after all, the metaphor as it stands in the Fl. is not more sudden and violent than many others to be found in Shakespeare. It has been ingeniously suggested that perhaps the meaning may be that "death sleeps and does not taste the earth in which it lies, and which is, as it were, its nurse, because in its bosom it reposes." But this is rather far-fetched, and it seems more natural to suppose that the word *ding* is simply a metaphorical phrase for the fruits of the fertilizing earth, used, certainly, in a spirit of bitter mockery and supreme contempt.

363. Line 27: *pray in aid*.—"A term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question" (Hammer).

364. Line 35: *You see how easily she may be surpris'd*. — F. 1 gives this speech to Proculeius; the other Fl. to Charulian. Malone transferred it to Gallus, to whom it clearly belongs. Compare the extract from Plutarch in note 360 above.

365. Lines 41, 42:

*What, of death too,
That rides our days of LANGUISH?*

Languish as a noun is used only here and in Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 49:

One desperate grief cures with another's *languish*,

where it is brought in to rhyme with *anguish*. It is of course used in the sense of languishment, "a lingering disease." Nares gives no other instance of the word besides these two of Shakespeare.

366. Lines 50, 51:

*If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither.*

Johnson's explanation of this perplexing passage is as good as any that has been offered: "If it be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose," &c. Malone and others suppose that a line may have been lost between 50 and 51, and it really seems by no means improbable, though any attempt to supply it must in the nature of things be perfectly absurd. Capell reads, *I'll not speak*, and Hammer has *necessary for necessary*. Clarke repeats Johnson's interpretation more concisely thus: "If it be necessary to prate of my intentions."

367. Line 59: *nak'd*.—This word is here a monosyllable, as it is sometimes found in Elizabethan poetry. In Tennyson's *Village Wife* (Ballads and other Poems) the word is pronounced in the same way:

An 'e bow' little statures all *mak't* an' which was a shame to be seen;
from which I should judge that that is the vulgar pronunciation in the North.

368. Lines 60, 61:

*rather make
My country's high PYRAMIDES my gibbet.*

Pyramides is the plural of the Latin *pyramis*, from which we get our word *pyramid*, and in Shakespeare's time the Latin form of both plural and singular was sometimes used. Steevens compares Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*:

Like to the shadows of pyramids;

and Doctor Faustus, iii. 1:

*Besides the gates and high pyramids
Which Julius Caesar brought from Africa.*

Shakespeare uses *pyramises* (a drunken plural merely) in ii. 7. 40 above, and *pyramis* in I. Henry VI. i. 6. 21.

369. Line 81: *The little O, the earth*.—The Fl. have "The little o' th' earth" or "oth' earth." The correction is Steevens's. In the prologue to Henry V, the Globe Theatre is called "this wooden O;" and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 188 the stars are termed "they oes and eyes of light." Bacon, in his 37th Essay (Wright's ed. p. 157), says: "And Oes, or Spangis, which are of no great Cost, so they are of most Glory."

370. Lines 82, 83:

*his rear'd arm
CRESTED the world.*

This, as Percy observes, is an allusion to "some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet."

371. Line 87: *an AUTUMN 't was*, &c.—The Fl. have "An *Anthony*," which Theobald corrected.

372. Lines 91, 92:

*realms and islands were
As PLATES dropp'd from his pocket.*

Plates are apparently silver coins. Compare Marlowe,

The Jew of Malta, li. 21, where Barabas exclaims at seeing a slave marked "two hundred crowns," and adds:

Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred *plates*.

Lodowick, just below, says:

Kai'st thou this Moor but at two hundred *plates*?

Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "A Plate, or flat piece of metal, *Plaque, platche, platine, ou laque de metal*," and it was from this meaning of the word that it came to be used of coins.

373. Line 96: *But, if there be, or ever were, one such.*—F. 1, E. 2, read *nor*, which was corrected in F. 3.

374. Line 99: *Were nature's piece against fancy.*—Would he to set nature's masterpiece against any that fancy could conceive. See note 181 above. Johnson explains thus: "The word *piece* is a term appropriated to works of arts. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the piece done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of deceiving*; he was more by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep."

375. Lines 104, 105:
*a grief that SMITES
My very heart at root.*

The Ff. have *smites* or *suits*, which is quite obviously a misprint. The correction is Capell's.

376. Lines 121, 122:
*I cannot PROJECT mine own excuse so well
To make it clear.*

The verb *project* (accentuated here on the first syllable, as in the noun) does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, and has been doubted by some, I think needlessly. This seems to be one of the instances in which Shakespeare has formed a verb from a noun for his own convenience, giving to the verb the signification of the noun. Here *project* is used in the sense of "shaping out," "forming," just as a *project* is something shaped or formed in the mind.

377. Line 140: *Not petty things ADMITTED.*—Theobald altered *admitted* to *omitted*, not without a certain plausibility, but I think the change is for the worse. As Rolfe observes, it seems more probable that Cleopatra "is shrewd enough to leave the door open for the excuse she afterwards makes in line 165 below. The exposure made by Selencus leads her then to add that she has also reserved *some noble token* for Livia and Octavia."

378. Line 169: *Liria.*—The wife of Caesar.

379. Lines 173, 174:
*Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my CHANCE.*

Hammer reads *mischance* instead of *my chance*, and other changes have been needlessly proposed. The plain meaning of the passage is, as Clarke very well puts it, "or the last smouldering sparks of my fiery nature will flame forth through the ashes of my decayed fortune." *Chance* in the sense of fortune is of constant occurrence. Compare li. 10, 36 above: "The wounded *chance* of Antony."

380. Line 176: *misthought.*—*Misthink* is again used for misjudge in III. Henry VI. li. 5, 167, 108:

How wild the country for these woful changes
Misthink the king, and ne'er be satisfied!

381. Line 107: *WHERE is the queen?*—So Pope; Ff. have *Where's*.

382. Line 217: *extemporally.*—This word is used again in *Venus and Adonis*, 830:

And sings *extemporally* a woful ditty.

383. Line 226: *Their most ABSURD intents.*—Theobald changed *absurd* to *ussur'd*; but Cleopatra calls the intents *absurd* because she has formed a plan for felling them.

384. Line 229: *sirrah Iras.*—See note 348 above.

385. Lines 284, 285:
*now as more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.*

Clarke remarks that this sustains the Folio text in line 7 above. "Cleopatra here, in her own gorgeously poetical strain, takes leave of the material portion of existence, and prepares to enter upon the spiritual portion; she has previously condensed the aggregate products of earth—corn, wine, oil, fruits, and, indirectly, flesh-meat—into one superbly disdainful word *draug*; and she now figuratively sums them up in one draught of grape-juice, as the wine of life, the sustainer of mortal being, to which she bids fare-well."

386. Lines 292, 293:
*I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.*

An allusion to the old doctrine that man was composed of the four elements. Compare Henry V. li. 7, 23: "he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." See Sonnets xlv, and xlv, for an elaborate development of the same fancy as here; and see Twelfth Night, note 83.

387. Line 307: *intrinsic.*—The word is found nowhere else; but *intrinsic*, which is equally unique, occurs in Lear, li. 2, 81, with apparently the same meaning.

388. Line 317: *In this VILE world.*—Ff. print *wilde*. Capell changed it to *vile*, which is always spelt *vild* or *vilde* in the early editions. The correction seems emphatically called for, though a few have defended the Ff. reading.

389. Line 321: *Your crown's AWRY.*—The Ff. have *away*, which Pope corrected.

390. Line 322: *I'll mend it, and then PLAY.*—Steevens, commenting on these words of Charmian, suggests, first, that they mean "play her part in this tragick scene by destroying herself;" and then that "she may mean, that having perjured her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her in [line 282 above] to 'play till doomsday.'" The latter is certainly the meaning, but it is probable that Shakespeare used the word in a very definite sense, which has never, so far as I am aware, been pointed out. At Nuncator, in Shakespeare's native county, the word *play* was regularly used by the colliers in the sense of taking a holiday of not being at work. I have heard the manager of a mine say that "the men were *playing* to-day," meaning that they had a holi-

day. Indeed, it was the recognized word. I have not met with it in any other part of the country, and it is very likely that this special use of the word was a Warwickshire idiom in Shakespeare's time, and that he used the word here with a recollection of this local meaning. Since writing the foregoing I have seen in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 13, 1889, an article headed "Chalunmakers at play," in which this meaning of the word *play* is referred to, not, however, quite correctly. The writer says: "To chalunmakers and to Black Country people generally, the word 'play' has a very grim significance, for it is associated in their minds with all the trouble, discomfort, and sometimes starvation of a strike. It is their technical term for the idleness resulting from a strike, and to those who know them the saying which is often on their lips, 'We starve when we work, and we may as well play and starve,' is pathetically intelligible." The word *play*, though certainly used for "the idleness resulting from a strike," is not by any means confined to that particular kind of idleness, but is used for a holiday of any kind.

391. Line 357; *her physician tells me, &c.*—Compare

Plutarch: "Cleopatra in the meantime was very careful in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now to make proof of those poisons which made men die with least pain, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. For when she saw the poisons that were sudden and vehement, and brought speedy death with grievous torments; and in contrary manner, that such as were more mild and gentle had not that quick speed and force to make one die suddenly: she afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applied unto men in her sight, some in one sort, some in another. So when she had daily made divers and sundry proofs, she found none of them all she had proved so fit as the biting of an ascock, the which causeth only a heaviness of the head, without swooning or complaining, and bringeth a great desire also to sleep, with a little sweat in the face; and so by little and little taketh away the senses and vital powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any pain. For they are so sorry when any body awaketh them and taketh them up, as those that be taken out of a sound sleep are very heavy and desirous to sleep" (p. 217).

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Accumulation. Act. 1. 19	Broad-fronted. I. 5. 29	Curstness II. 2. 25	Entangle ¹⁵ I. 3. 30
Adornings II. 2. 213	Brooched IV. 15. 25	Danger (verb) I. 2. 199	Equality V. 1. 48
Alexandrian I. 7. 102	Calm (adv.) V. 1. 75	Dare ¹¹ (sub.) I. 2. 191	Excusable III. 4. 2
All-disgraced III. 12. 22	Camp ⁶ (verb) IV. 8. 33	Deared I. 4. 44	Extended ¹⁶ V. 2. 217
All-honoured II. 6. 16	Carhunched IV. 8. 28	*Demi-Atlas I. 5. 23	Extended ¹⁷ I. 2. 105
All-obeying III. 13. 77	Cement (verb) II. 1. 48	Demuring (verb) IV. 15. 29	Eye ¹⁸ (vb. intr.) I. 3. 97
*Alms-drink II. 7. 5	Chafe (sub.) I. 3. 85	Denounced ¹² III. 7. 5	Factors ¹⁹ II. 6. 10
Annexed ¹ IV. 14. 17	Chare IV. 15. 75	Derogately II. 2. 34	*False-played IV. 14. 19
Anticked II. 7. 132	Chief (sub.) IV. 14. 93	Dir III. 13. 165; IV. 12. 22	Fats ²⁰ II. 7. 122
Anguring ² II. 1. 10	Civilly III. 13. 129	D' IV. 14. 10	Faultiness III. 3. 33
Ballad (verb) V. 2. 216	Cloyless II. 1. 25	D' IV. 9. 13	Fervency II. 6. 18
Barbered II. 2. 229	Cold (adv.) III. 4. 7	D' IV. 5. 16	Fever (verb) III. 13. 138
Beconing ³ I. 3. 96	Cold-hearted III. 13. 158	D' II. 2. 208	Fifty-fold I. 2. 70
Believing I. 2. . . .	Companion (verb) I. 2. 30	*Divers-coloured II. 2. 208	Fig-leaves V. 2. 354
Bench-holes IV.	Compose ⁷ (vb. int.) II. 2. 15	Dolorous IV. 2. 208	Flag ²¹ I. 4. 45
Billiards II.	Concealment IV. 8. 10	*Dolphin-like V. 2. 89	Fleet ²² (verb) III. 13. 171
Bogglers III. 13. 110	Contestation II. 2. 42	*Doughty-handled IV. 8. 5	Flower-soft II. 2. 215
Bolts ⁴ (verb) V. 2. 6	Countryman ⁸ IV. 8. 10	*Down-feather III. 2. 48	Flutes II. 2. 200
Bow ⁵ (verb) II. 3. 3	Courtiers ⁹ II. 6. 17	Dragonish IV. 14. 2	Footmen ²³ III. 7. 45
Branchless III. 4. 24	Crested (verb) V. 2. 83	Dress (sub.) II. 4. 4	Forspoken III. 7. 3
	Cringe III. 13. 100	Dryness I. 4. 27	
	Cropped ¹⁰ (verb) II. 2. 233	Dung V. 2. 7	
	Cup (verb) II. 7. 124, 125	Embers ¹⁴ II. 2. 13	

1 Some X & 11.
2 *Angur* is used as a sub. in *Sonn.* cvii. 6; *Phoenix*, 7.
3 *Sonn.* l. 5.
4 = filters; = to sift, in various places.
5 = to express; used frequently in other senses.

6 = to lodge.
7 Used transitively in various places.
8 = a dweller in the country.
9 = courtiers. 10 = reaped.

11 = defiance. 12 = declared.
13 = divisions, detachments.
14 = Lucrece, 5.

15 = to ensnare.
16 Venus and Adonis, 836.
17 = seized upon.
18 = appear.
19 = substitutes; used elsewhere = agents.
20 = vits.
21 = a water-plant.
22 = float. 23 = foot-soldiers.

WORDS PECULIAR TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
*Full-manned.	iii.	7	52	Mered.....	iii.	13	10	Regiment ²²	iii.	6	95	Tissue.....	ii.	2	204
Further (verb).	ii.	2	149	Mingle (sub.) ¹	i.	5	59	Reporter.....	iii.	2	193	Tokened.....	iii.	10	3
Garboils.....	i.	3	61	iv.	8	37	Revengeur.....	i.	6	11	Tow.....	iii.	11	58	
Gests ¹	iv.	8	2	Month-made..	i.	3	30	Rhymers ²⁴	v.	2	215	Towered (adj.)	iv.	14	4
Ghosted.....	ii.	6	13	Muss.....	iii.	13	91	Ribaudred.....	iii.	10	19	Transmigrates	ii.	7	151
Glow ² (vb. tr.)	ii.	2	209	*Ne'er-lust-wearied ¹⁰	ii.	1	38	Rigdish.....	ii.	2	215	Treasurer.....	v.	2	142
Graceful ³	ii.	2	60	*Ne'er-touched	iii.	12	31	Rioting (verb).	ii.	2	72	Treble-sinewed	iii.	13	178
Graveless.....	iii.	13	166	*Ne'er-yet-beaten ¹¹	iii.	1	33	Rivalry.....	iii.	5	8	Tremblingly...	v.	2	346
Haltered.....	iii.	13	130	Nereides.....	ii.	2	211	Rudder.....	iii.	10	3	Triple-turned..	iv.	12	13
Harried.....	iii.	3	43	Noises ¹²	iii.	6	96	Salad (adj.)...	i.	5	73	Trimvirate....	iii.	6	28
Head ¹	iii.	7	52	Number ¹³	iii.	2	17	Scales ²⁵	ii.	7	21	Unbawailed...	iii.	6	85
Heart-breaking	i.	2	74	Obstruct.....	iii.	6	61	Scantly.....	iii.	4	6	Unenckolded..	i.	2	76
*High-battled..	iii.	13	29	O'ercount.....	ii.	6	26; 27	Scence-bearded	i.	1	21	Unfinkable....	ii.	2	67
*High-coloured	ii.	7	4	O'erpieturing.	ii.	2	205	Scotches (sub.)	iv.	7	10	Undinted.....	ii.	6	20
Holding (sub.)	ii.	7	117	Onion-eyed...	iv.	2	35	Scutles.....	i.	1	7	Unxcented....	iii.	7	45
Homager.....	i.	1	31	Outroar.....	iii.	13	127	Sea-like.....	iii.	13	171	Unhair ³³	ii.	5	61
*Ill-rooted....	ii.	7	2	Outstrike....	iv.	6	36	Sea-wing.....	iii.	10	20	Unmobile.....	iii.	11	50
*Ill-uttering...	v.	5	35	Outwork.....	ii.	2	206	Seedsman.....	ii.	7	24	Unpolicied....	v.	2	311
Immurement...	v.	2	166	Overplus ¹⁴ ..	iii.	7	51	Shiny.....	iv.	9	3	Unpressed.....	iii.	13	106
Inclips.....	ii.	7	74	iv.	6	22	Show-place...	ii.	6	12	Unpurposed...	iv.	14	84	
Indulgent.....	i.	4	16	Pelleted ¹⁵ ...	iii.	13	165	Shrewlessness	ii.	2	69	Unqualified...	iii.	11	44
Inhooped.....	ii.	3	38	Penetrative...	iv.	14	75	Shrill-tongued ²⁶	i.	1	32	Unregistered..	iii.	13	119
Inroads.....	i.	4	50	Philippian....	ii.	5	23	Shroud ²⁷	iii.	13	71	Unrestored....	iii.	6	27
Intrinsicate...	v.	2	307	Phoenicians...	iii.	7	65	Sickly ²⁸ (adv.)	iii.	4	7	Unseminared..	i.	5	11
Itch ⁵	iii.	13	7	Pinion (sub.)	iii.	12	4	Signs ²⁹	iv.	3	14	Unshown.....	iii.	6	52
Jump (sub.)...	iii.	8	6	Pink (adj.)...	ii.	7	121	Snaffle.....	ii.	2	63	Unstipping....	ii.	2	129
Lackeying.....	i.	4	46	Placed ¹⁶	v.	2	238	Soberly.....	i.	5	48	Useful (adv.)	iv.	14	80
Laudmen.....	iv.	3	11	Plants ¹⁷	ii.	7	2	Soothsayer....	i.	2	52	Vacancy ³⁴	i.	4	26
Lanked.....	i.	4	71	Plates ¹⁸	v.	2	92	Scottish.....	iv.	15	79	Van.....	iv.	6	9
Learning ⁶	ii.	2	47	Plighter.....	iii.	13	126	Soulless.....	v.	2	157	Variance.....	ii.	6	139
Leth'd.....	ii.	1	27	Plumby.....	ii.	7	121	Spanieled....	iv.	12	21	Variety ³⁵	ii.	2	241
Lictors.....	v.	2	214	Preparedly...	v.	1	55	Stabishment..	iii.	6	9	Variety.....	v.	2	56
Loofed.....	iii.	10	18	Principalities ¹⁹	iii.	13	19	Stale ³⁰	i.	4	62	Vesper.....	iv.	14	8
*Loose-wived..	i.	2	75	Prognostication ²⁰	ii.	2	54	Stanch (adv.)	ii.	2	117	Vieiousness...	iii.	13	111
Lordliness...	v.	2	161	Project (verb)	v.	2	121	Stomach (verb)	iii.	4	12	Volley ³⁶ (verb)	ii.	7	118
Lowering? (verb)	i.	2	129	Prosecution...	iv.	14	65	Strangler.....	ii.	6	129	War-marked..	iii.	7	45
Lowness ⁸	iii.	11	63	Ranged ²¹	i.	1	34	*Strong-winged	iv.	15	35	Weet.....	i.	1	39
Lowness ⁹	ii.	7	22	Ranges (sub.)	iii.	13	5	Stroyed.....	iii.	11	54	*Well-paid....	iii.	1	32
*Low-tongued.	iii.	3	15	Reapers.....	iii.	7	36	Submerged....	ii.	5	94	Wheeled (adj.)	iv.	14	75
*Low-voiced...	iii.	3	16	Rebound.....	v.	2	104	Sudden (adv.)	i.	3	5	Wild-boars....	ii.	2	184
Lust-wearied..	ii.	1	38	Reloukable...	iv.	4	30	Surfeiter.....	ii.	1	33	Windowed ³⁷ ..	iv.	14	72
Luxuriously...	iii.	15	120	Reconciler...	iii.	4	30	*Tawny-flined.	ii.	5	12	Wire ³⁸	ii.	5	65
Magical.....	iii.	1	31	Reels (sub.)...	ii.	7	100	Teller.....	i.	2	99	Workyday ³⁹ ..	i.	2	55
Mallard.....	iii.	10	20	Referece ²² ...	v.	2	23	Temperance ³¹	iii.	13	121	World-sharers	ii.	7	76
Man-like.....	i.	4	5	10 ¹⁰ "neer Lust-wearied" in P. I.				Terrene.....	iii.	13	153	Yield ⁴⁰ (verb)	iv.	2	33
*Marble-constant	v.	2	240	11 "neer-yet-beaten" in P. I.				Tippling.....	i.	4	19				
Maritime.....	i.	4	51	12 = caussa tumult; = to spread by rumour, in other passages.											
Market-maid..	iii.	6	51	13 = to bring into verse; used in other senses elsewhere.											
*Master-leaver	iv.	9	22	14 Sonn. cxxxv. 2.											
Matress.....	ii.	6	71	15 Lover's Complaint, 18.											
Meetly.....	i.	3	81	16 = fixed; Pass. Pilgrim, 256.											

1 = exploits.
 2 = to flesh.
 3 = favouring.
 4 = promontory.
 5 = teasing desire.
 6 = information.
 7 = sinking.
 8 = meanness.
 9 = small elevation.

10¹⁰ "neer Lust-wearied" in P. I.
 11 "neer-yet-beaten" in P. I.
 12 = caussa tumult; = to spread by rumour, in other passages.
 13 = to bring into verse; used in other senses elsewhere.
 14 Sonn. cxxxv. 2.
 15 Lover's Complaint, 18.
 16 = fixed; Pass. Pilgrim, 256.
 17 = scales of the feet.
 18 = pieces of money.
 19 = countries ruled by princes.
 20 = strict.
 21 = disposed in order; used elsewhere in other senses.
 22 = appeal; used elsewhere in other senses.

23 rule, sway; also used = a body of soldiers.
 24 Sonn. xxxviii. 16.
 25 = steps; frequently occurs in its ordinary sense.
 26 Venus and Adonis, 849.
 27 = shelter, protection.
 28 = reluctantly; = ill in health, Much, iii. 1. 167.
 29 = betokening; used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.
 30 = urine of horses; elsewhere used in other senses.
 31 = chastity; Lucevece, 884. Used elsewhere in other senses.

32 In Tit. And. iv. 3. 92, used by the Clown as a blunder for tribuna.
 33 Unhaired occurs in John v. 2. 123.
 34 = leisure; = empty space, a vacuum, in II. 2. 221; Hamlet, iii. 4. 117.
 35 Venus and Adonis, 21.
 36 Venus and Adonis, 921.
 37 = placed in a window; = full of holes, Lear, iii. 4. 31.
 38 Sonn. cxxx. 4.
 39 As two words in P. I.
 40 = reward, blessing; very frequently used in other senses.

Act Sc. Line
 ii. 2 204
 iii. 10 9
 iii. 11 58
 iv. 14 4
 ii. 7 51
 v. 2 142
 iii. 13 178
 v. 2 346
 iii. 6 3
 iv. 12 13
 iii. 6 28
 iii. 6 85
 i. 2 76
 ii. 2 67
 ii. 6 39
 iii. 7 45
 ii. 5 64
 iii. 11 50
 v. 2 311
 iii. 13 106
 iv. 14 84
 iii. 11 44
 v. 1 47
 iii. 13 119
 iii. 6 27
 i. 5 11
 iii. 6 52
 ii. 2 129
 iv. 14 80
 i. 4 26
 iv. 6 9
 ii. 6 139
 ii. 2 241
 v. 2 56
 iv. 14 8
 iii. 13 111
 ii. 7 118
 iii. 7 45
 i. 1 39
 iii. 1 32
 iv. 14 75
 ii. 2 184
 iv. 14 72
 ii. 5 65
 i. 2 55
 ii. 7 76
 iv. 2 33

3. 92, used by
 under for tri-
 s in John v.

pty space, a
 Hamlet, iii.

is, 21.
 is, 921.
 inlow; = full
 31.

F. 1.
 s; very fre-
 r senses.

C O R I O L A N U S.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY

H. C. BEECHING.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. MARGETSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CÆIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CÆIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.

COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, } generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SEMIUS VELETUS,
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

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

SCENE.—Partly Rome and its neighbourhood; partly Corioli and
its neighbourhood; and partly Antium.

HISTORIC PERIOD: The Historic Period is about 500 B.C.

TIME OF ACTION.

The action of this play (according to Mr. P. A. Daniel) occupies eleven days.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.

Day 2: Act I. Scene 2.—Interval.

Day 3: Act I. Scenes 3–10.—Interval.

Day 4: Act II. Scene 1 to l. 220.—Interval. (See
note *in loc.*)

Day 5: Act II. Scene 1, l. 221 to end of Scene 3;
Act III. Scenes 1, 2, 3; Act IV. Scenes
1, 2.—Interval.

Day 6: Act IV. Scene 3.

Day 7: Act IV. Scenes 4, 5.—Interval.

Day 8: Act IV. Scene 6.—Interval.

Day 9: Act IV. Scene 7.—Interval.

Day 10: Act V. Scenes 1–5.—Interval.

Day 11: Act V. Scene 6.

"The
in the E
was prin
Troilus
followed
omitted
placed i
paging.
For t
little ex
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"Well,
friends
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that th
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year, at
How
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de
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are trug
Julius
and fu
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periods
the las
to fix
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Prof. I
verse t
the voi
guishi
run ou

CORIOLANUS.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where for some reason it was printed first of the tragedies. Afterwards *Troilus and Cressida*, which ought to have followed *Romeo and Juliet*, but had been omitted, it would seem by an accident, was placed in front of it. This is shown by the paging.

For the date of the play there is at present little external evidence. Malone pointed out a passage in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, v. 1: "Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland," as probably a reminiscence or caricature of the phrase in ii. 2. 105: "He lurch'd all swords of the garland;" and as the expression has not been discovered elsewhere, it is not improbable that the passages are in some way related. If so, the plays would probably belong to the same year, and the date of the *Silent Woman* is 1609.

However this may be, the date 1609 is certainly that suggested by the internal evidence of the style. To begin with, the play belongs obviously to the later tragedies, which are tragedies of passion; its kinship is not with *Julius Caesar*, but with *Antony and Cleopatra*; and further, the apparent disregard of style, the overcharged sentences, and hurry of the periods make it probable that it was one of the last of these. An attempt has been made to fix its place more exactly by the test of what are called "light" and "weak" endings. Prof. Ingram,¹ who is the authority upon this verse test, calls those *light* endings upon which the voice can to a certain extent dwell, distinguishing as *weak* those which cannot but be run on to the line following. To the former

class belong the pronouns and auxiliary verbs; the latter are principally conjunctions and prepositions. For example, in act ii. sc. 1 of our play we have the following lines, where the italicized words are *light* endings:—

Bro. Then our office *may*,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end; but *will*
Lose those he hath won.

Bro. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but *they*,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; *which*
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

—Lines 238-247.

As an example of *weak* endings, take the two lines in act v. sc. 6.

That prosperously I have attempted, *and*,
With bloody passage, led you: wars *can* to
The gates of Rome.

—Lines 75-77.

Now *light* endings are first found in any numbers in *Macbeth*, and *weak* endings first in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and as the use of them is a distinct change in style, so that when once used they were used more and more, it is a probable conjecture that the order in which the later plays were written may be ascertained by comparing the percentage of such endings in each play. Prof. Ingram gives the percentage of *light* and *weak* endings together as 3.53 in *Antony and Cleopatra*, 4.05 in *Coriolanus*, and 4.59 in the *Tempest*; so that the date of *Coriolanus* will fall between 1608, the date of *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the end of 1610, which is the date of the *Tempest*.

Shakespeare's sole authority, so far as we know, for this as for the other Roman plays, was Sir Thomas North's translation (1579) of

¹ New Shakespeare Society Transactions, ser. i. pt. 2, 1874

CORIOLANUS.

the French translation of Plutarch's Lives, made by Amyot, bishop of Auxerre (1559). How closely he followed his original will be seen by a reference to the notes. Several of the longer speeches are simply Plutarch put into metre. Nor is this unnatural. The story of Coriolanus is legendary; and if drama be the quintessence of history, history sublimed until everything fortuitous has passed out of it, legend is a good many degrees on its way to that refinement.

STAGE HISTORY.

Coriolanus has been treated on the stage with no more reverence than other works of Shakespeare. Of six plays founded upon the story that Shakespeare took from Sir Thomas North's translation of Amyot's Plutarch, and presented on the stage between 1682 and 1820, not one is quite free from interpolations by other and, necessarily, inferior hands. One of the plays which first saw the light in the Folio of 1623, Coriolanus is also one of those concerning the production and the surroundings of which least is known. Malone assumes it to belong to 1610; Halliwell-Phillipps traces no reference to it; and Mr. Fleay, under the date 1608, vaguely says, "Coriolanus in all probability was produced not long after Anthony. There is no external evidence available" (*Chronicle History of the Life and Work of Shakespeare*, 244). No actor of Shakespeare's days is associated with any character in the play, and all concerning its production is surmise. The first rendering of Coriolanus known to have been put upon the stage in England was "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or the Fall of Caius Martius Coriolanus" of Nahum Tate, 4to, 1682, produced in the same year at the Theatre Royal. Previous to this, two plays on the same subject had been given in France. These were Coriolan, a tragedy of Urbain Chevreau, played in 1638, and a tragedy of the same name by Gaspard Abeille, produced in 1676. For the English student these pieces have little interest, though in the latter the name Virgilia is used as that of the wife of Coriolanus. The Coriolan of La Harpe, given at the Comédie Française the 2nd of March, 1784, has some

resemblance in action to the Coriolanus of Shakespeare, and so incurred in France severe condemnation, the chief charge against it being that it defied those unities under the weight of which for three centuries the French drama languished.

Tate's play has not been reprinted, is rarely encountered, and is all but unknown to the present generation. With the kind of admiration for Shakespeare and the desire to shelter beneath his wing, which were reconcilable in those days with the grossest irreverence of treatment, Tate in his dedication to "The Right Honourable Charles Lord Herbert, eldest son to the Marquess of Worcester," &c., puts in a plea for pardon inasmuch as the work is not wholly of his own compiling, he "having in this adventure launcht out in Shakespeare's bottom." Tate continues, "Much of what is offered here is fruit that grew in the richness of his (Shakespeare's) soil, and whatever the superstructure prove it was my good fortune to build upon a rock;" and he further states that the choice of a subject was made because "upon a close view of this story there appeared in some passages, no small resemblance with the basic faction of our own time," referring, of course, to the period of the Commonwealth. Then, breaking into verse, he says, still in the dedication:

Civil discord through the realm had reign'd,
And English swords with English blood were stain'd,
When out of zeal religion was expell'd,
And men for conscience 'gainst their prince rebell'd.

In a not very decent prologue written by Sir George Raynsford, the apology on behalf of the author on the same ground is put forward—

Yet he presumes we may be safe to say,
Since Shakespeare gave foundation to the play:
'Tis alter'd and his sacred Ghost appeas'd;
I wish you all as easily were pleas'd:
He only ventures to make gold from oare (ore),
And turn to money what lay dead before.

Dead indeed, before and subsequently, lay this fine tragedy, so dead that scarcely one in many thousands of the Englishmen whose pride Shakespeare professedly is can have seen his play.

The characters in *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth*, differing principally as re-

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gards omission from those in Shakespeare, are thus given in the Quarto:

- CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS.
 COMINIUS, Consul.
 MENENIUS, a blunt old souldier, and friend to Coriolanus.
 BRUTUS, } Two Tribunes of the people, factious,
 SICIPIUS, } and enemies to Coriolanus.
 TULLIUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volsees.
 NIGRIDIUS, a villain, discarded by Caius Martius and received by Aufidius.
 VOLUMNIA, mother to Caius Martius.
 VIRGILIA, his wife.
 YOUNG MARTIUS, his child.
 VALERIA, an affected, talkative, fantastical lady.
 Citizens, Senators, Souldiers, Messengers, Servants.
 SCENE.—The Cities (*sic*) of Romo and Corioles (*sic*).

Unfortunately, no names of actors are affixed to the characters, and the darkness concerning the representation is illumined by no light from without. From the fact that young Martius is classed with the female characters we are probably safe in assuming that the rôle was taken by a woman. No word in any contemporary or subsequent work associates any actor with the play. A good deal of the plot of Shakespeare is followed, but the language of Tate is indescribably flat and commonplace. Genest credits Tate with having in one respect improved upon Shakespeare, namely, in assigning Coriolanus companions in forcing his way into Corioles, but is very severe upon the conversion of Valeria into "an affected, talkative, fantastical lady." Valeria belongs, indeed, wholly to the court of Charles II. It seems possible that she was in some respects intended to deride the famous Duchess of Newcastle, then about six years dead, and commonly known among her contemporaries as "Mad Meg of Newcastle."

Thirty-seven years later, on the 11th of November, 1719, at Drury Lane Theatre, "The Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Resentment," a tragedy altered from the Coriolanus of Shakespeare, by John Dennis, and printed in 8vo in 1720, was played for the first time. It was a failure little short of a fiasco, and the splenetic author laid about him in all directions. In his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Chamberlain, Dennis says, after some preliminary sentences:

"My Lord, Coriolanus throws himself at your Grace's feet, in order to obtain justice of you, after having received as injurious treatment from the petulant deportment of two or three insolent players as ever he formerly did from the brutal rage of the rabble. He has been banished from our theatre by the one, thro' a mistaken greediness of gain, as the other formerly expelled him from Rome through a groundless jealousy of power" (Works, vol. ii. p. 547). To his grace he modestly leaves it to decide whether "Gentlemen who have great capacities, who have had the most generous education, who have all their lives had the best and the noblest designs for the service of their country and the instruction of mankind" are to be sacrificed to actors "who have no capacity, who have had no education, who have not the least concern for their country, who have nothing in their heads or their hearts but loose thoughts and sordid designs; and yet, at the same time, have so much pride and so much insupportable insolence as to dare to fly in the face of the greatest persons in England" (Ib. p. 548). Concerning the nature of the hard treatment which this "gentleman of great capacity" and other virtues received from the actors; the manner in which the profits of his third night were diminished; his grievances against Cibber, who "has lately employed thirty pages in his own fulsome commendation," and against Wilks who, unless he is flattered and told "that he is an excellent tragedian—which would be ridiculous and absurd," will not allow a play to be acted at Drury Lane,—very moderate interest is now felt.

The cast of the play is strong, including most of the tragic talent then at Drury Lane. It is as follows:—

CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS,	Mr. Booth.
AUFIDIUS,	Mr. Mills.
MENENIUS,	Mr. Corey.
COMINIUS,	Mr. Thurmond.
SICIPIUS, } Two Tribunes of	Mr. W. Wilks.
BRUTUS, } the people, . . . }	Mr. Walker.
LUCIUS CLUENTIUS,	Mr. Boman, sen.
TITUS LARGIUS (<i>sic</i>),	Mr. Williams.
ÆDILE,	Mr. Oates.
VOLUMNIA, Mother to Corio-	Mrs. Porter.
lanus, }	
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus,	Mrs. Thurmond.

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The exponents of the citizens, servants, &c., who scarcely call for mention, include Bickerstaff, Penkethman, Johnson, Miller, Norris and Cross.

In the second edition of the play, from which the above is taken, Dennis calls his work "Coriolanus, the Invader of his Country; or The Fatal Resentment." After three representations the play was withdrawn. Genest assumes that Booth played the character of Coriolanus well. It has left little impression, however, which, considering the faults of the play and the limited number of representations that were given, is not surprising. As Dennis abridges the scenes in which the sturdy independence of Coriolanus and the causes of his unpopularity with the Roman citizens are shown, and substitutes for them buffoonery of his own, it is easy to believe that the impersonation must have been somewhat colourless. There is no temptation to dwell upon the manner in which Dennis mangled Shakespeare. His version is only less discreditable than that of Tate. No less anxious than his predecessor is he, however, to shelter himself behind the man he outraged. His prologue, spoken by Mills, begins with characteristic insolence and mendacity:

The tragedy we represent to day
Is but a grafting upon Shakespeare's play,
In whose original we may descry,
Where master-strokes in wild confusion lye,
Here brought to as much order as we can
Reduce those beauties upon Shakespeare's plan;
And from his plan we dar'd not to depart,
Least (lest) Nature should be lost in quest of Art,
And art had been attain'd with too much cost
Had Shakespeare's beauties in the search been
lost.

Indignation against Dennis, who continues and mangles Milton's lines on Shakespeare from *L'Allegro*, is restrained when we think that Dryden was almost an equal offender. In an unspoken epilogue Dennis says that if Coriolanus

and Shakespeare must be driven hence;
As when he formerly was banish'd Rome
He led the Volscians on to urge its doom;
So now he swears in his impetuous rage
Jack-puddings, cunnells, tumblers shall engage,
To damn the muses, and destroy the stage.

With which terrible menace the Coriolanus of Dennis may be dismissed.

The next to meddle with the subject was James Thomson, whose tragedy of Coriolanus was posthumously acted at Covent Garden on the 13th January, 1749. Thomson had the grace, however, to leave Shakespeare out of the question, and his play therefore directly concerns us not. Shakespeare followed the narrative of Plutarch; Thomson went to Dionysius Halicarnassensis and Livy, and altered the very names of some of the characters. In the representation of his play Quin was Coriolanus, Ryan Attius Tullus, Delane Galesus, Sparks Volusus, Bridgewater Minucius, and Anderson Cominius. Mrs. Woffington was Veturia, as, following the authorities he adopted, Thomson calls the mother of Coriolanus, and George Anne Bellamy Volunmia, as he calls the wife. Of Mrs. Woffington, then at the apex of her brilliant career, it is narrated in the epilogue that she made up Veturia with wrinkles, a piece of artistic sincerity in which she has found few rivals or followers. The play was, by the influence of Sir George Lyttelton, brought on the stage for the benefit of Thomson's family, and was introduced by an "occasional prologue," which Quin, an old friend of Thomson, spoke with much feeling. Although not directly connected with Shakespeare, Thomson's play was soon forced into association with it. Some time after 1750 a tragedy entitled *Coriolanus*, or the Roman Matron, 8vo, 1755, extracted from Shakespeare and Thomson, was produced at the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin. This is presumably the same work which was played at Covent Garden, 10th December, 1754. On Thomas Sheridan, the manager of the Smock Alley Theatre, the responsibility for the version is thrust. All that is known concerning the Dublin performance is that Mossop won great reputation as Coriolanus, and that Mrs. Gregory, subsequently known as Mrs. Fitzhenry, was approved as one of the female characters, assumably Veturia. Upon the production of the adaptation in London, Sheridan played Coriolanus, Shuter Minucius, Ridout Cominius, Ryan Attius Tullus, Mrs. Woffington Veturia, and Miss Bellamy Vol-

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umnia. This strange amalgam, in which the names of Thomson were preferred before those of Shakespeare, and the majority of the text was also Thomson's, pleased the town, and Coriolanus, for the first recorded time in London, was a success. Tate Wilkinson, the famous Yorkshire manager, the author of the "Memoirs" and of "The Wandering Patentee," says that Sheridan conveyed in his acting "a masterly knowledge of the character of Coriolanus," probably derived from Mossop, and adds that the play "drew some good houses." Scenery had, however, in this, as in other cases, been called to the aid, and "a military ovation," which was greatly admired, was held responsible for the success. On the 14th of March, 1758, Smith, for his benefit at Covent Garden, played Coriolanus, Mrs. Hamilton being Veturia, and Volumnia being omitted (!). John Philip Kemble was the next to tamper with and to produce Coriolanus. The version in which he appeared, a great advance upon any previous attempt, was first printed in 8vo in 1789, without any name of adapter; and reprinted in 8vo, 1806. The authorship of the first edition was indeed left to Sheridan. Kemble, whose great character Coriolanus became, dared not trust to Shakespeare. Great restitutions from Shakespeare's text were made, and the first three acts, though some omissions were found necessary, were wholly his. Into the fourth and fifth acts lines or passages from Thomson were introduced. How little judgment Kemble could have exercised in joining the blank verse of two writers so different, and uniting in one garment "cloth of frieze and cloth of gold," is at once obvious. None the less his revival, which took place at Drury Lane on 7th February, 1789, is historical; and the jumbling together of two pieces so irreconcilable not only escaped censure, but was awarded praise. In the European Magazine appears a short notice, from which we extract the following opinion: "In this alteration the best parts of Shakespeare and Thomson are retained, and compose a more pleasing drama than that of either author separately. The different parts, if we mistake not, were blended together by Mr. Sheridan, sen., and were produced by him at

Covent Garden in the year 1755, when he himself performed the principal character." Alterations, to be subsequently extended, were, however, as has been said, made by some one, and most probably by Kemble himself.

The cast comprised Kemble as Coriolanus, Wroughton as Tullus Aufidius, Baddeley as Menenius, J. Aikin as Cominius, Barrymore and Whitfield as the Tribunes, Snett, &c., as Citizens; Mrs. Siddons as Volumnia, Mrs. Farmer as Virgilia, and Mrs. Ward as Valeria.

Comparatively little attention was at first attracted by the revival. After a time, however, the part of Coriolanus became considered one of the best, if not the best, in the repertory of Kemble, and the Volumnia of Mrs. Siddons ranked only after her Constance and her Lady Macbeth.

That Kemble's stately figure and his noble declamation would suit Coriolanus cannot be doubted. Campbell dwells upon the contrasted aspects of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons as Coriolanus and Volumnia, and says that "As performers the brother and sister were perfect samples of the heroic form and of heroic action, and, whilst they trode the stage, the delighted spectator was willing to forget that the piece contained those mis-named additions from Thomson" (Life of Siddons, ii. 154). Unfortunately Coriolanus was the character in which Kemble's eccentricities of pronunciation were most injuriously assertive. Leigh Hunt says (Appendix to Critical Essays on the principal performers, pp. 5 *et seq.*), that when he utters "the lines . . .

I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no,

the word fair might positively have been measured by a stop-watch: instead of being a short monosyllable, it became a word of tremendous elongation. We can describe the pronunciation by nothing else than by such a sound as *fa-y-er-r-r*." Aufidius Kemble pronounced aufjjuus, "like a young lady who talks of her ojus lover." The name of Coriolanus was "divided by Mr. Kemble with syllabical precision into five distinct sounds."

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In other respects Kemble is said to have put "the poet's feet out of joint."

Mrs. Siddons's Volunmia meanwhile incurred no censure, nothing indeed but eulogy. Genest, it is true, affirms that, unlike Mrs. Wollington, she appeared to be the sister of Coriolanus, not his mother. Bowden, on the contrary, admires "the simple resorts of head-dress by which the beautiful and noble face was made to pass for the mother of Kemble without demerit," and says that to detail all the charms with which Mrs. Siddons adorned Volunmia would be to quote all the character. He mentions as worthy of exceptional praise "Her playful courage with the women on the outset, the welcome of her son with the peculiar

What is't? Coriolanus must I call thee!

the scene after his contest with the Tribunes, that delightful

O, Sir, Sir, Sir,—

I would have had you put your power *well on*,
Before you had worn it out;

and the rejoinder, in the key of her son's "Let them hang?"

Ay and burn too."

Campbell calls her "a magnificent Volunmia," and Young, the actor, supplies in a letter a picture of her in the character, worthy of Gibber's Apology: "I remember her coming down the stage in the triumphal entry of her son, *Coriolanus*, when her dumb-show drew plaudits that shook the building. She came alone, marching and beating time to the music; rolling (if that be not too strong a term to describe her motion) from side to side, swelling with the triumph of her son. Such was the intoxication of joy which dashed from her eye, and lit up her whole face, that the effect was irresistible. She seemed to me to reap all the glory of that great procession to herself. I could not take my eye from her—*Coriolanus*, banner and pageant all went for nothing to me, after she had walked to her place." In the Memoir of Charles Mayne Young by the Rev. Julian Charles Young, vol. i. p. 63, praise almost identical is bestowed.

On 3rd November, 1806, Kemble again re-

vived *Coriolanus*, this time at Covent Garden, and Mrs. Siddons reappeared as Volunmia, Pope was then Tullus Aufidius, and Munden Menenius, Miss Branton, subsequently Mrs. Yates, being Virgilia. When on 26th April, 1817, he once more revived it at Covent Garden, the Volunmia was Mrs. Fancit. Genest saw him in *Coriolanus* in Bath, the 14th January of the same year, and says that he was truly great. Kemble owned that he had never played the part so much to his own satisfaction as on this occasion. On the 20th March, 1817, while playing at Edinburgh, he was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who, writing on the 23rd, says: "John Kemble is here to take leave, acting over all his great characters, and with all the spirit of his best years. He played *Coriolanus* last night fully as well as I ever saw him, and you know what a complete model he is of the Roman." In *Coriolanus* Kemble on the 23rd June, 1817, took his memorable farewell of the stage.

At Drury Lane meantime, for a single occasion, for the benefit of Raymond, May 29th, 1804, Cooke played *Coriolanus* for the first and only time in London, Raymond being Aufidius, Downton Menenius, and Mrs. Powell Volunmia. All these characters were taken for the first time. Of this representation no critical record appears to have survived. It is unmentioned in Dunlop's *Life of Cooke*.

On the 24th January, 1820, at Drury Lane, *Coriolanus*, from the text of Shakespeare, was given by Elliston for the first recorded time. Even then some hanky-panky was permitted. In spite of the managerial announcement that the text of Shakespeare was to be given with "omissions only," six names of characters not to be found in Shakespeare appeared in the bill. Soane, moreover, who was responsible for the adaptation, interpolated an ode of his own (*Theatrical Inquisitor*, xvi. 57). Kean was *Coriolanus*; S. Penley, Tullus Aufidius; Hamblin, Cominius; Gattie, Menenius; Mrs. Glover, Volunmia; and Mrs. Robinson, Virgilia. Among Kean's Shakespearean assumptions, this may perhaps be counted the least effective. His figure is held to have disqualified him for the part. Kean's *Coriolanus* was but a shadow of his Brutus. It was fretful,

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sulky, bitter, and passionate, but never grave. While owning that Kean cannot play a god, or one who fancies himself a god, consequently that he cannot play Coriolanus as well as he plays some other characters, Hazlitt is to some extent the actor's apologist. Whenever "there was a struggle of feelings, a momentary ebullition of pity, or remorse, or anguish, Mr. Kean was equal to himself and superior to every one else;" he burst too often, however, from the trammels of dignity and pride. "The intolerable airs and aristocratic pretensions of which he (Coriolanus) is the slave, and to which he falls a victim, did not seem *legitimate* in him, but upstart, turbulent, and vulgar. Thus his haughty answer to the mob who banish him—"I banish you"—was given with all the virulence of execration and rage of impotent despair, as if he had to strain every nerve and faculty of soul to shake off the contamination of their hated power over him, instead of being delivered with calm, majestic self-possession, as if he remained rooted to the spot, and his least motion, word, or look, must scatter them like chaff or scum from his presence" (*Criticisms and Dramatic Essays*, ed. 1851, p. 252). Of the casting of other parts Hazlitt says, with what in an Irishman might be regarded as a bull, that "it was a climax in bathos."

On 29th November, 1819, a few months before Kean's first appearance as Coriolanus, Macready had been seen at Covent Garden in the same part. The impersonation, though received with favour, is not classed among the actor's conspicuous successes. It was deficient in dignity and grandeur, qualities to which the physique of Macready did not easily lend itself. It passed with singularly little comment, and Genest, with all his painstaking industry, has not even been able to ascertain the cast. The *Morning Herald* chronicles that it was received with signal favour, and declares that Macready approached Kemble in the "magic power of imposing an illusive image of physical grandeur upon the very sense of the beholder" (whatever that may be) "merely by some slight change of attitude or action." Perhaps its greatest distinction is to have inspired a tolerable sonnet of Barry

Cornwall, which Macready in his diary (Ed. Pollock ii. 203) has apparently misquoted.

MR. MACREADY IN CORIOLANUS.

"This is the noblest Roman of them all;"

And he shall wear his victor's crown, and stand
Distinct amidst the genius of the land,
And lift his head aloft while others fall.

He hath not bowed him to the vulgar cull,
Nor bid his countenance shine obsequious, bland,
But let his dark eye keep its high command,
And gather'd 'from the few' his coronal.
Yet unassuming hath he won his way;

And therefore fit to breathe the lines of him
Who gaily, once, beside the Aven river,
Shaped the great vorse that lives, and shall
Live for ever.

But he now revels in eternal day,
Peerless amongst the earth-born cherubin.

Macready himself declares that the applause exceeded his most ambitious hopes. Coriolanus remained on Macready's acting list. He played in it in 1830 in the country, and in December, 1833, revived it, under Bunn's management, at Drury Lane. On the 12th March, 1838, an elaborate revival was attempted at Covent Garden with Macready as Coriolanus, Warde as Cominius, Mr. James Anderson as Tullius Aufidius, Bartley as Menenius, Geo. Bennet as Brutus, Diddear as Sici-nius, and Mrs. Warner as Volturna. Much praise was bestowed on the scenery, and the production was declared, with customary and misused emphasis, to constitute "an era in dramatic history." Jerdan, Dickens, Bulwer, Blanchard, and Forster were, Macready chronicles, among the audience.

John Vandenhoff, qualified as "the best actor out of London," attained a reputation, chiefly in the country, as Coriolanus. On 6th January, 1823, he was received with much favour (in Tallis's *Dramatic Magazine* it says "with rapture") in the part in Edinburgh, as he had previously been in Manchester and Liverpool. Coriolanus was a favourite part also with Edwin Forrest, and a bust of Forrest in that character by Thomas Ball is now in the Actors' Home at Springbrook in the United States.

Phelps reopened Sadler's Wells on the 27th September, 1848, with a revival of Coriolanus. Phelps himself was Coriolanus; George Ben-

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nett, Cominius; A. Yonge, Menenius; Henry Marston, Tullus Aufidius; Miss Cooper, Virgilia; Mrs. Marston, Valeria; and Miss Glyn (who made on the occasion her debut at the theatre, and has died while this notice was being printed) Volturnia. As a disciple of the Kemble school and a pupil of Charles Kemble, Miss Glyn, though her performance was necessarily crude, obtained a good reception as Volturnia. Mr. Phelps's Coriolanus was a fine, though scarcely an inspired performance. Mr. W. May Phelps, a nephew of the tragedian, who was present on the first representation, says: "I sat with Charles Kemble, and never shall I forget the veteran's look on several occasions when he turned round to me after all my uncle's great scenes and said that was very fine" (*Life of Phelps*, p. 105). On 6th January, 1851, Mr. James Anderson played Coriolanus at Drury Lane. This impersonation was repeated at the Britannia Theatre, May, 1852, and at the Standard in May, 1853, and was subsequently given in most important cities in England, the United States, and the colonies. In recent years Edwin Booth, John McCullough, and Lawrence Barrett have played Coriolanus in America. Most of the minor tragedians who played at the London transpontine theatres, the Surrey, the Victoria, &c., and in the great country centres, were seen in Coriolanus. When, indeed, any actor obtained a success in a Shakespearian character at Drury Lane or Covent Garden rival performances at the minor theatres were, until a generation ago, inevitable. No interest attends these representations, and few particulars concerning them have been preserved.—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Tragedy is the confessional of great spirits; a public confessional for the good of the world. Upon the stage we are allowed to see them stripped of the daily mask of routine, and exhibiting their character consistently as it really is. The world of tragedy is an ideal world where passion and thought may work without hindrance from the tyranny of circumstance or accident, and where nobleness cannot be hid; but a world so contrived that

what weakness there is must also come to light, and work itself out into catastrophe. In all human character there is weakness; and the burden laid upon the hero in the ideal world of tragedy is such as to try his particular temper; the trial may come in the way of duty as it came to Hamlet, or in the way of temptation as to Macbeth, or as it comes to Coriolanus in the present play, in the rigorous carrying out of a principle of life; but in whatever shape it comes, its purpose is to try the utmost of his spirit; it puts its strain upon the weak place, and convicts him. And so a tragedy means far more than in ordinary phraseology; the word is often taken to mean, far more than a piece of misery; it means the fall of a hero, his failure through some imperfection of character; and his death at the close is at once the symbol of his failure, and the assertion of whatever moral law it is with which he has come into conflict.

Hence it comes about that tragedy, as Aristotle said, purifies, by arousing them, our emotions of pity and fear. Our pity is purified through being directed into right channels; we commiserate the failure of greatness, and so come to recognize what things alone in life are really pitiable; and also our fear is purified; through the fate that has overtaken the hero we understand that there is a power of perfect justice at work in the world, by whom even the greatest are judged, and so learn to "fear God and have no other fear."

Now what is the tragedy of Coriolanus? It is the failure of a great soul to recognize the bonds that bind him to other men; the attempt to live

As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Coriolanus, in the first place, recognizes nothing in common between himself and the plebeians; they are "mouths," "voices," "clusters," not men; a man is brave and they are cowardly, "hares" and "geese;" a man is intelligent, and they are not of one mind two minutes together. And so he treats them with contempt as an inferior kind. He does not care that they have an admiration for better

INTRODUCTION.

things than they are themselves capable of (proved by their worship of himself), and so a possibility of better things; he has not imagination enough to see that their circumstances have had a great deal to do with determining their character, and that he in their place might have been no better; he is content with the simple, obvious fact that he is a gentleman, and they are plebeians; and there the matter ends. Now this hatred and contempt for the plebeians would not of itself have marked Coriolanus as unpatriotic. Rome for him, as for many others, meant patrician Rome, the governing families. Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and above all his mother, were entirely at one with him in his estimate of the commons; though the humour of the first kept him out of broils, and even made him useful to the people, and the policy of the last was sufficient to disguise her feelings on occasion. Rome to all these meant their own circle. Coriolanus is distinguished from them by his want of humour, and want of self-control; but no less by the whole-hearted sincerity of his conviction. There is a pathos in his puzzled soliloquy:

I muse my mother
Does not approve me further.
—iii. 2.

This integrity of nature enables us to see more clearly the final issues of his temper of exclusiveness. The question to be answered is this:—Is a temper which selfishly despises half its world, capable of unselfish devotion to the other half? Or, on the contrary, is not scorn a "rift within the lute" that must sooner or later mar all its music? How far in his battles Coriolanus fought for his country and how far for personal honour, were too nice a question, although the First Citizen in his haste does not scruple to answer it (i. 1. 39). But the question between selfishness and patriotism, in the limited sense in which Coriolanus was bound to acknowledge it, comes up in a form that must have a definite answer, when he is once banished and is preparing for revenge. Here is the crisis which is to test him. On his own principles Rome is the party of the nobles; but when Cominius

sues to him to spare the city, this is forgotten, and his reply is:

He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff;
—v. 1.

that is to say, patriotism has gone down before selfishness.

Then Menenius tries the bond of friendship, a narrower circle than that of the state, and so possibly a stronger; but friendship is renounced, and that in its most extreme instance:

This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father.
—v. 3.

Only one bond remains, that of the family. This also he is prepared to sacrifice to his "rages and revenges." "Wife, mother, child I know not." "I'll never be such a gosling to obey instinct." But face to face with them, with his wife and son, and with his mother, "the most noble mother of the world," *instinct*, that is to say natural affection, is too strong for him, and he yields to it; to meet indeed, as he himself anticipates, a traitor's death at Corioli, which is the just reward of his treacherous alliance with Aufidius, and yet choosing death in preference to murder now that his eyes are beginning to open. For the death of the hero in tragedy is at once a vindication of natural law, and a reconciliation with it.

So far we have spoken of the "one fault" of Coriolanus, which in the ideal world of tragedy is seen to work his ruin. His virtues are a soldier's virtues, bravery and candour, and the latter shines more conspicuously by contrast with Aufidius the Volscian general. Aufidius is altogether of meaner mould. He is a prey to envy, and afterwards to jealousy. What he cannot succeed in by fair means, he does not disdain to accomplish by foul. Volumnia is the typical patrician mother from whom Coriolanus draws both his valiantness and his pride, although the latter, when it runs beyond prudence, she can disown. For Virgilia no fitter description could be devised than her husband's—"my gracious silence." For her, and for Menenius

CORIOLANUS.

(except for the fable), and for the two tribunes, Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch does not extend beyond the bare names.

A word may be added in conclusion about the antiquities of the play. Unlike the English historical plays, where the interest to Englishmen is largely in the history itself, the Roman plays depend for their interest on their broad human characteristics rather than upon anything especially national or antiquarian. The characters of Coriolanus, and Menenius Agrippa, and Valeria, and the tribunes, and the mob, are not of an age, but of all time; everywhere and always there have been noble aristocrats with a lofty ideal of honour, and a lofty contempt of the vulgar, ill-bred demagogues who feel for the sufferings of these vulgar; and the light-headed, good-hearted vulgar themselves. So that it is not necessary to be well-read in the history of the Roman constitution in order to comprehend the circumstances of our play. Probably the audience for whom it was originally written was as appreciative as any it has since engaged, and it is hard to imagine their preparing themselves for the representation by a preliminary study of Livy and Dionysius, or even of North's translation of Plutarch. Nor need we do so. Still as the age has a mind to learning, it may be well to end this introduction by transcribing a few paragraphs from the most approved of modern Roman historians, Prof. Mommsen, as to the nature of the struggle between the patricians and plebeians which the legend of Coriolanus illustrates.

"The immediate crisis proceeded not from those who resented their disabilities as an order, but from the distress of the farmers. The strict enforcement of the law of debt—so runs the story—excited the indignation of the farmers at large. When in the year 495 B.C. the levy was called forth to a dangerous war the men bound to serve refused to obey the command; so that the consul Publius Servilius suspended for a time the application of the debtor-laws. The farmers took their places in the ranks and helped to secure the victory. On their return from the field of battle, the peace which had been achieved by their exertions brought back their prison and their chains:

with merciless rigour the second consul, Appius Claudius, enforced the debtor-law, and his colleague, to whom his former soldiers appealed for aid, dared not offer opposition. But when in the following year the war was renewed, the consul's word availed no longer. It was not till M'Valerius was nominated dictator that the farmers gave way. The victory was again with the Roman standards; but when the victors came home, and the dictator submitted his proposals of reform to the senate, they were thwarted by its obstinate opposition. The army still stood in its array, as usual, before the gates of the city. When the news arrived, the long-pending storm burst forth; the army abandoned its general and its encampment, and, led by the commanders of the legions—the military tribunes who were, at least chiefly, plebeians—marched in martial order into the district of Crustumeria between the Tiber and the Arno, where it occupied a hill, and threatened to establish in this, the most fertile part of the Roman territory, a new plebeian city. This secession showed in a palpable manner, even to the most obstinate of the oppressors, that such a civil war must end with economic ruin to themselves also, and the senate gave way. The dictator negotiated an agreement; the citizens returned within the city walls; unity was outwardly restored."

"In addition to temporary enactments, particularly for remedying the most pressing cases of debtors' distress, and for providing for a number of the rural population by the founding of various colonies, the dictator carried in constitutional form a law . . . (which) placed by the side of the two patrician consuls TWO PLEBEIAN TRIBUNES whom the curies had to elect. The power of the tribunes was of no avail in opposition to the military *imperium*, that is in opposition to the authority of the dictator everywhere, or to that of the consuls beyond the city; but it stood on a footing of equality with the ordinary civil powers of office which the consuls exercised. . . . The tribunes of the multitude originated from the military tribunes, and derived from them their name; but constitutionally they had no further relation to them. On the contrary in respect of powers

the tribunes of the plebs stood upon a level with the consuls. The appeal from the consul to the tribune, and the tribune's right of *intercessio* (veto) in opposition to the consul, were precisely of the same nature as the appeal from consul to consul, and the intercession of the one consul in opposition to the other; and both cases were simply applications of the general principle of law, that in a collision between two equal authorities he who forbids takes precedence of him who enjoins. . . . Both consuls and tribunes had full and parallel criminal jurisdiction, and in its exercise, as the two *questores* were attached to the former, the two *ædiles* were associated with the latter (see iii. l. 173). The consuls were necessarily patricians, the tribunes necessarily plebeians; both were elected by the whole burgesses, but the former as leaders of the army were chosen by the centuries, the latter, who had not the *imperium*, by the non-military *comitia curiata*. The former had the ampler power, the latter the more unlimited, for the consul submitted to the prohibition and the judgment of the tribune, but the tribune did not submit himself to the consul. . . .

"So this singular magistracy was instituted, which presented to the consuls an obnoxious and available aid, and yet could not possibly carry out the necessary economic reform. It was no proof of political wisdom, but a wretched compromise between the wealthy aristocracy and the leaderless multitude. The tribune might put a stop to particular iniquities, to individual cases of crying hardship; but the fault lay not in the unfair working of a righteous law, but in a law which was in itself unrighteous, and how could a tribune regularly put a stop to the ordinary course of justice? . . .

"Now that civil war was organized, it pur-

sued its course. The parties stood face to face as if drawn up for battle, each under its leaders. Restriction of the consular and extension of the tribunician power were the objects contended for on the one side; annihilation of the tribunate on the other. Legal impunity secured for insubordination, refusal to enter the ranks for the defence of the land, impeachments involving fines and penalties directed specially against magistrates who had violated the rights of the commons or who had simply provoked their displeasure, were the weapons of the plebeians—weapons which the patricians met by violence, by concert with the public foes, occasionally also by the dagger of the assassin. . . .

The best-known incident in these conflicts of the orders is the history of Gaius Marcius, a brave aristocrat, who derived his surname from the storming of Corioli. Indignant at the refusal of the centuries to intrust to him the consulate in the year 491 B.C. he is reported to have proposed, according to one version, the suspension of the sales of corn from the state stores, till the hungry people should abandon the tribunate; according to another version, the direct abolition of the tribunate itself. Impeached by the tribunes so that his life was in peril, it is said that he left the city, only however to return at the head of a Volscian army; that when he was on the point of conquering the city of his fathers for the public foe the earnest appeal of his mother touched his conscience; and that thus he expiated his first treason by a second, and both by death. How much of this is true cannot be determined; but the story over which the naïve misrepresentations of the Roman annalists have shed a patriotic glory, affords a glimpse of the deep moral and political disgrace of these conflicts between the orders" (Mommsen's History of Rome, i. 279-287).



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First Cit. We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
 Beneath abhorring.—(Act I. 1. 170-172.)

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

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

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Citizens. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

Citizens. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

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

Citizens. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict? 11

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

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. [What authority¹ surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were whole-

some, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object² of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance³ is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.]

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

Citizens. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty. 29

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

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

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, [he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it

¹ Authority, our rulers.

² Object, spectacle.

³ Sufferance, suffering.

was for his country,] he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud;¹ which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 41

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

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

Citizens. Come, come. 50

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

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

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand! where go you
With bats² and clubs! the matter? speak, I pray you.

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

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

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

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care have the patricians of you. For your wants, your suffering in this dearth, you may as well strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them 70

Against the Roman state; [whose course will on the way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs of more strong link asunder than can ever appear in your impediment;³] for the dearth, the gods, not the patricians, make it; and your knees to them, not arms, must help.

[Alack,

You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and] you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies. 80

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er car'd for us yet;—suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; [make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will;] and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must 90

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of fully. I shall tell you A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: [but, an 't please you, deliver.⁴]

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:— That only like a gulf it did remain 101

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still enphourding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest; where⁵ th' other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate,⁶ did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, What answer made the belly? 10

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

[Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus —]

For, look you, I may make the belly smile As well as speak—it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; [even so most fitly

¹ i. e. and partly, to be proud.

² Bats, cudgels.

³ Your impediment, any hindrance of yours.

⁴ Deliver, relate it.

⁵ Where, whereas

⁶ Participate, participative.

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As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer! What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, 120
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments¹ and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then?
what then?

First Cit. Should by the eormorant belly be
restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did
complain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small—of what you've
little—

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. Ye're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; [and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body:] but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat² o'
the brain; 140

And, through the cranks³ and offices of man,
The strongest nerves⁴ and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: [and though that all at
once,

You, my good friends,]"—this says the belly,
mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once can not
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran."—What say you
to't? 150

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you
this? 151

Men. The senators of Rome are this good
belly,
And you the mutinous members: [for, examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest⁵ things
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common,⁶ you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.]—What do you
think,—

You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest, 161

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
[Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.]—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.⁷

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dis-
sententious rogues,
[That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?]

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee
will flatter 171
Beneath abhorring. What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts
to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: [you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness 180

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

¹ Muniments, defences.

² Seat, throne.

³ Cranks, windings.

⁴ Nerves, sinews.

⁵ Digest, digest.

⁶ Common, commonous.

⁷ Bale, mischief, injury.

Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes.] Hang ye!

Trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile¹ that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who, 190
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another!—What's their
seeking!

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
they say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; [who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions,²
and give out

Conjectural marriages;] making parties strong,
And feeling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. [They say there's
grain enough! 200

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,³
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd⁴ slaves, as
high

As I could pick⁵ my lance.]

Men. [Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly.] But, I be-
seech you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs,—

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
eat, 210

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not

Cori for the rich men only:—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

¹ *Vile*, vile.

² *Side factions*, take sides with the parties in the state.

³ *Ruth*, pity.

⁴ *Quarter'd*, slaughtered.

⁵ *Pick*, pitch.

And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,⁶

And make bold power look pale—they threw
their caps

As they would ha' them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.⁷

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms, 219

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'S death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power,⁸ and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, yon fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscies are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't; then we shall ha' means
to vent 220

Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.*

First Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have
lately told us,—

The Volscies are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility;

And were I any thing but what I am,

I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars. 241

⁶ *Generosity*, (the) nobility.

⁷ *Emulation*, rivalry with the Patricians.

⁸ *Win upon power*, gain ground against authority.

Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
 And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
 [What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
 I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
 Ere stay behind this business.]

Men. O, true-bred!
First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where,
 I know,
 Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [To *Cominius*] Lead you on.—
 [To *Marcus*] Follow *Cominius*: we must
 follow you; 250
 Right worthy you priority.¹]

Com. Noble Marcius!
First Sen. [To the Citizens] Hence to your
 homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
 The Volsces have much corn; take these rats
 thither
 To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,
 Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt all except Brutus and Sicinius.*
The Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
 people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to giv'²
 the gods. 260

[*Sic.* Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru.] The present wars devour him! He is
 grown
 Too proud to be³ so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
 Ticked with good success, disdains the shadow
 Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
 His insolence can brook to be commanded
 Under *Cominius*.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
 In whom already he's well grac'd,—can not
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
 A place below the first: for what miscarries

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
 To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure⁴
 Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he 272
 Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
 Of his demerits⁵ rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come:
 Half all *Cominius*' honours are to Marcius,
 Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
 faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
 In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
 [How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
 More than his singularity, he goes 282
 Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.] [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Corioli.* The Senate-house.

Enter TULLI'S AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
 That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
 And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
 What ever hath been thought on in this state,
 That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
 Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
 Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
 think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
 "They have press'd a power, but it is not known
 Whether for east or west: the dearth is great; 10
 The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, *Marcus* your old enemy,—
 Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
 And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
 Consider of it."

First Sen. Our army's in the field:
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.⁶

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
 To keep your great pretences⁷ veil'd till when
 They needs must show themselves; which in
 the hatching, 21

¹ Worthy priority, worthy of precedence.

² Giv'd, taunt.

³ To be, of being.

⁴ Censure, judgment, opinion.

⁵ Demerits, deserts.

⁶ Answer us, meet us in the field.

⁷ Pretences, intentions.

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in¹ many towns ere almost² Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more, ³¹
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.



17. Let had he died in the bushes, madam,—how then?—(Act I. 3. 20, 21.)

If we and Caius Marcins chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Rome.* A room in Marcins' house.

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they sit down
on two low stools, and see.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort. if my son

were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in
that absence wherein he won honour [than in
the embracements of his bed where he would
show most love.] When yet he was but tender-
bodied, [and the only son of my womb;] when
youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way;
when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother
should³ not sell him an hour from her behold-
ing; I—considering how honour would become
such a person; that it was no better than
picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown
made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek
danger where he was like to find fame. To
a cruel war I sent him; from whence he re-
turn'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee,
daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hear-

¹ Take in, capture (cf. iii. 2. 59).

² Ere almost, almost before.

³ Should, would.

remove
you'll find

but not that;
more, 31
worth already,
our honours.



er rejoice in
ur [than in
re he would
but tender-
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aze his way;
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fame. To
ence he re-
I tell thee,
at first hear-

ing he was a man-child than now in first see-
ing he had proved himself a man. 19

Vir. But had he died in the business,
madam,—how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been
my son; [I therein would have found issue.]
Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons,
each in my love alike, and none less dear than
thine and my good Marcius, I had rather have
eleven die nobly for their country than one
voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to
visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire
myself. 40

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither¹ your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscies slumping
him:

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" his bloody
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire. 40

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt² his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gentlewoman.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell³ Au-
fidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his
knee,
And tread upon his neck. 50

*Re-enter Gentlewoman with VALERIA and her
Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

[*Vol.* Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Vol. How do you both? you are manifest
house-keepers.⁴

[What are you sewing here?] A fine spot, in
good faith.—

How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship, well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear
a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster. 61

Vol. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear,
't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd
upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together:
'has such a confirm'd⁵ countenance. I saw
him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he
caught it, he let it go again; and after it again;
and over and over he comes, and up again;
catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd
him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and
tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoek'd⁶ it!

Vol. One on 's' father's moods. 72

Vol. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack,⁸ madam.

Vol. Come, lay aside your stitchey; I must
have you play the idle huswife with me this
afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of
doors.

Vol. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall. 80

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not
over the threshold till my lord return from the
wars.

[*Vol.* Fie, you confine yourself most un-
reasonably: come, you must go visit the good
lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and
visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go
thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want
love.] 91

Vol. You would be another Penelope; yet,
they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses'
absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths.
[Come; I would your cambric were sensible⁹ as
your finger, that you might leave pricking it
for pity.] Come, you shall go with us.

⁴ Manifest house-keepers, notorious stay-at-homes.

⁵ Confirm'd, determined.

⁶ Mammoek'd, tore.

⁷ On's, of his. ⁸ Crack, youngster. ⁹ Sensible, sensitive.

¹ Hither, here. ² Gilt, gilding. ³ Fell, fierce.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Fal. In truth, ha, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Fal. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Fal. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Fal. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease¹ our better mirth.

Fal. In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithce, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

Vir. No, at a word,² madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Fal. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. Before Corioli.]

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news;—a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy? *Mess.* They lie in view; but have not spok'd as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

¹ Disease, trouble. ² At a word, in one word, indeed.
238

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'arum, and they ours.—

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence, 11

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*]

Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound³ us up; our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*]

Hark you, far off! 19

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they're at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter and pass over.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof⁴ than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsee, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum; and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, 30

³ Pound, imprison as in a pound.

⁴ Proof, impenetrable.

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or a Volsee,

Volsees, fight-
 n back to their

s.

the south light

30

and.

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and
 plagues 31
 Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
 Further than seen, and one infect mother
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto
 and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and ague'd fear! Mend, and charge
 home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their
 wives, 31
 As they us to our trenches. Follow me.



Mar.

Come, blow thy blast.—(Act i. 4. 12.)

Another alarm. The Volsees and Romans re-
 enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsees
 retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows
 them to the gates.

So, now the gates are open:—now prove good
 seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[Enters the gates.

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I.

[Marcius is shut in.

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

[Alarm continues.

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very
 heels, 49

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly! outdares his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left,
 Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,

¹ Sensibly, although endowed with sense, feeling.

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
world
Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the
enemy.*

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 't is Marcus!
Let's fetch him off, or make a trial like.
[*They fight, and Marcus falls in the city.*]

SCENE V. *Within Corioli. A street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this
for silver.

[*Muram continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a
Trumpet.²*

Mar. See here these movers that do prize
their hours
At a crack'd drachm!³ Cushions, leadenspoons,
Irons of a doit,⁴ doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down
with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—
To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;

¹ *Make remain*, remain (like *make a stay*).

² *Trumpet*, trumpeter.

³ *Drachm*, drachma, a small coin.

⁴ *Of a doit*, worth a doit, valueless.

My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you
well;

The blood I drop is rather physical⁵
Than dangerous to me; to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcus!—
[*Exit Marcus.*]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Near the camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought;
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sir,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we've heard
The charges of our friends.—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
[That both our powers, with smiling fronts
encountering,]

May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have is'd, 10
And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. [Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well.] How long
is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

[*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly⁶ we heard
their drums:

⁵ *Physical*, salutary.

⁶ *Briefly*, a short time since.

fare you

15

as thus 20

es, Fortune,

I her great

old gentle-

nd no less

So, farewell.

Exit Marcius.

cket-place;

own,

away!

[Exeunt.]

Cominius.

reating.

well fought;

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ne, sirs,

les we have

we've heard

Roman gods,

ur own,

hiling fronts

Thy news?

ve ss'd, 10

cius battle:

driven,

ak'st truth,

How long?

we heard

ort time since.

How couldst thou in a mile confound¹ an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mar. Spies of the Volscies
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who wonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd by gods!

He is the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [Within] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder
from a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius'
tongue

From every meaner man.



First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
See Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.—(Act I. 5. 1-3.)

Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others, 28
mangled in your own.

O, let me clip² ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening th'
other;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches? 40

Where is he? [call him hither.]

Mar. Let him alone;
He'd reform the truth; but for our gentle-

¹ Confound, consume.
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² Clip, embrace.

men,

The common file—a plague!—tribunes for them!— 43

The mouse ne'er humm'd the cat as they did budge

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.

Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field? If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, We have at disadvantage fought, and did retire, to win our purpose. 50

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side

They've plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius, Their bands i' the vaward² are the Antiates, Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, By all the battles wherein we have fought, By the blood we've shed together, by the vows We've made to endure friends, that you directly Set me against Aufidius [and his Antiates: And that you not delay the present, but, 60 Filling the air with swordsadvanc'd³ and darts, We prove this very hour.]

Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath, And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking; take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they That most are willing.—If any such be here— As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting Wherein you see me smen'd; if any fear Lesser his person than⁴ an ill report; 70 If any think brave death outweighs bad life, And that his country's dearer than himself; Let him alone, or so many so minded, Wave thus, & express his disposition, [And follow] Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

¹ Battle, battle-array.

² Vaward, vanguard.

³ Advanc'd, uplifted.

⁴ Fear lesser his person than, fear for his person less than he fears.

[O' me alone, make you a sword of me? If these shows be not outward, which of you But is four Volsees? none of you but is Able to bear against the great Aufidius A shield as hard as his. A certain number, Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest 81

Shall bear the business in some other fight, As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march; And four shall quickly draw out my command, Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows: Make good this ostentation, and your shall Divide in all with us.] [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*]

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports⁵ be guarded: keep your duties, As I've set them down. If I do send, dispatch Those centuries⁶ to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding: if we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.— Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.*

Marion. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike: Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor More than thy fame, and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave, And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius, Hollon me like a hare.

⁵ Ports, gates.

⁶ Centuries, bands of a hundred.

of me?
 hich of you
 but is
 ifidius
 in number,
 et from all:

81

ther fight,
 on to march;
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my fellows:
 you shall

[*Exeunt.*]

Corioli.

upon Corioli,
 upet toward
 s, enters with
 idiers, and a

arded: keep

end, dispatch
 est will serve
 he field,

our care, sir.
 es upon 's.
 n camp con-

[*Exeunt.*]

etween the
 camps.

des, MARCIUS

hee; for I do

e hate alike:

r
 Fix thy foot.

other's slave,

fly, Marcius,

of a hundred.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
 And made what work I pleas'd: 't is not my
 blood
 Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
 Wrench up thy power to th' highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,¹
 Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volaces come
 to the aid of Anfilidius.*]

Officers, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me
 In² your condemned seconds.³

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*]



Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
 Worse than a promise-breaker.—(Act I. 8. 1, 2)

SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. *Flourish.*
*Enter, from one side, COMINIUS and Roman-
 ans; from the other side, MARCIUS, with
 his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
 work,
 Thou'⁴ not believe thy deeds: but I'll re-
 port it,

¹ The whip of your bragg'd progeny, the great warrior of
 the Trojans, from whom you boast your descent.

² In, with.

³ Seconds, helpers (see I. 4. 42).

⁴ Thou't (i.e. thou wilt), thou wouldst.

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
 [Where great patricians shall attend, and
 shrug,

I' th' end admire; where ladies shall be
 frighted,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more;] where the
 dull tribunes,

That, with the fusty plébeians, hate thine
 honours,

Shall say, against their hearts, "We thank the
 gods

Our Rome hath such a soldier!"

[Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast, 10]
 Having fully din'd before.]

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have
done

As you have done,—that's what I can; in-
due'd

As you have been,—that's for my country:
[He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.]

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: ['t were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-
ment, 22

To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,¹
Would seem but modest:] therefore, I beseech
you—

In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent² themselves with death. Of all the
horses,—
Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store,—
of all

The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
[And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.] 30

[*Along flourish. They all cry, "Mar-
cius! Marcus!" cast up their caps
and haws; Coriolanus and Lartius
stand bare.*

May these same instruments, which you pro-
fane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall

P the field prove flatterers, let courts and
cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing;³ [When steel
grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say!

For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or' foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without
note,

Here's many else have done,—you shout me
forth 50

In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted

In praises smc'd with lies.]

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful

To us that give⁴ you truly: [by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put
you—

Like one that means his proper⁵ harm—in
manacles,

Then reason safely with you.]—Therefore, be't
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the
which, 60

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,

With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—Bear

Th' addition⁷ nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no; howbeit, I thank you:—

[I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
To undercrest⁸ your good addition 72

To the fairness of my power.] 5

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—[You, Titus Lartius,

¹ Vouch'd, proclaimed.

² Tent, probe, cure.

³ Soothing, flattery

⁴ Or (because I have) foil'd.

⁵ Gire, represent (iv. 5. 157)

⁶ Proper, own.

⁷ Addition, title.

⁸ Undercrest, wear as a crest.

Must to Corioli back; send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,¹
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.]

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that
now ⁷⁹

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 't is yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay,² here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:—
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcus, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.— ⁹¹
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE X. *The camp of the Volscs.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLIUS AUFIDIUS
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good
condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscæ, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find

'P the part that is at mercy?—Five times,
Marcus,

I've fought with thee; so often hast thou beat
me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we en-
counter

As often as we eat.—By th' elements, ¹⁰

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation

Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where³

I thought to crush him in an equal force

True sword to sword, I'll potch⁴ at him some
way,

Or⁵ wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My
valour, poison'd

With only suffering stain by him, for him

Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick; nor fame nor Capitol, ²⁰

The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,

Embarquements⁶ all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcus: where I find him, were it

At home, upon⁷ my brother's guard, even there,

Against the hospitable canon,⁸ would I

Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to
the city;

Learn how 't is held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I
pray you— ³⁰

'T is south the city mills—bring me word thither

How the world goes, that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have
news to-night.

Brut. Good or bad?

¹ Articulate, make articles (of peace).

² Lay, lodged (iv. 4. 8).

Men. Not according to the prayer of the
people, for they love not Marcus.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends.

³ Where, whereas. ⁴ Potch, poke, thrust. ⁵ Or, either.

⁶ Embarquements, embargoes, impediments.

⁷ Upon, under.

⁸ Hospitable canon, rule of hospitality (see iii. 1. 90)

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Nic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 11

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all. 21

Nic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are reverend¹ here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well. 30

Men. [Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so.] You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; [for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single;²] your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Nic. Menenius, you are known well enough too. 50

Men. I am known to be a humorous³ patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying⁴ Tiber in 't; [said to be

something imperfect in favouring the first complaint,⁵ hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning:] what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. [Meeting twosuch wealsmen⁶ as you are,—I cannot call you Lycmuses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson⁷ conceits glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?]

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fossot⁸-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. [When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummings; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing; all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves.] You are a pair of strange ones. 89

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gilder for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's⁹ cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet

¹ Censur'd, criticised.

² Single, poor, insignificant.

³ Humorous, capricious.

⁴ Allaying, diluting.

⁵ The first complaint, i. e. the first complainer.

⁶ Wealsmen, statesmen.

⁷ Bisson, blind.

⁸ Fossot, tap. ⁹ B. tcher, patcher of old clothes.

you must be saying, Marcins is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den¹ to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, [being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians:] I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius retire.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, with Attendants.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 109

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcins approaches; for the love of Jumo, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcins coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcins coming home!

[*Vir.* *Vol.* Nay, 'tis true.]

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you. 120

Men. I will make my very house reel tonight:—a letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: [the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empirientic,² and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench.]—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 131

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings 'a³ victory in his pocket?—the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 141

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'll warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd⁴ of this?

Vol. [Good ladies, let's go.]—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 151

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—[*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcins is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. P the shoulder and i' the left arm: [there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place.] He received⁵ in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 170

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish within.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers⁶ of Marcins: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy⁶ arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd,⁷ declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

[*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcins, did fight 179

¹ God-den, good even.

² Empirientic, a coinage of Menenius for empiric, quack.

³ 'A, he.

⁴ Possess'd, informed.

⁵ Ushers, introducers.

⁶ Nervy, sinewy (see note 25).

⁷ Advanc'd, raised (see note 76).

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus:—welcome,
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Corio-
lanus!]



Com. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph?—(Act II. l. 192-194)

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my
heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[Kneels.

Vol. [Raising him] Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Com. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

[Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—[To Valeria] O
my sweet lady, pardon.]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, wel-
come home;—

And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes:—I
could weep,

And I could laugh; I'm light and heavy:—
welcome:

A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith
of men,

We've some old crab-trees here at home that
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, war-
riors:

We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

[Cor. Menenius ever, ever.]

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [To Volunnia and Virgilia] Your
hand, and yours:

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherit'd¹ my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. Oh, to the Capitol!

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state,
as before. Brutus and Sicinius
come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
bleared sights
Arespectacled to see him: [your prattling nurse
Into a rapture² lets her baby cry

¹ Inherited, possessed, realized.

² Rapture, fit.

II. Scene I.

, my dear,
ar,

rown thee!
[*Alaric*] O

:-O, wel-

elcome all.
comes:— I

²⁰⁰
heavy:—

art
are three
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home that
come, war-

right.

[*Alaric*] Your
²¹⁰

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y greetings,

have liv'd

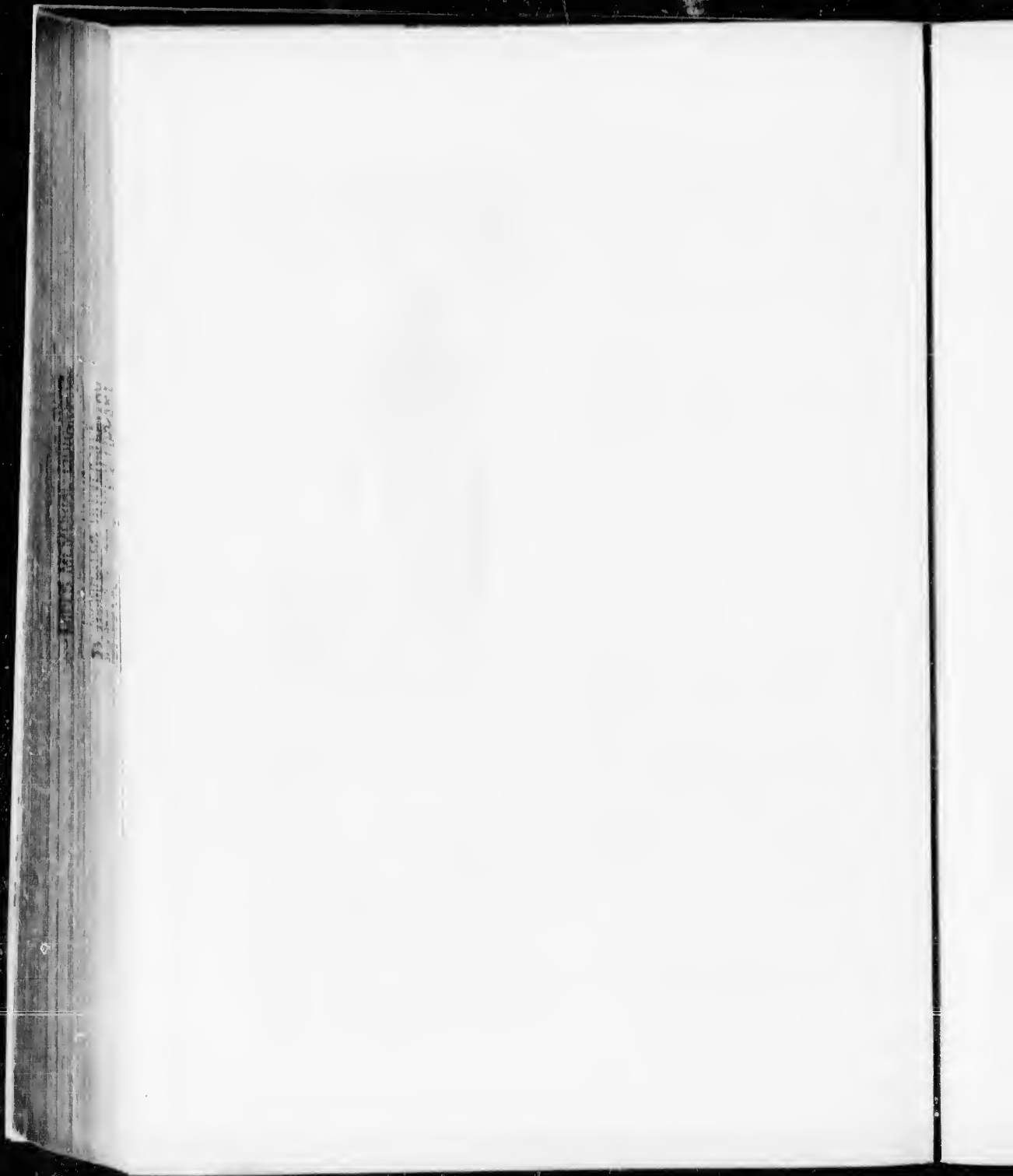
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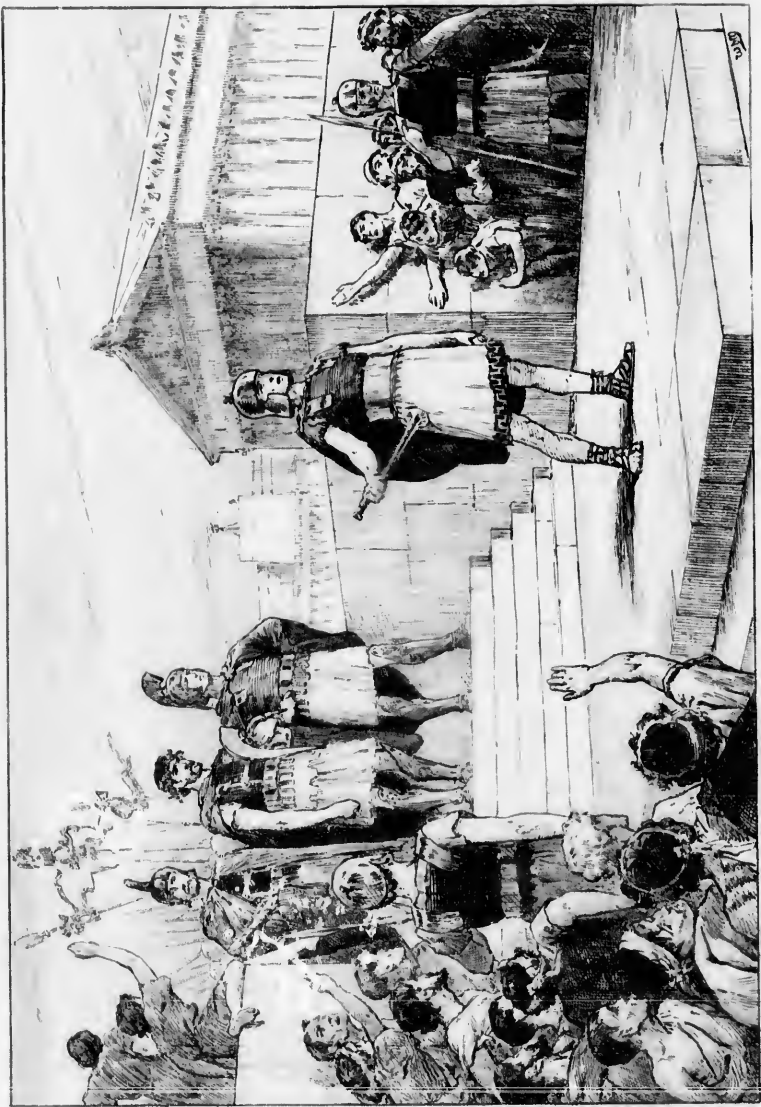
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ACT

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While she chats¹ him: the kitchen malkin²
 pins³ 224
 Her richest lockram³ 'bout her reechy⁴ neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,⁵
 windows,]

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions, all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens⁶
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton
 spoil 233

Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother,⁷
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport⁸ his
 honours 240
 From where he should begin and end; but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.
 [*Sic.* Doubt not
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 With the least cause, these his new honours;
 which⁹

That he will give them make I as little question
 As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility; 250
 Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

[*Sic.* 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
 rather

Than carry 't but by the snit of the gentry to
 him,

And the desire of the nobles.]

¹ *Chats*, chats about. ² *Malkin*, slattern.

³ *Lockram*, coarse linen. ⁴ *Reechy*, smoky.

⁵ *Bulks*, stalls in front of shops.

⁶ *Flamens*, Roman priests.

⁷ *Pother*, turmoil.

⁸ *Transport*, carry.

⁹ *Which*, which cause.

Sic. I wish no better
 Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
 In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good
 wills,¹⁰

A sure destruction.

Bru. [So it must fall out
 To him or our authorities. For an end, 260
 We must suggest the people in what hatred
 He still hath held them; that to's power¹¹ he
 would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
 and

Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,
 In human action and capacity,
 Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
 Than camels in the war; who have their pro-
 vand¹²

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
 For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
 At some time when his soaring insolence 270
 Shall touch the people,—which time shall not
 want,

If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy
 As to set dogs on sheep,—will be his fire
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.]

Enter a Messenger.

[*Bru.* What 's the matter?
Mess. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
 thought

That Marcius shall be consul:
 I've seen the dumb men throng to see him,
 and

The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung
 gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-
 chers, 280

Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and
 shouts:

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;

¹⁰ *As our good wills*, as our advantage requires.

¹¹ *To's power*, to his utmost power.

¹² *Provand*, provender.

And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event!¹

Sic. Have with you.² [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

[Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.]

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships!

Sec. Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought
of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's
vengeance proud, and loves not the common
people.

Sec. Off. Fath, there have been many great
men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they have
loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they
love they know not why, they hate upon no
better a ground; therefore, for Coriolanus
neither to care whether they love or hate him
manifests the true knowledge he has in their
disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness,
lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he waver'd³ indifferently 'twixt
doing them neither good nor harm; but he
seeks their hate with greater devotion than
they can tender it him; and leaves nothing
 undone that may fully discover him their
opposite.⁴ Now, to seem to affect⁵ the malice
and displeasure of the people is as bad as that
which he dislikes, — to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his
country; and his ascent is not by such easy
degrees⁶ as those who, having been supple
and courteous to the people, bought, with-
out any further deed to have them at all into
their estimation and report; but he hath so
planted his honours in their eyes, and his ac-
tions in their hearts, that for their tongues to
be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind
of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were
a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would
pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that
heard it.

¹ *Hearts for the event*, hopes for what it may bring
forth.

² *Have with you*, come along.

³ *Waver'd*, would waver.

⁴ *Opposite*, opponent.

⁵ *Affect*, desire.

⁶ *Degrees*, steps.

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy
man; make way, they are coming.]

A servant. Enter, with Lictors before thee,
COMINIUS, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *Senators*,
SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. *The Senators*
take their places; the Tribunes take theirs
also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscies, [and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify⁷ his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore,
please you,]

Most reverend and grave eblers, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes,⁸ to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

[*First Sen.* Speak, good Cominius;
Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think

Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out.—[*To the Tribunes*]

Masters of the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convened⁹
Upon a pleasing treaty;¹⁰ and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest¹¹ to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off,¹² that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please
you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

⁷ *Gratify*, reward.

⁸ *Well-found successes*, the successes we have fortunately
met with.

⁹ *Convened*, convened.

¹⁰ *Treaty*, proposal.

¹¹ *Blest*, most happy.

¹² *Off*, beside the mark.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow. —
Worthy Cominius, speak — [*Coriolanus rises,*
and offers to go away.] — Now, keep your
place. 70

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to
hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

[*Bro.* I hope
My words dishonour'd you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You sooth'd¹ not, therefore hurt not; but your
people,

I love them as they weigh.]

Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun, 79

When the alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
[That's thousand to one good one—] when
you now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than on his ears to hear 't? — Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Corio-
lanus

Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world 80
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head² for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others: [our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrode
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his
meed 101

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
[An-enter'd³ thus, he waxed like a sea;]
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd⁴ all swords of the garland. For
this lust,

Before me⁵ in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot say I'm home: [he stopp'd the
time:]

And by his example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd. 110

And fell below his stem: his sword, death's
stamp,

Where it did mark, it took;⁶ from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries:] alone he enter'd
The mortal⁶ gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,

And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all's his;
[He] by and by,⁷ the din of war gan pierce
His solitary sense; then straight his doubled
spirit 120

Quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking⁸ o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!
[*First Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit
the honours

Which we devise him.]

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards 131
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

³ His pupil-age man-enter'd, his minority having passed
into manhood.

⁴ Lurch'd, despoiled. ⁵ Took, took effect.

⁶ Mortal, deadly. ⁷ By and by, immediately.

⁸ Reeking, stinking.

¹ Sooth'd, flattered.

² Head, band, army.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.50

1.56

1.6

1.68

1.75

1.8

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Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still¹
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you 142
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. [*To Sicinius*] Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and
thus;— 151

Show them th' unaching scars which I should
hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and
honour!

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* [*all except Brutus
and Sicinius.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will
require them, 160

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Still, always.
252

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

First Cit. Once,² if he do require our voices,
we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to
do it, but it is a power that we have no power
to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell
us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into
those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he
tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him
our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is
monstrous: and for the multitude to be in-
grateful, were to make a monster of the multi-
tude; of the which we being members, should
bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

[*First Cit.* And to make us no better thought
of, a little help will serve; for once³ we stood
up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call
us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been call'd so of many;
not that our heads are some brown, some black,
some abram,⁴ some bald, but that our wits are
so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all
our wits were to issue out of one skull, they
would fly east, west, north, south; and their
consent of one direct way should be at once to
all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you
judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon
out as another man's will,—'t is strongly wedg'd
up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty,
't would, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where
being three parts melted away with rotten
dews, the fourth would return for conscience
sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks:
—you may, you may. 20

Third Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your
voices? But that's no matter, the greater
part carries it. I say, if he would incline to
the people, there was never a worthier man.—]

² Once, once for all. ³ Once, once when.
⁴ Abram, auburn.

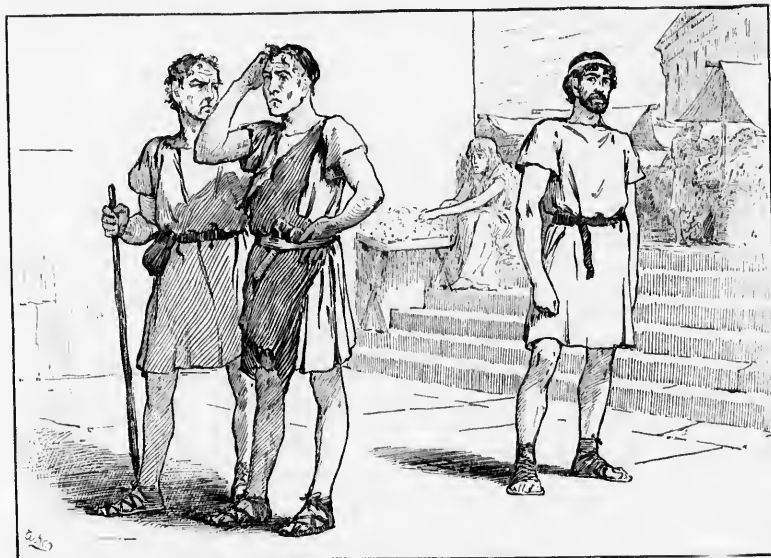
Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues:

therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known



First Cit. But this is something odd.
Sec. Cit. And 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.—(Act ii. 3. 90-92.)

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
“I pray, sir;—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—“Look, sir;—my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.”

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire
them 61

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray
you,
In wholesome manner.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
[And keep their teeth clean.] [*Exit Menenius.*]
—So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
First Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath
brought you to 't. 70

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

First Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

First Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship? ⁵⁰

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—[*To Second Citizen*] Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You should ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There's in all two worthy voices begg'd.—I have your thanks: adieu.

First Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. And 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter. [*Exeunt the two Citizens.*]

[*Re-enter two other Citizens.*]

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the time of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Third Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Third Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition¹ they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off² to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

Fourth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Third Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with

showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve, ¹²⁰
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

[*Why in this woolvish toge³ should I stand here,*

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth t' o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go ¹²⁹
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, th' other will I do.—
Here come more voices.]

[*Re-enter three other Citizens.*]

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I've seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Cit. He has done nobl'; and cannot go without any honest man's voice. ¹⁴⁰

Sixth Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All three Citizens. [Amen, amen.]—God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

[*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*]

Men. You've stood your limitation;⁴ and the tribunes

Endue you with t' ple's voice: remans
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon⁵ do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:¹⁵⁰

The people do admit you; and are summon'd

¹ Condition, disposition.

² Off, off with my hat.

³ Toge, toga.

⁴ Limitation, appointed time.

⁵ Anon, at once (see note 149).

To meet anon,¹ upon your approbation.² 152

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I, then, change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*]

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks

'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds.—Will you dismiss the people? 162

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir;—to my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech,—he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says 170

He us'd us scornfully; he should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I'm sure.

All the Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

[And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,] "I would be consul," says he; "aged custom

But by your voices will not so permit me; Your voices therefore:" when we granted that,

Here was, "I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—

¹ Anon, at once (see note 149).

² Upon your approbation, for the purpose of approving you.

Your most sweet voices;—now you have left your voices, 180

I have no further with you?"—was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't? Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

[*Bru.* Could you not have told him, As you were lesson'd,—when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state, He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear 'P the body of the weal;³ and now, arriving⁴

A place of potency, and sway o' the state, 190 If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plébei, your voices might Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and Translate⁵ his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said, As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd⁶ his

spirit 199 An¹ tried his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might, As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage, You should have ta'en th' advantage of his

choler, And pass'd him unelected.]

Bru. Did you perceive He did solicit you in free contempt,

When he did need your loves; and do you think That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,

When he hath power to crush? [Why, had your bodies 211]

No heart⁷ among you? or had you tongues to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?]

Sic. Have you, Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,

Of⁸ him that did not ask, but mock, bestow Your su'd-for tongues?

³ Weal, commonwealth.

⁴ Arriving, arriving at.

⁵ Translate, transform.

⁶ Touch'd, tested.

⁷ Heart, cf. i. 1. 120; "the counsellor heart."

⁸ Of, on.

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may
Deny him yet.

Sec. Sec. And will deny him; I
Will have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their
friends to piece 'em. 220

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
friends

They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore¹ kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce² his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; [but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you 231
The apprehension of his present portance,³
Which most gibingly, ungravelly, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between,⁴ but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your
minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the
grain 241

To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. [Say we read lectures
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,

How long continu'd; and what stock he springs
of,—

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence
came

That Aneus Marcins, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
And [Censorinus,] nobly nam'd so, 251
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Sealing⁵ his present bearing with his past,
That our best water brought by conduits
hither;

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done 't—
Harsh on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your
number, 261

Repair to the Capitol.

All the Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put⁶ in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer⁷
The vantage of his anger.]

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the
people; 269

And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

¹ Therefore, for that purpose (redundant).

² Enforce, by stress upon. ³ Portance, demeanour.

⁴ No impediment between, so that no impediment remained.

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was
which caus'd

Our swifter composition.⁸

Cor. So, then, the Volsees stand but as at first;

⁵ Sealing, weighing.

⁶ This mutiny were better put, it were better to put, &c.

⁷ Observe and answer, wait for the opportunity and use it.

⁸ Composition, coming to terms.

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road¹

Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. [Saw you Antidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did enurse ⁹

Against the Volsees, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium. ¹⁸

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, 'T' oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.]

Enter SICINIUS and BAUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank² them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.³

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common? ²⁹

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

[*Sic.* Stop, Or all will fall in broil.]

¹ Road, inroad.

² Prank, deck, dress up.

³ Against all noble sufferance, beyond the bearing of the nobility.

Cor. Are these your herd?— Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility: ³⁹

[Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule Nor ever will be rul'd.]

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people . . . mock'd them; and of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd; Scandal'd⁴ the suppliants for the people,— call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all,

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?⁵

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You're like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, Each⁶ way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond clouds, ⁵⁰

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

[*Sic.* You show too much of that For which the people stir: if you will pass To where you're bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd;⁷ set on. This paltering⁸

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus ⁵⁰

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub,⁹ laid falsely I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was myspeech, and I will speak 't again,— *Men.* Not now, not now.

⁴ Scandal'd, defamed.

⁵ Sithence, since.

⁶ Each, every.

⁷ Abus'd, deceived.

⁸ Paltering, trifling.

⁹ Rub, hindrance.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
 I crave their pardons:—
 For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd,
 and scatter'd, 71
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd num-
 ber;
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 Which they have given to beggars.]

Men. Well, no more.
 [*First Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.]
Cor. How! no more!
 As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay against those measles,
 Which we disdain should tetter² us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
 We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By Jove, 't would be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark
 you
 His absolute "shall"?

[*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.³
Cor. "Shall"!
 O good, but most unwise patricians! why, at
 You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory "shall," being but
 The horn and noise o' the monster, warts not
 spirit

¹ As, that.

² Tetter, to mark with a rash.

³ From the canon, contrary to rule, unconstitutional
 (see i. 10. 20).

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have
 power,

Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
 Let them have cushions by you. You are
 plebeians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the great'st
 taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
 trate;

And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
 His popular "shall," against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion⁴ 110
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by th' other.]

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give
 forth

The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was us'd
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abso-
 lute power,—

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. [They know
 the corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to
 the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates:—this kind
 of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: th' accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

⁴ Confusion, ruin.

How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy?] Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did re-
quest it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:"—thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our eares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks of the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and
human, Seal what I end withal!—This double wor-
ship,¹—

Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other

Insult without² all reason; where gentry, title,
wisdom,

Cannot conchide but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it
follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, be-
seech you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump³ a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once
pluck out

The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dis-
honour

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity⁴ which should become't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

¹ *Worship, dignity.* ² *Without, beyond.*

³ *Jump, risk, put to hazard.*

⁴ *Integrity, wholeness, singleness of purpose.*

Cor. Thou wretch, despite⁵ o'erwhelm
thee!—

What should the people do with these bald⁶
tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be,
was law,



Cor. Hee, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.—(Act iii. 1. 179, 180.)

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,⁷
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædile? no!

Enter on Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people [*Exit Ædile*]:—in
whose name myself

⁵ *Despite, contempt.*

⁶ *Bald, empty-headed.*

⁷ *i.e. let right become might.*

Attach¹ thee as a traitorons innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. [Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or] I shall shake
thy bones

Out of thy garments.

[*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!] 180

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

[*Men.* On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all
your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Sen. Pat. &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes! — Patricians! — Citizens! — What,
ho! —

Scinius! — Brutus! — Coriolanus! — Citizens! —
Peace, peace, peace! — Stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I'm out of
breath;

Confusion²'s near; I cannot speak. — You, tri-
bunes, 190

Speak to the people: — Coriolanus, patience: —
Speak, good Scinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune; peace! —

Speak, speak, speak

Sic. You are at point to lose³ your liberties:
Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. T' unbild the city, and to lay all
flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True, 200

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,⁴
In heaps and piles of ruin.]

Sic. This⁵ deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority, 208
Or let us lose it. — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy
Of present⁶ death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

[*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him!

Citizens. Yield, Marcus, yield!

Men. Hear me one word:
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly
your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poison-
ous 221

Where the disease is violent. — Lay hands upon
him,

And bear him to the rock.]

Cor. No, I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*

[*There's some among you have beheld me
fighting:*

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me.]

Men. Down with that sword! — Tribunes,
withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcus, help,

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
away! 230

All will be naught else.

Sen. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

⁴ *Distinctly ranges*, stands erect, each part in its place.

⁵ *This*, what has taken place.

⁶ *Present*, instant.

¹ *Attach*, arrest. ² *Confusion*, ruin.

³ *At point to lose*, at the point of losing.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!—

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent¹ yourself: be gone, beseech
you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

[*Cor.* I would they were barbarians, as they
are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they
are not,

Though calv'd i² the porch o' the Capitol—]

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

[*Men.* I could myself
Take up² a brace o' the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag³ return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear 219
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little: this must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

First Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever 250
He heard the name of death.—[*A noise within.*

Here's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in 'Eber! What,⁴
the vengeance,

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BAUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?]

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power, 209
Which he so sets at naught.

First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should
but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no. 251

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

[*Sic.* Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one's danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;

¹ Tent, probe (see l. u. 31).

² Take up, fight.

³ Tag, tag-rag.

⁴ What, why.

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy. 297
 What has he done to Rome that's worthy death!

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
 Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
 By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his coun-
 try;

And what is left, to lose it by his country,
 Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
 A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.¹

Bru. Merely² awry; when he did love his
 country,
 It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
 Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
 For what before it was.]

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
 Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
 Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
 Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
 [This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find 312
 The ham of unscann'd³ swiftness, will, too late,
 Tie leaden pounds to 's heels.] Proceed by
 process;

Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,
 And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
 Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Men. Consider this;—he has been bred i' the
 wars 320

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
 In bolted⁴ language; meal and bran together
 He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
 I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
 Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,—
 In peace,—to his utmost peril.

[*First Sen.* Noble tribunes,
 It is the humane way: the other course
 Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
 Unknown to the beginning.]

Sic. Noble Menenius,
 Be you, then, as the people's officer.— 330
 [Masters, lay down your weapons.

¹ Clean kam, quite distorted.

² Merely, absolutely.

³ Unscann'd, inconsiderate.

⁴ Bolted, sifted.

Bru.

Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll
 attend you there; 332

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll pro-
 ceed

In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.—[*To the
 Senators*] Let me

Desire your company; he must come, or what
 is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let us to him.]
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter CORIOLANUS and PATRICIANS.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; pre-
 sent me

Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

[*First Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
 Does not approve me further, [who was wont
 To call them woollen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood up 12
 To speak of peace or war.]

Enter VOLUMNIA.

[I talk of you:]

Why did you wish me milder? would you have
 me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
 I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man
 you are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been
 The thwartings of your disposition, if 21
 You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough,
something too rough;

You must return and mend it.

[*First Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless,¹ by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.]

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd;
I have a heart as little apt² as yours, 20
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repeat what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I, then, do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I've heard you
say, 41

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
If the war do grow together: grant that, and
tell me,

In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

[*Vol.* If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not,—which, for your best
ends,

You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both so
It stands in like request?]

Cor. Why force³ you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you,

But with such words that are but roted in

Your tongue, though but bastards, and syl-
lables

Of no allowance⁴ to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. 61

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour; [I am, in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our genera' louts
How you can frown than spend a tawn upon
'em,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safe-
guard

Of what that want⁵ might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair; you may save
^{so,} 70
Not⁶ what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

[*Vol.*] I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, [with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be
with them,—

Thy knee bussing⁷ the stones,—for in such
business

Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears,—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout⁸ heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry 79
That will now hold the handling,—say to them,]

Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

[*Vol.* Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst
rather 90

⁴ Of no allowance, not acknowledged by.

⁵ That want, the want of their loves. ⁶ Not, not only.

⁷ Bussing, kissing. ⁸ Stout, proud.

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bowel.]—Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I've been i' the market-place; and, sir, 't is fit



Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd.—(Act iii. 2. 89, 90.)

You make strong party, or defend you self
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd¹
sconce?² must I

With my base tongue give to my noble heart

A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the mar-
ket-place!—

You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge³ to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son,—as thou hast
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me 111
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired⁴ with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! [the smiles of knaves
Tent⁵ in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take
up

The glasses of my sig.] a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease⁶ to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind 122
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me; 129

But owe⁷ thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:

Mother, I'm going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountbank the
loves,

Cog⁸ their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:

³ Discharge, perform. ⁴ Quired, used to harmonize with.

⁵ Tent, camp.

⁶ Surcease, cease.

⁷ Owe, own.

⁸ Cog, cheat.

¹ Unbarb'd, marmalad.

² Sconce, a contemptuous word for head.

Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
If the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you:
arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is "mildly:"—pray you, let
us go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it, then,—mildly!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

[*Bru.* In this point charge him home,—that
he affects¹

Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on² the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready 10

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently³ the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
If the right and strength o' the commons," be
it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry "Fine,"—if death, cry
"Death;"

Insisting on the old prerogative,

And power i' the truth o' the cause.⁴

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun
to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution 21
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for
this hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.]

Bru. [Go about it.—*Exit Ædile.*]
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which
looks 29

With us⁵ to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. [Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece

Will bear the knave by the volume.⁶]—The
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!
Throng our large temples with the shows⁷ of
peace,

And not our streets with war!

First Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter [Ædile, with] Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

[*Æd.* List to your tribunes; audience! peace,
I say! 40

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!]

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine⁸ here?

⁴ And (placing) power i' the truth o' the cause, i. e. trust-
ing to the justice of the cause.

⁵ Looks with us, is likely with our help.

⁶ Bear the knave by the volume, bear volumes of abuse.

⁷ Shows, pageants. ⁸ Determine, end.

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure¹ for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you!

Cor. I'm content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
think⁴⁹

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
[Sears to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour⁵⁰
You take it off again!

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 't is true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd²
to take

From Rome all season'd³ office, and to wind⁴
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the
people!⁶³

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious⁵ tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
"Thou liest"⁷ unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people!

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him
speak,

¹ Censure, sentence.

³ Season'd (by time).

⁵ Injurious, insolent.

² Contriv'd, conspired.

⁴ Wind, insinuate.

[Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
this,⁸⁰
So criminal, and in such capital kind,]
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bra. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bra. I talk of that that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made
your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flogging, pent to linger⁸⁹
But with a grain a day,—I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying "Good morrow."

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against⁶ the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as⁷ now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not⁸ in the
presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it;—in the name o' the
people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,¹⁰⁰
Even from this instant, banish him our city;

[In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Roman gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And it shall be so.]

Com. Hear me, my masters and my common
friends,—

[*Sic.* He's senten'd; no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love¹¹¹
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

⁶ Envied against, shown hatred to.

⁷ As, so that he has.

⁸ Not, not only.

My dear wife's estimate,¹ her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?]
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You communicate² of curs! whose breath
I hate 120

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I
prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,

Making but reservation of yourselves, 130
Still your own foes, deliver you, as most
Abated³ captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* [*Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone
Hoo! hoo!

[*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow
him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city. 141

Citizens. Come, come, let's see him out at
gates; come;—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

[SCENE I. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young
Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief fare-
well:—the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could
bear;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle
wounded,⁴ craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them. 11

¹ Estimate, worth.

² Cry, the name for a pack of hounds.

³ Abated, humiliated, down-trodden.

⁴ Being gentle wounded, to bear gently when wounded.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades
in Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay,
mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,

Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife,—my
mother: 20

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,

And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime
general,

I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad
women,

'T is fond⁵ to wail inevitable strokes,

⁵ Fond, (as) foolish.

As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well

My hazards still have been your solace: and Believe 't not lightly,—though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,—
your son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous¹ baits and practice.²

Vol. My first³ son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts 't the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us, 39

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal,⁴ we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.⁵

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thon'st years upon thee; and thou art too full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate.—

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and

My friends of noble touch;⁶ when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good
gods,

I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Cautelous, crafty.

² Practise, conspiracy.

³ First, first-born.

⁴ Repeat, recall.

⁵ The needer, him who is in want of it, whose advantage it is.

⁶ Of noble touch, of proved nobility.

SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an *Ædile*.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]
Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on
your way. 10

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague
o' the gods,

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—[*To Brutus*]
Will you be gone?

Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I
would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but
this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for
Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?—

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise
words; 21

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—
yet go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself 31
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.
Vol. "I would he had!" 'T was you incens'd
the rabble;—

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:—

As far as doth the Capitol exceed 39
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With¹ one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would mellow my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home;²
And, by my troth, you've cause. You'll sup
with me? 49

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come,
let's go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A highway between Rome and
Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volscian, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know
me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are,
as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.
Rom. The same, sir.
Vols. You had more beard when I last saw
you; but your favour³ is well appear'd by



Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.
—(Act iv. 3. 30, 31.)

your tongue. What's the news in Rome?
I have a note from the Volscian state, to find
you out there: you have well saved me a day's
journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange in-
surrections; the people against the senators,
patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our
state thinks not so: they are in a most war-
like preparation, and hope to come upon them
in the heat of their division. 19

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a
small thing would make it flame again; for

¹ With, by.

² Home (see l. 4. 38).

³ Favour, face.

the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banish'd!

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicuor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,¹ and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Antium. Before Aufidius's house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City, 'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars² Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;

Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state

At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,

Are still³ together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit,⁴ break out

To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick⁵ not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [Exit.]

³ Still, always.

⁴ Doit, a small Dutch coin.

⁵ Trick, trifle.

¹ In the entertainment, entertained, engaged.

² Fore my wars, (groan and drop) before me in battle.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well;
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

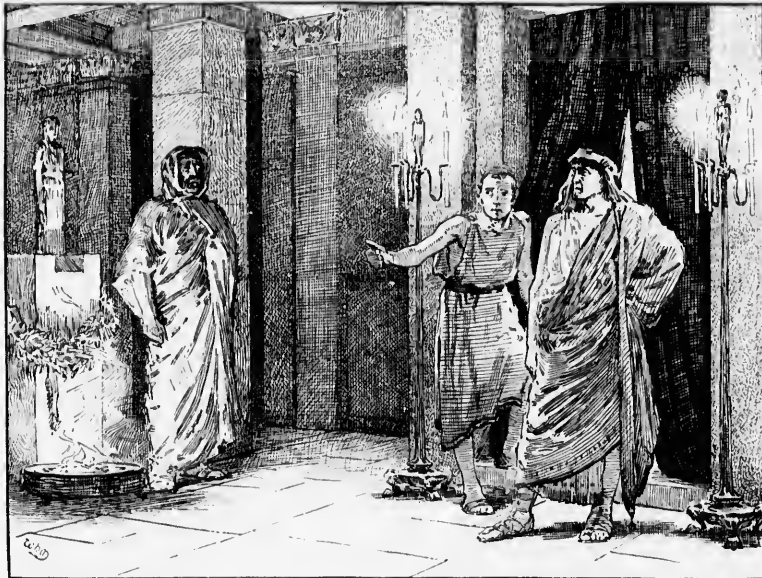
First Serv. What would you have, friend?

whence are you? Here's no place for you;
pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*]

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertain-
ment
In being Coriolanus. 10

Re-enter second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir?—Has the



Ans. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.—(Act iv. 5. 56-58.)

porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance
to such companions?—Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you
talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant.

Third Serv. What fellow's this? 20

Sec. Serv. A strange one as ever I looked

on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee,
call my master to him.

Third Serv. What have you to do here
fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your
hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one. 30

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take
up some other station; here's no place for you;
pray you, avoid: come.

¹ *Companions, fellows.*

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten¹ on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

Third Serv. What, you will not?—Prithee,
tell my master what a strange guest he has
here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*]

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou? 40

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. What's that?

Cor. 'T the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. 'T the city of kites and crows!
—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with
daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master. 50

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with
my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy
trencher, hence! [*Beats him in.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS, with the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him
like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

[*The two Servants retire.*]

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst
thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy
name?

Cor. If, Tallus, [*Unmusically.*]
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost
not 61

Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians'
ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy
face

Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's
torn,

Thou show'st² a noble vessel: what's thy
name?

[*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st
thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?] 70

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly and to all the Volsees
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
[The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood]
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name
remains;]

The cruelty and envy of the people, 80
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; [not out of
hope—

Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men 't the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers, 80
Stand I before thee here.] Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak³ in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
fortunes

Thou 'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am 100
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's
breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!

¹ Batten, feed fat.

² Show'st, appearest.

³ Wreak, vengeance.

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart

A root of ancient envy. [If Jupiter 109
S'ed from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say "Tis true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius.]— Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained¹ ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I
clip²

The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hot and as nobly with thy love.

As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. [Know thou first
I lov'd the maid I married; never man 120
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I
tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out³
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreant of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius, 132

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.]

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute⁴ sir, if thou
wilt have 142

The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th'one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine
own ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote, 148
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than can e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:
most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*—

[*The two Servants come forward.*

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to
have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my
mind gave me his clothes made a false report
of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turn'd
me about with his finger and his thumb as
one would set up a top. 161

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that
there was something in him: he had, sir, a
kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how
to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were,—
Would I were hang'd, but I thought there
was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is
simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater sol-
dier than he you wot on. 171

Sec. Serv. Who, my master?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take
him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell
how to say that: for the defence of a town
our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too. 180

Re-enter Third Servant.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,—
news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what?
let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all
nations; I had as lief be a condemn'd man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont
to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say "thwack our
general?" 191

¹ Grained, tough.

² Clip, embrace.

³ Out, out and out.

⁴ Absolute, consummate.

Third Serv. I do not say "thwack our general;"¹ but he was always good enough for him.

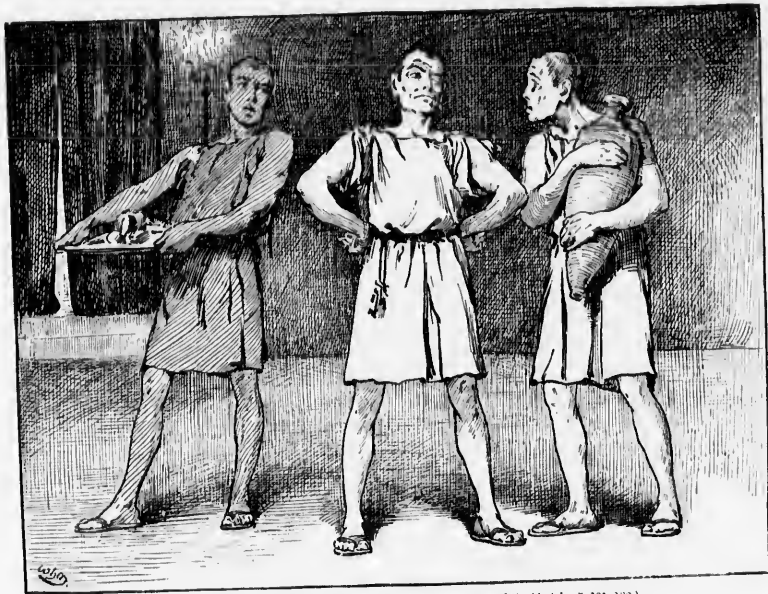
Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly,¹ to say the troth on't: before Corioli he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. And he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too. 201

First Serv. But, more of thy news!

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes



Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!—(Act iv. 5. 181, 182.)

a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,² and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sow³ the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.⁴

¹ Directly, manifestly.

² With's hand, i.e. by touching Coriolanus's hand.

³ Sow, drag. ⁴ Poll'd, shaven bare.

Sec. Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently;¹ you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Ser. Serv. Why, then: we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.² Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd,³ deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

Ser. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.— They are rising, they are rising. 250

All Three. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. A public place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame [i] the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather
had,

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than
see

Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and
going

About their functions friendly.]

Bru. [We stood to't in good time.]—Is this
Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most
kind

Of late.

¹ Presently, instantly.

² Full of vent, effervescent.

³ Mull'd, flat, insipid.

Enter MENENIUS.

Hail, sir!

Bru. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth
stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been
much better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and
his wife

Hear nothing from him.

[*Enter three or four Citizens.*]

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den,⁴ our neighbours.

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children,
on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd
Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 30
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-
ing,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamen-
tation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Rome

Sits safe and still without him.]

⁴ God-den, good even.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave whom we have put in prison,
Reports, *(The A. sees that two several powers*
He enter'd in the Roman territories, 40
And with the possession of the war
Destroy what lies before him.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were crush'd when Marcius stood for

Æd. And guard 'em once peep out.
[*Sic.* Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rannorner whipp'd.—It can-
not be

The Volscies dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been 50
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are
going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his rais-
ing; 60
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may
wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely: 71
He and Aufidius can no more atone²
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took

What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

[*Men.* What news! what news?

Com. You've help to ravish your own
daughters, and 81
To melt the city leads upon your pates;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

Men. What's the news! what's the news!

Com. Your temples burned in their cement;
and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an anger's bore.]

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You've made fair work, I fear me.—Pray,
your news?—

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature, 91
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation³ and
The breath of garlic-eaters.

² Atone, be reconcil'd.

³ Occupation, trade; smelt (see note 230).

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit.—You've made
fair work! 100

[*Heu.* But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant! fools. Who isn't can
blame him!

Your enemies and his find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd²
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd³ like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You've made
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!
Com. You've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but,
like beasts 121

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points⁴
As if he were his officer:—desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—

¹ *Constant*, obstinate. ² *Charg'd*, would charge.
³ *Show'd*, would show. ⁴ *Points*, orders.

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many cox-
combs
As you throw caps up will he tumble down,



First Cit. I ever said we were the wrong when we
banish'd him.—(Act iv. 6. 155, 156)

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.
First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I. 141

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the
truth, so did very many of us: that we did,
we did for the best; and though we willingly
consented to his banishment, yet 't was against
our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made

Good work, you and your cry!¹—Shall's to the Capitol!

Com. O, ay, what else!

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd: 150

These are a side that would be glad to have This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,

And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us!—Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banish'd him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own.²

Auf. I cannot help it now, Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proud-lier, 8

Even to my person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him: yet his nature In that's no changeling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,— I mean for your particular,³—you had not Join'd in commission with him; but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him. Although it seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volsian state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too: 30 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal,⁴ as hasty 'T' expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them; but he could not Carry his honours even:⁵ whether 't was pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances 40 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving From the casque to the cushion, but command-

ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb As he controll'd the war; but one of these—

As he hath spices of them all, not all, For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,

So bated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit, To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in th' interpretation of the time; 50 And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair 'T' extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail; Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fall.

Come let's away. When Caius, Rome is thine, Thou'rt poor'st of all; then shortly art thou

mine. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Cry (see iii. 3. 120).

² Omen, own men.

³ Particular, private interest.

⁴ Repeal, recall.

⁵ Even, level, steady.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd
him

In a most dear particular.¹ He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd²
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so,—you've made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to
pardon

When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd³ to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 't was folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I'm one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse
your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcins.

Men. Well, and say that Marcins
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?

But⁴ as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness⁴ say 't be so!

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts
me.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd; '50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kind-
ness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him.
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have know-
ledge

Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

¹ In a most dear particular, in an especial degree.

² Coy'd, disdain'd.

³ Offer'd, tried.

⁴ (If I return) but.

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
 Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
 'Twas very faintly he said "Rise;" dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would
 do,
 He sent in writing after me, what he would
 not;—
 Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
 So that all hope is vain, 70
 Unless his noble mother and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore let's
 hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An outpost of the Volscian camp
 before Rome. The sentinels at their stations.*

Enter to them MEXENIUS.

First S. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. S. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but,
 by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

First S. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First S. You may not pass, you must return:
 our general

Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. S. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
 fire, before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
 If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
 And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
 My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Men-
 enius. 11

First S. Be't so; go back: the virtue of
 your name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
 Thy general is my lover: I have been
 The book of his good acts, whence men have
 read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;

For I have ever verified my friends—
 Of whom he's chief—with all the size that
 verity

Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
 I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
 Have almost stamp'd the leasing:² therefore,
 fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

First S. Faith, sir, if you had told as many
 lies in his behalf as you have uttered words
 in your own, you should not pass here; no,
 though it were as virtuous to lie as to live
 chaste. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name
 is Menenius, always factiary³ on the party
 of your general. 31

Sec. S. Howsoever you have been his liar,
 as you say you have, I am one that, telling
 true under him, must say you cannot pass.
 Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he diu'd, canst thou tell? for
 I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First S. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is. 39
First S. Then you should hate Rome, as he
 does. Can you, when you have push'd out
 your gates the very defender of them, and, in

a violent popular ignorance, given your ene-
 my your shield, think to front his revenges
 with the easy groans of old women, the vir-
 ginal palms of your daughters, or with the
 palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant⁴
 as you seem to be? Can you think to blow
 out the intended fire your city is ready to
 flame in with such weak breath as this? No,
 you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome,
 and prepare for your execution: you are con-
 demn'd, our general has sworn you out of
 reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were
 here, he would use me with estimation.

Sec. S. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First S. My general cares not for you.
 Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint
 of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your
 having;—back.

² Stamp'd the leasing, given authority to a lie.

³ Factiary, a partisan.

⁴ Dotant, dotard.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion,¹ I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack

guardant² cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee.—[*To Coriolanus*] The glorious gods



First S. He't so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.—(Act v. 2. 12, 13.)

sit in hourly synd about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe³ My revenge properly, my remission lies 90 In Volscean breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.

Mine ears against your suits are stronger than

¹ Companion, fellow (see note 215).

² Guardant, sentinel.

³ Owe, own.

Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[Gives a letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 200

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First S. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. S. 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First S. Do you hear how we are shent¹ for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. S. What cause, do you think, I have to shound?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

First S. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. S. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father; 10

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have, Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept; to grace him only That thought he could do more, a very little I've yielded to: fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20 In the same time 't is made? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLU-
MEXIA leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA,
and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should 30 In supplication nod: and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great Nature cries "Deny not."—Let the Volsees

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand, As if a man were author of himself, And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out,² 41

¹ *Shent*, scolded.
282

² *Out*, at a loss.

Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say, 43
 For that, "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that
 kiss

I carried from thee,¹ dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I
 prate,

And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth;
 [Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show 51
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
 [Raising him.

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee; and unproperly
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent.

[Kneels; he hastily raises her.

Cor. What is this?
 Your knees to me? to your corrected son?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
 Murdering impossibility, to make 61
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
 I help to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
 That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple:—dear Valeria!

Vol. [Presenting young Marcius] This is a
 poor epitome of yours,
 Which by th' interpretation of full time
 May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst
 prove 72

To shame invulnerable, and stiek i' the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,²
 And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and
 myself,
 Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—
 The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me 81
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate³
 Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
 T' allay my rages and revenges with
 Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
 You've said you would not grant us any thing;
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that
 Which you deny already: yet we'll ask;
 That, if you fail in⁴ our request, the blame
 May hang upon your hardness: therefore
 hear us. 91

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsees, mark; for
 we'll
 Hear naught from Rome in private.—Your
 request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
 raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
 We've led since thy exile. Think with thyself
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither: since that thy sight,
 which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance
 with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear
 and sorrow; 100

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we
 Thine enmity's most capital:⁵ thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
 Alas, how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we're bound,—together with thy
 victory,

Whereto we're bound? aalek, or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy per-
 son, 110

Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had

¹ Carried from thee, i. e. when I left Rome, and now
 give it back.

² Flaw, gust.

³ Capitulate, make terms.

⁴ In, in granting.

⁵ Capital, fatal.

Our wish, which side should win; for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine:¹ if I cannot persuade
thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time.

Young Mar. 'A² shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll
fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I've sat too long. [*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscies whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisoners of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscies
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the
Romans,

"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st,
great son,

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was
noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains

To th'ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains³ of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods; 150
To tear with thimder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak!

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak
you:

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou,
boy:

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the
world

More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks.—Thou'st never in thy
life

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has chok'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our
knees.

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last:—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, be-
hold's;

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch:
I'm hush'd until our city be a-fire, 151
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding Volturnia by the hand in
silence*] O mother, mother!
What have you done! Behold, the heavens
do ope,

¹ Determine, conclude. ² A, he (see ff. 1. 135).

³ Strains, impulses, traits.

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You've won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,

I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good
Aufidius, 191
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less! or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make



Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I've sat too long.—(Act v. 3. 129-131.)

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good
sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my
part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!
Auf. [*Aside*] I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy
and thy honour 200
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.¹

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*]

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by
and by;
But we² will drink together; and you shall
bear
A better witness back than words, which
we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you de-
serve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ A former fortune, a fortune such as I had before.

² We, Aufidius and I.
285

[SCENE IV. *Rome. A public place.**Enter MENENIUS with SICINIUS.*

Men. See you yond¹ coign² o' the Capitol,—
yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
with your little finger, there is some hope the
ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
prevail with him. But I say there is no hope
in't: our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon³
execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can
alter the condition of a man? 10

Men. There is differency between a grub
and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon:
he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remem-
bers his mother now than an eight-year-old
horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe
grapes; when he walks, he moves like an
engine, and the ground shrinks before his
treading; he is able to pierce a corset with
his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a
battery. He sits in his state,⁴ as a thing made
for⁵ Alexander. What he bids be done, is
finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing
of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark
what mercy his mother shall bring from him:
there is no more mercy in him than there is
milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not
be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we
respected not them; and, he returning to break
our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
house: 33
The plébeians have got your fellow-tribune,

¹ *Yond*, see note 175.² *Coign*, corner.³ *Stay upon*, await.⁴ *State*, chair of state.⁵ *A thing made for*, i.e. a statue of.

And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news;—the ladies
have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius
gone:

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most cer-
tain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is
fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown
tide 50

As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and
drums beaten, all together; shout-
ing also, within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volunnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-
day:

This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit.⁶—Hark, how they
joy! [*Shouting and music still, within.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tid-
ings; next, 61

Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ *Doit*, a small Dutch coin. See note 68.

SCENE V. *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter, in procession, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c., accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and Citizens.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal¹ him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, "Welcome, ladies, welcome!"

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. [Exeunt.]*]



Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.—(Act v. 5. 3-5.)

SCENE VI. *Corioli. A public place.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish¹ us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your ¹ at danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain
whilst

¹ Repeal, recall.

"Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of
either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits 20
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so
heighten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stontness 27
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping;—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his design-
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame
Which he did end¹ all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,² as if 40
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord,—
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory;—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall.—But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.]*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd
like a post,³ 50
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,

¹ End, get in, house.

² Wag'd with countenance, rewarded with patronage.

³ Post, messenger (fore-running Coriolanus).

Whose children he hath slain, their base
throats tear

With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more: 60
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I've not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge,¹ making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall bear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drum and colours; a
crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love 72
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and,
With bloody passage, led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part⁵
The charges of the action. We've made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

¹ Answering us with our own charge, bringing us back
the bill to pay. ⁵ (By) a full third part.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?— 90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome—

I say, your city—to his wife and mother;—

Breaking his oath and resolution, like

A twist of rotten silk; never admitting

Counsel¹ o' the war; but at his nurse's tears

He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;

That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.² 102

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. "Boy!" O
slave!—

Pardon me, lords; 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my

grave lords,

Must give this ear the lie; and his own notion³—

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that

Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join

To thrust the lie upon him. 110

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,

Stain all your edges on me.—"Boy!" false
hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:

Alone I did it.—"Boy!"

Auf. Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears? 120

All the Conspirators. Let him die for 't!

Citizens. Tear him to pieces!—Do it pre-

sently!—He kill'd my son!—My daughter!—

He kill'd my cousin Marcius!—He kill'd my

father!—

¹ Never admitting counsel, taking no thought at all

² No more, than a boy. ³ Notion, understanding.

Sec. Lord. Peace, no outrage: hence!
The man is noble, and his fame folds—

This orb o' th' earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the senate.

Cor. O that I had him
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130

To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All the Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill
him!

[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and
kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius
stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou'st done a deed whereat
valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters
all, be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in
this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot—the great danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver 141

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body,—

And mourn you for him;—let him be regarded

As the most noble corpse that ever herald

Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:

Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,

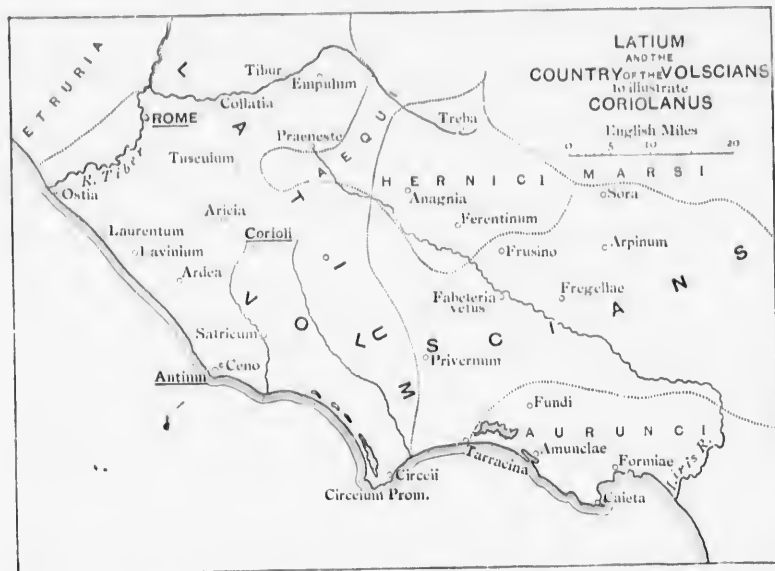
Which to this hour bewail the injury, 154

Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*

A dead march sounded.]



NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. The character of CORIOLANUS is thus given in Plutarch: "This man is a good proof to confirm some men's opinions: That a rare and excellent wit vntaught doth bring forth many good and euill things together: as a fat soile that lyeth vnnurured (i.e. unworked) bringeth forth both hearbes and weeds. For this Martius naturall wit and great heart did maruellously stirre vp his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But on the other side for lacke of education, he was so cholericke and impatient, that he would yeeld to no thing creature: which made him churlish, vnciuill, and altogether unfit for any mans consersation. Yet men maruelling at his constancie, that he was neuer overcome with pleasure nor money, & how he would endure easily all manner of paines & trauels: thereupon they well liked and commended his stoutnesse and temperancy. But for all that they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen vseth to be with another in the city: his behauiour was so vnpleasant to them by reason of a certaine insolent and stern manner he had, which because he was too Lordly, was disliked" (North's Plutarch, ed. 1831, p. 221). "He was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much giuen to selfe-will, &

opinion, as one of a high mind & great courage, that lacked the granitie and affability that is gotten with iudgement of learning & reason, which only is to be looked for in a gouernor: of state: and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world, which a gouernour of a common-wealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitarieesse" (p. 228).

2. The following is Plutarch's account of TULLUS AUFFIDIUS: "In the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobilitie and vallantnesse was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him then he did all the Romans besides: because that many times in battels where they met, they lusty euer at the encounter one against another, like lusty courag^{er} beasts, striving in all emulation of honor, and had encounterred many times together. In so much as besides the common quarrell betwene them, there was bred a maruellous private hate one against another" (p. 232). . . . "[This was the first matter wherewith the Volsces that most envied Martius glorie and authoritie did charge Martius with.] Among those Tullus was chiefe: who though he had receiued no private iniury or displeasur

of Marcius, yet the common fault and imperfection of man's nature wrought in him, and it grieved him to see his own reputation blemished through Marcius' great fame and honour, and so himself to be less esteemed of the Volsces than he was before" (p. 226).

3. In the character of VOLLENIA Shakespeare is following hints to be found in Plutarch. Thus it is said: "Touching Marcius the only thing that made him to love honour, was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy: . . . Marcius thinking all due to his mother, that had him alone to his father if he had lived, did not only content himself to rejoice and honor her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet never left his mother's house therefore" (p. 223). The name of the wife is afterwards given as Virgilia. Of young Marcius nothing is said.

4. Of the remaining characters little but the names are to be found in Plutarch. Of JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELITES it is said that they "were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only bene the causes and promoters of the sedition" (p. 224). MENENIUS AGRIPPA is mentioned as the senator who told the tale of the belly and its members; and VALERIA as the lady who first had the idea of the women's supplication to Coriolanus; COMINIUS was the consul at the time of the expedition against Coriolanus, and TITUS LARTIUS the lieutenant, with whom he divided his army.

ACT I. SCENE I.

5. Line 11: *Is't a verdict!*—Perhaps a sly hit at trial by jury.

6. Line 15: *He are accounted poor citizens; the patri-cians, no.*—The first citizen uses the word, with a quibble, in its other sense of "wealthy," "substantial," as in Merchant of Venice, I. 3. 12-17:

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no,—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient.

Dyce quotes from Bromé's Northern Lasse, sig. D 2, ed. 1632: "A good man in thi' city is not call'd after his good deeds, but the knowne weight of his purse."

7. Line 20: *the leanness that afflicts us . . . is as an inventory to particularize their abundance.*—The list of our wants is a list of their possessions; what we lack they have.

8. Line 20: *the OBJECT of our misery.*—Object in the sense of "object of sight" is quite ordinary modern English. We speak of "object-lessons," of "writing with the eye upon the object," &c. The peculiarity here is its use in this sense with the preposition *of*. The only other instance of this in Shakespeare is Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 41:

And reason flies the object of all harm.

9. Line 21: *our SUFFERANCE is a gain to them.*—*Sufferance* in Shakespeare means either suffering, as here, or endurance, as in *Tit. And.* i. 23, 24:

For they do speak them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

10. Line 21: *ere we become BAKES.*—A reference to the proverb, "As lean as a rake;" with a quibble on the other meaning of *pike*, viz. a pitch-fork. *Pike* and *pitch* are the same word. See note 35.

11. Line 22: *and could be content; i. e. and would be pleased.* Cf. Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 8:

they could be content
To wish other places.

So, in line 38 below, *can be content* means "may be pleased."

12. Line 39: *to please his wrother.*—So North's Plutarch, ed. 1632, p. 222: "But touching Marcius the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him."

13. Line 59: *Our business is not unknown to the senate.*—This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the second citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the first citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus" (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xlv. p. 8).

14. Line 81: *edicts for usury, to support navviers.*—Shakespeare has combined two revolts of the people described by Plutarch: the first, on account of the exactions of usurers; the second, by reason of a famine.

15. Line 95: *To STALE 't a little more.*—Theobald's conjecture for *F. scale*, which some commentators defend, explaining it to mean: "strip off the husk a little further, to shew the hidden meaning." But probably *scale* is a misprint here. In *il.* 3. 257 it is used correctly for *weigh*.

16. Line 97: *to FOB OFF our disgrace with a tale.*—*To fob off* is to put off with a jest or trick. Cf. II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 37: "I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fobbed off, and fobbed off, and fobbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on."

17. Line 99.—As a specimen of the way in which Shakespeare employs his authorities, it may be well to quote the fable as it stands in North's Plutarch: "On a time all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it, that it only remained in the midst of the body without doing anything, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest; where all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said: It is true, I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it againe to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he) O you, my masters, and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike betwene the Senate and you. For matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefite of the common-wealth, the Senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you" (p. 224).

18. Line 112: *Which ne'er came from the lungs; i. e. as*

we should say, not a *heartly* smile, with a play on the literal use of the word *lungs*. Cf. *Tempest*, ii. 1. 173-175: "These gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble *lungs* that they always use to laugh at nothing;" *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 336: "the clown shall make those laugh whose *lungs* are tickle o' the sere."

19. Line 114: it TAUNTINGLY replied.—So F. 4; F. 1 tauntingly; F. 2, F. 3 tauntingly.

20. Line 120: The COUNSELLOR heart.—Compare ii. 3. 211, 212:

Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? (sc. to advise you).

In the old medicine the three principal parts of the body were liver, heart, and brain, called the tripod of life, in which were begotten respectively the natural vital and animal spirits, by which the soul performed all its actions.

21. Line 130: YOU' ST hear the belly's answer.—You' st is a provincialism either for you (thou) shalt, or you must, probably the former. Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Marston's *Malcontent*, v. 3. 67: "You' st ne'er meet more," and line 81, "you' st do 's no harm," as well as iv. 1: "Thou' st kill him" (ed. Bullen, i. 310, 311, 283).

22. Lines 131, 132: Note ME this, good friend;
YOUR most grave belly.

This conversational use of the pronouns has become rare in modern English, but it is frequent in Shakespeare. Compare for the first, *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 11, 12:

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate;

and for the second, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7. 29-31: "A serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile."

23. Line 140: Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain.—That is, to the court, the heart, and to the seat, or throne, of the brain, viz. the head.

24. Line 141: CRANKS.—The word is used only twice else by Shakespeare, viz. *I. Henry IV.* iii. 1. 98:

See how this river comes me cranking in;

and *Venus and Adonis*, 682:

He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.

Compare *Milton*, *L'Allegro*, 27:

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,

where "cranks" are quibbles. *Drayton* uses "cranking" in a line quoted by Nares:

Now on along the cranking path doth keep.

25. Line 142: The strongest NERVES.—Nerve in Elizabethan English retained its classical sense of sinew. Compare *Hamlet*, l. 4. 82, 83:

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Cymbeline, iii. 3. 94:

Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture.

We still speak of a vigorous style in writing as *nervous*.

26. Line 154: DIGEST things rightly.—*Digest* is a frequent Elizabethan form of *digest*; e.g. *Julius Caesar*, l. 2. 305; *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2. 179; according to the Folio reading.

27. Line 155: Touching the weal o' the common.—That is, the wealth or welfare of the common people. Compare Shakespeare's use of the *general* in *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 11, 12:

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general;

and *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 457: "I was cavalere to the general."

28. Line 163: Thou RASCAL, that are worst IN BLOOD to run.—A rascal was a deer out of condition. Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 3. 58: "the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal." In blood meant in condition. Compare *I. Henry VI.* iv. 2. 48, 49:

If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch.

Menenius means that for rascals to lead may be for their own advantage, but not for that of the herd. The proper order of society is expressed in a passage of *The Maid's Metamorphosis*:

The lustie stag, conductor of the traine
Leads all the herd in order down the plaine;
The aser rascals scatter here and there
As not presuming to approach so neere.
—Bullen's *Old Plays*, 1st Ser. l. 114.

29. Line 167: The one side must have BALE.—Compare *Spenser*, *Faery Queene*, l. 1. 16:

For light she hated as the deadly bale.

The word occurs only here in Shakespeare, though its derivative "baleful" is frequent. Already in *Bullock's Expositor* (1616) it is marked as obsolete. It is found usually as the antithesis of "bliss" or "boot."

30. Lines 169, 170:

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves SCABS?

Scab was a term of contempt, as in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 82, "O't, scab!" It may therefore be used here with a quibble, make yourselves scabs, meaning both "make scabs for yourselves" and "make yourselves into scabs." Compare *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 3. 105-107:

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow tick'd; I thought there would a scab follow.

31. Line 179: To make him worthy whose offence subdues him, &c.—That is, to praise him whose offence brings him to punishment, and curse that justice which punished him.

32. Line 188: Him VILD that was your garland.—*Vild* is a frequent old spelling of *vile*. See, e.g. *Tempest*, l. 2. 358; *King John*, iii. 4. 19, ff.

33. Line 202: I'd make a QUARRY.—*Quarry* is derived from *eurie* (from Low Latin *corata*, intestines), which Cotgrave explains as "a dog's reward, the hounds' fees of, or part in, the game they have killed." *Bullock* defines it as "venison which is taken by hunting." The word is used here for a heap of dead, as in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 375-378:

This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

34. Line 203: With thousands of these QUARTER'D slaves.—For the proleptic use of the adjective compare *i. 4. 20, 21*:

mon.—That
e. Compare
r, ii. 1. 11, 12:

general."

IN BLOOD to
Compare As
ath them as
lition. Com-

be for their
The proper
The Maid's

laine;

re
1st Ser. i. 114.

E.—Compare

e, though its
in Bullokar's
It is found
ot.

pinion,

h Night, ii. 5.
d here with a
both "make
cs into scabs."
105-107:

ould a scab follow.

ffence subdues
ffence brings
ce which pun-

garland.—Vild
Tempest, i. 2.

arry is derive
nes), which Cot-
nomus' fees of,
bullokar defines
The word is
t, v. 2. 375-378:
Death,
ell,

ARTER'S slaves.
aparc i. 4. 20, 21:

list, what work he makes
Amongst your *cloven* army;
and for the sense of "cut in pieces," compare Julius
Cesar, iii. 1. 268:

Their infants *quarter'd* with the hands of war.

35. Line 204: *As I could PICK my lance.*—*Pick* is for
pitch, as in Henry VIII. v. 4. 99:
I'll *pick* you o'er the pales else.

For the double form cf. *aehe* and *atche*, *poke* and *potch*
(l. 10. 15), *eke* and *eeke* (Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 23,
Q. 2), *lurk* and *lurch* (ii. 2. 105 of this play).

36. Line 215: *To break the heart of GENEROSITY.*—"To
give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson). *Generous*
in Shakespeare is frequently used for "of noble birth,"
according to its derivation from the Latin *generosus*. Cf.
Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 13:

The *generous* and gravest citizens.

37. Line 233: *that will PUT YOU TO 'T; i. e. give you work
to do, try your mettle.* Cf. Othello, iii. 3. 469, 471:

I greet thy love. . . .
And will upon the instant *put thee to 't*.

38. Line 255: *Worshipful MUTINERS.*—In the only other
place where the word occurs in Shakespeare the form
used is *mutineer*: "If you prone a mutineer, the next
Tree" (Tempest, iii. 2. 41, Folio). But cf. the form *ca-*
giner in Hamlet, iii. 4. 206, 207:

For 't is the sport to have the *engineer*
Hoist with his own petar;

and *pioneer* in Hamlet, i. 5. 162:

A worthy *pioneer!* Once more remove, good friends;

and Milton, Paradise Lost, l. 675, 676:

as when bands
Of *pioneers* with spade and pickaxe armed.

Peele, Battle of Alcazar, iv. 1. 10 (ed. Bullen, vol. i. p.
274) has *muteters*.

39. Line 260: *Being mov'd, he will not spare to GIRD the
gods.*—Cf. II. Henry IV. l. 2. 7, where Falstaff says: "Men
of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me." The noun occurs
in Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 58, and I. Henry VI. iii. 1.
131. For the use of the verb without a preposition cf.
Returns from Parnassus, i. 2. 280:

Clearly to *gird* our looser liberties.
—Ed. Macray, p. 86.

The original sense is to strike; cf. Chaucer, Monkes Tale,
556:

And to these cherles two he gan to praye
To sleen him, and to *girden* of his head.

40. Lines 262, 263:

He is grown
Too proud TO BE so valiant;

i. e. he is grown too proud of being so valiant. "*To* was
originally used not with the infinitive, but with the ger-
und in *-e*, and, like the Latin *ad* with the gerund, denoted a
purpose. Thus 'to love' was originally 'to lovene;' *i. e.*
to (or toward) loving (ad amandum). Gradually as *to*
superseded the proper infinitival inflection *to* was used in
other and more indefinite senses: 'for,' 'about,' 'in,' 'as
regards'" (Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, p. 256).

Thus the sense becomes ambiguous, especially when *too*
precedes. Compare Richard II. i. 3. 244:

I was *too* strict to make mine own away (in making).

41. Line 276.—*DEMERITS* was long used as *deserts* is
now in both a good and evil sense. In Bullokar's English
Expositor (1616) *demerit* is defined simply as "desert;"
but in Blount's Glossographia (1674) the sense given is
"ill-deserving, want of merit." For the good sense cf.
Othello, i. 2. 22-24:

my demerits
May speak, unboune'd, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd;

and for the bad sense, Macbeth, iv. 3. 226, 227:

Not for their own *demerits*, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls.

For the two senses before Shakespeare's time, contrast
Hall's Chronicle, Henry VI. fol. 69: "This noble prince
for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester," with
Stat. I. Henry VII. c. 4 (1485): "Priests culpable, or by
their *demerits* openly reported of incontinent living."
Cotgrave explains *demerite*: "desert, merit, deserving;
also (the contrary), a disservice, demerit, mislead, ill-
carriage, ill-deserving; in which sense it is most com-
monly used at this day."

42. Lines 281, 282:

in what fashion

More than his singularity;

i. e. with what forces over and above himself. The speech
is sarcastic. Cf. iii. 1. 263-265:

Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

ACT I. SCENE 2.

43. Lines 5, 6:

Rome

Had circumvention.

A mixture of "Rome had intelligence" and "the act had
circumvention."

44. Line 14: *Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman.*—
"Titus Lartius one of the valiantest men the Romaines
had at that time" (North's Plutarch, p. 224).

45. Line 24: *To TAKE IN many towns; i. e. capture.* Cf.
Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 83:

When he hath mus'd of *taking* kingdoms in;

and, metaphorically, Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 587, 588:

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not *take in* the mind.

46. Line 28: *for the remove; i. e. for their removal; to
raise the siege and relieve the town.*

ACT I. SCENE 3.

47. Line 10: *that it was no better than picture-like to
hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir; i. e. if re-
nown did not stir so goodly an appearance, it was no
better than a picture.*

48. Line 16: *his brows bound with oak*, for saving the
life of a citizen.—See quotation from North's Plutarch in
note 143.

49. Line 32: *Methinks I hear HITHER your husband's*
293

drum; i. e. the sound seems to reach me here. For the use of the adverb with a verb of motion not expressed, cf. Sonnet xxxix. 14:

By raising him here who doth hence remain.

50. Line 46: AT *Grecian swords, contemning*.—Tell *Valeria*, &c.—This is the emendation of Collier, and is quite satisfactory. F. 1 reads:

At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell Valeria, &c.;

as though *Contemning* were a proper name. F. 2 reads:

At Grecian swordes Contending; tell Valeria, &c.

Capell added an apostrophe:

At Grecian sword's contending.

51. Line 54: *you are MANIFEST house-keepers*.—*Manifest* has two senses in Shakespeare: (1) evident; (2) well-known, public; the second being the sense in this place. Cf. All's Well That Ends Well, l. 3. 229:

his reading

And manifest experience.

52. Line 56: *A fine SPOT*.—*Spot* here seems to mean a small pattern that *Virgilia* is working. Compare *Othello*, iii. 3. 434, 435:

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

53. Line 71: *how he MAMMOCK'D it*.—The word occurs only here in Shakespeare. Both Cotgrave and Minshew in their dictionaries recognize the substantive *mammocks*, for morsels, but neither has the verb; nor do the commentators supply any instance. Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Major Moor's Suffolk Words and Phrases: "*Mammock*. To eat and hack victuals wastefully."

54. Line 74: *A CRACK, madam*; i. e. Yes, he is a lively boy. The word is used by Shallow in II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 34: "I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a' was a crack not thus high." A crack was a pert, lively boy. In Marston's What You Will, iii. 3 (ed. Bullen, vol. ii. p. 382), the leading page in their games together is called "Emperor of Cracks;" and in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, when Mercury and Cupid disguise themselves as pages, Mercury says: "Since we are turned cracks, let's study to be like cracks, practise their language and behaviours, act freely carelessly and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quicksilver." Cf. also Jonson's The Devil is an Ass, ii. 3 (p. 355, ed. Gifford, 1838):

If we could get a witty boy
That were an excellent crack, I could instruct him
To the true height.

[80, too, Massinger's The Unnatural Combat, i. 1; and The Bashful Lover, i. 1 (Cunningham's ed. pp. 36, 528).]

55. Line 122: *at a word*=in one word. Cf. Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 107-109: "He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;" I. 3. 15; II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 319; Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 1. 119; Julius Caesar, i. 2. 266.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

56. Line 14: *No, nor a man that fears you LESS than he*.—Johnson proposed *MORE*, which undoubtedly gives the required sense. Many passages might be collected from

English classics where, by a confusion, the comparative is incorrectly used. See, e.g., King Lear, ii. 4. 141; also Paradise Lost, i. 257:

And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater.

57. Line 25: *With hearts more proof than shields*.—"Arms of proof" are arms proved by experience. In Macbeth, i. 2. 54, we have the phrase "lapp'd in proof" for lapped in armour.

58. Lines 31, 32:

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er.

This is Johnson's correction of the Ff.:

you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaster you o'er.

The punctuation of the Ff. is never to be relied upon, and the apostrophe suggested by Dr. Johnson, besides being the simplest possible correction, is eminently characteristic of Coriolanus. Cf. i. 6. 42, 43:

but for our gentlemen,

The common file—a plague!

59. Line 42: *As they us to our trenches*.—F. 1 adds *followers*, which the second corrects into *followed*. Lettsom conjectured *Follow me*, which Dyce prints.

60. Lines 44, 45:

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers.

"He did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that fortune had opened the gates of the city, more for the followers than the fliers" (North's Plutarch, p. 224).

61. Line 47: *To the POT, I warrant him*.—Staunton quotes from Webster's White Devil (p. 37, ed. Dyce, 1857): "They go to the pot for 't;" from New Custome, ii. 3: "Thou mightest swear, if I could, I would bring them to the pot;" and from Peele's Edward I. p. 389 (ed. Dyce, 1861): "King Edward, no; we will admit no pause, For goes this wretch, this traitor, to the pot." Mr. Bullen in his edition of Peele (i. 129) quotes from John Heywood's Proverbs:

And where the small with the great cannot agree
The weaker goeth to the pot we all day see.

62. Lines 53, 54:

If he sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up!

The man dares more and endures longer than his sword, although he can feel and the sword cannot. For *sensibly* cf. i. 3. 95: "I would your cambrie were *sensible* as your finger." Steevens quotes from the Arcadia: "Their very armour by piecemen fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less *sensible* of smart than the *senseless* armour" (Var. Ed. 1821, xiv. p. 35).

63. Line 57: *Even to CATO'S wish, &c.*—Theobald's correction of the Folio *Calues*. "For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captaine to be, not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make

the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice, and grimness of his countenance" (North's Plutarch, p. 224). Of course the reference to Cato in the month of Lartius, like the reference to Galen in ii. 1. 128, is an anachronism.

64. Line 61: Here FEVEROUS and did tremble.—Cf. Macbeth, ii. 3. 65, 66:

some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

65. Line 62: Let's fetch him off, or make REMAIN alike.—In mod. Eng. only the plural of this word is used, and only in the sense of *remainder*. Shakespeare uses both singular and plural in this sense; and also the singular in the sense of *stay*. Cf. Macbeth, iv. 3. 148: "since my here-remain in England."

ACT I. SCENE 5.

66. Line 4: Stage-direction.—TRUMPET is for Trumpeter, just as ensign is used in modern English for both the man and the thing. Cf. Henry V. iv. 2. 61:

I will the banner from a trumpet take.

67. Lines 5, 6:

See here these MOVERS that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm!

Movers may mean agitators, or it may be a contemptuous word for men who are only "moving animals." "Martius was marvellous angry with them and eyed out on them, that it was no time now to looke after spoile, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves whilst the other consull and their fellow citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies" (North's Plutarch, p. 224).

68. Line 7: *Irons of a doit*.—So iv. 4. 17; v. 4. 60. A *doit* was a small Dutch coin, worth half a farthing, and so "worth a doit" means valueless. Cf. Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 141, 142:

take no *doit*
Of usance.

Also, The Tempest, ii. 2. 33: "they will not give a *doit* to relieve a lazie beggar."

doublets.—North in his translation of Plutarch modernized classical dress, and Shakespeare in the Roman plays followed him. There is a good example in the Life of Pompey about the execution of Carbo. "He prayed the executioner to give him a little respite and place to *un-trusse a point*, for he had a paine" (p. 636).

69. Lines 19, 20:

The blood I drop is rather PHYSICAL
Than dangerous to me.

Cf. Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 261-263:

Is Brutus sick?—and is it *physical*
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning?

70. Line 24: *Prosperity be thy page!* i.e. may prosperity follow thy footsteps. A page walked behind his master; cf. Timon, iv. 3. 224: "Will these trees *page* thy heels?" and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 12, 13, where Falstaff says to his page: "I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one." For the metaphor cf. Sonnet cvliii. 12: "makes antiquity for aye his page."

ACT I. SCENE 6.

71. Line 6: THE Roman gods.—For the definite article where we should rather use the pronoun *ye*, cf. iv. 1. 37: "O the gods!" Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 171, 172:

The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.

The awkwardness in the present passage is that there is nothing until the pronoun "you" in the fourth line to decide whether "the Roman gods" is the second or third person; where there is no ambiguity, as in Julius Caesar, v. 3. 99:

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

the difference from modern usage hardly attracts attention.

72. Line 16: BRIEFLY we heard their drums.—BRIEFLY means "within a short time," as Cymbeline, v. 5. 106:

briefly die their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

It is more commonly applied with a forward than, as in the present passage, with a backward reference; e.g. Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4. 10:

Ant. Go put on thy defences.

Eros.

Briefly, sir.

73. Line 17: How couldst thou in a mile CONFOUND an hour.—For the sense of "waste," applied to time, cf. I. Henry IV. i. 3. 100, 101:

He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower;

and Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 45:

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.

74. Lines 42, 43:

but for our gentlemen,
The common file.

i.e. had it not been for our gentlemen, the common file (would have ruined us). But the mere mention of them sets Coriolanus enrsing, and his sentence is not finished. For a similar aposiopesis cf. I. 4. 31, 32:

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er.

75. Line 53: Their bands? the VAWARD are the Antiates.—*Vaward* is a contraction of *vanguard*, the vanguard or first line of an army. *Van* occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 6. 9:

Plant those that have revolted in the *van*.

This passage is closely copied from Plutarch: "The consull made him answer that he thought the *bands* which were in the *vaward* of their battell were those of the *Antiates*, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consull granted him, greatly praising his courage" (North's Plutarch, p. 225).

76. Line 61: Filling the air with swords ADVANCED.—To *advance* was a technical word for uplifting a sword or a standard. For the former cf. Henry V. v. 2. 382, 383:

that never war *advance*
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France;

and for the latter, Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 96:

And death's pale flag is not *advanced* there.

77. Line 76: O' me alone, make you a sword of me!—The Folio reading is:

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me.

Capell first marked the question, and the last part of the sentence then refers to the soldiers taking Marcins in their arms instead of waving their swords as he had bidden, which is very good sense. The first words have been variously emended. Heath proposed, *Let me alone*; Singer, *O come along*; Collier, *Of me alone*, which if written *O' me alone* is the nearest to the reading of the Folio. The meaning will then be: "Of me alone do you make a sword." "Am I your only sword?" The comma may be placed either after *alone*, or after *sword*.

78. Line 84: *AND FOUR shall quickly draw out my command.*—Capell, *And I*; Heath, *And so I*; Jackson, *And foes shall*; Mitford, *An hour*; Singer, *And some*; Johnson proposed:

*And four shall quickly draw out OF my command
Which men are least inclined.*

If the passage seem to require correction, Mitford's suggestion is by much the best; but it is advisable always to leave the text unaltered so long as it makes sense. There is no reason why Coriolanus should not have deputed four captains to make choice for him.

ACT I. SCENE 8.

79. Line 4: *More than thy fame, AND ENVY.*—Stevens takes *envy* as a noun, explaining *fame* and *envy* to mean detested fame. More probably it is a verb parallel to "abhor." Collier suggested that the compositor mistook *I* for the contraction of *and*. Dyce also reads *I*.

80. Line 11: *Wrench up thy power to th' highest.*—For the metaphor compare *Macbeth*, i. 7. 60:

But screw your courage to the sticking-place.

81. Line 12: *That was the whip of your bragg'd PROGENY.*—It was the Trojans, not the Greeks, from whom the Romans boasted their descent. *Of* must therefore mean "belonging to." *Progeny* is used for "race," as in *I. Henry VI.* v. 4. 38: "issued from the progeny of kings."

ACT I. SCENE 9.

82. Line 7: *That, with the fust'ry PLÉBEIANS, hate thine honours.*—Here, and in v. 4. 39, *plebeians* is accented on the first syllable.

83. Line 10: *Yet canst thou to a morsel of this feast.*—That is, "what you did here was but an added morsel to what you had previously done, in Corioli itself."

84. Line 12: *Here is the steed, we the caparison.*—"This is an odd conceit; the meaning is, 'this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show'" (Johnson).

85. Lines 22-25:

*no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest.*

That is, it would be a slander to silence the recital of your deeds, which, even if it employed all possible praises, would seem to fall short of your deserts.

86. Line 31: *And TEXT themselves with death.*—That is, having death instead of gratitude as a surgeon to probe them; a way of saying, having no surgeon to probe them, and so mortifying. A *text* is a roll of lint for searching and cleansing a wound. Compare *iii.* 1. 235, 236:

't is a sore upon us

You cannot text yourself;

Cymbeline, iii. 4. 116-118:

mine ear,

*Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor text to bottom that.*

87. Lines 41-46:

*May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
T' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-face'd soothing! When steel groves
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say!*

This is Dyce's arrangement; the *Ff.* end lines at *soothing* and *wars*. The passage by its regular balance has the form of sense, but what the sense may be it is difficult to determine. By laying stress upon *all* in the fourth line, the first clause gains a certain meaning. "If flattery has reached the field of battle, we must expect courts and cities to be entirely given over to it." But the second clause eludes interpretation. "Overture" in Shakespeare means either (i) disclosure, as in *Winter's Tale*, ii. 1. 170-172:

I wish, my liege,

*You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture;*

or (ii) proposal, as in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 225: "I bring no *overture* of war," and neither of these significations is appropriate to the parasite. The best emendation of the passage is Tyrwhitt's conjecture of *A coverture* (cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 30; *III. Henry VI.* iv. 2. 13) for *An overture*, altering *him* to *this*, or, as Stevens suggested, leaving *him* unaltered in the sense of *it*. *His* for the neuter possessive was common, as *its* was only coming into use; *him* for *it* is another matter. Mr. Wright quotes an instance from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ii. 22. § 11: "Like unto the rowing against the stream, or making a wand straight by bending; *him* contrary to *his* natural crookedness;" but this may be explained as a personification.

88. Lines 47-51.—The lines are arranged as by Theobald. The *Ff.* read:

*No more I say, for that I have not wash'd
My Nose that bleed, or foy'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many che have done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall.*

The spelling *shoot* in the last line represents the pronunciation of the time. Cf. Marston, Antonio and Mellida, part 1. iv. 1. 80 (vol. i. p. 65, ed. Bullen): "Your honts (*i.e.* hoots) and shouts."

89. Line 66: *Th' AMBITION nobly ever!*—"In our common law it signifieth any title given to a man beside his name, which title sheweth his estate, trade, course of life, and also dwell'ng place" (Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616). Cf. *Macbeth*, i. 3. 105, 106:

*He baule me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!*

h.—That is,
on to probe
probe them,
or searching
236:

and,

fane,
apets shall
ties be
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s difficult to
fourth line,
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Shakespeare
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an beside his
course of life,
tor, 1616). Cf.

awdor:

Henry V. v. 2. 367; Troilus and Cressida, 1. 2. 20; Hamlet, 1. 4. 20, &c. In King Lear, i. 1. 137, 138, it has a meaning rather more general:

Only we still retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king.

90. Line 77: *The best, with whom we may* ARTICULATE. — Bullokar, in his English Expositor (1616), defines *articulate* "to set down articles or conditions of agreement." It is so used by Camden (Remaines, 212): "The inhabitants were willing to *articulate*, and to yeelde themselves to the Duke of Burgundie." In the only other passage where Shakespeare uses the word, I. Henry IV. v. 1. 72:

These things indeed you have *articulate*,

it means "set forth in articles," *articulate* being used as we should now use *specified*.

91. Line 82: *I sometime lay, here in Corioli.*—For *lie* in the sense of "lodge," cf. Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 286:

He *lies* to-night within seven leagues of Rome:

Merry Wives, ii. 1. 187: "Does he *lie* at the Garter?" II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 299: "when I *lay* at Clement's Inn."

92.—The passage in Plutarch on which this scene is founded is as follows: "He willed Martins that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all their goods they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honourable offer he had made him, he gave him in testimonie that he had wonne that day the prise of prowesse aboue all other, a goodly horse with a capparison, and all furniture to him; which the whole army beholding did maruellously praise and commend. But Martins stepping forth told the Consull he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserved his Generals commendation; and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenarie reward, then a honourable recompence, he would haue none of it, but was contented to haue his equall part with the other soldiers. Onely this grace (said he) I craue and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who liuing before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liueth now a poore prisoner, in the hands of his enemies: & yet notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slaue. (Coriolanus' forgetfulness of this man's name is thus an addition of Shakespeare's) . . . after the noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consull Cominius began to speake in this sort: We cannot compell Martius to take these gifts we offer him . . . but we will giue him such a reward for the noble seruice he hath done as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree that henceforth he be called Coriolanus (p. 225).

ACT I. SCENE 10.

93. Lines 4, 5:

*I cannot,
Being a Volcer, be that I am;*

i.e. I cannot become all that I have it in me to be.

94. Lines 17-19:

*My valour, poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself.*

My valour, poisoned simply by losing colour in comparison with his, shall in order to do him hurt, leave its true nature altogether and become cowardly. Aulidius means he will turn assassin. To *stain* or *distain* was originally not to "dye," but to "take colour out." It is used metaphorically, as in this passage, by Chaucer in the refrain to the Song in the Legend of Goodly Women (l. 255):

Hyd, Absalon, thynne gilte tressis clere;
Ester, ley thou thy mekenesse al adoune;
Hyde, Jonathas, al thy frenuly manere;
Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,
Make of youre withode no comparysoun;
Hyde ye youre beautes, Ysoude and Eleyne,
My lady cometh, that al this may dysteyne.

Cf. also Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 4. 20, 27:

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall *stain* your brother.

95. Line 22: ENBARQUEMENTS.—No other instance of this word has been found in an English author. It is given as a French word in Cotgrave's Dictionary and explained to mean either an "inbarking" or an "inbarguing." The latter is plainly the sense in this passage. Richardson quotes "embarged" from Hakluyt's Voyages (iii. p. 535): "Why our marchants with their goods were *embarged* or arrested."

96. Line 26: *Against the hospitable* CANON.—For *canon* in the sense of *rule, law*, which is its original meaning, cf. iii. 1. 90: "T'was from the *canon*;" and Hamlet, 1. 2. 131, 132:

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter!

97. Line 31: *Tis south the city mills.*—It may be worth while to quote Malone's note here: "Shakespeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So in Romeo and Juliet:

Underneath the grove of sycamore
That wes, ward rooteth from the city's side (l. 1. 128)."

ACT II. SCENE 1.

98. Line 39: *your actions would grow* *redundous* SINGLE.—There is a quibble here on the two meanings of *single* (i) alone and (ii) insignificant. There is a similar play in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 207: "Your chin double? your wit *single*?" and in Much Ado, ii. 1. 289: "a double heart for his *single* one." For the sense of "simple" cf. Tempest, i. 2. 431, 432:

Pros. What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Ferd. A *single* thing, as I am now.

99. Line 51: *I am known to be a* *humorous* *patrician*.—Cf. As You Like It, i. 2. 278: "The duke is *humorous*." There were supposed to be four *humours* or moistures in the body, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy,—derived from the four elements air, water, fire and earth— from the preponderance of any one of which arose a *humorous* disposition, or "complexion," as it was sometimes called. On the other hand, in perfect health there

would be a perfect balance of these. South says of Adam: "The elements were in perfect union and agreement in his body;" and so Antony says of Brutus:

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
—Julius Caesar, v. 5. 73-75.

In Shakespeare's time the word was beginning to be used in the sense of any foolish whim or caprice, and the fashion is ridiculed in Henry V. and Merry Wives of Windsor, in the person of Nym, who is always saying "that's the humour of it." Cf. Ben Jonson, Induction to Every Man out of his Humour (ed. Cunningham, vol. i. p. 67):

In every human body
The choleric, melancholy, phlegm, and blood
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluxions, all to run one way
This may be truly said to be a humour.
But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather
The cable hatband, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour!
O it is more than most ridiculous

100. Line 53: *with not a drop of* ALLAYING "TIBER in't." —There were originally two verbs of this form, one being purely English and meaning to put down, reduce; the other through French, from Lat. *alligare*, now written *alloy*, after the modern French form, and meaning to mix. The senses very much ran into each other, and were in time referred to a single verb. It was, for instance, a common phrase to speak of *allaying* wine with water, as in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Castle of Health* (quoted by Murray): "Whyte wine *alayd* w' 3 much water;" and the metaphor here might be either that of "reducing" (as in *Paradise Lost*, x. 506: "Fondly thinking to *alloy* their appetite") or that of "mixing with alloy." Leveque, who imitated this passage in his poem *To Althea from Prison* (ed. Hazlitt, 1864, p. 117):

When flowing cups ran swiftly round
With no *allaying* Thames,

has also the phrase, "the gold *alloyd* almost halfe brasse" (1659, p. 93).

101. Line 54: *something imperfect in favouring the first complaint* —Menenius confesses that his choleric humour gave an advantage to the side that first states its case. Two emendations deserve recording: Collier's "the thirst complaint," and Leo's "savouring the feast of Lent."

102. Line 62: *I can NOT say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables.*—The *not* was inserted by Theobald. That Menenius means to call the tribunes asses is clear; but what is his joke? Shakespeare of course knew that *-as* was a common termination of Latin words, but Menenius talked Latin no less than the tribunes. Probably Shakespeare had in mind some Latin Grammar

rule in which were the words "*as* in compound with the major part of the syllable."

103. Line 68: *If you see this in the map of my microcosm; i. e. in my face.* For the idea that man was a little world cf. *King Lear*, iii. 1. 10, 11:

Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

It is thus expressed by Pico of Mirandola: "Tritum est in scholis esse hominem *microcosmum*, in quo mixtum ex elementis corpus et spiritus celestis, et plantarum anima vegetalis, et brutorum sensus, et ratio, et angelica mens, et Dei similitudo conspiciuntur" (quoted by Pater, *Renaissance* 2nd ed. p. 43). Minsheu, *Director ad Linguas* (1617) gives *Microcosmus* as part of the definition of the word *Man*, with the explanation "quod totius universi pulchritudinem analogice in se continet." Bullokar's account of the word reads poorly after Pico's, but it may be added as probably as good as either tribune could have given. "This terme is sometime applied to man, who is therefore called a *microcosmus*, or little world, because his body being compared to the baser part of the world, and his soule to the blessed Angels, seemeth to signifie, that man is as it were a little world and that the whole world doth resemble a great man" (*English Expositor*, 1616). Sometimes the comparison is not to a world, but a kingdom, as in *Macbeth*, i. 3. 139-141:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise;

King John iv. 2. 246:

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath;

Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 67-69:

the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection,

and notably in *Henry IV.* iv. 3. 116-122, where Falstaff says of sherris-sack: "It illumineeth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of *this little kingdom, man*, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth my deed of courage."

104. Line 70: *what harm can your BISSOM CONSPICUITIES.*—Theobald corrected the Fl. *become* into *bisson*, but this is unnecessary, as the form *bysom* is found elsewhere, as in the quotation below. The etymology is uncertain. From a passage quoted in Murray's *Dictionary*, owl and Nightingale, 243 (1250): "a dai thi art blind other bisne," the sense seems to be "purlind;" but elsewhere it is used as a synonym of blind; e.g. *Vidal*. *Erasm. Par. Mark* viii. 22: "Not purlind but as bysome as was possible." The word occurs once more, in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 529, where in a passage of the player's speech applauded by Polonius *bisson* is applied by metonymy to *rheum*. *CONSPICUITIES* is a coinage of Menenius, like *empiricente* in line 128 and *fidius'd* in line 144 of this same scene.

105. Line 79: *an orange-wife and a fossel-seller.*—Oranges are again referred to in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 305: "civil as an orange" (with a pun on Seville); iv. 1. 33; but not elsewhere in Shakespeare except as an epithet of colour. *Fosset* only occurs here. It is spelt in F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 *forset*; F. 4 *fauset*.

106. Line 82.—Lord Campbell (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 96) says: "Shakespeare here mistakes the duties of the tribune for those of the pretor; but in truth he was recollecting with disgust what he had witnessed in his own country." The description would be not applicable to Justice Shallow.

107. Line 81: *set up the bloody flag against all patience.*—To set up a red flag was the sign of battle; cf. Julius Caesar, v. 1. 11:

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out;

Henry V. l. 2. 101: "unwind your bloody flag." Tamburlaine in Marlowe's play uses three flags, first white, then red, then black. Of the second he says (Part I. act iv. sc. 2):

But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermillion tent,
He dies and those that kept us out so long.

Mr. Wright quotes a passage about Dissenters from a sermon by Dr. Sacheverell (part I. iv. 3. 109, ed. Bullen), vol. i. p. 74: "Against whom every Man, that wishes its welfare (the Church) ought to hang out the *Bloody flag* and banner of defiance."

108. Line 98: *to stuff a BOTCHER'S cushion.*—The word occurs in All's Well, iv. 3. 211, and Twelfth Night, l. 5. 51-53: "If he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the *botcher* mend him." For the disparaging sense, cf. Tison, iv. 3. 285, 286:

'T is not well mended so, it is but *botch'd*.

The word is sometimes used for a cobbler, but oftener for a tailor, as in Baxter, Divine Life, 31: "A sorry Taylor may make a *Botcher*, or a bad Shoemaker may make a *Cobler*."

109. Line 102: *your predecessors since DEUCALION.*—So Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 442: "Far than *Deucalion* off." *Deucalion* was the Noah of Greek mythology.

110. Line 103: *GOD-DEN to your worships.*—*God-den* is a corruption of *good-den*, itself a corruption of *good-even*; possibly due to the form "God give you good-evening," which occurs as *God g' good den* in Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 58; and *God ye god-den* in iii. 5. 173 of the same play.

111. Line 128: *the most sovereign prescription in Galen.*—So Merry Wives, i. 3. 29, 30: "What says my *Aesculapins*? my *Galen*? . . . is he dead?" All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 3. 12: "Both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*;" and Falstaff says of apoplexy (II. Henry IV. i. 2. 131-134): "It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen*." *Galen* was the most celebrated of ancient physicians (born 131 A.D.); up to the time of *Paracelsus* his authority was undisputed. For the anachronism cf. note 63. In Selken's Table Talk (died 1654) we read: "To be a Physician let a man read *Galen* and *Hypocrates*" (Arber's reprint, p. 72).

112. Line 135: *brings 'A victory in his pocket?*—*A* is an abbreviation of *ha*, the older form of *he*. Compare Hamlet, iii. 3. 74 (1604 Q.): "Now ought I do it, but now a is a praying, And now He doo't, and so a goes to heaven."

113. Line 137: *On's brows.*—This is an answer to Menenius's question. He brings the victory, not in his pocket, but on his brows. Cf. i. 9. 59, 60:

Calus Marcius
Wears this war's garland.

114. Line 145: *Is the senate POSSESS'D of this?*—For *possess* in the frequent sense of "inform," cf. Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 149, 150: "*Possess* us, *possess* us, tell us something of him;" and Merchant of Venice, l. 3. 65, 66:

Is he yet *possess'd*?

How much we would?

115. Line 165: *when he shall stand for his place.*—Voluntia regards the consulship as her son's natural right.

116. Line 178: Stage-direction. SENNET.—The derivation of this word is uncertain; it signifies a particular set of notes on the trumpet of which nothing is known except that it is not a flourish; for there is a stage-direction in Dekker's Satiromastix: "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a sennet." [See Henry V. note 286.]

TITUS LARTIUS.—Mr. Daniel would omit the name of Titus Lartius from this stage-direction, comparing l. 9. 76 where he is left in Corioli, with li. 2. 42, where it is determined to send for him. Possibly he was allowed to join the triumph upon the stage, without the question being raised whether he had come to Rome on purpose.

117. Line 190: *By DEED-ACHIEVING honour newly nam'd.*—The participle in *-ing* is sometimes used for the passive; the commonest instance is *beholding* for *beholden*, which is common in the Elizabethan dramatists, occurring some twenty times in Shakespeare (e.g. Julius Caesar, iii. 2. 70:

For Brutus' sake, I am *beholding* to you),

and is even found in non-popular writers like Bacon and Clarendon (e.g. Bacon, Ess. x.: "The stage is more *beholding* to love than the life of man"). Dr. Murray suggests in his Dictionary (s.v. *Beholding*) that its general use may have been due to the notion that it meant "looking" (e.g. with respect or dependence). Similar uses are:

from his *all-obeying* breath I bear

The doom of Egypt.

—Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 77, 78;

and Rape of Lucrece, 993: "his *unrecalling* crime." Schmidt considers these to be examples of the "gerund used adjectively," whatever that may mean; probably fashion had a good deal to do with the use of *beholding*, and in the same way *obeying* was used for *obeyen*, and *unrecalling* for *unrecalten*. The opposite error of dropping the *g* was fashionable not long since.

118. Line 209: *Menenius ever, ever.*—Cf. the following sentence from a letter to Alieyn, preserved at Dulwich College, urging him to act for a wager some part in which certain of his predecessors had been famous: "I see not how yow canne any waie hurte your credit by this action: for if yow excell them, yow will then be famous; if equal them, yow wynde both the wager and credit: yf short of them, we must and will saie, *Ned Allen still*" (Bullen's Pele, i. 25).

119. Line 214: *But with them CHANGE of honours.*—This is the reading of the FF, and it may be explained to mean "with the greetings additional honours." Theobald proposed *charge*, in the sense of commission, which Dyce adopts. See note on v. 3. 152.

120. Line 221: Stage-direction. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.—Mr. Daniel would mark a new scene here, and a new day; thinking it improbable that Coriolanus should be made to arrive in Rome, stand for the

cousinship, and be banished all in one day. But such a criticism shows a misconception of the nature of time in tragedy, which is ideal, concerning itself only with the stages of an action.

121. Line 223: *Into a RAPTURE lets her baby cry.*—Steevens quotes from the Hospital for London's Follies (1602): "Your darling will weep itself into a rapture if you take not good heed."

122. Line 224: *While she chats him.*—For the omission of the preposition cf. ii. 2. 107: "I cannot speak *him* home;" Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 275: "speak *me* (i.e. of me) fair in death;" Henry VIII. iv. 2. 32:

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak *him* (i.e. of him).

For other instances see Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, 198-202.

123. Line 224: *the kitchen MALEIN.*—The word occurs again in Pericles, iv. 3. 32-35:

none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;

Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a *malkein*

Not worth the time of day.

Malkein is a diminutive of *Matilda*, as appears from the Promptorium Parvulorum: "Malkyne, or Mawt, procyt name *Matildis*;" quoted by Mr. Wright. At one time this name was very fashionable; "there were six Matildas of royal lineage between William I. and Henry II. alone" (Bardsley's English Surnames, p. 78); then like all things fashionable it became common, and was finally the accepted sobriquet for a servant-maid. From meaning a slattern, it was applied to the mop made of old cloths used to clean ovens, a sense given in Minshew's French Dictionary.

124. Line 225: *Her richest LOCKRAM 'bout her REECHY neck.*—*Lockram* is a coarse kind of linen, so called from *Lok-renan* or "St. Roman's cell," in Brittany, where it is manufactured. Stevens quotes from Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable, iv. 1:

Thou thoughtst because I did wear *Lokram* shirts,
I'de no wit.

It must have been made of various degrees of fineness, for Steevens also quotes from Greene's Vision: "His ruffe was of fine *lockram* stitched very fair with Coventry blue."

Reechy is a weakened form of *reeky*, that is, "smoky" (cf. "Auld Reekie," a name for Edinburgh), hence "dirty." It is applied in Michel Ado, iii. 3. 143, to a painting made dirty by smoke: "like Pharaoh's soldiers in the *reechy* painting." Cf. ii. 2. 123: "Run *recking* o'er the lives of men."

125. Line 226: *BULKS.*—In this sense, of a frame or stall projecting from the front of a shop, the word, according to Dr. Murray, is not recorded before the late sixteenth century. Its etymology is uncertain. It occurs again in Othello, v. 1. 1: "Here, stand behind this *bulk*." From *bulks* being used as common sleeping places, a *bulker* became a slang term for a vagabond. Johnson in his Life of Savage (iii. 325, ed. 1787) says: "On a *bulk*, in a cellar, among thieves and beggars was to be found the author of the Wanderer." A good illustration of the word is given by Mr. Wright from Defoe's History of the

Plague in London (p. 70, ed. 1810): "During this interval the master of the house took his opportunity to break a large hole through his shop into a bank or stall, where formerly a collier had sat before or under his shop window."

126. Lines 228, 229:

variable COMPLEXIONS, all agreeing

In earnestness to see him;

i.e. people of the most different characters and expressions yet agreeing in this one thing. *Complexion* meant: (1) the general state of the body, e.g. "a man of feeble *complexion* and sleeky" (Bernier's Froissart, quoted by Richardson); (2) any one of the several "humours," sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy (see note 99), e.g. Hamlet, i. 4. 27:

By the o'ergrowth of some *complexion*:

then (3) the expression of the face, especially the colour, as an index of these, as here; cf. Othello, iv. 2. 62-64:

Turn thy *complexion* there,

Palence, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

also (4) the general state of the mind, e.g. Merchant of Venice, iii. 1. 33: "it is the *complexion* of them all to leave the dam."

127. Line 229: *SELD-SHOWN flamens.*—*Seldom* is strictly an adverb formed by what was originally the dative plural termination from an adjective *seld*, rare (cf. *whilom*). The form *seld*, however, is only found as an adverb; it occurs again in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 150: "As *seld* I have the chance;" and in The Passionate Pilgrim, 175: "Goods fast are *seld* or never found."

128. Lines 232, 233:

Commit the WAR of white and damask, in

The nicely-guarded cheeks.

Stevens compares Lucrece, 71, 72:

Their silent *war* of lilies and of roses,

Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field;

and Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 30:

Such *war* of white and red within her cheeks!

129. Line 234: *such a POTHER.*—*Pother*. The word occurs again in King Lear, iii. 2. 49, 50:

the great gods,

That keep this dreadful *pother* o'er our heads;

where the Fl. read *pudder*, and Q. 2 *powther*. In Phillips's New World of Words (1706) the form used is *pudder*; Bailey's Dictionary (1735) has both *pother* and *potter*; Skent explains all these as frequentatives of a verb *pote*, to push, whence our *put*.

130. Line 235: *As if that WHATSOEVER GOD WHO LEADS HIM.*—A paganized version of the doctrine of the "genius" or "guardian angel," for which see Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 16-22:

Ant. Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?
Sooth. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy *angel*

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.

Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 332-334:

One of these men is *Geniaz* to the other;
And so of these. [*Looking at the two Dromios.*] Which is
the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphereth them?

In Nabbes's *Microcosmus*, Bellianina appears attended by
Bonus and *Malus Geniaz*.

131. Line 241: *From where he should begin and end.*—
From where he should begin to where he should end; i.e.
for any distance. Malone quotes a similar construction
from *Cymbeline*, iii. 2. 64-66:

That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return.

132. Line 250: *The napless vesture of humility.*—This is
from North, who says: "The custom of Rome was at
that time that such as did sue for any office, should for
certain days be in the market-place only with a *poore*
gowne on their backs, and without any coate under-
neath" (p. 227). All that Pintarch says is that they ap-
peared in the *toga* without the *tunic*.

133. Line 271: *Shall touch the people.*—Hammer's con-
jecture for the *Ff. teach*.

134. Line 286: *Have with you.*—Cf. the title of Nash's
tract, "*Have with you to Safron-Walden*;" As You Like
It, i. 2. 268:

Have wi' you.—Fare you well.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

135. Line 19: he *WAVED* *indifferently* 'twixt doing them
neither good nor harm.—*Waved* is here not the indicative
but the subjunctive, meaning "would wave," a form
which has now entirely supplanted it, owing to the am-
biguity arising from the loss of mood inflections. Another
instance is *Merchant of Venice*, li. 1. 17-22:

But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

136. Line 23: *OPPOSITE.*—Neither *opponent* nor *anti-*
gonist is used by Shakespeare. *Opposite* is of frequent
occurrence; e.g. *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 292-295: "He is in-
deed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal *opposite* that
you could possibly have found in any part of *Ilyria*."

137. Lines 30-32: *BONNETED*, *without any further deed*
to HAVE them at all into their estimation and report.—
Bonneted must mean "took off their bonnets or caps to
the people;" cf. iii. 2. 73:

Go to them, with this bonnet in *thy hand*, &c.

The word may be taken either absolutely, or with the
clause *into their estimation and report* (as we might say,
"bowed their way into estimation"), comparing v. 1. 5, 6:

knee
The way into his mercy.

In either case the meaning will be that given by Malone,
"They humbly took off their bonnets, without any fur-
ther deed whatsoever done in order to have them, that is
to insinuate themselves, into the good opinion of the
people." Knight and Staunton explain *bonneted* to mean

"put on the bonnet," as though this were intended to
be the mark of a consul; but the use of *unbonneted* in
Othello, i. 2. 22-24:

my demerits (*i.e.* deserts)
May speak, *unbonneted*, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd.

where it plainly means "without taking off the bonnet,"
is entirely against this interpretation.—For *have* Pope
conjectured *heare*, which gives the right sense, but is un-
necessary correction; to *have them into*, meaning to
"get them into;" cf. *Taming of the Shrew*. *Induction*, 2.
39:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll *have* thee to a couch.

138. Stage-direction: *SENNET.*—See note 116.

139. Lines 54, 55:

Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out.

Let it rather appear that the state is unable to requite
his deserts than we unwilling to put it to the utmost
effort to do so.

140. Lines 58, 59:

We are CONVENTED

Upon a pleasing TREATY.

Shakespeare does not use *convented*. For *convented* see
Measure for Measure, v. 158; *Henry VIII.* v. 1. 52. *Treaty*
is the sb. of the vb. *treat*, and so means a negotiation, propo-
sition. Cf. *King John*, li. 1. 480, 481:

Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

141. Line 62: *We shall be blest to do.*—Cf. *King John*,
iii. 1. 251, 252:

then *we shall be blest*

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

142. Line 69: *But tie him not to be their bedfellow.*—
Cf. *Henry V.* ii. 2. 8-11:

Nay, but the man that was his *bedfellow*,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery,

where see note.

143. Line 92.—"The first time he went to the wars,
being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the
proud . . . did come to Rome with all the aide of the
Latines. . . . In this battell, wherein are many hote and
sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly
fought in the sight of the Dictator: and a Romaine souldier
being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius
straight bestrid him, and slue the enemy with his owne
hands that had before ouertrowne the Romaine. Here-
upon after the lattell was won, the Dictator did not for-
get so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned
Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever
saueth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them
to honour him with such a garland" (North's *Plutarch*,
p. 222).

144. Line 100: *When he might act the woman in the*
scene.—Women's parts until the Restoration were taken
by boys. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 444-448:

What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is
nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a
chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not
cracked within the ring.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 164, 165:

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part.

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 219, 220:

I shall see
Some speaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.

[See As You Like It, note 194.]

145. Line 102: *pupil-age*.— Cf. I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 105-107: "since the old days of goodman Adam to the *pupil age* of this present twelve o'clock at midnight." Spenser addresses Lord Decey in a sonnet prelied to the Faery Queen as "Patrone of my muses *ppillage*."

Pupill is defined by Bullokar (an English Expositor, 1610) as "a ward, a young scholar, *one under age*;" *pupilage* therefore means minority.

146. Line 105: *He LURCH'd all swords of the garland*.—There are at least two words *lurch*: (1) a verb, a form of *lark*, as in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 26: "I . . . am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to *lurch*," from which sense arose that of *stealing*; and (2) a game at cards, from the French *lourche*.

It might seem sufficient here to refer only to the first of these, which is the sense the word plainly bears: "He stole the garland, or prize of victory, from all swords else;" cf. Nashe's Christ's Teares over Jerusalem, p. 33, a (1593): "The Father stole from the Sonne; the mother *lurcht* from them both." But there can be no doubt that this sense has been influenced by the other word. For, first, it is commonly used of card-sharppers, as in Greene's Defence of Coney-catching, Rep. p. 18: "to *lurch* a poor coney of so many thousand at the time;" and, further, *lourche* is explained by Cotgrave not only as "the game called *lurche*," but as "a *lurch* in game." What this was appears from Florio's Italian Dictionary (1598): "*Gioco marzo. A maiden set or lurch at any game*;" and from Coles' Latin Dictionary (1679): "A *lurch*. Duplex palma, facilis victoria" (both quoted by Malone); so that there might easily arise a verb to *lurch*, meaning "to win easily." Moreover, there is the common expression, "to leave in the *lurch*," which is variously explained. (Skeat, taking *lourche* to be for *lourche*, as Cotgrave recognizes *ourche* as well as *lourche*, derives *ourche* from the Latin *urens*, and explains it to be the "pool in which the loser's stakes were left.")

In the passage of Shakespeare before us there seems to be a suggestion of these various meanings: Coriolanus stole the honours from his companions, yet at a fair game, leaving them in the *lurch*.

The expression in the text is quoted by Malone from Ben Jonson's Epicoene, or the Silent Woman, v. 1: "Well, faughme, you have *lurcht* your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot." The date of this play is 1609, which may very well be the date of Coriolanus (see Introduction); for some reason or another the phrase may have been in vogue.¹

¹ There is a well-known passage in Bacon's Essay of Building: "too near (great cities) *lurcheth* all provisions." Skeat assigns this doubtfully to a separate verb derived from the Lat. *lurcare*. The following extracts from Palsgrave's Lesclaircissement (1530) make it probable that this sense also is connected with that of stealing: "I *lurche* as one doth his felowes at meate with entyng to hastyly, je briffe. Syt net at his messe for he wyl lurch you than. Ne vous assiez poynt a son plat car il briffe outre mesure."

147. Lines 115, 116:

*The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shutless destiny.*

The blood of those he slew within the city splashed upon the gates was a sign upon it of its doom. For *painting* used of blood, cf. i. 4. 68, 69:

this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd.

148. Lines 117, 118:

STRUCK

Corioli like a PLANET.

Cf. Hamlet, i. 1. 102:

The nights are wholesome; then no *planets strike*,

and the word *moonstruck*. In Shakespeare's time the notion of planetary influence was only just losing ground, so that he could make Edmund and Kent in King Lear express contrary opinions about it. Compare i. 2. 128-131: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars;" with iv. 3. 34, 35:

It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions.

Bacon distinguished what he called a "sane astrology," which allowed the stars to affect masses of men, if not individuals (De Augmentis, iii. 4). In his Essay on the Vicissitude of Things he says: "The northern track of the world is in nature the more martial region; be it in respect of the stars of that hemisphere, or of . . ."

149. Line 119: *by and by*.—It is interesting to note as a point of morals that not only *by and by*, but also *presently* and *anon* (on-án), all of which formerly meant "at once," have come to mean "after an interval."

150. Line 133: *To spend the time to end it*.—That is, to spend the time thus, simply in order to get through it.

151. Line 144: *Must have their voices*.—That is, their votes, which is a word not found in Shakespeare. Compare Richard III. iii. 2. 53: "I'll give my *voice* on Richard's side."

ACT II. SCENE 3.

152. Line 1: *ONCE*.—*Once* here may be the ordinary emphatic particle like "at all," common in the protasis of conditional sentences, e.g. I. Henry VI. v. 3. 58, 59:

*if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again.*

And compare two similar instances where the particle comes at the end of the clause; Much Ado, v. 1. 212, 213: "may, an you be a cursing hypocrite *once*, you must be look'd to;" Timon, i. 2. 250, 251: "Nay, an you begin to rail on society *once*, I am sworn not to give regard to you." But in the present passage it would seem that the citizens have had previous argument, and *once* therefore stands probably for "once for all." Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 89: "*Once* this . . ."; Much Ado, i. 1. 320: "'tis *once*, thou lovest;" Pelele, Edward I., scene 7, l. 35: "I'll to Robin Hood, that's *once*;" and another instance in the quotation from Pelele given on line 102 of this scene. A nearer parallel to the text is a line quoted by Farmer from Gaseigne's Supposes: "*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me."

153. Line 21: *some* ABRAM.—F. 4 *Auburn*; the first three Folios read *Abram*. And this is not a misprint, but an old spelling of the word. Compare Bartholomew Yong's translation of the Diana of George of Montemayor (ed. 1508 p. 152): "The hew of their faces was a nit browne sanguine, but auilable, the colour of their haire, a darke browne-abram: their eyes and eiebrowes blinke, and yet of a sweet and mild aspect in their countenances." Other spellings were common, such as *ubern*, *abron*, or even *abrown*, and the supposed connection with *broken* had an influence upon the meaning. For *auburn* is derived from *alburnus*, which means whitish; and in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* "awburne colour" is given as the rendering of *alburnus*. Schmidt (s.v.) quotes from Florio, ed. 1611: "Alburno . . . the white, the sappe or softest part of any timber subject to worm-eating. Also that whitish colour of women's hair which we call an *Alburne* or *Auburne* colour." In a passage quoted in Murray's Dictionary, s.v. *Abraham* (into which *Abram* was sometimes expanded, e.g. an Abraham-coloured beard in *Burt Master Constable*) a distinction is drawn between the *auburn* and *abram*: "I shall passe to the exposition of certain colours.—Abram-colour, i.e. brown. Auburne or Abhorne, i.e. brown or brown-black" (*Pneumatick*, Compl. Gent. p. 155, ed. 1661).

154. Line 39: *you may, you may; i.e. go on, go on*. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 1, 116-118:

Helen. Ay, ay, prithe now By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a face forehead.

Pandarus. Ay, you may, you may.

155. Lines 63, 64:

*I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em;*

i.e. as they forget the virtuous teaching which our divines are ever wasting upon them.

156. Line 67: Stage-direction; Re-enter two Citizens.—The Ff. have *Enter three of the Citizens*, and assign the speeches to 3, 2, 1 Cit. accordingly. But *Coriolanus* says "here comes a brace." The correction is due to Rowe. The Cambridge editors make a third citizen enter alone after the "brace."

157. Lines 89, 90: *AND 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter*.—The words *an*, *and*, are the same, *an* being written for the copulative *not* uncommonly from 1100-1500, and for the conditional conjunction occasionally after 1600. Except in the phrase *an 't*, *an* is found only once (*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 232) in the First Folio of Shakespeare, the full form *and* being used. Sometimes *and* was strengthened by the addition of *if*, as in *S. Matthew* xxiv. 48: "But *and if* that evil servant," &c. This conditional use of *and* is variously accounted for. Prof. Skeat derives it from the Norse *enda*, which means both "more-over" and "if." Dr. Murray thinks this unlikely, and suggests that there is an ellipsis, as in "I'll cross the sea, so it please my lord." Dr. Abbott (*Sh. Grammar*, 192) regards the *and* as merely copulative, the conditional force being in the subjunctive mood.

158. Line 102: *I will, sir, flatter MY SWORN BROTHER, the people*.—A *sworn-brother* was what we should now call a "bosom-friend." Compare *Much Ado*, i. 1. 73:

"He hath every month a new *sworn brother*." Richard II. v. 1, 20-22:

I am *sworn brother*, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 606-608: "What a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his *sworn brother*, a very simple gentleman!" The phrase is frequent also in the other dramatists, e.g. *P. ele*, *Old Wives' Tale* (ed. Bullen, vol. 1. p. 324): "As sure as Jack was Jack, and I Wiggen his sweet *sworn brother*, Jack shall have his funerals, or some of us shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once." The original meaning of this phrase is preserved more closely by a passage in *Henry V.* ii. 1. 13, 14, where Bardolph says he will bestow a breakfast to make Nym and Pistol friends, "and we'll be all three *sworn brothers* to France." For *sworn brothers* were properly brothers in arms according to the laws of chivalry (*fratres jurati*, *frères or compagnons d'armes*). "These fraternities of arms were contracted in various ways. Three knights according to the romance of *Lancelot au Lac* caused themselves to be let blood together and mixed their blood. This kind of fraternity is not a romantic fiction since M. du Cange cites many similar examples from foreign histories. . . . If the mode was barbarous, the sentiment which arose out of it was far otherwise" (*St. Palaye Men. de Chevalerie*, p. 3, quoted by Nares). Robert de Oilly and Roger de Inery are recorded as "sworn brothers" (*fratres jurati*) in the expedition of the Conqueror to England, and they shared the honours bestowed upon either of them.

159. Line 120: *better to starve*.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 spell *sterve*; as in iv. 2. 51. But that the pronunciation was as at present, and that *deserve* rhymes with it, is shown by *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1. 55, 56:

Prin. Boyet, you can *carve*;
Break up this capon.
Boyet. I am bound to *serve*.

160. Line 122: *Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here*.—F. 1 has *woolvish tongue*, altered in later editions to *woolvish gowne*. A similar error of *tongue* for *toge* is found in the Folio of *Othello*, i. 1. 25: "the *Tonyget* Consul," where the Quarto reads *toged*. For *woolvish* Collier conjectured *woolless*, comparing ii. 1. 250:

The *woolless* vesture of humility.

What does *woolvish* mean? There can scarcely be, as some have thought, an inverted reference to the fable of the wolf in sheep's clothing. Perhaps it may mean *shaggy*.

161. Line 123: *To beg of HOBBAND DICK*.—Malone quotes from *Minshew's Dictionary*: "A *Quintaine* or *Quintell*, a game in request at marriages, where *Jac* and *Tom*, *Die*, *Hob* and *Will* strue for the gay garland." *Hob* is short for *Robert*.

162. Line 132: *Here come MOE voices*.—*Moe* is a comparative adjective, allied to German *mehr*, and Latin *magis*, generally used for the comparative of *many*, as *more* was for the comparative of *much*. It was frequent in the Authorized Version of the Bible, but in modern reprints has been altered to *more*.

163. Lines 135, 136:

battles thrice six
I've seen, and heard of.

One would have thought that this passage required no annotation, but Dyce's note shows how the simplest things may be hidden from the wise and prudent. "Heard of," he says, "seems to mean *famous* and to refer either to the battles or to the speaker." Mr. Collier's explanation of the passage is a strange one: "The hero, instantly on the mention of the thrice six battles he has seen, becomes ashamed of his apparent boasting, and adds therefore the qualifying words *not heard of*, meaning that some of the thrice six battles he had not so much seen as heard of." Farmer proposed

battles thrice six
I've seen and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things.

Of course Coriolanus is quizzing the people by affected magniloquence, from which he occasionally lapses into irony. The effect on the people would be to puzzle them, which would be partly Coriolanus's intention. It is perhaps allowable to call attention to the excellent development of this scene. At first Coriolanus is simply cross and speaks shrewdly to the citizens; then he recovers his good temper and is chiefly bored by them; then when they refer to his wounds he becomes angry again and almost resolves to give up the consulship; finally he reflects that as the ceremony is half over he may as well finish it, and for the remainder of the time throws himself into the part with exaggerated oratory.

164. Line 168: *He FLOUTED us downright.*—To flout is said by Prof. Skelton to be merely a peculiar use of *fute*, borrowed from old Dutch, the same verb *fluyten* meaning "to play the flute" and "to jeer." It is a common enough word in Shakespeare and Elizabethan writers generally; e.g. Stephano's song in *The Tempest* (iii. 2. 130-132):

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free

165. Lines 180, 190:

ARRIVING

A place of potency, and sway of the state.

Cf. Julius Caesar, i. 2. 110:

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd;

III. Henry VI. v. 3. 7, 8:

those powers that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast.

So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 409: "Ere he arrive the happy He;" Shelley, *Cyclops*, 668:

Whence coming they arrive the Aeneas hill;

Temnyson's *In Memoriam*, 84: "Arrive at last the blessed goal.

166. Line 199: *As you were fore-advis'd, had TOUCH'd his spirit.*—A metaphor from the touchstone by which gold is tried. Cf. *Timon*, iii. 3. 6:

They have all been touch'd and found base metal.

167. Lines 227, 228:

ENFORCE his pride,

And his old hate unto you.

Enforce has many uses akin to those of *urge*, which has almost replaced it. For this sense of "lay stress upon" cf. Julius Caesar, iii. 2. 42-44: "his glory not extenuated, . . . nor his offences enforced;" and Antony and Cleo-

patra, v. 2. 125: "We will extenuate rather than *enforce*." In iii. 3. 3 of this play the sense is to "press hard:"

Enforce him with his envy to the people

The word is used again further down the same scene, lines 21, 22:

Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

In iii. 2. 51 we have "Why *enforce* you this?"

168. Line 240: "*The house of the Martians* at Rome was of the number of the Patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof *Ancus Martius* was one, King *Numa* daughters sonne, who was King of Rome after *Tullius Hostilius*. Of the same house were *Publius* and *Quintus*, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. *Censorius* also came of that family, that was so surnamed, because the people had chosen him censor twice" (North's *Pintarch*, p. 221).

169. Lines 251, 252:

And [*Censorius*], nobly nam'd so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor.

The bracketed words were added by the Cambridge editors from the passage in North's *Pintarch* quoted above. Something had clearly dropped out of the FF.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

170.—According to *Pintarch* Coriolanus was twice tried before the people, and it was at his first trial that his rough bearing provoked the tumult described in this scene.

171. Line 19: *I wish I had a cause to seek him there.*—Note the dramatic irony. See act iv. scene 4.

172. Line 23: *For they do PRANK them in authority.*—Compare *Mensure for Mensure*, ii. 2. 117, 118:

man, proud man,

Prest in a little brief authority.

But Coriolanus uses a more contemptuous word. Cotgrave gives as the English equivalents of *Ajoller*, "To pranke, tricke up, set out, make fine" (Fr.-Eng. Dict. 1650); and Falsgrave has "I pranke ones goune, I set the pleyghts in order, le mets les piles d'une robe a poynt. Se yonder olde man, his goune is pranked as if he were but a yonge man (Lesclairissement de la langue Francoyse, 1530). Compare Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, l. 4. 14:

Some prancke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire.

and Milton, *Comus*, 759:

Obtruding false rules pranckt in reason's garb.

[So *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 10; *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4. 89.]

173. Line 43: *When earu was given them gratis, you repin'd.*—"But *Martius* standing upon his feet, did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratify the people therein; and called them *people pleasers* and *traitours to the Nobility*" (North's *Pintarch*, p. 228).

174. Line 48: *Cor.*—This is Theobald's emendation of the FF. Com.; and it seems probable, there being no especial reason why *Cominius* should interrupt the dialogue.

175. Line 50: *By yOND clouds.*—Strictly speaking *yond*

Is the adverb of you, as in *Tempest*, l. 2. 400: "say what thou seest *you!*;" but it is often incorrectly used for the adjective, as in *Tempest*, ll. 2. 20: "*you!* some black cloud, *you!* huge one."

176. Lines 68, 69: *This paltering
Becomes not Rome*

Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, ll. 1. 124-126:
what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not *palter!*

Macbeth, v. 8. 19, 20:
be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That *palter* with us in a double sense;
Skenet thinks the original sense was "to haggie over something worthless," from *palter*, rags, a word which must have been in use, though only the derived adjective *paltiv* has been recorded.

177. Line 60: *Decear'd this so dishonour'd rub.*—A metaphor from the game of bowls, in which an impediment was so called; cf. *Henry V.* v. 2. 33:

What *rub* or what impediment there is;
Hamlet, III. 1. 65: "Ay, there's the *rub!*" *King John*, III. 4. 128, 129:
Shall I blow each dust, each straw, each little *rub*,
(out of the path).

178. Line 70: *The cockle of rebellion.*—*Cockle* is a weed in corn; cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. 3. 383: "Sow'd *cockle* rep'd' no corn." "Moreover he said, they nourish'd against themselves the unquiet seed and *cockle* of insobriety and sedition, which had bene sowed and scatter'd abroad amongst the people, which they should have cut off, if they had bene wise, in their growth; and not (to their owne destruction) have suffered the people to establish a magistrate for themselves of so great power and authority" (*North's Plutarch*, p. 229).

179. Line 78: *MEASLES.*—The language of the passage seems too strong for the word to mean what we mean by *measles*. Probably, therefore, it is used for leprosy, *mesell* being the old word for a leper, as when *Wiclif's* version says of *Naaman*: "Forsothe he was a strouge man and riche, but *mesell!*" (4 *Kings* v. 1). Skenet points out that in derivation the words are quite distinct, the former being Dutch, the latter from Latin *misellus*, diminutive of *misere*. But Shakespeare need not have known this. In the passage from *Hamlet* quoted in the following note *letter* is used of the scab of leprosy.

180. Line 79: *Which we disdain'd to tell us.*—Cf. *Hamlet*, l. 5. 71-73:

And a most instant *letter* mark'd about,
Most hazar-like, with vile and basinsome crust
All my smooth body

181. Line 90: "T was FROM the CANON."—T was against rule, illegal. For this use of *from* in the sense of *beyond*, out of, cf. *Julius Cæsar*, l. 3. 35:

Clean *from* the purpose of the things themselves;

Hamlet, III. 2. 22: "for anything so overdone is *from* the purpose of playing;" *Twelfth Night*, l. 5. 201: "But this is *from* my commission." For *canon* see i. 10. 26.

182. Line 91: O *Govin*, but most unwise patricians!—Pope for *Fl. God*.

183. Line 95: *The horn and noise o' the monster.*—He was called *Triton* in line 89, as the trumpeter of the little fishes; here the noisy horn through which *Hydra* bellows. The *Hydra* was a mythical many-headed monster slain by *Heracles*. Other references to it are *Othello*, II. 3. 398: "Had I as many mouths as *Hydra!*;" *Henry IV.* v. 4. 25:

Another king! they grow like *Hydra's* heads;

Henry V. l. 1. 35: "*Hydra*-headed willfulness."

184. Line 98: *Then VAIL your ignorance;* i.e. let your ignorance, which gave it power, bow to the monster. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, l. 1. 28 (of a ship):

Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs.

Cockermu in that most amusing second section of his *English Dictionary* (1613) gives "vail your bonnet" as a fluer phrase for "put off your hat."

185. Lines 100-112:

whens two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

It may be interesting to note here what was the issue of the certainly most revolutionary privilege granted to the plebeians—that of making themselves into a self-governing corporation with officers of their own. In the year 289 the enactments of the plebeians—*plebis scita*—obtained the force of laws; and there were thus two sovereign bodies, the whole Roman People and the Plebeians, each with its own indulters, armed with powers against each other. What happened was that the senate, originally a merely consulting body, gradually superseded both. It is not hard to see how when magistracies were annual, knowledge of affairs, and so responsibility, and so power, should come to rest with a permanent body. And to this body both patricians and plebeians were eligible by serving certain magistracies.

186. Line 113: *Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth,* &c.—"Therefore said he, they that gave counsell and persuaded that the corne should be given out to the common people grat' as they used to do in the cities of Greece, where the : had more absolute power, did but onely nourish th. disobedience, which would breke out in the end, to the utter ruine and overthrow of the whole state. For they will not thinke it is done in recompence of their service past, sithence they know well enough they have so oft refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they have rebelled and forsaken their country: neither for their accusations which their flatterers have preferred unto them, and they have recievd & made good against the Senate: but they will rather judge we give and grant them this as abusing ourselves, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them every way. . . . Yea shall I say more? We should if we were wise take from them the Tribuneship, which most unmanifestly is the embasing of the Consulsip, and the cause of the division of their city. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becometh divided in two factions, which maintaines always chulll dissention and discord between vs, and will

never suffer us again to be united into one lady" (North's Plutarch, p. 257).

187. Line 124: *All cause unborn, could never be the NATIVE.*—Mason conjectured *native*, which gives the right sense. But the word "unborn" preceding makes it probable that *native* is what Shakespeare wrote.

188. Line 131: *How shall this BOSOM MULTIPLIED digest.*—So the Ff. Collier's MS. Corrector reads *bison multitude*. In the Folio (ii. 1. 70) we have *besonne*, the old spelling of *bison*, and the one reading might support the other, as Shakespeare frequently uses an expression once or twice in the same play and not elsewhere; e.g. *to bear (one) hand* occurs only in Julius Caesar, i. 2. 317; ii. 1. 215; iii. 1. 157; *discreant* and *chore* occur each twice in Antony and Cleopatra and not elsewhere. But the Folio reading is not indefensible; cf. King Lear, v. 3. 48:

To pluck the common *bosom* on his side;

II. Henry IV. i. 3. 97, 98:

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton *bosom* of the royal Richard.

If a *bosom* could disgorge it could digest.

189. Lines 151-152:

That LOVE, the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change out!

i.e. whose love for what is really the state outweighs any fear of the revolution that might follow plucking out the multitudinous tongue, abolishing the tribunate.

190. Line 154: *To JUMP a body with a dangerous physic.*—Cf. Macbeth, i. 7. 7: "We'd *jump* (i.e. risk) the life to come." Steevens quotes from Holland's Pliny, xxv. 5, of the use of "Elleboro," "it putteth the Patient to a *jump* or great hazzard." Dyce in his first edition adopted Pope's emendation *caup*; in his second Singer's *iup* (a term in falconry, used in Richard II. ii. 1. 292); but the text is quite good as it stands, and either of these suggested metaphors would be incongruous.

191. Line 165: *What should the people do with these BALD tribunes!*—Mr. Wright quotes from Cotgrave's Fr. Dict.: "Chauve d'esprit. Bauld-spirited: that hath as little wit in, as he hath haire on, his head."

192. Line 191: *SPEAK to the people.*—Added by Tyrwhitt.

193. Line 213: *Bear him to the rock Tarpeian.*—Down which traitors were thrown. See the passage in North's Plutarch, quoted at the end of this scene. The reader interested in Roman antiquities may like to see a story told by Pliny of an attempt made by a tribune to carry out this execution with his own hands, his victim a certain Metellus, who had more reverence for law than Coriolanus, not daring to struggle with the inviolable person of a tribune: "It fortune'd that *Catinius Labeo*, a Tribune or protector of the commons (whome he (i.e. Metellus) beforetime by virtue of his Censorship had displaced out of the Senat) waited his time when he returned about noone from *Mars* field, and seeing no man stirring in the market place nor about the Capitoll, tooke him away perforce to the cliffe Tarpeius, with a full purpose to pitch him downe headlong from thence, and to breake his necke. A number came running about him of that crew and company, which was wont to salute him by the name

of Father; but . . . to make resistance and withstand perforce the Tribune, armed with his sacrosanct and inviolable authority, they had no warrant by law; in so much as he was like to have perished had there not bene one Tribune of ten found, hardly and with much ado to step betwene, and oppose himselfe against his colleague and so by good hap rescued him out of his clutches, and saved him as it were at the very pits brink" (Holland's Pliny, vii. 43).

194. Line 231: *Cor. Stand fast.*—The Ff. give this speech to Cominius; Pope substituted Coriolanus, and I think rightly; because in line 245 Cominius says:

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic.

Contrariwise line 237

Come, sir, along with us

is given by the Ff. to Coriolanus.

195. Lines 238-240:

*I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not,
Though call'd? the porch o' the Capitoll.*

The Ff. give this as well as what follows to Menenius, and Knight approves; but if so, the next line as addressed to Coriolanus,

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue,

is pointless, for Coriolanus has said nothing. The correction is Tyrwhitt's.

196. Line 242: *One time will owe another.*—Yielding to-day will owe us a victory to-morrow.

197. Line 248: *Before the TAG return.*—A *tag* is a point of metal at the end of a lace: "tag and rag" means therefore every appendage and shred; a name for the rabble; and "the tag" is an abbreviation of this. Compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 290: "If the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiss him, . . . I am no true man."

198. Lines 275, 276:

*Do not CRY HAVOC where you should but hmt
With unlost warrant.*

To *cry havoc* was to give the signal for indiscriminate slaughter. "That you may be so hardy to *cry havoc* upon payne of hie that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore" (Henry VIII. Statutes of Warre, quoted in Todd's Johnson). See King John, ii. 1. 357:

Cry "havoc," kings! back to the stained field;

Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 270-273:

And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war

Compare The Martyred Souldier (i. 1):

'T was this sword was sheath'd

In panting bosomes both of young and old:
Fathers, sonnes, mothers, virgins, wives and widowes:
Like death I *havocke* cried so long till I
Had left no monuments of life or buildings
But these poor ruins.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 133.

Skeat suggests that *cry havoc* was a popular exclamation like "ware the hawk," *havoc* being the O. E. *hafaec*, a hawk, and that the phrase was preserved in its military sense when the original meaning was forgotten.

199. Line 304: *This is CLEAN KAM.*—*Kam* is a Celtic word, meaning crooked; familiar as the name of the river

upon which Cambridge stands. It is not found in English literature, says Dr. Murray, before the 16th century, though the derived form *canamed* is in the Promptorium Parvulorum. Johnson defines *canai* *kanai* as "crooked, athwart, awry, cross from the purpose." The expression is quoted from Tomson, Calvin's Sermon. Timothy 909.1 (1579): "We speake in good earnest, and meane not to say, walk on, behave yourselues manfully; and go *canai* *kanai* ourselues like Creusises." Cotgrave explains *Tout ca à contrepoid* by "all goes quite *kanime*." Cf. the phrase *a-kinbo*, and *kin-kan* in Staunhurst's Virgil (1582): "The wavering commons in *kin-kan* sectes are hurled;" a version of "Scinditur interea studia in contraria vulgus;" also *canoek*, a crooked shrub. "But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a *canoek*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn" (Lilly's Eudymion (1591), both quoted by Steevens).

200. Line 322: *In bolted language*.—For the metaphor cf. Henry V. ii. 2. 137:

Such and so finely *bolted* didst thou seem.

To bolt was to sift; a *bolter*, in I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 81, is a sieve; a *bolting-hatch* in the same play, ii. 4. 495, the tub into which the meal is sifted.

201.—With the latter part of this scene may be compared the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch (p. 230): "This stirred coales among the people, who were in wonderfull furie at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him, that they could hold no longer. Whereupon Sicinius the earnestest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce in the face of all the people Martins as condemned by the Tribunes to die. Then presently he commanded the Tribunes to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rocke Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the Ediles came to lay hands upon Martins, . . . the noblemen being much troubled to see so much force and rigour used began to cry aloud, *Helpe Martins*: so those that laid hands on him being repulsed, they compassed him in round among themselves and some of them holding vp their hands to the people besought them not to handle him thus cruelly. . . . Then Sicinius bethinking himself a little did aske the Patricians for what cause they tooke Martins out of the officers' hands that went to do execution? The Patricians asked him againe why they would of themselves so cruelly and wickedly put to death so noble and valliant a Roman, and that without law and justice? Well then, said Sicinius, if that be the matter, let there be no quarrel or disension against the people, for they do grant your demand that his cause be heard according to law."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

202. Line 5: *Behov* the BEAM of sight.—Cf. Merry Wives, i. 3. 68: "sometimes the *beam* of her view guided my foot."

203. Line 9: *avollew* *casats*.—For the same contempt of coarse clothing of. Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 79, "hempen home-spuns."

204. Line 21: *The THWARTINGS of your disposition*.—Theobald's emendation of the *Fl. things of*; Rowe having previously read "the things that thwart your disposition."

205. Line 24: *Ay, and burn too*.—The *Fl.* give this speech to Volumnia; the Cambridge editors to a Patrician; Dyce remarks: "Whoever recollects Mrs. Siddons in this scene will, I am sure, allow that the words seemed to come quite naturally from the lips of Volumnia as a sudden spirit of contempt for that rabble whom, however, she saw the necessity of her son's endeavouring to conciliate."

206. Line 32: *to th' BEER*.—Theobald's correction of the *Fl. heart*.

207. Lines 52-57.—In the *Fl.* the lines stand thus:

Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people?
Not by your owne instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your hosomes truth.

The arrangement in the text is Malone's; it is probable that there is more or less corruption here.

208. Line 52: *Because that now it LIES YOU ON*.—Cf. Richard II. ii. 3. 138: "It stands your grace upon;" Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 1. 50, 51:

Our lives upon; It only stands
Richard III. iv. 2. 57:

About it; for it stands me much upon.

209. Lines 55, 56:

*But with such words that ave but RATED in
Your tongue, THOUGH BUT bastards, and syllables.*

The *Fl.* read *roated*; i. e. learned by rote. Wedgwood quotes *to rote*, meaning to hum a tune, from Dryden; else the verb is not found. Johnson conjectured *roated*. In the second line Dr. Badham proposed to read "thoughts bastards and but syllables."

210. Line 74: *HERE BE WITH THEM*.—*To be with* a person seems to mean to get hold of him, satisfy him; and "here be with them" means "make a point of this humility so as to get hold of them." Stannion quotes from Bromé's Joyful Crew, li. 1 of a beggar begging lameness: "Here I was with him [*Halte*]."

211. Lines 78, 79:

WHICH often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry.

Many emendations of this passage have been suggested; perhaps the best is Mason's "*Be* humble." Johnson proposed "*With* often;" Capell, "*And* often;" Stannion, "*While* often;" others, as Delius, take *humble* as a verb. For *stout*, in the sense of proud, cf. II. Henry VI. i. 1. 187:

As *stout* and proud as he were lord of all;

and Twelfth Night, li. 5. 185, 186: "I will be strange, *stout*, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd;" and see lines 125-127 below:

et
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous *stoutness*,

where the stress, as Schmidt points out, is on *feel* and *fear*; *stoutness* and *pride* being identical.

212. Line 80: *SAY to them*.—Hammer's correction of the *Fl. or say*.

213. Line 99: *Must I go show them my unbarb'd scowes?*—*Barbes*, or more correctly *barbes* (but Catgrave gives *Barbes* as the English equivalent of the French *Barbes*) were trappings for horses; "the general name for the several pieces of defensive armour with which the horses of knights were covered in war; also the ornaments and housings of horses in peace or at tournaments" (Nares). So in Richard III. i. 1. 10 we have "*barbed steeds*." "The corruption *barbed*," says Nares, "was in more common use than the proper word *barbed*;" the latter has been revived by Browning in his poem of James Lee: "a war-horse *barbed* and chanfroned too." *Scowes* was originally a bulwark, and so was applied to the skull as the armour of the brain. It is frequent as a familiar word for the head, as here. Cf. Comedy of Errors, 1. 2. 79: "I shall break that merry *scowes* of yours." In ii. 2. 37 of the same play it is used with a quibble on the two senses: "an you use these blows long, I must get a *scowes* for my head."

214. Line 115: *That habes LULLS asleep*.—Ff. *lull*, which may be what Shakespeare wrote, the verb having a tendency to agree in number with the nearest noun. Cf. Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 33:

The posture of your blows *are* yet unknown.

Hamlet, i. 2. 37, 38:

more than the scope
Of these delated articles *allow*.

215. Lines 125-127:

let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness.

That is, let me feel at once the final effects of thy pride, in the ruin it will bring on us, than live always in fear of it. See note 211.

216. Lines 130, 137:

Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I the way of flattery further.

For the dramatic irony cf. note 171.

217. Line 142: THE WORD is "*mildly*."—Cf. Julius Cæsar, v. 5. 4: "slaying is *the word*;" Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 58: "*cover is the word*."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

218. Line 1.—According to Plutarch, the Tribunes having charged Coriolanus in the senate with aspiring to be king, he promised to come and stand his trial before the people, if they limited their charges to this one accusation: "that his actions tended to usurp tyrannical power." But when the Tribunes saw they could not prove this, "they beganne to broach afresh the former words that Martins had spoken in the Senate in hindering the distribution of the corn at meane price to the common people, and persuading also to take the office of Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged him anew, that he had not made the common distribution of the spoile he had gotten in the invading the territories of the Antiates" (p. 231). Marcius had distributed it only among those who had gone with him on the expedition.

219. Lines 10, 11:

Set down by the poll? . . .
Have you collected them by tribes?

The point of this arrangement is lost upon the reader unacquainted with the passage in North's Plutarch on which it is based: "The Tribunes would in any case (whatsoever became of it) that the people should proceed to give their voices *by Tribes* and not by hundreds; for by this means the multitude of the poore needie people (and all such rabble as had nothing to lose and had lesse regard of honesty before their eyes) came to be of greater force (*because their voices were numbered by the polle*) than the noble honest citizeas whose persons and purse did dutifully serve the common wealth in their warres" (p. 231). The sentence "*because . . . polle*" is not in the Greek, and it is not a correct explanation of the tribunes' preference for voting by tribes. In the case of both *centuries* and *tribes* voting was by poll, till the vote of a century or tribe was arrived at, and then the vote of century or tribe was given as a single one. Without going into questions of Roman constitutional history, it will be sufficient to say that in the assembly by centuries (*comitia centuriata*) the preponderance was given to property. It is more important to notice how carefully Shakespeare follows North, taking from him any details which may give life to the narrative.

220. Lines 26, 27:

to have his worth

Of contradiction,

if it be the true reading, must mean, "to have his worth out of contradiction;" i.e., as Dyce says, "to have his pennyworth in a dispute," to get quite his full share of a bargain, to give as good as he gets.

221. Line 36: *THROG our large temples*.—Theobald's correction of Ff. *through*.

222. Line 55: *His vougher ACCENTS*.—Theobald for Ff. *Actions*.

223. Line 110: *I have been consul, and can show FOR Rome*.—Theobald, correction of Ff. *from*.

224. Line 120: *You common cry of curs!*—Cf. iv. 6. 148: "you and your cry." A cry was a pack of hounds, so called from their "giving mouth." Cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 124-131:

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sandel'd, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crock-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but watch'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

225. Line 130: *Making BUT reservation of yourselves*.—That is, banishing all your defenders till you alone are left, who are your own foes. Capell conjectured *not*, which many editors adopt. A similar doubt occurs about a passage in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 278, 279:

Repent *not* you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt,

where the F. reads *not*, and both Quartos *but*.

226. Lines 131, 132:

deliver you, as most

ABATED captives.

Steevens quotes from Arthur Hall's translation of the Seventh Illad:

Th' *abated* mindes, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my heeres.

Compare Jeremy Taylor, Sermons, l. ix. 104: "They were abated with humane infirmities, and not at all heightened by the Spirit; Parlatins, l. 89 (1601): "Which so revived the abated hearts of the Thessalians" (Murray's Dictionary).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

227. Line 4: *To say* EXTREMITY was the *trier of spirits*.—F. 1 reads *extremities*; corrected in F. 2.

228. Line 5.—Steevens quotes from Troilus and Cressida, l. 3. 33-37:

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

229. Lines 7-9:

fortune's blows,

*When most struck home, being GENTLE WOUNDED, craves
A noble cunning.*

So FF. And the sense is clear, though the syntax is vicious: "To bear fortune's shrewdest blows gently, when you are wounded by them, craves," &c. The verb *craves* has practically two subjects, "fortune's blows" and "to be gentle when wounded." Various emendations have been proposed, such as Pope's *gently awarded*, Collier's MS. Corrector's *gentle-minded*, but they are unnecessary.

230. Line 11: *Now the red pestilence, &c.*—Compare Tempest, l. 2. 364, 365:

The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

231. Line 14: *And OCCUPATIONS perish!*—For *occupation*, in the sense of a trade, cf. iv. 6. 97: "the voice of *occupation*;" Tempest, ii. 1. 154: (in Gonzago's commonwealth there was to be)

No occupation, all men idle, all;

and the use of "occupy" in Ezekiel xxvii. 16; "they occupied in thy fairs;" St. Luke xii. 13: "*Occupy* till I come."

232. Line 33: *With CAUTELOUS baits and practice.*—*Cautelous* is from the Roman law-term *cautela*, a security. Bullock explains it "warle, circumspect" (English Expositor, p. 100). A knack well explains it as "cautious and wary to the point of cowardice, if not to that of trickery." It bears in Shakespeare both these meanings of *cautious* and *shifty*; and in Julius Cesar, ii. 1. 129,

Swear priests and cowards and men *cautulous*,

the meanings are combined. In Hamlet, i. 3. 15 the noun *cautel* occurs.

233. Line 36: *More than a wild EXPOSTURE.*—*Exposture*, which the FF. read, may be defended by the analogy of *imposture*, and *composture* (Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 444).

234. Line 49: *My friends of noble TOUCH; i.e. tried by the touchstone and proved noble.*—Cf. Pericles, ii. 2. 37: "gold that's by the *touchstone* tried." Richard III. iv. 2. 8, 9:

Ah, B... ningham, now do I play the *touch*.
To try if thou be current gold indeed.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

235. Line 16: *Are you MANKIND? i.e. are you masculine?* Cf. Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 67: "A *mankind* witch;" Fletcher's Woman Hater, iii. 1: "Are women grown so *mankind*? must they be wooing?" Lilly's Woman in the Moon, ii. 1:

"What is my mistress *mankind* on the sudden?" Jonson calls Pallas "*mankind* maid" (Preludium, Forest x.). Hence the word acquired the sense of *fierce*, and was commonly used of wild beasts; thus in Cotgrave's Fr. Diet. "*manticore*" is explained as "a ravenous and *mankind* Indian beast." Volunmia intentionally misunderstands Sicinius, and asks if he, being a fox, thinks it shameful to be human.

236. Line 18: *Hadst thou FOXSHIP.*—The fox was typical of ingratitude. Cf. King Lear, iii. 6. 24: "Now, you she-foxes!" iii. 7. 28: "Ingrateful fox! 'tis he."

237. Lines 23, 24:

I would my son

Were in Arabia.

Cf. Macbeth, iii. 4. 104: "dare me to the *desert* with thy sword;" and Cymbeline, i. 1. 167:

I would they were in *Africa* both together.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

238. Line 9: *your favour is well APPEAR'D by your tongue.*—The sense required is, "your identity is made more apparent by your tongue," "your face is helped by your tongue;" the Volsee combines these into "your favour (*i.e.* face) is well appeared (or made apparent) by your tongue." But as this transitive use of *appear* is unsupported, it may be a misprint. Steevens conjectured *appeared*, but this misses the sense.

239. Line 49: *in the entertainment.*—For *entertain*, in the sense of "engage," cf. Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 3. 10, 11: "I will *entertain* Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap;" and of soldiers, Julius Cesar, v. 5. 60:

All that serv'd Brutus, I will *entertain* them.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

240. Line 6: Stage-direction.—"It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him" (North's Pintarch, p. 232).

241. Line 12: *O world, thy slippery turns!*—Notice in this speech how characteristically Coriolanus treats his alliance with Aufidius as nothing but a private concern. He has left old friends for new, that is all. The state is but his "birth-place."

242. Line 14: *whose bed.*—See note 142.

243. Line 21: *Some TRICK not worth an egg.*—For *trick* in the sense of a trifle, plaything, cf. Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 66, 67:

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a *trick*, a baby's cap.

Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 50-52:

Remain a pinch'd thing: yea, a very *trick*
For them to play at will.

244. Line 23: *My birth-place HATE I.*—Capell for FF. *hate*.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

245.—"So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him downe, and spake not a

word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him woudred what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For a favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majestic in his countenance, and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man" (North's Plutarch, p. 232).

246. Line 14: COMPANIONS.—So v. 2. 65: "Now, you *companion*;" Julius Cesar, iv. 3. 138: "*Companion*, hence!" Craik in his note on that passage (The English of Shakespeare, p. 305) remarks: "The notion originally involved in companionship would appear to have been rather that of inferiority than of equality. A *companion* (or *comes*) was an attendant. The *Comites* of the imperial court, whence our modern Counts or Earls, were certainly not regarded as the equals of the Emperor, any more than a *Companion* to a lady is now looked upon as the equal of her mistress." He quotes an instance of the use of the word in the contemptuous sense, like our modern *fellow*, from so late a writer as Smollett: "The young ladies who thought themselves too much concerned to contain themselves any longer, set up their throats all together against my protector, 'Scoury *companion*! Sancy turpaulin! Rude impertinent fellow!'" (Roderick Random, 1748).

247. Line 25: Pray you AVOID the house.—See below, Line 34: "*pray you avoid*." To avoid in modern English means to shun or evade; it formerly meant also to empty and to expel; and intransitively, to withdraw, as here. Compare Coverdale's version of S. Matthew xvi. 23: "*Avoid* from me, Sathan;" and the A.V. of 1 Samuel xviii. 11: "*David avoided* out of his presence."

248. Line 35: BATTEN ON *odd bits*.—To batten is to thrive. Compare Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, ii. 3. 21: "It makes her fat, you see. She *battens* with it." Afterwards it came to mean to feed gluttonously, as here, and Hamlet, iii. 4. 66, 67:

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And *batten* on this moor?

Milton uses the word in an active sense, Lycidas, 29:
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

249. Line 39: AND I shall.—For this use of *and* in replies, cf. Julius Cesar, i. 2. 304-307:

Cass. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit.

Bru. And so it is;

and see other examples collected in Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 97.

250. Line 48: Then thou dwellest with daws too?—Parrots and jacksnaws from their powers of thoughtless speech are often used as types of foolish persons. Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 4. 18: "I am no wiser than a daw." In Ben Jonson's Silent Woman there is a foolish knight called Sir John Daw.

251. Line 60.—These speeches of Coriolanus are closely versified from North's Plutarch. The first four lines were arranged as verse by Stevens; they are printed in the Folios as prose. "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessitie bewray my selfe to

be that I am. I am Caius Martins, who hath done to thy selfe particularly, and to all the Volsees generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of *Coriolanus* that I beare. For I neuer had other benefite nor recompence of the true and painfull service I haue done, and the extreme dangers I haue bene in, but this onely surname: a good memorie and witnesse of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst beare me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me; for the rest, the emie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harth, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my selfe in hazard: but prickt forward with desire to be reuenged of them that thus haue banished me, which now I do beginne, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, speed thee now, & let my misery serue thy turne, & so use it, as my service may be a benefite to the Volsees: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you then I did whē I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of the enemy then such as haue neuer proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearie to prone fortune any more, then am I also wearie to liue any longer. And it were no wisdome in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemy, and whose seruice now can nothing help nor pleasure thee" (p. 232).

252. Line 114: My GRAINED ash.—Grained must mean showing the grain of the wood, an epithet implying strength, and perhaps also roughness. Compare A Lover's Complaint, 64:

So slides he down upon his *grained* bat.

253. Line 115: AND SCARR'D the moon with splinters.—Delius compares, for the hyperbole, Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 92: "the ship *boring* the moon with her main-mast." Rowe unnecessarily conjectured *scar'd*.

254. Line 116: The avill of my sword.—In Hamlet, ii. 2. 511-514, the metaphor is expanded into a simile:

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

255. Line 137: Like a bold fould O'ER-BEAR.—Rowe's correction of *he ff. o'erbeat*. Compare iii. 1. 248-250:

whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and *o'erbeat*
What they are us'd to beare;

and Othello, i. 3. 55, 56:

for my particular grief
Is of so *food-gate* and *o'erbearing* nature.

256. Line 142: Therefore, most ABSOLUTE sir.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 117: "most *absolute* lord;" Hamlet, v. 2. 111: "an *absolute* gentleman." *Absolute* was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as we

should use *perfect*. "It is not to any man given," says Feltham (Resolves, 1677, l. 26, 46) "*absolutely* to be *absolute*;" and Lyly speaks of a young man as "so *absolute* as that nothing may be added to his further perfection" (Euphues, 123, ed. 1579).

257. Line 171: *you wot on*.—Dyce for *Fi. one*.

258. Line 197: *He was too hard for him* DIRECTLY.—Besides its regular senses of "in a straight line," and, by a metaphor, "straightforwardly," *directly* seems sometimes used for "manifestly," as in *Othello*, ii. 1. 221: "Desdemona is *directly* in love with him."

259. Line 199: *like a CARBONADO*.—A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut crosswise for broiling. *Carbonado* is Englished by Cotgrave as "a carbonadoe, a rasher on the coales, also a slash over the face which fetcheth the flesh with it." Compare *King Lear*, ii. 2. 41: "draw, you rogue, or I'll so *carbonado* your shanks;" *I. Henry IV.* v. 3. 59-62, where Falstaff says, "if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a *carbonado* of me." Compare Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, part i. iv. 4. 44 (Ballen's ed. i. 79): "I will make thee slice the brawns of thy armies into *carbonadoes* and eat them."

260. Line 201: *he might have BROIL'D and eaten him too*.—Pope for *Fi. boyled*. See previous note.

261. Line 213: *SOWL the porter of Rome gates* BY THE EARS.—*To sowle by the ears*. "Aures summa vi vellere" (Coles Lat. Dict.). Steevens quotes from Heywood's *Love's Mistress*, iv. 1:

Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this;

and Tyrwhitt quotes from Stratford's *Letters* (ii. 149): "A lieutenant *sowled* him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room." Dyce quotes from Moor's *Suffolk Words*: "*Sowle*. To seize a swine by the ear. 'Woul 'a sowle a hog?' is a frequent inquiry into the qualifications of a dog."

262. Line 215: *poll'd*.—A *poll* is a head; to "*poll* the head" is to clip it round. The word is used, in this sense, of Absalom, in the A. V. of 2 Samuel xiv. 26. Cf. *pollard*, a tree *poll'd* or clipped. The present passage shows how from this the meaning passed to that of "plunder, strip bare;" in which sense it is commonly found with *pill*, as in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, v. 2. 6:

Which *polls* and *pills* the poore in piteous wise.

263. Line 222: *directitude*.—Malone conjectured *discreditute*, but that would have been near enough to sense for the other servant to understand.

264. Line 237: *it's spritely, waking*.—The *Fi.* read *sprightly-walking*, but the antithesis "sleepy, insensible" favours "spritely, waking," which Pope first suggested.

265. Line 238: *full of vent*.—A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, suggests that *vent* is here a hunting term. "When the hound *vents* anything, he pauses to verify the scent, and then full of eager excitement strains in the leash to be after the game. . . . To strain at the lym or leash 'upon good vent' is in Shakespeare's phrase to be 'full of vent,' or in other words keenly excited, full of pluck and courage." Mr. Aldis Wright, however,

points out that the epithets of peace and war in this passage correspond in an inverse order, *insensible to spritely, sleepy to waking, deaf to audible*, and so probably *muzzled to full of vent*. The expression, therefore, he suggests, "must be descriptive of something in wine which is the opposite to that conveyed by *muzzled*;" and as *muzzled* signifies flat, insipid, *full of vent* would seem to be either effervescent, working ready to burst the ensk, or full of scent." The former suggestion seems much the better of the two; for there is no proof that *vent* ever means "scent," unless as a hunting term; and the sense of "effervescent" arises easily from the ordinary meaning of the word; as we might now say "full of go."

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

266. Lines 2, 3:

*His remedies are tame r' the present peace
And quietness of the people.*

The preposition was inserted by Theobald. Johnson proposed

His remedies are ta'en, the present peace, &c.;

that is, the remedies against him are taken, namely the present peace, &c.; but this is a forced construction. If the text be not corrupt, which seems probable, *his remedies* must mean "his means of redress or recall."

267. Line 12: *Brn. Hail, sir!*—The repetition of this phrase was made by Capell; who also added *sir* in the line following, and arranged the passage as verse, which runs on in the *Fi.* as prose.

268. Line 58: *some news is come*.—Rowe's correction of the *Fi.* *coming*.

269. Line 72: *He and Aufidius can no more ATONE*.—Usually *to atone* means to "set at one," but the intransitive sense is found also in *As You Like It*, v. 4. 114-116:

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

The verb arose in the 16th century from the adverb *at-one* (then pronounced as it is spelt), used as in the A. V. of Acts vii. 26: "and would have set them *at one* again."

270. Line 87: *Into an auger's bore*; i.e. within narrow limits. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 128, 129:

What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an *auger-hole*, may rush, and seize us?

271. Line 94.—"Write or at least pronounce *butterflies*" (on account of flies in the next line). Drayton. *Muses Elyshum*, viii.:

'Of flies shall the pillows be
With down stuff of the *butterflies*."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* iii. 212, quoted by Dyce.

272. Lines 112-114:

*they chary'd livin even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein should like enemies.*

"Their *charge* or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs, and make them *show like enemies*" (Johnson). See note 135.

273. Line 117: *You've made fair hands*.—Cf. *Henry*

VIII. v. 4. 74: "Ye have made a *fine haul*, fellows;" i. e. a fine piece of work.

274. Line 125: *obeys his POINTS*.—"A *point of war*" was an order given by a trumpet. Cf. II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52: (Turning) Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine,
To a loud trumpet and a *point of war*.

Peele, Edward I. scene 1. 108 (ed. Bullen, vol. i. p. 91):
Sound proudly here a perfect *point of war*.

ACT IV. SCENE 7.

275. Line 13: *I mean for your PARTICULAR*.—That is, for your own person. Cf. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 9, 10:
Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my *particular*;

and King Lear, ii. 4. 295, 296:
For his *particular*, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

276. Line 15: *HAD borne the action of yourself*.—Malone for *FI. haue*.

277. Lines 34, 35:
As is the OSPREY to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature.

FI. Aspray. Fish were supposed to be fascinated by the osprey, and to surrender themselves. Cf. Peele's Battle of Alcazar, ii. 3 (ed. Bullen, vol. ii. p. 254):

I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,
That, as she fliech over fish in pools,
The fish shall turn their glittering bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all;

and Drayton's Polyolbion, song xxv.:

The *osprey* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.

There is a chapter upon the *osprey* in Holland's Pliny, x. 3, but no reference to this popular belief.

278. Line 37: *whether 't was pride*, &c.—"Anfilus assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war" (Johnson).

279. Lines 48, 49:
but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.

It may mean *detractum*, or some such idea supplied from *lated*. If it refers to "banishment," the sense must be "which ought to have choked it in the utterance." Staunton thinks there is a lacuna after *banish'd*.

280. Lines 49, 50:
So our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time.

This may mean either "virtues are not virtues unless acknowledged to be such by our contemporaries;" or more probably, "our virtues become vices if they are mistimed."

Coriolanus's soldier-like virtues become vices when he recognized no distinction between what was appropriate to war and peace.

281. Lines 51-53:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

That is, "Power, when it is entirely self-satisfied, finds, in general, no readier grave than the right of praising itself." *Chair* seems to mean magistrate's chair, and so "authority." Singer proposed *hair*; Collier's MS. Corrector *cheer*. The sense of the passage is that power may lose itself by being boastful; but there is very probably some corruption of the text.

282. Line 54: *One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail*.—For these common metaphors cf. Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. 4. 192, 193:

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;

Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 171:
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity;

King John, iii. 1. 277, 278:
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd;

Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 46-49:

Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

283. Line 55: *Rights by rights FALTER*.—Dyce's emendation of the *FI. fowler*. If *falter* be read, it must be construed with the verb at the end of the line, and the sentence may be taken to mean, according to Mr. Wright, "Just titles have to yield to those that are worse in point of law." But the principle laid down is more general than this: "one nail drives out another," not "a worse nail drives out a better;" we have therefore adopted Dyce's correction. Malone conjectured *founder*.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

284. Line 3: *In a most dear particular*.—There seems some quibble intended on *general* in the preceding line.

285. Line 6: *any, if he coy'd*.—To be *coy* means now to be modest; it used to mean to be disdainful. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. 1. 29, 30:

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs;

this is the meaning of Herrick's advice in his poem to the Virgins (Hesperides, xciii.):

Then be not *coy*, but use your time.

286. Line 16: *A pair of tribunes that have RACKED FOR Rome*.—*FI. wracked*. Hammer suggested *fair*. To *rack* is found transitively in Shakespeare in the sense of to stretch, as in Merchant of Venice, I. 1. 180, 181:

Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be *rack'd*, even to the uttermost.

And it may be a sufficient account of the verb in this passage to say that it is used reflectively, in the sense of to strain: "a pair of tribunes that have strained every nerve." It is not at all impossible, however, that Steevens

may be right in taking the metaphor to be from a "racking steward." That expression occurs in a passage of Sidney's *Arcadia* quoted by Richardson: "The court of affection, held by that *racking steward*, remembrance;" we still speak of "rack-rents." Steevens' interpretation is as follows: "You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expense of coals."

287. Line 20: *It was a BARE petition of a state.*—Dyce *care*. Does a bare petition mean a "bare-faced," or an "empty-handed" petition?

288. Line 49: *And HUM at good Cominius.*—Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 6. 41, 42:

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums;

I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 158, 159:

I cried "*hum*," and "*well, go to*,"
But mark'd him not a word.

Palsgrave (*Lesclaircissement de la langue Francoyse*, 1530) has, "I *humme*, I make a noyse like one that lysteth not speake, *je fays du muet*."

289. Lines 61, 62:

*Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.*

Mason and Collier's MS. Corrector read *you*. But the idea is the same as in Julius *Cesar*, v. 1. 123-126:

O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it so falleth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

290. Line 63: *I tell you, he does sit in gold.*—Cf. North's *Pintarch*, p. 236: "The ambassadors that were sent were Martins familiar friends and acquaintances who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing lesse; for at their coming they were brought through the campe, to the place where he was set *in his chaire of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable maiesty*, hauing the chiefest men of the Volsces about him."

291. Line 69: *Bonded with an oath to yield to his conditions.*—The desired meaning is that Coriolanus was bonded by an oath to the Volscians to impose certain conditions, or to make the Romans yield to his conditions; but it must be confessed that the text does not say this. Or the meaning may be that the *message* was affirmed by an oath, viz. that his conditions must be yielded to. Various punctuations have been proposed, and numerous emendations, none of them satisfactory.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

292. Line 10: *lots to blanks* is a diluent phrase. The sense required is "a dead certainty;" Menenius must mean therefore "as sure as lots are better than blanks."

293. Line 14: *They general is my LOVER.*—*Lover* was formerly used in a wider signification than now. Compare Brutus's address "Romans, countrymen, and *lovers*," with Antony's "*Friends, Romans, countrymen*" (*Julius*

Cesar, iii. 2. 13, 75); the meaning is of course the same in either case.

294. Line 17: *For I have ever VERIFIED my friends.*—Can this be a coinage of Menenius like *conspicuities* (ii. 1. 70), *filina'd* (ii. 1. 143), as if it were *very-ly* in the sense of *magnify*, with a play on *very* below? This clearly is the meaning intended. Hammer reads *magnified*, Letterson *amplified*.

295. Line 20: *Like to a bowl upon a SUBTLE ground.*—Steevens compares Ben Jonson, *Chlorida*: "Tityns's breast, that is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus." *Subtle* must mean diluent or deceptive on account of the slope.

296. Line 45: *EASY groans.*—Collier's MS. Corrector, *queasy*; Staunton, *weezy*.

297. Line 65: *I'll say an ERRAND for you.*—*Errand*, though the word is elsewhere spelt *errand*. The meaning may be: "I shall tell a tale about you," or "I predict you will be sent on an errand," or "I will deliver a message in spite of you."

298. Line 67: *A Jack guardant cannot office me.*—We still speak of a "Jack in office." *Jack* was a common title of contempt. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 186: "do you play the flouting Jack!" Tanning of the Shrew, ii. 1. 159:
she did call me "rascal fiddler,"

And "twangling Jack;

299:

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack.

For *guardant* compare I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 9:

But when my angry *guardant* stood alone;

and *dotant* above in line 47.

299. Line 69: *guess, but BY my entertainment.*—*By* was added by Malone.

300. Line 92: *Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison.*—That is, forgetfulness shall kill the recollection. Theobald conjectured *prison*.

301. Line 93: *Than pity note how much.* *Therefore, be gone.*—Pointed as by Theobald: for the Ft., "Then pity: Note how much, therefore."

ACT V. SCENE 3.

302. Line 38.—*By eyes* Coriolanus means "disposition." *Virgilia* wilfully misunderstands, and takes *eyes* in its literal sense, saying that the change is not in her husband's eyes, but in the appearance she and Volturnus present so dressed in mourning.

303. Line 41: *I have forgot my part, and I am out.*—Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 172:

They do not mark me, and that brings me out;

and *As You Like It*, iv. 1. 76: "Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit."

304. Line 46: *Now, by the jealous queen of heaven.*—Cf. *Pericles*, ii. 3. 30:

By *Juno*, that is queen of marriage.

305. Line 48: *You gods! I PRATE.*—Theobald for Ft. *pray*.

306. Line 58: *Then let the pebbles on the HUNGRY beach.*—Malone *angry*. *Hungry* has been explained to mean

either "sterile," or "hungry for shipwrecks," probably the former.

307. Line 61: *Murdering impossibility.*—Coriolanus says: "If you kneel to me, nothing any more must be impossible."

308. Line 64: *The noble sister of Publicola.*—"The greatest ladies were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolin, among which troupe by name was *Valeria, Publicolæ ora sister.* . . . Valeria was greatly honoured and reuerenced among all the Romans: and did so modestly and wisely behaue her selfe, that she did not shame nor dishonour the house she came of" (North's Plutarch, p. 238).

309. Line 74: *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flate.*—*Sea-mark* occurs once more, in *Othello*, v. 2. 267, 268:

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very *sea-mark* of my utmost sail.

Compare Sonnet exl. 5, 6:

O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

"A *flaw* of wind is a gust which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth" (Smith's Sea Grammar, 1827, p. 46, quoted by Dyce). Cotgrave has "*Tourbillon de rent*, a whirlwind, also a gust, *flaw*, berrie, sudden blast, or boisterous tempest of wind." Compare *Venus* and *Adonis*, 456:

Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds.

310. Lines 82, 83:

CAPITULATE
Again with *Rome's* *neechities*.

To *capitulate* in modern English is to "make terms of surrender;" formerly it meant to arrange or propose terms of any sort. Compare Lodge, "A peace lately *capitulated* betwix Dagobert, King of France and Gruiwald" (Wul. Longbeard, F. ii. b. 1583); Baxter: Call to the Unconverted, p. 247 (1689): "think not to *capitulate* with Christ, and divide your heart between him and the world" (Murray's Diet.).

311. Line 94.—Volturnus's speech in Plutarch is as follows: "If we held our peace (my some) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easily becray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more vnfortunate then all the women living, we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spightfull fortune had made most fearefull to vs: making my selfe to see my some, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country: so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thing which plungeth vs into most deepe perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also: but a world of grieuous curses, yea more then any mortall enemy can heape vpon vs, are forcibly wrapt vp in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forgo one of the two: either to lose the person of thy self, or the nurse

of their native country. For my selfe (my some) I am determined not to tary, till fortune in my life time do make an end of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to do good unto both parties then to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring lone and nature before the mallice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my some, and trust vnto it, thou shalt see sooner avenge forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall treade vpon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not deferre to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his naturall countrymen, or that he himselfe do triumph of them and of his naturall country. For if it were so, that my request tended to save thy country, in destroying the Volscs, I must confess, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy naturall country, it is altogether vnnecesse and vnlawfull, so were it not lust, and lesse honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my onely demand consisteth, to make a galle-delivery of all euils, which deliuereth equall benefite and safety, both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volscs. For it shall appeare, that hauing victory in their hands, they haue of specciall fauour granted vs singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves haue no lesse part of both then we. Of which good, if so it came to passe, thy selfe is the onely author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it falle, and fall out contrary thy self alone shalt deservently carry the shamefull reproch and burthen of either party. So, though the end of war be euill, yet this notwithstanding is most certain, that if it be thy choice to conguer, this beaefite shalt thou reape of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to reuenge thy priuate injuries, thou hast for ever vadone thy good friends, who did most longingly and courteously receive thee. . . . My some, why doest thou not answer me? doest thou think it good altogether to giue place vnto thy choler and desire of reuenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request, in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honorable for a noble man, to remember the wrongs and iniuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest noble man's part, to be thankfull for the goodnes that parents do shew to their children, acknowledging the duty and reuerence they ought to beare vnto them? No man living is more bound to shew himselfe thankfull in all parts and respects then thy self: who so vniversally shewest all ingratitude. Moreover, (my son) thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grieuous payments vpon the, in reuenge of the iniuries offered thee, besides, thou hast not hitherto shewed thy poore mother any curtesie. And therefore it is not onely honest, but due vnto me, that without compulsion I should obtaine my so iust and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot perswade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope? And with these words he selfe, his wife, & children fell downe vpon their knees before him: Martius seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her vp crying out *Oh mother, what haue you done to me?* And holding her hard by the right hand, oh mother, said he, you haue won a happy victory for your country, but mactall and

unhappy for your son: for I see myself vanquished by you alone. These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome" (p. 239).

312. Line 115: *With manacles THROUGH our streets, or else.*—Johnson altered *through* to *thorough* for the sake of the metre, and he has been followed by succeeding editors. But the line is better as it is, with a pause before the alternative. Compare Julius Cæsar, v. 3. 32:

He's ta'en—and, hark!

They shout for joy.

For the contraction of *manacles* cf. l. 9. 57:

Like one that means his proper harm—in *manacles*;

which is not an Alexandrine but a five-foot line with extra-syllable.

313. Lines 125-128.—In the Folio the lines stand thus:

Virg. I, and mine, they brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: I'll run away
Till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

The rearrangement was made by Pope.

314. Line 138: *Give the ALL-HAIL to thee.*—*All-hail* means literally "all health." The substantive is found again in *Macbeth*, l. 5. 55, 56:

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the *all-hail* hereafter!

The verb also is used in *Macbeth*, l. 5. 7: "missives from the king, who *all-hail'd* me 'Thane of Cawdor.'"

315. Line 149: *Thou hast affected the fine STRAINS of honour.*—*Strain* is an English word meaning race, and is so used by Shakespeare; e.g. *Julius Cæsar*, v. i. 59, 60:

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy *strain*,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourably.

Hence it came to mean the qualities of race, good natural disposition; e.g. *King Lear*, v. 3. 40:

Sir, you have shown to-day your vallant *strain*;

Much Ado, ii. 1. 394: "he is of a noble *strain*, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty." Finally, it is used of any disposition good or bad, but usually with some reference to breeding; e.g. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 153-155:

Can it be

That so degenerate a *strain* as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

In the passage in the text *Volumnia* means that *Coriolanus* has always held the obligation of nobility, to be gentle as well as courageous.

316. Line 152: *And yet to CHARGE thy sulphur with a bolt.*—Theobald for *Ff. change*. A similar correction was made by Warburton in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2. 7, where the Folio reads: "In his own *change*." See note 119.

317. Line 154: *Think'st thou it honourable, &c.*—*Volumnia* says: "You have always affected the honour and graces of the gods, whose power is nicely directed, not brute violence; but is your present conduct like theirs, is it honourable or courtuous?"

318. Lines 176, 177:

Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't;

i.e. there is more reasonableness in the boy's ignorant prayer than in your reasons for denying it.

319. Line 179: *His child.*—Theobald, whose suggestions deserve all respect, proposed to substitute *this*, meaning "this child that we have brought with us." But the text as it stands is not indefensible. *Volumnia* has said, "his mother was a Volscian, his wife is in *Corioli*," and then continues "his child"—but looking at him is struck by the likeness and ends the sentence differently, and I venture to think most effectively.

320. Lines 206, 207:

Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you.

"The Senate ordained that the Magistrates to gratify and honor these ladies should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of Fortune for the women, unto the building whereof they offered themselves to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices. Nevertheless the Senate ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city" (North's *Plutarch*, p. 240).

ACT V. SCENE 4.

321. Line 22: *He sits in his STATE.*—A *state* is properly a canopy, as in *Milton Par. Lost*, x. 445: "*Under state* of richest texture spread;" thence a canopied chair as here, and in *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 5: "Our hostess keeps her *state*;" *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 50: "sitting in my *state*." So *Falstaff*, when the Prince says "Do thou stand for my father," replies "Shall I? content; this chair shall be my *state*, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown" (*J. Henry IV.* ii. 4. 415).

322. Line 50: *Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide.*—Malone compares Rape of *Lucrece*, 1667, 1668:

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Oustruns the eye that doth behold his haste.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

323.—This new scene was first marked by Dyce.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

324.—The stage-direction used to read *Antium*, until Singer altered it to *Corioli* because of what *Aufidius* says below (lines 88-90):

dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli*!

325. Lines 36, 37:

help to REAP the fame

Which he did END all his.

To end is a provincial term for housing a crop, probably corrupted from *in*; which is the form used in *All's Well*, i. 3. 48: "He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to *in* the crop." *Aufidius* says he helped to reap, but *Coriolanus* took all the crop to himself.

326. Line 100: *Look'd wondering each at OTHER.*—Rowe for *Ff. others*.

377. Line 101: *thou boy of tears!*—Compare, for the insult, *Mitch Aho* about *Nothing*, v. 1. 83, where *Antonio* says to *Claudio*:

Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, follow me.

328. Line 116: *FLUTTERED your Volscians in Corioli*.—F. 1, F. 2 read *flattered*; corrected in F. 3.

329. Lines 145, 146:

*that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.*

"This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased" (Steevens).

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN CORIOLANUS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Abundantly	i. 1 296	Clucked	v. 3 163	Epitome	v. 3 68	Innovator	iii. 1 175
Acclamation ¹	i. 9 51	Clusters (sub.)	iv. 6 122, 128	Exposure	iv. 1 36	Inshelved	iv. 6 45
Advance (vb. int.)	i. 4 25	Comeliness	i. 3 8	Factionary (adj.)	v. 2 30	Interjolu	iv. 4 22
Adversely	ii. 1 61	Commund ² (sub.)	i. 6 84	False-faced	i. 3 44	Joint-servant	v. 6 32
Aediles	iii. 1 173, 183, 214, 319	Compass ⁷	ii. 3 26	Fatigate	ii. 2 121	Kam	iii. 1 304
After-meeting	ii. 2 43	Conspectivities	ii. 1 71	Fawn ¹¹ (sub.)	iii. 2 67	Lockram	ii. 1 225
Aimed	i. 4 38	Consulship	ii. 2 2	Fecbly	ii. 2 87	Lonely ¹⁴	iv. 1 30
Aidless	ii. 2 116	Contest	iv. 5 116	Fidiused	ii. 1 144	Lurched ¹⁵	ii. 2 105
*An-hungry	i. 1 209	*Corner-stone	v. 4 2	Fiebled	i. 4 12	Malignantly	ii. 3 191
Animals	v. 6 114	Corset	v. 4 21	Flour	i. 1 149	Mammocked	i. 3 71
*Apron-men	iv. 6 96	Counterfeitly	ii. 3 107	Fluttered	v. 6 116	Man-entered	ii. 2 103
Ascent	ii. 2 28	Counter-sealed	v. 3 205	Fool-hardness	i. 4 46	Many-headed	ii. 3 18
Ash	iv. 5 114	Coyed ⁸ (verb.)	v. 1 6	Fore-advised	ii. 3 199	Mastership ¹⁶	iv. 1 7
Asker	ii. 3 214	Crafted	iv. 6 118	Foxship	iv. 2 18	Mechanics	v. 3 83
Assuage ²	v. 2 82	Cranks (sub.)	i. 1 141	Friendliness	ii. 3 183	Microcosm	ii. 1 69
Anger	iv. 6 87	Cupboarding (vb.)	i. 1 103	Gangrened	iii. 1 207	Misguide	i. 5 23
Bale	i. 1 167	Curled	v. 3 66	Garlic-eaters	iv. 6 98	Mortal (adv.)	v. 3 189
Banishers	iv. 5 89	Cymbals	v. 4 53	Generosity	i. 1 215	Mountalions	ii. 3 127
Bedward	i. 6 32	Deed-achieving	ii. 1 190	Getter	iv. 5 240	Mountebank (vb.)	iii. 2 132
*Before-time	i. 6 24	Depopulate	iii. 1 264	Giber	ii. 1 91	Muek	ii. 2 130
Bench ³	iii. 1 166, 167	Desirers	ii. 3 109	Gibingly	ii. 3 233	Mulled	iv. 5 239
Bencher	ii. 1 92	Dictator	ii. 2 93	Godded (verb.)	v. 3 11	Mummers	ii. 1 85
Bewitchment	ii. 3 198	Differeny	v. 4 11	Grandchild	v. 3 24	Muniments	i. 1 122
Birth-place	iv. 4 23	Directitude	iv. 5 224, 225	Grief-shot	v. 1 44	Mutable	iii. 1 66
*Block-head	ii. 3 31	Disbenched	ii. 2 75	Guider	i. 7 7	Mutiniers ¹⁷	i. 1 254
Bommeted (verb)	ii. 2 39	Dislogged	v. 4 44	*Half-pint	v. 2 60	Naves	ii. 1 43
Bountiful (adv.)	ii. 3 169	Disproportioned	ii. 1 204	*Harvest-mat.	i. 3 39	Napless	ii. 1 250
Briefly ⁴	i. 6 16	Diversely	ii. 3 22	Have	ii. 2 89	Native (sub.)	iii. 1 129
Brow-bomd	ii. 2 102	Divide ⁹ (intr.)	i. 6 87	Heart-hardening	iv. 1 25	Navel	iii. 1 123
Brunt	ii. 2 104	Dotant	v. 2 47	Heightened	v. 6 22	Needer	iv. 1 44
Budger	i. 8 5	Dove-eot	v. 6 115	Hereto	ii. 2 64	Nerry	ii. 1 177
Butrows	iv. 5 228	Dragon-like	iv. 7 23	Horse-drench	ii. 1 130	*Nicely-gawled	ii. 1 233
Calved	iii. 1 240	*Eight-year-old	v. 4 17	Hurry	v. 3 58	Notched	iv. 5 199
Cannibally	iv. 5 200	Eject	iii. 1 287	Infant-like	ii. 1 41	Oaken	ii. 1 138
Capital ⁵	v. 3 104	Embarranements	i. 10 22	Information ¹³	iv. 6 53	O'erpeer	ii. 3 128
Carelessness	ii. 2 16	Empiricent	ii. 1 128	Inherent	iii. 2 123		
Censor	ii. 3 252	Enormity	ii. 1 18				
Centurions	iv. 3 47	Entangled ¹⁰	ii. 1 86				
Chamber-pot	ii. 1 86						

¹ Lucrece, Arg. 25.

² Venus and Adonis, 318, 334.

Lucrece, 790; Lover's Complaint,

66.

³ = the senate.

⁴ = lately, ⁵ = fatal.

⁶ = a body of troops.

⁷ = mariner's compass.

⁸ = dislaimed.

⁹ = to partake; used frequently

in other senses.

¹⁰ = confused.

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¹¹ = flattery.

¹² = barren; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

¹³ = intelligence, notice; = accusation, Measure, iii. 2. 210; Henry VIII, v. 3. 110.

¹⁴ Winter's Tale, v. 3. 14.

¹⁵ = despoiled. Lurch = "to

lurch," Merry Wives, II. 2. 26.

¹⁶ = skill.

¹⁷ *Mutiny* occurs in *Tempest*,

iii. 2. 49.

WORDS PECULIAR TO CORIOLANUS.

	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line			
Official	ii. 3 148	Rank-scented	iii. 1 66	Store-house ⁷	i. 1 83, 137	Unhild	iii. 1 198
"Orange-wife"	ii. 1 79	Recomforted	v. 4 51		iii. 1 114	Unhurrt	v. 1 27
Ordinance ¹	iii. 2 12	Rectorship	ii. 3 213	Stoutness	iii. 2 127	Unhilded	v. 6 153
Osprey	iv. 7 34	Refusal	ii. 3 267		v. 6 27	Unilog	iv. 2 47
Outdone	ii. 1 150	Rejoirn	ii. 1 80	Subsisting ⁸	v. 6 73	Undercrest	i. 9 72
"Over-measure"	iii. 1 140	Re-quickened	ii. 2 121	Surname	iv. 5 74, 77	Unselected	ii. 3 267
		"Right-hand file	ii. 1 26		v. 3 170	Ungravelly	ii. 3 233
Pack-saddle	ii. 1 99	Roted	iii. 2 55	Tag	iii. 1 248	Unhearts	v. 1 49
Participate (adj.)	i. 1 106	Rove	iv. 1 46	Tauntingly	i. 1 114	Unmeriting	ii. 1 47
Particularize	i. 1 20	Rumourer	iv. 6 47	Tender-bodied	i. 3 6	Unmusical	iv. 5 64
Percussion	i. 4 59	Sackbuts	v. 4 52	Tent ⁹ (verb)	i. 9 31	Unproperly	v. 3 54
Perfidiously	v. 6 91	"S death	i. 1 221		iii. 1 290	Unreasonably	i. 3 84
Pick ²	i. 1 204	Seld-shown	ii. 1 229	Tent ¹⁰ (verb)	iii. 2 116	Unroofed	i. 1 222
Picture-like	i. 3 13	Select (verb)	i. 6 81	Tetter (verb)	iii. 1 79	Unscanned	iii. 1 313
Plender	v. 1 36	Self-loving ²	iv. 6 32	Thunder-like	i. 4 59	Unseparable	iv. 4 16
	ii. 3 192	Servanted	v. 2 89	Tiger-footed	iii. 1 312	Unsevered	iii. 2 42
Plebeian ³	ii. 3 192	Small (sub.)	iii. 1 90, 94	Timed	ii. 2 114	Unshout	v. 5 4
Polled	iv. 5 217	Stunness	ii. 2 116	Tinder-like	ii. 1 55	Unstable	iii. 1 148
Potch	i. 10 15	Side (verb tr.)	i. 1 167	Titleless	v. 1 13	Unswayable	v. 6 26
Pow (exclam.)	ii. 1 157	Sided (verb int.)	iv. 2 2	Toge	ii. 3 122		
Precipitation	iii. 2 4	Sightness	iii. 1 148	Tongues ¹¹	ii. 3 216	Valiantness	iii. 2 129
	iii. 3 102	Soft-conscienced	i. 1 38		iii. 1 35	Virgined	v. 3 48
Pre-occupied	ii. 3 240	Solemnness	i. 3 120	Traducement	i. 9 22	Voice ¹² (verb)	ii. 3 242
Preservative	ii. 1 129	Sourly ⁶	v. 3 13	Trier	iv. 1 4	Voluptuously	i. 3 28
Pretext	v. 6 26	Southward (adv.)	ii. 3 32	Twine ¹² (vb. tr.)	iv. 5 112		
Process ⁴	iii. 1 314	Sow	iv. 5 213	Twist (sub.)	v. 6 96	Waged ¹⁴ (verb)	v. 6 49
Provaud	ii. 1 267	Spawn (sub.)	ii. 2 82	Tyrannical	iii. 3 2, 65	Wealsmen	ii. 1 59
Psalteries	v. 4 52	Spectacled	ii. 1 222	Unaching	ii. 2 152	Widens	i. 4 44
		Spectatorship	v. 2 71	Unactive	i. 1 102	Wind-shaken	v. 2 118
Rakes (sub.)	i. 1 23	Spire	i. 9 24	Unbarbed	iii. 2 99	Wow (exclam.)	ii. 1 157
		Stitchery	i. 3 75				

1 = order, rank; used elsewhere in other senses.
 2 = to pitch, throw; used frequently in other senses.
 3 Plebeians is repeatedly used.
 4 = course of law; used frequently in other senses.

5 Venus and Adonis, 752; Sonn. liii. 12.
 6 Sonn. xxxv. 14; xli. 8.

7 = a magazine.
 8 Sonn. cxlii. 6. 9 = to cure.
 10 = to lodge. 11 = votes.
 12 Used intransitively in Venus and Adonis, 256, 873.

13 = to vote.
 14 = remembered.
 15 Sonn. xi. 3.



KING LEAR.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

OSCAR FAY ADAMS AND A. WILSON VERITY.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
EDGAR, son to Gloster.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.
CURAN, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Doctor.
Fool.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
An Officer employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
GONERIL, }
REGAN, } daughters to Lear.
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—BRITAIN.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Mythical, 841-791 B.C. (3105 A.M. Holinshed).

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel gives the following time analysis.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.

Day 2: Act I. Scene 2.—An interval of something
less than a fortnight.

Day 3: Act I. Scenes 3, 4, 5.

Day 4: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.

Day 5: Act II. Scenes 3, 4; Act III. Scenes 1-6.

Day 6: Act III. Scene 7; Act IV. Scene 1.

Day 7: Act IV. Scene 2.—Perhaps an interval of a
day or two.

Day 8: Act IV. Scene 3.

Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 4, 5, 6.

Day 10: Act IV. Scene 7; Act V. Scenes 1-3.

KING LEAR.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest known edition of King Lear is a quarto published in 1608, with the title-page as follows:

M. William Shak-spere: | *HIS* | True
Chronicle Historie of the life and | death of
King LEAR and his three | Daughters. | *With*
the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne | and heire
to the Earle of Gloster, and his | sullen and
assumed humor of | Tom of Bedlam: | *As it*
was played before the Kings Maiestie at White-
hall vpon | *S. Stephens night in Christmas*
Hollidages. | By his Maiesties seruants play-
ing vsually at the Gloabe | on the Bancke-side.
| LONDON, | Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*,
and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls* |
Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull
neere | *S. Austins Gate.* 1608.

A second quarto was issued by Butter in the same year, the title-page of which is similar, except that instead of the imprint "LOX-DON," &c., it has "Printed for *Nathaniel Butter.* | 1608."

It has been stated by several editors that a third quarto was brought out in 1608; but this is an error, due to the fact that of the existing copies of the first quarto no two are exactly alike. As the Cambridge editors remark, the text was apparently corrected when the book was on the press, and the corrected and uncorrected sheets were bound up indiscriminately. This is also the view taken by Dr. Furness in his "New Variorum" edition of the play. He says: "For some reason or other 'Master N. Butter' was in a hurry to publish his 'booke,' and he therefore sent out the 'copy,' divided into several parts, to several compositors, and these different parts, when printed, were dispatched to a binder to be stitched (it is not probable that any of the Shakespearian quartos were more than merely

stitched, or had other than paper covers). We learn from Arber's invaluable *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*, ii. 881-2, that the binding was not done by the printers, and as there were nearly fifty freemen binders at that time in London, there must have been among them various degrees of excellence. As ill-luck would have it, the several portions of this tragedy of *Lear* fell to the charge of a careless binder, and the signatures, corrected and uncorrected, from the different printers, were mixed up, to the confusing extent in which the few copies that survive have come down to us."

Critics are not entirely agreed as to which of the two quartos was the earlier, but Furness and Rowe are probably correct in assuming that the priority is to be assigned to the "Pide Bull" edition, though the evidence in favour of this view is purely circumstantial. The Cambridge editors, in their collation of the texts, call the other edition Q. 1; but in their preface they say that, after all, they are inclined to regard it as the later edition.

In the Folio of 1623 the play is evidently printed from a different manuscript, and a better one than was used for the Quartos. According to Furness the quartos contain 220 lines that are not found in the Folio, which, on the other hand, has 50 lines that do not appear in the Quartos. The 3rd scene of the 4th act is entirely wanting in the Folio.

How the difference in the texts is to be explained has been much discussed by the critics and commentators. No two of them come to precisely the same conclusion, and it is not likely that the question can ever be settled. The weight of authority is in favour of the view that the Folio gives us a later and revised form of the play, and that the omissions in that edition were probably made in the theatre for stage purposes.

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The play could not have been written earlier than 1603—the date of the publication of Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, to which Shakespeare was indebted for the names of some of the devils mentioned by Edgar in the 4th scene of act iii.—nor later than 1606, on the 26th of December in which year it was performed before King James. We get this latter information from the entry in the Stationers' Registers, November 26th, 1607, which states that the play was acted "before the kinges maiestic at Whitehall vpon Saint Stephens night at Christmas Last." Malone, Dyce, and Fleay believe that the date of composition is to be placed early in 1605; Dowden, Furnivall, and Moberly put it 1605-6. Aldis Wright, we may add, finds in Gloucester's speech, "These *late* eclipses," &c., i. 2. 112, a reference to the great eclipse of the sun which took place in October, 1605, and excited much dismay and alarm. He also thinks that Gloucester's words in the same speech, "machinations, hollownes, treachery, and all ruinous disorders," may allude to the Gunpowder Plot of Nov. 5, 1605, his general conclusion being that "Shakespeare did not begin to write King Lear till towards the end of the year 1605."

The story of Lear and his three daughters is old and oft repeated. "It is told by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *Historia Britanica*, by Layamon in his *Brut*, by Robert of Gloucester, by Fabyan in his *Chronicle*, by Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*, by Camden in his *Remaines*, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in Warner's *Albions England*, and elsewhere in prose and verse. It had also been dramatized in the *Chronicle History of King Lear*, which, according to Malone and Halliwell, was written in 1593 or 1594" (Rolfe).¹ This old play was reprinted in 1605,

¹ Dr. Furnivall has a useful summary covering much the same ground; he says: "The source of the Lear story is Holinshed's Chronicle; of the Gloucester, Edmund and Edgar story, Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in his Shakspeare's Library: 1. The History of Lear, from Holinshed. 2. The same, from the English Gesta Romanorum (ab. 1440, A.D.), Edlt Madden, pp. 50-3. 3. The History of Lear and his Three Daughters, 1605, a play. It was not used by Shakspeare. 4. Queen Cordelia, an historical poem, by John Higgins, from the Mirror for Magistrates. 5. The story of the Paphlagonian Ferkind King, from Sidney's Arcadia. 6. The Ballad of Lear and

not improbably on account of the success of Shakespeare's King Lear, which had just appeared on the stage. The materials of this earlier drama were probably taken from Holinshed; but whether Shakespeare took his incidents from the chronicle or the old play it is impossible to determine. In either case the obligation was of the most trivial nature. In the words of Furness, "The distance is always immeasurable between the hint and the fulfilment; what to our unblinded eyes is a bare, naked rock, becomes, when gilded by Shakespeare's heavenly alchemy, encrusted thick all over with jewels. When, after reading one of his tragedies, we turn to what we are pleased to call the 'original of his plot,' I am reminded of those glittering gems, of which Heines speaks, that we see at night in lovely gardens, and think must have been left there by king's children at play; but when we look for these jewels by day we see only wretched little worms which crawl painfully away, and which the foot forbears to crush only out of strange pity."

The story of Gloucester and his sons is not found either in Holinshed or the old play of King Lear. For this the dramatist was indebted to Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia; and the skill with which he has interwoven it with the main plot is as noteworthy as in the blending of two independent tales in the Merchant of Venice and other plays.

The following extracts from Holinshed and Sidney will add to the value of this introduction:—

"Leir the sonne of Baldud, was admitted ruler ouer the Britaines, in the yeere of the world 3105, at what time Iosab raigned as yet in Iuda. This Leir was a prince of right noble demeanor, governing his land and subiects in great wealth. He made the towne of Caerlier nowe called Leicester, which standeth vpon the riuer of Sore. It is written that he had by his wife three daughters without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordella, which daughters he greatly loved, but specially Cordella the youngest faire above the two elder.

his Three Daughters. The Latin original of the Lear story is Geoffrey of Monmouth (Hist. Britanica, bk. ii. ch. 11-15). And it was first told, and well told, in English, by Layamon in his Brut ab. 1205. That it came originally from Wales there is little doubt" (Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. lxxx.).

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When this Leir therefore was come to great yeeres, & began to waxe unwellie through age, he thought to vnderstand the affections of his daughters towards him, and preferre hir whome he best loued, to the succession ouer the kingdome. Wherevpon he first asked Gonorilla the eldest, how well shee loued him: who calling hir gods to record, protested, that she loued him more than hir owne life, which by right and reason shoulde be most decree vnto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loued him: who answered (confirming hir sauiengs with great othes) that she loued him more than toung could expresse, and farre aboue all other creatures of the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked of hir what account she made of him: vnto whom she made this answer as followeth: Knowing the great loue and fatherlie zeale that you haue always borne towards me, (for the which I maie not answer you otherwise than I thinke, and as my conscience lendeth me) I protest vnto you, that I haue loued you euer, and will continuallie (while I liue) loue you as my naturall father. And if you would more vnderstand of the loue that I beare you, asser-taine your selfe, that so much as you haue, so much you are worth, and so much I loue you, and no more. The father being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest daughters, the one vnto Henniuis, the Duke of Cornewal, and the other vnto Maglanus, the Duke of Albania, betwixt whome he willed and ordeined that his land should be denided after his death, and the one halfe thereof immediatlie should be assigned to them in hand: but for the third daughter Cordeilla he reserued nothing.

"Neuertheles it fortuned that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France) whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beautie, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordeilla, desired to haue hir in marriage, and sent ouer to hir father, requiring that he mighte haue hir to wife: to whome answer was made, that he might haue his daughter, but as for anie dower he could haue none, for all was promised and assured to hir other sisters already. Aganippus notwithstanding this answer of deniall to receiue anie thing by way of dower with Cordeilla, took hir to wife, onlie moued thereto (I saie) for respect of hir person and amiable vertues. This Aganippus was one of the twelue kings that ruled Gallia in those daies, as in the British historie it is recorded. But to proceed.

"After that Leir was fallen into age, the two Dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking long yer the gouernment of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the gouernance of the land, vpon conditions to be continued for terme of life: by the which he was put to his portion, that is, to liue after a rate

assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in processe of time was diminished as well by Maglanus as by Henniuis. But the greatest griefe that Leir tooke, was to see the unkindnesse of his daughters, which seemed to thinke that all was too much which their father had, the same being neuer so little: in so much, that going from the one to the other, he was brought to that miserie, that scarcely they would allow him one seruant to waite vpon him.

"In the end, such was the unkindnesse, or (as I maie saie) the vnnaturallnesse which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their faire and pleasant words vttered in time past, that being constrained of necessitie, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seeke some comfort of his youngest daughter Cordeilla whom before time he hated. The ladie Cordeilla hearing that he was arrived in poore estate, she first sent to him priuillie a certaine summe of monie to apparell himselfe withall, and to retaine a certein number of seruants that might attende vpon him in honorable wise, as appertained to the estate which he had borne: and then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court which he did, and was so iofullie, honorablie, and louingly receiued, both by his some in law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordeilla, that his hart was greatlie comforted: for he was no lesse honored, than if he had bene king of the whole countrie himselfe.

"Now when he had informed his son in law and his daughter in what sort he had bene vsed by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mightie armie to be put in readinesse, and likewise a great manie of ships to be rigged, to passe ouer into Britaine with Leir his father in law, to see him againe restored to his kingdome. It was accorded, that Cordeilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leaue vnto hir, as the rightfull inheritour after his decease, notwithstanding any former grant made to hir sisters or to their husbands in anie maner of wise.

"Herevpon, when this armie and manie of ships were readie, Leir and his daughter Cordeilla with hir husband tooke the sea, and arriuing in Britaine, fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battell, in which Maglanus and Henniuis were slaine: and then was Leir restored to his kingdome, which he ruled after this by the space of two yeeres, and then died, fortie yeeres after he first began to reigne. His bodie was buried at Leicester in a vault vnder the channell of the riuer of Sore beneath the towne.

"Cordeilla the youngest daughter of Leir was admitted Q. and supreme gouernesse of Britaine, in the yeere of the world 3155, before the bylding of Rome 54, Uzia was then reigning in Juda, and Jeroboam ouer Israel. This Cordeilla after hir father's deceasse ruled the land of Britaine right worthilie during the space of fife yeeres, in which meane time her husband died, and then about the end of those

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five yeeres, hir two nephewes Margan and Cunedag, somes to hir aforesaid sisters, disdaining to be vnder the government of a woman, leuied warre against hir, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally tooke hir prisoner, and laid hir fast in ward, wherewith she tooke suche griefe, being a woman of a manlike courage, and despairing to reconer libertie, there she shue hirselfe."

The following extract is from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (lib. ii. pp. 133-138, ed. 1598):

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) verie cold, and as then sodainlie growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child: so that the Princes were euen compelled by the hule, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who not perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort, as they might see vseene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, scarcelie come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the olde man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appear a kind of noblesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well *Leomatus* (said he) since I cannot persuade thee to leade me to that which should end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie: feare not the daunger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse then I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednesse: but flie, flie from this region only worthe of me. Deare father (answered he) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to do you seruice, I am not whollie miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groined, as if sorrow straue to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraid my wickednesse? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the Princes to go out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kind of pitousnesse) I see well you are strangers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull vnto vs as pitie,

yet nothing is more dangerous vnto us, then to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pitie; but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunke below the degree of feare.

"This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulness of a some of his, deprived, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraigne forces were euer able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bene driuen to such griefe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to east himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is engraffed in a somes heart, let me intreat you to conneigh this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and securitie: amongst your worthie acts it shall be none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, & so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

"But before they could make him answere, his father beganne to speake. Ah my sonne, said he, how euill an Historian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the discourse? my wickednesse, my wickednesse: and if thou doest it to spare my cares, (the only sense now left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake me: and I take witness of that Sunne which you see (with that he east vp his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe, which is as euill as may be, if I speake vnrulie, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that what-soener my son (o God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those trutthes, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this some (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enioyed the expectatons in the world of him, till he was growne to iustifie their expectatons (so as I neede enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones-selfe after me) I was carried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bound to beleue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastlie to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this some (I thinke you thinke) vndescruing destruction. What wayes he vsed to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediouslie trouble you with as much poisonous hypoerisie, desperat frauld, smooth

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malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enmity, as in anie living person could be harboured; but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinks, the acensing his traps might in some maner excuse my fault, which certainly I lothe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gave orders to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a Forrest, and there to kill him.

"But those theeues (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorly; which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier in a countrey here by: but as he was ready to be greatly advanced for some noble peeces of service which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to be governed by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a King; which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laid vpon me) threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes, and then (prouid in his tyrannie) let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie: miserie indeed, if euer there were anie; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as he came to the crowne by so vnjust means, as vnjust he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in *Citadels*, the nests of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his owne countymen, that no man durst shew himself a well-willer of mine: to say the truth (I thinke) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastards;) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnslaino dutie left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, searclic with giuing me almes at their doores; which yet was the onlie sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shew so much charitie, as to lend me a hand to guide my darke steps: till this some of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abominable wrongs, not recking danger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to do this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my vnspeakable grieffe; not onlie because his kindnesse is a glasse euen to my blind eyes of my naughtinesse, but that about all griefes, it grieues me he should desperatelic adventure the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carie muddle in a chest of Chrystall: for well I know, he that now reigneth, how much so euer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any

advantage to make away him, whose iust title (ennobled by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seat of a neuer secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since he was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onlie reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my some denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, then in ending me, both because therein my agonie shall end, & so you shal preserue this excellent young man, who else wilfully follows his owne ruine."

STAGE HISTORY.

The first recorded performance of King Lear took place at Whitehall, in the presence of King James, on the 26th December, 1606. For this knowledge we are indebted to an entry in the Stationers' Register, under the names Nathanael Butter and John Busby, and the date 26th November, 1607, to the following effect: "Entred for their copie under th(e) handes of Sir George Buck Knight and th(e) wardens A booke called. Master William Shakespeare his *'historye of Kinge LEAR'* as yt was played before the kings maiestie at Whitehall eppon Saint Stephens night (26 December) at Christmas last by his maiesties seruantes playinge vsually at the *'Globe'* on the Banksyde . . . vi." (Arber's Transcripts, vol. iii. p. 161, verso). This is not, of course, the earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers concerning a King Lear, neither does it settle the date of the first performance of the piece. That the first representation took place in 1605 is the conclusion arrived at by Malone and accepted by most subsequent commentators down to Mr. Horace Howard Furness, and to Mr. Fleay, who conjectures it to have been given about May 7 of that year. Even then, as the reader knows, an earlier King Lear had been played. In Henslowe's Diary a representation of "Kinge leare" is chronicled under the date "the 6 of Aprell 1593." This was, of course, the earlier play of Lear or Leir. Henslowe's Diaries, as they exist, are unfortunately untrustworthy. These dates, however, are pre-

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sumably accurate, and the scene of production was probably the Rose Theatre.

To enter into the question of the representatives of successive plays is to go over ground already trodden. Nothing, unfortunately, is known concerning those who took part in the performance of Lear. Collier says that Shakespeare was not one of the Queen's men at the period when the first *King Lear* was played (see Henslowe's Diary, p. 34). Malone assumes that Burbage was the original Lear, but this is mere guesswork.

After the resumption of theatrical entertainments following the Restoration a little better fate attended *Lear* than other plays of a similar date, seeing that before it was exhibited in a mutilated form, it was at least seen in its original shape. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus* (p. 26), numbers among the plays which were acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, between the opening in 1662 and the beginning of May, 1665, at which time the plague began to rage, "The Tragedy of *King Lear*, as Mr. Shakespear wrote it, before it was altered by Mr. Tate." It is the chief defect in Downes that he had no idea of the matters of contemporary theatrical history with which future times would be concerned. In this, as in other similar cases, he tells us nothing. Our first stage knowledge of *Lear* is accordingly in Tate's mangled version. Concerning this we have the dubious advantage of full information. The *History of King Lear*, by N. Tate, was printed in quarto in 1681, and again in 1689. A list of the dramatic personae and the actors with which the piece was given at Dorset Garden in 1681 is prefixed. It is as follows:

KING LEAR,	Mr. Betterton.
GLOSTER,	Mr. Gillo.
KENT,	Mr. Wiltshire.
EDGAR,	Mr. Smith.
BASTARD,	Mr. Jo. Williams.
CORNWAL,	Mr. Norris.
ALBANY,	Mr. Bowman.
GENTLEMAN-USHER,	Mr. Jevon.
GONERIL,	Mrs. Shadwel.
REGAN,	Lady Slingsby.
CORDELLA,	Mrs. Barry.
Guards, Officers, Messengers, Attendants.			

In the prologue to this piece, Tate, after the

went of adapters, pays a few compliments to the author he has travestied. After saying that it might have been worth while under a new name to have drawn the spectators in to "our old honest play," he continues:

But he that did this evening's treat prepare
Bluntly resolv'd before hand to declare
Your entertainment should be most old fare.
Yet hopes, since in rich Shakespear's soil it grew,
'Twill relish yet, with those whose tastes are true,
And his ambition is to please a few.
If then this heap of flowers shall chance to wear
Fresh beauty in the order they now bear,
Ev'en (*sic*) this Shakespear's praise: each rustic
knows
'Mongst pteunces flow'rs a garland to compose,
Which strung by this coarse hand may fairer show,
But 't was a power divine first made 'em grow.

The epistle dedicatory to Tate's *King Lear* is addressed to his "esteemed friend Tho. Boteler, Esq." It is curious as at once an apology for Tate's adaptation, an explanation of his method, and a self-pronounced eulogium upon his work. To Boteler Tate ascribes the drama, since nothing but the power of his (Boteler's) persuasion and his own zeal for all the remains of Shakespeare could have wrought him to so bold an undertaking. The chief difficulty he declares to have been in making the chiefest persons speak something like their character on matter whereof he had no ground in his author(?). Lear's real and Edgar's pretended madness have, he holds, so much of extravagant nature as "could never have started but from our Shakespeare's creating fancy." He has found the whole to answer Boteler's description of it: "A heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolish'd, yet so dazling in their disorder" that he soon perceived he had seized a treasure. Tate's procedure may best be described in his own words: "T was my good fortune to light on one expedient to rectifie what was wanting in the regularity and probability of the tale, which was to run through the whole a love betwixt Edgar and Cordelia; that never chang'd word with each other in the original. This renders Cordelia's indifference, and her father's passion in the first scene, probable. It likewise gives countenance to Edgar's disguise, making that a generous design that was before a poor shift

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to save his life. The distress of the story is evidently heightened by it; and it particularly gave occasion of a new scene or two, of more success (perhaps) than merit." Mark and approve Tate's modesty in the last sentence! "This method," continues Tate, "necessarily threw me on making the tale conclude in a success to the innocent distress persons; otherwise I must have incumbred the stage with dead bodies, which conduct makes many tragedies conclude with unseasonable jests." He then quotes the success of the piece as a justification for so bold a change, and fortifies himself with the opinion of Dryden expressed in the preface to the Spanish Fryar (it should be the dedication—there is no preface) that it is more difficult to end a serious piece happily than tragically. One more gem from this precious epistle dedicatory may be exhibited. Tate says: "I have one thing more to apologize for, which is, that I have us'd less quaintness of expression even in the newest parts of this play. I confess 't was design in me, partly to comply with my author's style, to make the scenes of a piece, and partly to give it some resemblance of the time and persons here represented."

For giving the play a happy termination Tate had more justification than can always be advanced by the perverters of Shakespeare. The termination of *The Chronicle History of King Lear*, which preceded the play of Shakespeare, and has been supposed to have in part inspired it, is happy. That of Holinshed's history is the same; and the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the *Faery Queene*, and other poetical works dealing with the legend, show Lear reigning for from two to three years after his restoration to the kingdom, and then dying in peace. For the Lear of history or of myth, and for that of Tate, such an end is well enough. For the Lear of Shakespeare, however, the sublimest picture of age that the world has seen, it is impossible. The words of Kent dispose of the entire question, v. 3. 313-315:

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

How long the happy termination—which

won the approval of Dr. Johnson and was condemned by Addison, and after him by Richardson in his *Clarissa*—held possession of the stage will be seen. A score successive revivals between 1681 and 1829 are chronicled by Genest, who can oppose to these but one solitary performance with the original catastrophe.

The dismissal of the Fool was another of the "emendations" of Tate which long won acceptance. Davies surmises that in the few representations of Shakespeare's play which followed the Restoration, "Nokes, whose face was a comedy, acted the fool with Betterton's Lear" (*Dram. Misc.* ii. 267). This is mere conjecture. Following up his conjecture he says, that "we may guess the consequence" of such a conjunction, and finds in his own supposition a reason for backing up Tate. One fact of interest Davies chronicles, namely, that Garrick once contemplated the restoration of the Fool and designed the part for Woodward, "who promised to be very chaste in his colouring, and not to counteract the agonies of Lear." Garrick's heart misgave him, however, and he dared not "hazard so bold an attempt" (*ib.*).

In neither version of *Lear* does Betterton or any of his company seem to have made much mark. Fame, which commemorates his Hamlet and other Shakespearian characters, is silent as to his Lear, and the few unsatisfactory annals of the early stage say nothing concerning any of the cast.

When, on 30th October, 1706, Tate's *King Lear* was acted at the Haymarket, Betterton was again Lear, Verbruggen being Edgar, Mills Edmund, Freeman Gloster, Minus Kent, and Mrs. Bracegirdle Cordelia. On the 29th November, 1715, at Drury Lane, Barton Booth was Lear to the Edgar of Wilks, the Edmund of Mills, and the Cordelia of Mrs. Santlow. The remainder of the cast is not given, and the performance appears to have inspired but moderate interest. Booth's Lear was in his day compared to that of Garrick, as was subsequently that of Barry. Booth's delivery of the curse on Goneril was rapid. The fire throughout "was ardent, and his feelings were remarkably energetic; but they were not attended with those strugglings of parental

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affection and those powerful emotions of conflicting passions so visible in every look, action, and attitude of our great Roscius" (ib. p. 279).

At Lincoln's Inn Fields Lear was played for the first time 15th October, 1720, and was acted about ten times during the season. Boheme was Lear, Ryan Edgar, Ogden Kent, Quin Gloster, Leigh Edmund, Spiller the Gentleman Usher, Mrs. Parker Regan, and Mrs. Seymour Cordelia. Antony Boheme, who had a tall figure, an expressive face, with something that was venerable about it, and had originally been an actor on a booth at a fair, Bartholomew or Southwark, obtained some reputation as Lear, and won the praise of Macklin, who says that he assigned Lear a trait of the antique (Davies, *Dram. Misc.* ii. 277).

In the next important revival, which took place at Drury Lane 8th March, 1739, Quin, who had been the Gloster to Boheme, was Lear, Milward Edgar, Wright Gloster, Mills Edmund, Winstone Kent, Theophilus Cibber the Gentleman Usher, Havard Albany, Mrs. Mills Cordelia, and Mrs. Furnival Goneril. Quin demanded twenty-two rehearsals and attended but two. Without offending the public or forfeiting his reputation, he came altogether short of Boheme, feeling neither the tender nor the violent emotions of the soul, and proving his inferiority to his predecessor in almost every scene (ib. p. 278).

Garrick was the next actor to essay the part of Lear. This he did in his memorable first season of 1741-1742, at Goodman's Fields 11th March, 1742, repeating the performance at Drury Lane on the 28th of May. Tate's version, it is needless to say, was selected. The cast of the first representation is not known; that at Drury Lane included Havard as Edgar, Mills as Edmund, Berry as Gloster, Winstone as Kent, Neale as the Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Wollington as Cordelia.

To the general blaze of triumph which attended Garrick's opening season his Lear doubtless contributed. Not, however, until later in his career are we able to estimate its influence upon his contemporaries. When once he was pitted against Spranger Barry criticism and epigram ran riot. Before this

time Garrick, who had played Lear in Dublin, made, 11th June, 1746, his first appearance in the character at Covent Garden. Upon this occasion Ryan was Edgar, Chapman Kent, Bridgewater Gloster, Casbell Edmund, Phillips the Usher, Mrs. Vincent Cordelia, Miss Haughton Goneril, and Mrs. Bland Regan.

On 26th February, 1756, Barry appeared at Covent Garden in Lear. He played the part the previous May in Dublin. Ryan was again Edgar, Sparks was Kent, Ridout Gloster, Smith Edmund, Shuter the Gentleman Usher, Mrs. Hamilton (late Mrs. Bland) Regan, and Miss Nossiter Cordelia. Lear was acted six times. Barry's reception was eminently favourable. His fine figure was of great use, his bearing was dignified and venerable, his manner of speaking the curse impressive, and the pathetic scenes were rendered with remarkable effect. His voice, however, "wanted that power and flexibility which varied passion requires. His pauses and broken interruptions of speech, of which he was extremely enamoured . . . were at times too inartificially repeated; nor did he give that terror to the whole which the great poet intended should predominate" (Davies, *Dram. Misc.* ii. 280, 281). In one or two scenes Barry was charged with copying Garrick.

To the challenge of Barry, Garrick responded by reviving King Lear at Drury Lane on 28th Oct. 1756, with Mrs. Davies as his Cordelia. The revival was announced as with restorations from Shakespeare. These, however, did not include the tragic termination nor the reintroduction of the Fool. What they were is not known, since Garrick's version has not been printed. Genest assumes that the alterations probably "did not differ materially from those shown in King Lear as published by Bell in 1772 or 1773 from the prompt-book of Drury Lane" (*Account of the Stage*, iv. 475).

The town was now flooded with comparisons between Garrick and Barry. One or two epigrams of the date were happy enough deservedly to survive. One on "The Two Lears" is as follows:

The town has found out different ways
To praise the different Lears;

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To Barry they give loud huzzas;
To Garrick—only tears.

A second, no less well known, runs:

A King—*only every inch a King,*
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing;
He's *every inch King Lear.*

Theophilus Cibber, a constant enemy of Garrick, speaks of the first as a pretty conceit, but asks "How if it be not quite true?—For 't is as certain that Mr. Garrick has had other applauses besides tears, as 't is true, Mr. Barry, besides loud Huzzas has never failed to draw tears from many of his spectators" (*Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects* by Mr. Cibber, 1756, p. 43). After insinuating that Garrick was jealous of Barry, he supplies another epigram which he claims may stand by the other, and is not the less poignant for its truth:

Criticks attend—and judge the rival Lears;
Whilst each commands applause and each your tears:
Then own the truth—well he performs his part
Who touches—even Garrick—to the heart.

—(Ib. p. 41.)

Garrick was said to have been too deliberate in the curse. This is scarcely reconcilable with the fact mentioned by Davies that he "rendered the curse so terribly affecting to the audience, that, during his utterance of it, they seemed to shrink from it as from a blast of lightning. His preparation for it was extremely affecting; his throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together and lifting his eyes toward heaven, presented a picture worthy of the pencil of a Raphael" (*Dram. Misc.* ii. 280).

Among the passages restored by Garrick from Shakespeare were the lines spoken by Lear (ii. 4. 155–158):

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

In the delivery of these lines, unknown to Booth, Boheme, and Quin, Garrick, throwing himself on his knees, with his hands clasped, and a tone of supplication in which the irony was veiled, obtained a great effect. Murphy says: "Garrick in Lear was transformed into a weak old man, still retaining an air of

royalty; in the mad scenes his genius was remarkably distinguished; he had no sudden starts, no violent gestulation; his movements were slow and feeble, misery was depicted in his countenance; he moved his head in the most deliberate manner; his eyes were fixed; or if they turned to any one near him he made a pause and fixed his look on the person after much delay; his features at the same time telling what he was going to say before he uttered a word; during the whole time he presented a scene of woe and misery, and a total alienation of mind from every idea, but that of his unkind daughters" (*Life of Garrick*, i. 37, 38). This presents an aspect of King Lear, but can scarcely be accepted as a complete embodiment of a king whose impetuosity was not the least conspicuous of his qualities. "After *Macbeth* King Lear was Garrick's masterpiece," says Tate Wilkinson (*The Mirror, or Actor's Tablet*, p. 221). Mrs. Davies played Cordelia during the illness of Mrs. Cibber, whom Davies calls the most pathetic of all actresses and the only Cordelia of excellence.

Barry played Lear again 7th Oct. 1769, at Drury Lane, with Reddish as Edgar, Palmer as Edmund, Dodd as the Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Barry as Cordelia, and was replaced by Garrick, 21st February, 1770. Before this time, however, during the absence of Garrick, another Lear had sprung up in Powell, who played the part for the first time 2nd Jan. 1765, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Cibber. Of this performance Davies says that it was "a fair promise of something great in the future" (*Dram. Misc.* ii. 281).

A new version of King Lear had meanwhile appeared. This, which saw the light at Covent Garden 20th Feb. 1768, was altered by George Colman. It is an improvement upon Tate, but it is very far from being Shakespeare. In a thoughtful and sensible preface—the worst manglers of Shakespeare wrote many such—Colman points out the mistakes of his predecessor and advocates his own theories. "To reconcile the catastrophe of Tate to the story of Shakespeare, was the first grand object I proposed to myself in the alteration" (*Dramatick Works*, vol. vii. p. 104). On the

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strength of the censure of Warton (*Adventurer*, No. 122) he omitted the leap down Dover Cliff. The putting out Gloucester's eyes he meditated omitting, but upon examination it appeared so closely interwoven with the fable that he durst not venture to change it. He had at one time an idea of retaining the Fool, but, led again by the opinion of Warton (*Adventurer*, No. 126), he abandoned it, being "convinced that such a scene 'would sink into burlesque' in the representation, and would not be endured on the modern stage" (*Colman's Dram. Works*, iii. p. 105).

Powell was the original Lear of the present approach to Shakespeare that for more than a century had been made. The entire cast survives, but the only features of interest in it are the Duke of Burgundy of Lewis, the Duke of Albany of Hull, Bensley's Edmund, and Mrs. Yates's Cordelia. Besides introducing lines of his own, Colman keeps some of Tate's fustian. It was the fashion to compare the Lear of Powell with that of Garrick. Francis Gentleman, however, while allowing Powell "more nature but less expression than Barry," places him "far, far beneath Mr. Garrick in both." Gentleman avers that Powell's "deportment was abominable; not a trace of majesty in it. His transitions in the violent parts wanted essential volubility (whatever that may mean), and most of his attitudes were injudiciously disposed" (*Dramatic Censor*, i. 372). On the following page Gentleman speaks with praise of the Edgar of Regan and that of Howard, not knowing how to award either a preference. Smith and Reddish are also said to give satisfaction. The Gloucester of Sparks and that of Barry are said to have been respectable, but that of Burton at Drury Lane is nervous and feeble. The Edmund of Palmer and that of Bensley, the Gentleman Usher of Woodward, Dyer, and Dodd, win favourable recognition. Mrs. Gilber, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Barry are praised in Cordelia. Of Mrs. Bellamy, "it is said, that she "looked the part amiably, but tuned the words most monotonously" (ib. 376). Colman's version was never revived. Mrs. Barry played Cordelia at Drury Lane 7th Oct. 1769, in Tate's Lear, to the Lear of her hus-

band. A revival with the Barrys in the principal parts, Lewis as Edgar, and Quick as the Gentleman Usher, took place at Covent Garden 24th Nov. 1774, and another at the same house on 22nd Feb. 1776, with Mrs. Bulkeley as Cordelia. The performances in Lear of West Digges and of Mossop are also chronicled. Gentleman speaks disparagingly of both. Henderson played Lear at Drury Lane 22nd March, 1779, to the Cordelia of Miss Young. The pathetic was not his forte. His friend Ireland allows that his powers were unequal to Lear. On the 14th of the following April, at the same house, Mrs. Robinson was Cordelia.

Mrs. Siddons first played Cordelia at Drury Lane for her benefit 21st Jan. 1788. Tate's version was adopted, and the receipts taken at the door were £317, 10s. The cast comprised Kemble as Lear, Wroughton as Edgar, Barrymore as Edmund, Rankin as Kent, Packer as Gloucester, Lamash as Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Ward as Regan. The Cordelia of Mrs. Siddons added little to her reputation, and she is held to have chosen the play with regard to her brother's interest rather than her own. Kemble, however, does not seem to have scored greatly in the part, which is not included in the summary of his character given by Hazlitt *à propos* to his retirement in *Coriolanus* (*Criticism*, pp. 287, *et seq.*). Leigh Hunt also leaves it unmentioned.

Pope played Lear at Covent Garden 6th Jan. 1794, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Esten, Holman's Edgar, Harley's Kent, and Dill's Gloucester. Pope had a good voice but no expression, and his performance had little value. On 18th May, 1808, Kemble repeated Lear at Covent Garden to the Edgar of Charles Kemble, the Kent of Cooke, and the Cordelia of Miss Smith. On the 27th of the following February he repeated it at the same house to the Cordelia of Miss Bristow, the Edmund of Brimton, the Gloucester of Murray, and the Oswald of Farley. A version altered by Kemble was then acted. In this Kemble restored passages from Tate which Garrick had excised. Genest (viii. 133) declared this version decidedly worse than Garrick's.

Booth was the next Lear witnessed at Covent

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Garden, playing the character for the first time 13th April, 1820, with Macready as Edmund, Fawcett as Kent, and Sally Booth as Cordelia. In the *Theatrical Inquisitor*, xvi. 246 *et seq.*, the new representative of Lear is said to have made "its hoary-headed hero the victim of his ignorant distortion and unshrinking audacity. Charles Kemble is said to have been "a most poetical representative of Edgar." Mr. Macready's great requisites (*sic*) were wasted upon the obnoxious villainy of Edmund, and Miss Booth, who was amusingly anxious not to be supposed a relative of the actor performing Lear, whose representation was destined to eclipse her own, was "essentially mediocre" as Cordelia. Fawcett, according to the same authority, was a failure in Kent. The representation was decried as "a mean, hurried, and malicious anticipation of the measures adopted at the other house," at which Kean was announced as Lear.

Kean's first appearance as Lear took place at Drury Lane 24th April, 1820. Rae was Edgar, Dowton Kent, and Mrs. W. West Cordelia. On 10th Feb. 1823, it was revived, when, "In obedience to the suggestion of men of literary eminence from the times of Addison," according to the announcement, the original 5th act was restored. Other innovations of Tate are assumed to have been omitted. As this is the first fully recorded performance of the play given approximately as Shakespeare intended it to be acted, the cast is supplied: Lear = Kean, Edgar = Cooper, Edmund = Younge, Kent = Terry, Gloucester = Powell, Oswald = S. Penley, Cordelia = Mrs. W. West, Goneril = Mrs. Glover, Regan = Mrs. Knight. The Fool, it is seen, does not appear. Kean in the last act could not carry Mrs. West without obvious difficulty. This caused some laughter, which must have interfered with the success of the performance. On the 24th further restorations from Shakespeare were made, and are said to have been received with enthusiasm. According to the *New Monthly Magazine* (probably Talfourd) the change "produced no appalling effect, as had been anticipated, but was received with silent tears" (ix. 108). Of Kean's interpretation it is said that it was "quiet, gentle, yet intense,

and each word and sigh seemed to come from a breaking heart." Hazlitt, who had looked forward with excitement to the performance, was very considerably disappointed. After mentioning that when Garrick's crown of straw fell off, the circumstance, though it would have been fatal to a common actor, did not cause the slightest interruption, and adding that John Kemble (that old campaigner) was very great in the euse, he continues: "The impression made on our minds was, that instead of its being his (Kean's) masterpiece, he was to seek in many parts of the character;—that the general conception was often perverse or feeble; and that there were only two or three places where he could be said to electrify the house" (*Criticisms*, pp. 258, 259).

A first appearance at Covent Garden of Vandenhoff as Lear is not indexed in *Genest*. It took place 9th December, 1820, and was repeated three times. Vandenhoff was announced as from Liverpool. Miss Foote was the Cordelia, and Abbott the Edmund. He was a little awkward in deportment, but was received with applause.

Young played Lear at Drury Lane the 30th of March, 1829, but the performance was not repeated. A version wrongly announced as Shakespeare's was given. W. Farren was Kent for the first time, Cooper was Edgar, Miss Phillips Cordelia, Mrs. W. West Goneril, and Mrs. Faucit Regan.

On 25th January, 1838, Macready produced Shakespeare's *King Lear*. He had played the character previously in Tate's version, and was very nervous about the substitution. In common with most actors he feared the introduction of the Fool. His diary of Jan. 4 has this entry: "My opinion of the introduction of the Fool is that, like many such terrible contrasts to poetry and painting, in acting representation it will fail of effect; it will either weary and annoy or distract the spectator" (*Reminiscences*, ii. 97). The following day he wrote: "Speaking to Willmott and Bartley about the part of the Fool in *Lear*, and mentioning my apprehension that, with Meadows, we should be obliged to omit the part, I described the sort of fragile, hectic, beautiful-faced boy that he should be, and

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stated my belief that it never could be acted. Bartley observed that a woman should play it. I caught at the idea, and instantly exclaimed, Miss P. Horton is the very person. I was delighted at the thought" (ib.). The revival was on an elaborate scale. Clarkson Stanfield painted the scenery, which was striking. Macready was nervous, and thought he failed in the character. The verdict was, however, favourable. Lear became one of Macready's stock characters, and was played by him in the country and in America. Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, speaking as chairman at the farewell banquet to Macready in March, 1851, and dealing with his performances, spoke with pardonable extravagance of enlogy of the "titanic grandeur of Lear."

After the example had been set of acting Shakespeare's version, the attempt, so far as the capital is concerned, to go back to the profane version of Tate was abandoned. Innumerable performances of King Lear have since been given, and no tragedian, would-be or real, has left it out of his repertory. The productions have, however, for the most part been ephemeral, and have left no surviving record.

King Lear was among the revivals of Charles Kean at the Princess's, at which house it was given on the 17th April, 1858. Ryder was Edgar; Mr. Walter Laey, Edmund; Cooper, Kent; Miss Kate Terry, Cordelia; Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett), Goneril; and Miss Eleanor Bufton (Mrs. Swanborough), Regan. The Fool was played by Miss Poole. It was repeated thirty consecutive times. Lear was a favourite character with Charles Kean, who grasped at least the more pathetic aspects. Three years later, in June, 1861, Phelps appeared at the same house in Lear. He also showed the pathetic aspects of Lear, but failed in the majestic and the terrible. Phelps had played the part previously at the Surrey and elsewhere. He played it also during his second season at Sadler's Wells, 5th Nov. 1845, with Marston as Edgar, George Bennett as Edmund, A. Younge as Kent, H. Mellon as Gloucester, Miss Cooper as Cordelia. In later days Lear has often been seen at home and abroad, the most noteworthy re-

presentations being those of the Italian tragedians, Salvini and Rossi.

Lear has been often acted in Germany and France. On the 26th September, 1626, Lear was played by the English Comedians at the Court of Dresden (Cohn Shakespeare in Germany, Introduction cxvi.). It is now constantly given by the great German companies. Le Roi Lear of Ducis was played at the Théâtre Français 20th June, 1783. It is a wretched work, founded partly upon Tate and ending happily. Another Roi Lear, imitated from Shakespeare by Élie Sauvage and Duhomme, was played at the Odéon in November, 1844. Ronvière was the Lear.—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The play of Lear obviously belongs to that dark chapter of Shakespeare's life when, after his attainment of the fulness of his power and complete mastery of his art, the deeper problems and mysteries of human life were in some singularly pressing and vital way brought home to him for solution. Whatever the special conditions attending the personal struggle, the result was an unequalled series of tragedies of passion, all turning upon the extent to which order and civilization and happiness rest upon domestic and social relations and upon a wise acceptance of the conventions of life without too close and envious a scrutiny. In Othello the fatal strain falls upon the bond between husband and wife; in Macbeth upon that between kinsman and kinsman, between king and subject; in Timon upon that which unites every man with his kind; in Lear upon that uniting parent and child: in all, the false friend, "the smiler with the knife beneath his cloak," the foe within a man's own household, is the unmsod link in the chain by which the golden lump of happiness hangs. Each of these plays, it has been noticed, ends disastrously, "in confusion and sorrow;" but in Lear the passionate emphasis is such as to give the play a unique place, not only in this group, but in the history of drama. The trivial source of the tragic issues of the piece—the fantastic whim of a king from whom madness is not far distant—leads to it almost an ironic force. In it good and evil are more

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definitely ranged in a series of distinct antagonisms than in most of the Shakespearean dramas; but the separation is not for the enforcement of the final salvation and triumph of goodness, but rather of the blindness of the doom which overwhelms good and evil alike. Although at the last the guilty are punished, yet, as Schlegel and others have pointed out, "the virtues that would bring help and success are everywhere too late, or are over-matched by the cunning activity of malice." So far as the limits of the dramatic action are concerned, vice drags down virtue with it to a not dissimilar fate. Cordelia, it is true, regains her father's love before her death by strangling in the prison; Lear in that clouded gleam, which at the last breaks in for a moment upon the mad brain, has some glimpse of a higher love and truth than he has yet known; the blind Gloucester gropes his way to his real son's side again; Kent finds grateful recognition of faithful service. But the blow falls unsparingly. Over the corpse of his wronged daughter the old man dies broken-hearted; Kent's vain fidelity has only a third grave to which to look forward; Gloucester dies of mingled joy and grief; Edgar, whose "foolish honesty" has assisted in his father's undoing, has his brother's death upon his hands. Kent's exclamation, "all's cheerless, dark, and deadly," sums up the whole situation; and that this termination rhymed with the personal mood of the poet must be inferred from a variety of contingent circumstances, apart from the fact that the original story and the play from which Shakespeare worked, end happily. While, however, the reflex of a personal mood must undoubtedly be traced in the tragic close of the Shakespearean plot, it must be admitted that the higher logic of events demands it independently of the personal mood. After the breaking down of the mind sufficiently to admit, not merely of the cession of kingly power in one incapable of renouncing the habit and temper of kingship, but of the cession of power in a manner unworthy of a king; and especially after the tragedy of passion which follows the ingratitude of his elder daughters, a comedy-ending to the action would have been discordant. Lear, reconciled to Cordelia, might

have been restored to his throne, as in the story on which Shakespeare based his drama; but what reconciliation was possible with Goneril and Regan, what happiness could have rounded off so intense and disastrous a struggle with evil. Lear and Cordelia, saved from the horrors of storm and wreck, would still have found but a bare rock and waste of sea about them, with death only removed a little further off. Once having conceived the idea that such an action as that of Lear in the division of his kingdom involved certain morbid elements which the conduct of his daughters would develop into madness, Shakespeare was almost compelled to a tragedy-ending, though the tone might have been less dark and hopeless. Lear's madness is not that of a mood merely; it is fundamental; the bitterness of life has cut too deeply to find remedy in anything but death. In the case of Goneril and Regan and Edmund, and in a modified degree in that of Gloucester, justice demands the guilty life; and even the death of Cordelia, which at first sight appears wanton, has its necessity in the events preceding it, for no art could withdraw this white victim from the monstrous coils of fate that lay about her. She is doomed, and happiest so. Step by step, as by some inner and dark necessity of things, the foredoomed close works itself out with a consummate art which abundantly proves that whatever depths had been sounded in the personal struggle, the poet had remained master of himself.

Improbable as the story is in itself, Shakespeare has succeeded in making it appeal, not merely as a powerful imaginative product of a fantastic kind, but as absolutely true in its rendering of a great complex of passion. The concrete basis of the drama is a wild phantasmagory of figures performing the strangest antics against a background of turbulence and storm. Yet so true is the passion that breathes in them to the high key in which it is pitched, so logical are the sequences, and with such certainty is mood played off against mood, that after the initial surprise at the conditions assumed by the dramatist, the mind is immediately subdued by a sense of the profoundest reality. Shelley, indeed, describes it as "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art

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existing in the world," and even M. Saint-Marc Girardin in his comparison of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, *King Lear*, and *Père Goriot*, is shaken in his adhesion to the methods of the eternal Greeks and the eternal Romans. Schlegel, commenting upon the criticisms which censure the incorporation of the story of *Gloster* and his sons with that of *Lear*, points out how skilfully the interweaving is carried out so as to secure the highest unity. In one sense the play is a compound of two tragedies—indeed Mr. Monlton has chosen to regard it as three tragedies in one; but the two are so worked that the single motive receives a double enforcement from actions which, though in some respects contrasted, fall within the same scheme of passion. Of the various excellences in the adaptation of details in the plot-construction, Schlegel has noted that the pity felt by *Gloster* for the fate of *Lear* becomes the means which enables his son *Edmund* to effect his complete destruction, and affords the ostent *Edgar* an opportunity of being the saviour of his father; while the activity of *Edmund* in the cause of *Regan* and *Goneril*, and the passion which both entertain for him, induce them to execute justice on each other and on themselves. Coleridge, with his wonted fineness of touch, has indicated how *Cordeia's* reluctance to yield a point to her father, the touch of his own stubbornness which animates her, lessens the glaring absurdity of *Lear's* conduct, which is again, in part, palliated by the similar unwillingness on *Kent's* part to abate anything in his blunt advocacy of *Cordeia*. He further points out that the conduct of *Edmund* to *Edgar* and his father is rendered plausible by the seemingly casual indication that *Edmund* has been abroad nine years, and that there has, therefore, been no co-domestication; that the *Fool* is from the first removed from the sphere of pure buffoonery by the anticipation of his entry in a reference which brings him into living connection with the higher passions and pathos of the play; that the character of *Albany* renders possible "a perfect sympathy of monstrosity" and consentaneity of action on the part of *Regan* and *Goneril*; and that *Edgar's* assumed madness—he might have added also the professional

madness of the *Fool*—takes off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of *Lear*. Points such as these might readily be multiplied in evidence of the almost unerring judgment shown in the dramatic structure and minor details of the play. Only one man could have safely handled that great "trio of madness" in the middle act of the piece, and only one man could have carried the action through it and past it without anticlimax to a great termination. In one place only did Coleridge think that Shakespeare had merged the tragic of the play beyond the uttermost mark of the dramatic—the blinding of *Gloster*; a point, however, bearing rather upon the proprieties of stage presentation than upon the dramatist's art in the abstract. From the point of view of the imagination the incident has to be judged by a less restricted standard of fitness—that of consistency with the environment in which the action is supposed to take place. The incident is one amongst other elements in the piece cited in support of the view that the play is to be characterized as the result of a deliberate endeavour to conduct us into heathen and barbaric times, a purposeful study by Shakespeare of an unruly and turbulent age, in which passion was lord of all. The characterization is obviously true in so far that Shakespeare has carefully refrained in the play from all direct reference to Christianity—a degree of chronological consistency possibly not without meaning in view of his other anachronisms; and there is good ground for the stress laid by Mr. Hales on the fact that the strange savage figures of the piece, and its crowding horrors and ghastliness, carry us back to the "dragons of the prime." Along the same line of inquiry is the question, also entered upon by the last-mentioned writer, as to the extent to which the play may be regarded as a deliberate study by Shakespeare in the characteristics of the Celtic race, and as taking an important place among the evidences of his acute sense of ethnological distinctions. By sentiment, if not by system, Shakespeare was inevitably more or less of an ethnologist in the perception of differences of national character and temperament, wit-

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ness the Teutonic characteristics in Hamlet, the Jewish in the Merchant of Venice, and the Italian in Romeo and Juliet; and the author of the New Exegesis of Shakespeare long since laid stress on the accurate discrimination of the Celtic characteristics in Macbeth. In King Lear this is even more striking; and in this regard at least Shakespeare has been almost faultlessly consistent with the demands of the old British tradition. Some special interest attaches to this in connection with the fact that Shakespeare himself was born on the old Welsh and English borderland, and that certain Celtic elements undoubtedly entered into his own character and genius.

Of the individual characters of the play it is noteworthy how completely, despite the many clearly-drawn and impressive characters, the figure of Lear dominates all, almost to the point of diffusing a certain madness wherever he may go. He is to be conceived as a large-brained, irritable-nerved man, impulsive, passionate, capable of inspiring the strongest attachment in the best natures, constitutionally compelled to lead, yet in a fantastic moment divesting himself of rulership, though impotent to put away at the same time the habit and necessity of ruling. The trial of the daughters accompanying this is rightly characterized by Coleridge as "a trick," it being manifest that the old king anticipates from Cordelia a profession of affection which will throw into the shade those of her sisters. He comes to her last of the three, but he has reserved for her the most opulent division of his kingdom. She has, moreover, heard the speeches of her sisters, only the turn of a phrase is required to outpace them in the rivalry of profession. At bottom he feels instinctively that her affection is truer and deeper than that of either Goneril or Regan, but he is too habituated to profession not to look for an expression commensurate with the feeling of which his instinct assures him. The trick undoes itself by its own foolishness, arousing, as it was bound to do in a nature like that of Cordelia, only pain and revulsion from the indignity of subjection to so gross a test, from the signs of weakness and senility

in the abrogation of power in this childish fashion, and from the unscrupulous eagerness of her sisters to turn their father's weakness to their own advantage. Not under conditions such as these can the full heart speak its love. A chilled and, when she turns to her sisters, even a disgusting reserve overspreads it, with some inherited touch of the obstinacy and pride which are so clearly discernible in the father. The excess of rage of the disappointed king, who finds the instinctive feeling after a greater depth of love in Cordelia momentarily baffled—who finds his longing for intense expression opposed in that pained, relentless, "Nothing, my lord," and his plans all thrown down and ridiculous, is perfectly natural under the conditions assumed. These are undoubtedly, so far as Lear is concerned, those of failing powers of restraint bordering upon madness, if, indeed, it may not be said that this borderland has been already crossed. On this point professionalism has some claim to speak, and at least three medical men, Dr. Brigham, Dr. Ray, and Dr. Bucknall, have certified the insanity of Lear from the very outset of the play, pointing out at the same time—as Coleridge had done before them—the profound insight with which Shakespeare has distinguished the assumed madness of Edgar from the real madness of Lear, and the wisdom of the poet's views with regard to the treatment of the insane. At the same time there is little satisfaction in approaching the study of Lear from the standpoint of Colney Hatch; indeed it is all but impossible to the reader who rises to the due height of the play. As Lamb well said, the passions of Lear are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom a mind like a sea with vast hidden riches, and in reading the play we are "sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms," discovering in the aberration of his reason "a mighty irregular power of reasoning, unmethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of life." It is a madness which often transeends reason, and Lear the madman was never perhaps more a king. The qualities of Lear are reproduced to some extent in his

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daughters, the better qualities in Cordelia, the worse in Goneril and Regan, but both in alliance with a certain absoluteness, pride, obstinacy, and impatience. Fine nature as that of Cordelia indisputably is, a spark more of conciliatory tact at the beginning would have averted the tragic fate. If, however, in Cordelia there is the touch of weakness which humanizes, there is in Goneril and Regan no touch of the goodness that redeems. They are bad enough in the old story, but Shakespeare scores even more deeply the lines of evil, adding conjugal infidelity to filial impiety. A curious likeness exists between them; and Victor Hugo, in view of this resemblance, has said that Shakespeare "takes ingratitude and gives this monster two heads, Goneril and Regan." Gervinus, however, has pointed out that Goneril is the calmer, the more resolute, the more pitiless, the stronger and the worse of the pair. Regan, as Dowden puts it, is "a smaller, shriller, fiercer, more eager piece of

malice." It is Goneril who first suggests the plucking out of Gloucester's eyes; it is she who poisons her sister. Regan quails a little before her father's curse; but Goneril treats it as she would an ordinary outburst of petulance. The two share with Edmund and Oswald a place amongst the most hopelessly wicked characters of the Shakespearean plays. Amongst the other characters the Fool undoubtedly appeals most forcibly to the heart, from the first brief reference, to that significant disappearance in the very middle of the play. In no respect is Shakespeare's art more strikingly shown than in the way in which he thus lifts the Fool from the old level of extemporized clowning and buffoonery and gives the part the highest tragic force. It is in thorough keeping with the daring and profound reach of intellect which has given us in the work as a whole, perhaps "the greatest single achievement in poetry of the Teutonic or Northern genius."—
R. M. W.

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ievement in
n genius."—



Glo. Away, and let me die.—(Act iv. 6. 48.)

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room of state in King Lear's palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected¹ the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity² in neither can make choice of either's moiety.³

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't. 11

[*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.⁴

¹ *Affected*, liked, been partial to.

² *Curiosity*, curious scrutiny.

³ *Moiety*, share.

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⁴ *Proper*, coeely.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whore-son must be acknowledged.]—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. [He hath been out⁵ nine years, and away he shall again.] [*Sennet within.*]—The king is coming.

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

⁵ *Out*, abroad.

Ilo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker¹ purpose.—

Give me the map there.—Know that we've divided

In three our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while
we 41

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future
strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France
and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous
sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my
daughters,—

Since now we will divest us both of rule, 50
Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge.—
Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir,

I love you more than words can wield² the
matter;

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech
unable: 61

[*Beyond all manner of so much I love you.*]

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia speak?
Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this
line to this.

With shadowy forests and with champagnes³
rich'd,⁴

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's
issue

Be this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. Sir, 70

I'm made of that self⁵ metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true
heart

I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that⁶ I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square⁷ of sense
professes;

And find I am alone felicitate⁸

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue. 80

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,⁹ and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our
joy,

Although the last, not least; to whose young
love

The vines of France and milk¹⁰ of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd;¹¹ what can you say to
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing! 90

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing; speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond;¹² nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your
speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit, 99

¹ *Self*, same.

⁶ *That*, in that, because.

⁷ *Square*, compass, scope.

⁸ *Felicitate*, made happy.

⁹ *Validity*, value.

¹⁰ *Milk*, pastures.

¹¹ *Interest'd*, interested.

¹² *Bond*, duty.

¹ *Darker*, more secret.

² *Wield*, express.

³ *Champagnes*, plains

⁴ *Rich'd*, enriched

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
 They love you all?¹ Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord whose hand must take my plight²
 shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy
 dower: 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
 Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes³
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relief'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest⁴
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
 sight!—

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—
 who stirs?

Call Burgandy.—Cornwall and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest⁵ this
 third: 130

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry⁶
 her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty.—Ourselves, by monthly
 course,

¹ All, alone, altogether. ² Plight, troth.

³ Makes his generation messes, devours his offspring.

⁴ Set my rest, find rest, repose.

⁵ Digest, enjoy (perhaps, incorporate).

⁶ Marry, find a husband for.

With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still
 retain

The name, and all th' additions⁷ to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, 140
 This coronet part between you.

[*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my
 prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make⁸
 from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork⁹
 invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmanly,
 When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,
 old man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to
 speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
 honour's bound, 150

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
 And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my
 judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee
 least;

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
 Reverbs¹⁰ no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage¹¹ against thine enemies; nor fear to
 lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still
 retain 160

The true blank¹² of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

⁷ Additions, title.

⁸ Make, go, get away.

⁹ Fork, barbed head.

¹⁰ Reverbs, reverberates.

¹¹ Wage, wager, stake.

¹² Blank, target.

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me! — 170
That thou hast sought to make us break our
vow, —

Which we durst never yet,—and with strain'd¹
pride

To come between our sentence and our power, —
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear, —
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases² of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day fol-
lowing, 179

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith³ thus thou
wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter
take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly
said! —

[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large
speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of
love. —

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu; 180
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE,
BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this
king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness
offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she
stands: 200

If aught within that little-seeming⁴ substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,⁵
And nothing more, may fitly like⁶ your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities⁷ she
owes,⁸
Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd⁹ with
our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me, 210
I tell you all her wealth.—[*To France*] For
you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray¹⁰
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
you

T' avert¹¹ your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, who even but now was your best
object,

The argument¹² of your praise, balm of your rage,
Most best, most dear'st, should in this trice
of time 219

Commit a thing so monstrous, to¹³ disanitle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters¹⁴ it, or your fore-vouch'd affec-
tion

⁴ Little-seeming, small in appearance.

⁵ Piec'd, pieced out. ⁶ Like, please.

⁷ Infirmities, disabilities. ⁸ Owes, owns, has

⁹ Stranger'd, estranged, disowned.

¹⁰ Make such a stray, go astray so far as

¹¹ Avert, turn. ¹² Argument, theme.

¹³ To, as to. ¹⁴ Monsters, makes monstrous.

¹ Strain'd, excessive
² Diseases, discomforts.
³ Sith, since.

Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I'm
richer,—
A still-soliciting¹ eye, and such a tongue



Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!
France.

Come, my fair Cordelia.—(Act I. 1. 283-285.)

As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me² in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hast not been born than not t' have pleas'd
me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand

Aloof from the entire³ point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
Bur. I'm sorry, then, you have so lost a
father
That you must lose a husband.

¹ Still-soliciting, ever-begging.

² Lost me, caused my loss.

³ Entire, main, essential.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects¹ of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 't is strange that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowierless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance, 250

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
[Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this surpris'd² precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;³
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.]

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.⁴—
[Come, noble Burgundy.]

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy,
Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and
Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd⁵
eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you
are;

And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our
father:

To your professed bosoms⁶ I commit him:

[But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer⁷ him to a better place.]
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. [You have obedience
scanted, 281

And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

¹ *Respects*, considerations.

² *Unappriz'd*, unappreciated.

⁴ *Benison*, blessing.

⁶ *Bosoms*, love.

⁵ *Unkind*, unnatural.

⁸ *Wash'd*, tearful.

⁷ *Prefer*, commend.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted⁸ em-
ning hides:

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.]
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I
think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you;
next month with us. 290

Gon. You see how full of changes his age
is; the observation we have made of it hath
not been little: he always lov'd our sister
most; and with what poor judgment he hath
now cast her off appears too grossly.⁹

Reg. 'T is the infirmity of his age; yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time
hath been but rash; then must we look to
receive from his age, not alone the imperfec-
tions of long-engrafted condition, but there-
withal the murlly waywardness that infirm
and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant¹⁰ starts are we like
to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you,
let us hit¹¹ together: if our father carry autho-
rity with such dispositions as he bears, this
last surrender of his will but offend¹² us. 310

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the Earl of Gloucester's
castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in¹³ the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity¹⁴ of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

⁸ *Plighted*, folded, secret.

¹⁰ *Unconstant*, capricious.

¹² *Offend*, injure.

¹⁴ *Curiosity*, scrupulousness.

⁹ *Grossly*, palpably.

¹¹ *Hit*, agree.

¹³ *Stand in*, be exposed to

Lag of¹ a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,²
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? [Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base!

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:]



Glo. Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue."—(Act i. 2. 59, 60)

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: [fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate,] if this letter speed,³
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. [I grow; I pro-
sper:—

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in
choler parted!⁴

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd⁵ his
power!

Confin'd to exhibition!⁶ All this done
Upon the gad!⁷—Edmund, how now! what
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

[Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.]

Glo. What paper were you reading?]

⁵ Subscrib'd, surrendered.

⁶ Confin'd to exhibition, limited to an allowance.

⁷ The gad, the spur of the moment.

¹ Lag of, lagging behind.

² Compact, compacted.

³ Speed, succeed.

⁴ Parted, departed.

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needest, then, that terrible¹ dispatch of it into your pocket! the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste² of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads*]:

"This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times;³ keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness⁴ cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond⁵ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."

Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character⁶ to be your brother's!

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect⁸ age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—[His very opinion⁹ in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested,⁹ brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him;] I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,¹⁰ if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel¹¹ my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence¹² of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this; and by an auriolar assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me¹³ into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself,¹⁴ to be in a due resolution.¹⁵

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey¹⁶ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds it self sear'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, dis-

⁸ Perfect, full.

⁹ Detested, detestable.

¹⁰ Where, whereas. ¹¹ Feel, test. ¹² Pretence, design.

¹³ Wind me, insinuate yourself.

¹⁴ Unstate myself, sacrifice my rank and fortune.

¹⁵ In a due resolution, duly satisfied.

¹⁶ Convey, slyly manage.

¹ Terrible, affrighted.

² Essay or taste, trial or test.

³ Times, life.

⁴ Oldness, old age.

⁵ Fond, foolish.

⁶ Closet, chamber.

⁷ Character, handwriting.

cord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd
twixt son and father. This villain of mine
comes under the prediction, there's none against
father: the king tells him he's of nature;
there's father against child. We have seen
the best of our time: machinations, hollow-
ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, fol-
low us disquietly to our graves.—Find out
this villain, Edmund: it shall lose thee noth-
ing; do it carefully. And the noble and
true-hearted Kent banish'd! his honesty!—
[Exit.] 'Tis strange.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the
world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—
often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we
make guilty of our disasters the sun, the
moon, and the stars; as if we were villains
by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion;
knaves, thieves, and traitors,² by spherical
predominance;³ [drunkards, liars, and adul-
terers, by an enforce'd obedience of planetary
influence;] and all that we are evil in, by a
divine thrusting on; [an admirable evasion of
whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposi-
tion to the charge of a star! My father com-
pounded with my mother under the Dragon's
tail; and my nativity under *ursa major*;
so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.
—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the
maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on
my bastardizing.]—Edgar! prithee comes like
the catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is
villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'
Bellam.

Enter EDGAR.

[O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!
fa, sol, la, mi.]

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what
serious contemplation are you in? 151

Edm. [I am thinking, brother, of a predic-
tion I read this other day, what should follow
these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of
succeed⁴ unhappily; as of immaturity between
the child and the parent; death, dearth,

dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in
state, menaces and maledictions against king
and nobles; needless diffidences,⁵ banishment
of friends, dissipation⁶ of cohorts, nuptial
breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary
astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;] when saw you my
father last?

Edg. The night last by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 170

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found
you no displeasure in him by word nor com-
tenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may
have offended him; and at my entreaty for-
bear his presence till some little time hath
qualified the heat of his displeasure; [which
at this instant so rageth in him, that with the
mischief of your person it would scarcely
allay.]

Edg. The villain hath done me wrong. 180

Edm. 'Tis my fear. I pray you, have a
continual forbearance till the speed of his
rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with
me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly
bring you to hear my lord speak: [pray ye,
go; there's my key:]—if you do stir abroad,
go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: I
am no honest man if there be any good mean-
ing toward you: I have told you what I have
seen and heard but faintly, nothing like the
image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.
[Exit *Edgar*.]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices⁹ ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. 200
[Exit.]

¹ Bias, tendency.

² Treachers, traitors.

³ Spherical predominance, influence of the spheres.

⁴ Succeed, follow.

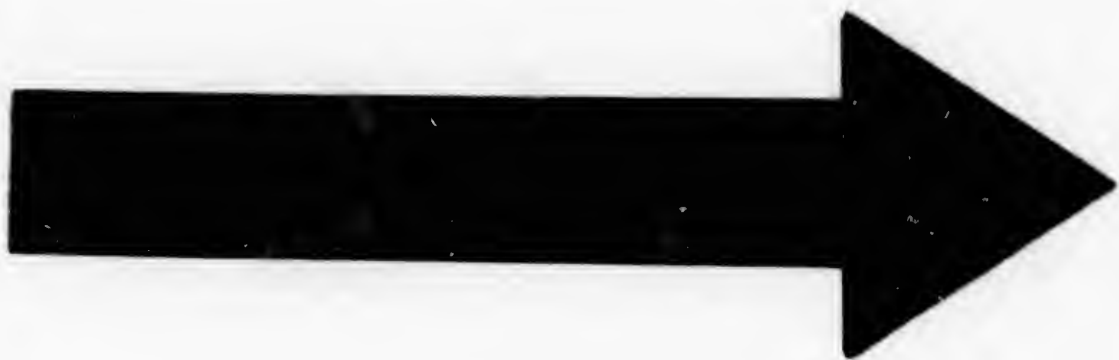
⁵ Diffidences, distrusts.

⁶ Dissipation, disbanding.

⁷ Sectary astronomical, astrological disciple.

⁸ Continent, restrained.

⁹ Practices, plots.



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SCENE III. *A room in the Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL and OSWALD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services, 9

You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.
[*Horns within.*]

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,



Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you.—(Act I. 2. 188-190)

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste¹ it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as² flatteries, / when they're
seen abus'd. 20

Remember what I have said.

Osw. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course.—[*Prepare for dinner.*]
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse,³ my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd⁴ my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand
condemn'd,

So may it come,⁵ thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

[*Horns within.* *Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*]

Lear. Let me not stay⁶ a jot for dinner;
go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How
now! what art thou? 10

Kent. A man, sir.

¹ Distaste, dislike.

² Checks as, reprofs as well as.

³ Defuse, disorder, disguise.

⁴ Raz'd, erased.

⁵ Come, come to pass that.

⁶ Stay, wait.

himself up-

s from hunt-

am sick:—

ees, 9

I'll answer.

Morns within.

hear him.

diligence you

2. 188-190.)

same.

d.

cents borrow,

good intent

full issue

—Now, ban-

ou dost stand

om thou lov'st,

nights, and

ot for dinner;

uliant.] How

10

Raz'd, crased.

Stay, wait.

Lear. What dost thou profess?¹ What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse² with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king. 21

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that? 31

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious³ tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou? 39

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll⁴ back. [*Exit a Knight.*—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that moulrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest⁵ manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not! 60

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wrong'd. 71

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint⁶ neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence⁷ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*—Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. "My lady's father?"! my lord's knave; you [whoreson] dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon. 91

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

¹ *Profess*, profess to do.

² *Converse*, associate.

³ *Curious*, elaborate.

⁴ *Clotpoll*, clodpole.

⁵ *Roundest*, bluntest.

⁶ *Faint*, slight.

⁷ *Very pretence*, actual intention.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb, [Offering Kent his cap.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool? 110

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb:¹ why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, muncle! [Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!]

Lear. Why, my boy? 119

Fool. If I gave them all my living,² I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,³ may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. [Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, muncle; 120

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,⁴

Ride more than thou goest,⁵

Learn more than thou trovest,⁶

Set⁷ less than thou throwest;

[Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,]

And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score. 140

¹ Coxcomb, fool's cap.

² Living, property.

³ Brach, female hound.

⁴ Owest, ownest.

⁵ Goest, walkest. ⁶ Trovest, knowest. ⁷ Set, stake.

Kent. This is nothing, fool. 141

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer;—you gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use of nothing, muncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [To Kent] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool! 150

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,—

Do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear; 160

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, muncle, and I'll give thee two crowns. 171

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. [When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt:] thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. 180

[*Exiting:* Fools had ne'er less grace in a year:

For wise men are grown foppish,⁸

And know now their wits to wear,

The fools are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, muncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when

⁸ Foppish, foolish.

141
of an unfe'd
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sweet fool?

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thou gavest them the rod, and pattedst down
thine own breeches,] 190

Singing: Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, uncle, keep a schoolmaster that can
teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. Ah you lie, sirrah, we'll have you
whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy
daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for
speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for
lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for hold-
ing my peace. I had rather be any kind o'
thing than a fool; and yet I would not be
thee, uncle; thou hast par'd thy wit o' both
sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here
comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes
that frontlet¹ on? Methinks you are too
much of late i' the frown. 299

[*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou
hadst no need to care for her frowning; now
thou art an O without a figure: I am better
than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art not.
ing.—[*To Goneril?*] Yes, forsooth, I will nold
my tongue; so your face bids me, though you
say nothing. Mumm, mumm,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheald² peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd
fool, 220

But other of your insolent retinue³
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots.
Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known
unto you,

T' have found a safe redress; but now grow
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and
done,

That you protect this course, and put it on⁴

¹ *Frontlet*, forehead (look). ² *Sheald*, shelled.
³ *Retinue*, accented on second syllable.
⁴ *Put it on*, encourage it.

By your allowance; [which if you should, the
fault

Woul' not scape censure, nor the redresses
sleep, 229

Which, in the tender of⁵ a wholesome weal,⁶
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.]

Fool. For, you trow, uncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it's had it⁷ head bit off by it young.

[So, out went the candle, and we were left
darkling.⁸]

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good
wisdom 240

Whereof I know you're fraught; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

[*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart
draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.]

Lear. Doth any here know me?—Why, this
is not Lear:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where
are his eyes?

Either his notion⁹ weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargied.—Ha! waking? 't is not so.—

Who is it that can tell me who I am?— 250

Fool. Lear's shadow.

[*Lear.* I would learn that; for, by the
marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,
I should be false-persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient
father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration,¹⁰ sir, is much o' the
savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purpose aright: 260

As you are old and reverend, you should be
wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and
squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd,¹¹ and bold,

⁵ *Tender of*, regard for.

⁶ *Wholesome weal*, healthy commonwealth.

⁷ *It*, its (old possessive).

⁸ *Darkling*, in the dark.

⁹ *Notion*, mind.

¹⁰ *Admiration*, astonishment.

¹¹ *Debosh'd*, debauched.

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
[Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grace'd¹ palace.] The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy; be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity² your train; 270
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort³ your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Albany*]
O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my
horses.— 280
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [*To Goneril*] Detested⁴ kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worship of their name.—O most small
fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,⁵ wrench'd my frame
of nature 290
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my
people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

¹ *Grace'd*, dignified.

² *Disquantity*, diminish.

³ *Besort*, become.

⁴ *Detested*, detestable.

⁵ *Engine*, rack.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility! 300
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate⁶ body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,⁷
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart⁸ disnatur'd⁹ torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent¹⁰ tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's¹¹ pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt,—that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof
comes this!

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee,—[*To Goneril*] Life and
death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me
perforce, 320
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and
fogs upon thee!
Th' unvented¹² woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha, is it come to this?
Let it be so;—I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;¹³
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wofish visage. Thou shalt find

⁶ *Derogate*, degraded, depraved.

⁷ *Teem*, bear children.

⁸ *Thwart*, perverse.

⁹ *Disnatur'd*, unnatural.

¹⁰ *Cadent*, falling.

¹¹ *Mother's*, maternal.

¹² *Unvented*, incurable.

¹³ *Comfortable*, ready to comfort.

my lord.—
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300

ease;
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t may live,
ment to her!
w of youth;
n her cheeks;
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[*Exit.*
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e matter, sir?
[*Exit.*] Life and

my manhood

reak from me
320

—Blasts and

ather's curse

Old fond eyes,
uck ye out,

that you lose,
to this?

ughter,
mfortable:¹³

with her nails
hou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
think 331
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant
thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Generil,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald,
ho!—

[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool,
after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and
take the fool with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her. 340
And such a daughter,
Should sare to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—a
hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point¹ a hundred knights: yes, that, on
every dream,

Each buzz,² each fanev, each complaint, dis-
like,

He may enguard³ his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.⁴—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still⁵ take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken:⁶ I know his
heart.

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness.—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away
to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear; 360
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

¹ *At point*, at call, ready.

² *Enguard*, guard.

³ *In mercy*, at his mercy.

⁴ *Still*, ever.

⁶ *Taken*, overtaken (by the harms).

² *Buzz*, whisper.

³ *Still*, ever.

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No,
no, my lord, 363
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task⁷ for want of
wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.



Fool. So the fool follows after.—(Act i. 4. 344.)

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I can-
not tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then— 370

Alb. Well, well; the event.⁸ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these
letters. Acquaint my daughter no further
with any thing you know than comes from
her demand out of the letter. If your dili-
gence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

⁷ *At task*, to be taken to task, at fault.

⁸ *The event*, the result (will show).

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?¹

Lear. Ay, boy. 10

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod.

Lear. Ho, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab,² 's like an apple, yet I can what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face? 20

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars³ are no moe⁴ than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight? 40

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce!⁵—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, muncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 50

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A court within the castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing⁶ arguments!

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they? 10

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward? 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy⁸ question, Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!— 20

Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

¹ *Kibes*, chilblains.

² *Crab*, crab-apple.

³ *Seven stars*, the Pleiades.

⁴ *Moe*, more.

⁵ *Perforce*, by force. ⁶ *Ear-kissing*, whispered in the ear.

⁷ *Toward*, coming, in preparation.

⁸ *Queasy*, delicate.

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches;—O sir, fly this place; 22
Intelligence is given, where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of
Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, 't the night, 't th'
haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party¹ 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I'm sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming:—pardon
me; 30

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit
you well.—

Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho,
here!

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I've seen
drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—
Stop, stop!—No help!

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword out, 49
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the
moon

To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fle'd this way, sir, when by no means
he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exit*
some Servants.].—By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your
lordship;

[But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond

¹ Party, part, side.

The child was bound to the father;—sir, in
fine.] 50

Seeing how loathly² opposite I stood

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,³

With his prepared sword he charges home

My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:

But when he saw my best alarm'd⁴ spirits,

Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' en-
counter,

Or whether gasted⁵ by the noise I made,

Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this hur' shall he remain uncaught;

And found—dispatch.—The noble duke my
master, 60

My worthy arch⁶ and patron, comes to-night:

By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he which finds him shall deserve our
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He that conceals him, death.

[*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his
intent,

And found him pight⁷ to do it, with curst⁸
speech

I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,

“Thou unpossessing⁹ bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the re-
posal 70

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee

Make thy words faith'd!¹⁰ No: what I should
deny,—

As this I would; ay, though thou didst pro-
duce

My very character,¹¹—I 'd turn it all

To thy suggestion,¹² plot, and damned prac-
tice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant¹³ and potential spurs

To make thee seek it.”

Glo. Strong and fasten'd¹⁴ villain!

² Loathly, loathingly.

³ Motion, attack (a fencing term).

⁴ Best alarm'd, thoroughly roused.

⁵ Gasted, exhausted. ⁶ Arch, chief.

⁷ Pight, fixed, settled. ⁸ Curst, sharp, harsh.

⁹ Unpossessing, incapable of inheriting.

¹⁰ Faith'd, believed. ¹¹ Character, handwriting.

¹² Suggestion, evil prompting.

¹³ Pregnant, ready. ¹⁴ Fasten'd, confirmed.

{ Would he deny his letter?— I never got¹
him.— } [Tucket within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why
he comes.— 81

All ports² I'll bar; the villain shall not
scape;

The duke must grant me that: besides, his
picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.³

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I
came hither,—

Which I can call but now,—I've heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short 90

Which can pursue th' offender. How dost,
my lord?

{ [*Glo.* O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—
it's crack'd! }

{ *Reg.*] What, did my father's godson seek
your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it
hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riot-
ous knights

That tend upon my father?

{ [*Glo.* I know not, madam:—'t is too bad,
too bad.] }

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.⁴

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill
affected: 100

{ ['T is they have put him on⁵ the old man's
death, }

To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.⁶]

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such
cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your
father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'T was my duty, sir.

Glo. He did betray⁷ his practice:⁸ and
receiv'd 100

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of⁹ doing harm: [make your own
purpose,

How in my strength¹⁰ you please.]—For you,
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:

Natures of such deep trust¹¹ we shall much
need;

Yon we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you,— 120

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-
ey'd night:

[Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,¹²
Wherein we must have use of your advice:]—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home; the several mes-
sengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your needful counsel to our businesses, 120
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's castle.*

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

[*Osw.* Good dawning to thee, friend: art of
this house?]

Kent. Ay.

⁷ *Betray*, betray.

⁸ *Practice*, plot.

⁹ *Of*, for, as to.

¹⁰ *In my strength*, with my authority.

¹¹ *Trust*, trustworthiness. ¹² *Poise*, weight.

¹ *Got*, begged.

² *Ports*, gates.

³ *Capable*, a possible heir.

⁴ *Consort*, set, company.

⁵ *Put him on*, incited him to.

⁶ *Revenues*, accented on second syllable.

show your

y, sir,
 etice:⁸ and
 109
 rehnd him.

good lord,
 never more
 e your own

—For you,

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Our good old

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 inesses, 129

you, madam:
 [Kent.

's castle.

severally.

friend: art of

practice, plot.

ity.

'oase, weight.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. P' the mire.
Osw. Prithce, if thou lovest me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,¹ I
 would make thee care for me. 10

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
 thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken
 meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-
 suited,² hundred-pound, tilthy, worsted-stock-



Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king.—(Act II. 2. 38, 39.)

ing,³ knave; a lily-livered, action-taking,⁴
 whoreson, glass-gazing,⁵ sniperserviceable,⁶ fini-
 cal rogue; one-trunk-inheriting⁷ slave; one
 that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good ser-
 vice, and art nothing but the composition of
 a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son
 and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will
 beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest
 the least syllable of thy addition.⁸

¹ *Pinfold*, pound.
² *Three-suited*, with only three suits of clothes.
³ *Worsted-stocking*, wearing cheap stockings, shabby.
⁴ *Action-taking*, bringing in suits.
⁵ *Glass-gazing*, vain. ⁶ *Superserviceable*, officious.
⁷ *One-trunk-inheriting*, beggarly. ⁸ *Addition*, title.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art
 thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known
 of thee nor knows thee! 29

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou,
 to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days
 since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, be-
 fore the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though
 it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a
 sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whore-
 son cullionly⁹ barber-monger,¹⁰ draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with

⁹ *Cullionly*, base, vile. ¹⁰ *Barber-monger*, top.

letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado¹ your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat² slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND.

Edu. How now! What's the matter?

[*Kent.* With you, Goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.]

Enter GLOSTER.

[*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?] 51

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Servants.

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference?³ speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in⁴ thee: a tailor made thee. 60

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. [Thou whoreson zed!] thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted⁵ villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes⁶ with him.—“Spare my gray beard,” you wagtail!

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

[You beastly knave,] know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

[*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain 80
Which are too intrinse⁷ t' unloose; smooth⁸
every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Being oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege,⁹ affirm, and turn their halyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. 90

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.]

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes¹⁰ me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see 100
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness, [and constrains the garb¹¹]
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak
truth!

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.]
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking¹² observants¹³
That stretch their duties nicely.¹⁴ 110

[*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

⁷ *Intrinsic*, intricate.

⁸ *Smooth*, flatter.

⁹ *Renege*, deny.

¹⁰ *Likes*, pleases.

¹¹ *Constrains the garb*, distorts his appearance.

¹² *Silly-ducking*, obsequious.

¹³ *Observants*, servile persons. ¹⁴ *Nicely*, scrupulously.

¹ *Carbonado*, notch, cut.

² *Neat*, mere (perhaps, spruce, finical).

³ *Difference*, quarrel.

⁴ *Disclaims in*, disowns.

⁵ *Unbolted*, coarse.

⁶ *Jakes*, privy.

Under th' allowance of your great aspect,¹
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no
flatterer: he that beguill'd you in a plain ac-
cent was a plain knave; which, for my part,
I will not be, though I should win your dis-
pleasure to entreat me to 't. 129

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Ose. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact,² and flattering his dis-
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied³ him, got praises of the king
For him attempting⁴ who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment⁵ of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

[*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.⁶]

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!—

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
braggart, 133
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking⁷ his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!—As I have
life and honour, 140
There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

¹ *Aspect*, accented on second syllable.

² *Compact*, joining with him.

³ *Worthied*, exalted.

⁴ *Him attempting*, attacking him.

⁵ *Fleshment*, glory, exaltation.

⁶ *Their fool*, a fool to them.

⁷ *Stocking*, putting in the stocks.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away⁸ the
stocks! [*Stocks brought out.*]

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check⁹ him for 't: [your purpos'd low
correction 119

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with:] the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—[Put in his legs.—]

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away.]

[*Exeunt all except Gloucester and Kent.*]

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 't is the
duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd or stopp'd: I'll entreat
for thee. 161

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I've watch'd, and
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll
whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at
heels:

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be
ill taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve¹⁰ the
common saw,¹¹—

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun! 169

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable¹² beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees
miracles

But misery:—I know 't is from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscur'd¹³ course; and shall find time
From this enormous¹⁴ state, seeking to give

⁸ *Bring away*, bring along.

⁹ *Check*, chide, reprove.

¹⁰ *Approve*, prove true.

¹¹ *Saw*, saying.

¹² *Comfortable*, comforting.

¹³ *Obscur'd*, disguised.

¹⁴ *Enormous*, abnormal.

Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-
 watch'd,¹
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging. 179
 Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn
 thy wheel! [Sleeps.]

SCENE III. *The open country.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
 And by the happy hollow of a tree



Lear, III.
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?—(Act ii. 4, 5, 6.)

Escap'd the hunt. No port² is free; no
 place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking.³ While I may
 scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape
 That ever penny, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime
 with filth;

¹ *O'erwatch'd*, worn out with watching.

² *Port*, harbour, refuge.

³ *Attend my taking*, watch to take me.

Blanket my loins; clif⁴ all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face 11
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified⁵ bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose 17;
 And with this horrible object, from low farns,
 Poor pelting⁶ villages, sheep-cots, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
 prayers,

⁴ *Elf*, tangle.

⁵ *Mortified*, hardened (as if dead).

⁶ *Pelting*, paltry, petty.

Enforce their charity.—“Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!”²⁰
That’s something yet:—Edgar I nothing am.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster’s castle; Kent in the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. ’Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn’d,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

[*Fool.* Ha, ha! he wears cruel! garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man’s over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden cether-stocks.]¹¹

Lear. What’s he that hath so much thy place mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,—

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.²⁰

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do’t;

They could not, would not do’t; ’tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect² such violent outrage:

Resolve³ me, with all modest⁴ haste, which way Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness’ letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show’d My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, Stew’d in his haste, half breathless, panting forth³¹

From Generil his mistress salutations; Deliver’d letters, spite of intermission,⁵ Which presently they read: on whose contents, They summon’d up their meiny,⁶ straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend⁷ The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks: And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome, I perceiv’d, had poison’d mine,—

Being the very fellow which of late⁴⁰ Display’d so saucily against your highness,— Having more man than wit about me, drew: He rais’d the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter’s not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags⁵⁰

Shall see their children kind.

[Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne’er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.]

Lear. O, how this mother⁸ swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio,—down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element’s below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;

Stay here. [*Exit.*]

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?⁶¹

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

¹ *Cruel*, a play upon *creed*.

² *Upon respect*, deliberately.

³ *Resolve*, inform. ⁴ *Modest*, becoming, reasonable.

⁵ *Spite of intermission*, not waiting for me to be answered. ⁶ *Meiny*, train, retinue. ⁷ *Attend*, wait.

⁸ *Mother*, hysteric passion (*hysterica passio*).

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. [All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.]

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form, 80
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away:
The fool no knave, perdy.¹

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They're sick? they're weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;² 90
The images³ of revolt and flying-off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality⁴ of the duke;
[How unremovable⁵ and fix'd he is
In his own course.]

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak to the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man? 100

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

¹ *Perdy, per Dieu* (by God). ² *Fetches*, pretexts.
³ *Images*, signs. ⁴ *Quality*, temper.
⁵ *Unremovable*, immovable.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands
her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and
blood!—

Fiery! the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke
that—

No, but not yet:—may be he is not well;
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our-
selves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; 110
[And am fall'n out with my more headier⁶ will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.]—Death on my state!
wherefore [Looking on Kent.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion⁷ of the duke and her
Is practice⁸ only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with
them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and
hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death. 120

[*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you.
[*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—
but, down!

Fool. Cry to it, muncle, as the cockney did
to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive;
she knapp'd⁹ 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick,
and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'T was
her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse,
battered his hay.]

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and
Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness. 130

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what
reason

⁶ *Headier*, more headlong.

⁷ *Remotion*, removal, departure.

⁸ *Practice*, artifice. ⁹ *Knapp'd*, rapped, lit.

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—[*To Kent*] O, are
you free?

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught!¹ O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,
here,— [Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
Of how depriv'd a quality²—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have
hope

140



Lear. "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[Kneeling. Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."—(Act ii. 4. 156-158.)

You less know how to value her desert 141
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome
end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge 149

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray
you, 152

That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the
house:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
[Kneeling.

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg

¹ Naught, worthless, wicked.

² Quality, nature, disposition.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated¹ me of half my train; 161
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top!² Strike her young
bones,

You taking³ airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
sm,

To fall and blast her pride! 170

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on
me,

When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
nurse:

Thy tender-hefted⁴ nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce;
but thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my
train,

To handy hasty words, to scant my sizes,⁵
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt 179

Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*]

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't,—my sister's: this approves⁶
her letter,

That she would soon be here.

¹ Abated, deprived.

² Top, head.

³ Taking, malignant.

⁴ Tender-hefted, equivalent to tender.

⁵ Sizes, allowances.

⁶ Approves, confirms.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd⁷ my servant? Regan, I
have good hope 191

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?
O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow⁸ obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!—

[*To Goneril*] Art not ashamed to look upon
this beard?—

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How
have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough;

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'
the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I'm now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dis-
miss'd? 210

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage⁹ against the enmity o' th' air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?

[*Why, the hot-blooded France, that dower-
less took*

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

⁷ Stock'd, put in the stocks.

⁸ Allow, approve.

⁹ Wage, wage war, contend.

To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension
beg

To keep base life afoot.]—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter¹
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*
Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me
mad: 221

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: [thou art a
boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed² carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood.] But I'll not chide
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, 230
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy lei-
sure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. [Give ear, sir, to my
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.]

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty fol-
lowers? 240

Is it not well? What should you need of
more?

Yea, or so many, [sith³ that both charge⁴
and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in
one house

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.]

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants or from
mine?

¹ *Sumpter*, pack-horse.

² *Embossed*, swollen, tumid.

³ *Sith*, since.

⁴ *Charge*, cost, expense.

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they
chanc'd to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you 250
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposi-
taries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to
you

With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favour'd,⁵

When others are more wicked; not being the
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise.—[*To Goneril*]
I'll go with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a
lady; 270

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for
true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience
I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much

Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

⁵ *Well-favour'd*, well-fetured.

And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural
hags, 281

I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such
things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall
be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep;—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,¹
Or e'er I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* *Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*
Storm heard at a distance.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 't will be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and
his people 291

Cannot be well bestow'd.²

Gon. 'T is his own blame; 'hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular,³ I'll receive him
gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth;—he is
return'd.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither. 300

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle;⁴ for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense⁵ him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. 310

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a
wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the
storm. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A heath.

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter
KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. 11
This night, wherein the cub-drawn⁶ bear
would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbombed he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to
out-jest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,⁷
Commend a dear thing to you. There's
division,

⁴ *Ruffle*, rustle, grow boisterous.

⁵ *Incense*, incite.

⁶ *Cub-drawn*, sucked dry, hungry.

⁷ *Note*, observation.

¹ *Flaws*, shivers, fragments.

² *Bestow'd*, lodged.

³ *For his particular*, as to him personally.

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and
Cornwall;

[Who have—as who have not, that their great
stars

Throned and set high?—servants, who seem
no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations¹
Intelligent² of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs³ and packings⁴ of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have
borne

Against the old kind king; or something
deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnish-
ings;—⁵]

But, true it is, from France there comes a
power 30

Into this scatter'd⁶ kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point⁷
To show their open banner.—Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and benaddding sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.⁸ 39
[I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer

This office to you.

Genl. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall,⁹ open this purse, and take

What it contains.] If you shall see Cor-
delia, —

As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is

That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king. 50

Genl. Give me your hand: have you no
more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than
all yet,—

¹ *Speculations*, speculators, watchers.

² *Intelligent*, giving intelligence.

³ *Snuffs*, huffs, offence-taking. ⁴ *Packings*, plottings.

⁵ *Furnishings*, external pretences.

⁶ *Scatter'd*, divided, unsettled.

⁷ *At point*, on the point of, ready.

⁸ *Plain*, complain. ⁹ *Out-wall*, exterior.

That, when we've found the king,—in which
your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath.*
Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes,¹⁰ spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!¹¹

You sulphurous and thought-executing¹² fires,
Vain¹³ couriers¹³ of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens¹⁴ spill¹⁵ at
once,

That make ungrateful man! 9

Fool. [O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.]
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' bless-
ing; here's a night pities neither wise men
nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription:¹⁶ then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers, 21

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this! O! O! 't is foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in
has a good head-piece.

[The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,]

¹⁰ *Hurricanoes*, water-spouts.

¹¹ *Cocks*, weathercocks.

¹² *Thought-executing*, swift as thought.

¹³ *Vain¹³ couriers*, forerunners.

¹⁴ *Germens*, germs, seeds.

¹⁵ *Spill*, destroy.

¹⁶ *Subscription*, obedience.

The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many. 30

The man that makes his too
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn ery woe,
And turn his sleep to wake:

for there was never yet fair woman but she
made mouths in a glass.]

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all pa-
tience;

I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, [here's grace and a cod-
piece; that's] a wise man and a fool. 41

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that
love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
skies

Gallow¹ the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their eaves: [since I was
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-
not carry²

Th' affliction nor the fear.]

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our
heads, 50

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee midvulgd crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou similar³ of virtue
That art incestuous: cuttiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents,⁴ and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sim'd against than sinning.

Kent. [Alack, bare-headed!]
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;

¹ Gallow, affright.

² Carry, sustain.

³ Simular, simulator.

⁴ Continents, containers, inclosures.

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest: 62

[Repose you there; while I to this hard
house—

More harder than the stones whereof 't is
rais'd;

Which even but now, demanding⁵ after you, I
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.]

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art
cold?

I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my
fellow?

The art⁶ of our necessities is strange, 70
That can make vile things precious. Come,
your hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Singing]

He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us
to this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

[*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a cour-
tezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor outpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;— 90
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live
before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. A room in Gloucester's castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this

⁵ Demanding, inquiring.

⁶ Art, alchemy.

unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, to treat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed:¹ we must incline to the king. I will look² him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward,³ Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy forbid⁴ thee, shall the duke

instantly know; and of that letter too:— This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses,—no less than all: The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A part of the heath, with a hovel. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

[The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.]

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee; But where the greater malady is fix'd,

¹ Footed, on foot (perhaps, landed).

² Look, look for. ³ Toward, coming, at hand.

⁴ Forbid, forbidden.

The lesser is scarce felt. [Thou'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea, Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.] When the mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind Doth from my senses take all feeling else Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this month should tear this hand For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home;⁵—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:— In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!— Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that; No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithce, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—

[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.— [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,

Your loop'd⁶ and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp; Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, That thou mayst shake the superflux⁷ to them, And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

⁵ Home, fully, to the utmost.

⁶ Loop'd, full of holes.

⁷ Superflux, superfluity, surplus.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
And art thou come to this? 50

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom! whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; [set ratsbane by his porridge;] made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—[Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!]¹ Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.]

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous² air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters! 70

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious³ punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pilliecock sat on Pilliecock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen. 81

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy

parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn sponse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; [that cur'd my hair;] wore gloves in my cap; [serv'd the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her;] swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: [one that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it;] wine lov'd I deeply, dice dearly; [and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk;] false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;
Says sunn, man, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated!⁴—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated⁵ man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—[Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold.]
—Look, here comes a walking fire. 119

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at ewfow, and walks at first cock; he gives the web and the pin,⁶ squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the old;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

¹ Taking, bewitching, magical injury.

² Pendulous, overhanging.

³ Judicious, wise.

⁴ Sophisticated, not genuine.

⁵ Unaccommodated, unsupplied, unprovided.

⁶ The web and the pin, cataract, in the eye.

Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint¹ thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace? 150

Enter GLOSTER with a torch.

[*Lear.* What's he?
Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?
Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming
frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and
the water;² that in the fury of his heart, when
the foul fiend rages, [eats cow-dung for sallets;³
swallows the old rat and the ditch-
dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing
pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing,
and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath
three suits to his back, six shirts to his body,
horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Similkim; peace,
thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better com-
pany?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown
so vile, 150

That it doth hate what gets⁴ it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon
you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philo-
sopher.—

What is the cause of thunder? 160

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into
th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban.—

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill
vermin.

¹ Aroint, away with.

² Water, water-newt.

³ Sallets, salaüs.

⁴ Gets, begets.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Impörtune him once more to go, my
lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good
Kent!—

He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd
man!—

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,
friend, 170

I'm almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's
this!—

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into th' hovel: keep
thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher. 181

Kent. Good my lord, soothe⁵ him; let him
take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Roland to the dark tower came;
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

[*SCENE V. A room in Gloster's castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart
his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured,
that nature thus gives way to loyalty, some-
thing fears⁶ me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether

⁵ Soothe, humour.

⁶ Fears, frightens.

your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must re-act to be just! This is the letter he speaks of, which approves¹ him an intelligent party in the intrigues of France. O heavens! that the French were not, or not I the detestable!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside] If I find him comforting² a king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. —I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.³

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining Gloucester's castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

[*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

Edy. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithce, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing⁴ in upon 'em,—

¹ Approves, proves.

³ Blood, nature.

² Comforting, aiding.

⁴ Hissing, whizzing.

Edy. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tanniness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justice!

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she-foxes!

Edy. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantedst thou eyes at trial, madam!

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to nat—

[*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edy. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no fool for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed!

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side:—[*To Kent*] You are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

Edy. [Let us deal justly.

Sleepst or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin⁶ mouth

Thy sheep shall take no harm.]

Put! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. [I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear.] And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

⁵ Justice, justice.

⁶ Minikin, small and pretty.

What store¹ her heart is made on.— Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—

False justice, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!— Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark
wage



Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—(Act III. 6. 56-58.)

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite; 70
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach² or lyn,³
Or bobtail tike⁴ or trundle-tail,⁵—
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch,⁶ and all are fled.

¹ Store, material. ² Brach, female hound.

³ Lyn, hime-hound. ⁴ Tike, cur.

⁵ Trundle-tail, a kind of dog. ⁶ Hatch, half-doo

Do de, de, de, Sessa! Come, march to wakes
and fairs and market-towns.— Poor Tom, thy
horn is dry. 70

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see
what breeds about her heart. Is there any
cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?
—[*To Edgar*] You, sir, entertain for one of
my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of
your garments; you will say they are Persian;
but let them be chang'd.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw

the curtains: so, so, so: we'll go to supper
i' the morning: so, so, so. 91

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

[*Re-enter GLOSTER.*]

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the king
my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his
wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy
arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou
shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. [Take up thy
master: 99

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
sinews,

Which, if convenience¹ will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.²—[*To the Fool*] Come,
help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

Glo. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool,*
bearing off Lear.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance³ doth o'er-
skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-
ship.

How light and portable⁴ my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the
king bow,

He childed as I father'd!—Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,⁵

When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts
defile thee,

In thy just proof, repeats⁶ and reconciles thee.
What will hap'⁷ more to-night, safe scape the
king! 121

Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A room in Gloster's castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your hus-
band; show him this letter:—the army of
France is luded.—Seek out the villain Glos-
ter. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-
mund, keep you our sister company: the re-
venges we are bound to take upon your
traitorous father are not fit for you: behold.
Advise the duke, where you are going, to a
most festinate⁸ preparation: we are bound to
the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelli-
gent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—fare-
well, my Lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists⁹ after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they
boast 119

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there?
the traitor?

¹ Convenience, a quadrisyllable here.

² Stand in hard cure, will be hard to cure.

³ Sufferance, suffering.

⁴ Portable, endurable.

⁵ Bewray, disclose.

⁶ Repeats, recalls. ⁷ What will hap, happen what will

⁸ Festinate, speedy. ⁹ Questrists, seekers.

Re-enter Servants with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky¹ arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider 30

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughtly lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken² and accuse thee: I'm your host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours³

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France? 42

Reg. Be simple-answer'd,⁴ for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the Lymatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,

Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd. 51

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I'm tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

¹ Corky, dry, withered.

² Quicken, come to life.

³ Favours, features.

⁴ Simple-answer'd, plain in your answer.

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up 60

And quench'd the stelled⁵ fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"

All cruels else subscrib'd;—but I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too. 71

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I've serv'd you since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws.*]

First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus! 80

[*Takes a sword from another Servant, and runs at First Servant behind.*]

First Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now!

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

⁵ Stelled, starry, fixed.

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit¹ this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture² of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee. 90

Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let
him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? how
look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me,
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this
slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Some
of the Sercants unbind Gloster, and
lead him out.*]

Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness
I do, 99

If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get
the Bedlam³

To lead him where he would: his roguish
madness

Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax
and whites of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven!
help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be
contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance,⁴ lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the
worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes
here?

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O
world! 10

But that thy strange mutations make us hate
thee,

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord,
I've been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be
gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no
eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 't is seen,
Our means secure us,⁵ and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.⁶—O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abus'd⁷ father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say,
"I'm at the worst?"

I'm worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the
worst is not 20

So long as we can say "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

⁵ *Our means secure us*, our advantages make us secure or careless.

⁶ *Commodities*, advantages. ⁷ *Abused*, deceived.

¹ *quit*, requite.

² *Overture*, disclosure.

³ *Bedlam*, madman

⁴ *Esperance*, hope.

Regan.—Some
of Gloucester, and
of his wickedness
99

live long,
of death,

and get

his roguish

some flax

Now, heaven,
[unt severally.]

ool friend, be

at all;

see your way.
efore want no

t 't is seen,
ere defects
ur son Edgar,
s wrath!
my touch,

Who's there?
is't can say,

oor mad Tom.
ay be yet: the

the worst.²⁹

st!
u beggar-man?
ar too.

s make us secure

Used, deceived.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not
beg. 33
F' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm; my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I've heard
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be!—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man.

Ay, my lord.



Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee.—(Act iv. I. 81, 82.)

Glo. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for
my sake, 43
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
P' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone. 50

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel
that I have,
Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside*] I cannot
daub it¹ further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

¹ Daub it, disguise.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—[five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbidance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of Murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping¹ and mowing,²—who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:—[heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluos³ and lust-dieted man, 70
That slaves⁴ your ordinance,⁵ that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.]—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it, 78
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

¹ Mopping, making faces. ² Mowing, grimacing.
³ Superfluous, having more than enough.
⁴ Stares, makes a slave of, treats as a slave.
⁵ Ordinance, established order, law of nature.

I told him of the army that was landed;
He sni'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloucester's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,⁶
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; 10

What like, offensive.

Gon. [To Edmund] Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowish⁷ terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer.⁸ Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you're like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[Giving him a favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it darst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive,⁹ and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
[Exit Edmund.

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind 30

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns it¹⁰ origin

⁶ Sot, fool, dolt.

⁷ Cowish, cowardly.

⁸ Answer, answer to a challenge, manly resistance.

⁹ Conceive, understand.

¹⁰ It, its (old possessive).

as landed;
 I were coming;
 'T' of Gloster's

son,
 he call'd me sot,⁵
 he wrong side

seems pleasant
 10

shall you go no

spirit,
 he'll not feel

Our wishes on

Edmund, to my

let his powers:
 e, and give the

s trusty servant
 g you're like to

own behalf, 20
 ar this; spare
 y him a favour.
 if it durst speak,
 into the air:—

death.
 st dear Gloster!
 [Exit Edmund.
 man!
 e due:

my lord. [Exit.

whistle.

O Gonerill!
 which the rule
 30

our disposition:
 t¹⁰ origin

ish, cowardly.
 anly resistance.
 its (old possessive).

Cannot be border'd¹ certain in itself; 33
 She that herself will sliver² and disbranch
 From her material³ sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
 vile:

Filth's savour⁴ but themselves. What have
 you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-
 form'd? 40

A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd⁵ bear
 would lick,



Gon.

O vain fool!—(Act iv. 2. 61.)

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
 madded. 43

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon.

Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
 wrongs; 51

¹ Border'd, restrained.

² Sliver, break off.

³ Material, nourishing.

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
 know'st 53

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's
 thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless
 land;

With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;
 Whiles thou, a moral⁶ fool, sitt'st still, and
 criest

"Alack, why does he so?"

⁴ Savour, relish.

⁵ Head-lugg'd, led by the head.

⁶ Moral, moralizing.

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper¹ deformity seems not in the fiend 60
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd² thing,
for shame,
Be-monsternot thy feature.³ Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,⁴
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-
wall's dead; 70
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,⁵
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him
dead;

But not without that harmful stroke which
since 77
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers,⁶ that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
[This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and an-
swer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son [when they did
take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

¹ Proper, his own.

² Self-cover'd, concealing thy real self.

³ Feature, bodily form. ⁴ Blood, passion, anger.

⁵ Remorse, pity. ⁶ Justicers, just powers.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back⁷
again. 91

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their
punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the
king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither,
friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so sud-
denly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the
state, which since his coming forth is thought
of; which imports to the kingdom so much
fear and danger, that his personal return was
most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La
Far. 10

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd⁸ down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen 19

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets⁹

That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence

As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
sorrow

⁷ Back, going back.

⁸ Trill'd, trickled.

⁹ Smilets, a diminutive of smile.

et him back?⁷
91

ess?
as he inform'd

se, that their

Gloster, I live
u show'dst the

-Come hither,

st. [*Exeunt.*

o near Dover.

elman.

ance is so sud-
reason?
perfect in the
orth is thought
gdom so much
ual return was

nd him general?
e, Monsieur La

ce the queen to

n, read them in

ar trill'd⁸ down
he was a queen
rebel-like,

en it mov'd her.
nce and sorrow

iest. You have
19

smiles and tears
happy smilets⁹
n'd not to know
s; which parted

opt.—In brief,

Trill'd, trickled.
Smile.

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the
name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried "Sisters, sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, 't the storm?
' the night?"³⁰

Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And, clamour moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self¹ mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's
' the town;⁴⁰

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows² him:
his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not?⁵⁰

Gent. 'Tis so they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause³
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *One self*, the same.

² *Elbows*, stands at his elbow, haunts.

³ *Dear cause*, important business.

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumitory and furrow-
weeds,

With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cockoo-
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century⁴ send
forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer*].—

[What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is means, madam: 11
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples⁵ operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor.] All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant⁶ and reme-
diate⁷

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for
him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation
stands 22

In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;

Therefore great France
Mymourning and important⁸ tears hath pitied.

No blown⁹ ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's
right:

[Soon may I hear and see him!] [*Exeunt.*

⁴ *Century*, a company of a hundred soldiers.

⁵ *Simples*, medicinal herbs. ⁶ *Aidant*, helpful.

⁷ *Remediate*, healing, curing.

⁸ *Important*, important. ⁹ *Blown*, inflated.

[SCENE V. A room in Gloucester's castle.

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.¹

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your
lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter
to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves 11
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted² life; moreover, to desery
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay
with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?
Might not you

Transport her purposes by word?³ Belike, 20
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her
husband;

I'm sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange eylliades⁴ and most speaking
looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her
bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I
know't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand 31
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I
would show 39

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. The country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a
peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that
so ac hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how
we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.⁵

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, our other senses grow
imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am
I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful 11

And dizzy 't is to east one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the mid-
way air

Show scarce so gross⁶ as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers sampire,—dreadful
trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

¹ Soldier, a trisyllable here.

² Nighted, darkened, blinded.

⁴ Eylliades, amorous glances.

³ By word, orally.

⁵ Even, level.

⁶ Gross, big.

this note:
I have talk'd;
my hand 31
gather more.
ive him this;
s much from
m to her.

blind traitor,
ts him off.
n, madam! I
39

[*Eccent.*]ear *Dover*.

ressed like a

he top of that

ow: look, how

s even,⁵
Horrible steep.o, truly.
er senses growy it be, indeed;
nd thou speak'st
han thou didst.
e in nothing ame better spoken.
e place:—stand
11es so low!
wing the mid-s; half way down
pire,—dreadfulthan his head:
n the beach,

Gross, big.

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock,¹—her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring
surge,² 20
That on th' unnumber'd² idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient³ sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:—you're now
within a foot

Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and
gods 29

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. [*Aside*] Why I do trifle thus with his
despair

Is done to cure it.

Glo. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir:—farewell.

[*Gloster throws himself forward, and falls.*]

[*Aside*] And yet I know not how conceit may
rob 42

The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he
thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho you, sir! friend!—hear you, sir!—speak!—
[*Aside*] Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he
revives.—

What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been ought but gossamer,
feathers, air,

¹ Cock, cockboat. ² Unnumber'd, innumerable.

³ Deficient, defective.

So many fathom down precipitating, 50
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;
art sound.

Ten masts at each⁴ make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn.

Look up a-height;⁵—the shrill-gorg'd⁶ lark so
far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.— 60

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his
eyes 69

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd⁷ and wav'd like the enridged
sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest⁸ gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll
bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 't would say
"The fiend, the fiend;" he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free⁹ and patient thoughts.—But
ho comes here? 80

⁴ At each, each joined to another.

⁵ A-height, on high, aloft.

⁶ Shril-gorg'd, shrill-throated.

⁷ Whelk'd, protruding.

⁸ Clearest, brightest, purest.

⁹ Free, sound.

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

[The safer¹ sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.]

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coming; I am the king himself.

Edg. [*Aside*] O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect, —There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper;² draw me a clothier's yard.³—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gannet; I'll prove it on



Lear. Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—(Act iv. 6. 98)

a giant.—Bring up the brown bills,⁴—O, well flown, bird!—⁵ the clont;⁶ ⁵ the clont: hewgh! —Give the word.⁶

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard! —They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.—To say "ay" and "no" to everything that I said!—"Ay" and "no" too

was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me *ore* and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: 109

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king: When I do stare, see how the subject quakes! I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—

Adultery?—

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:

¹ Safer, sounder, more sober.

² Crow-keeper, one who keeps off the crows.

³ A clothier's yard, an arrow a yard long.

⁴ Brown bills, halberds.

⁵ Clont, centre of target.

⁶ Word, watchword.

ing sight!
 that respect.
 That fellow
 ceper? draw
 ook, a mouse!
 ed cheese will
 ll prove it on



the rain came
 l to make me
 ould not peace
 l'em, there I
 re not men o'
 as every thing;
 f.

I do well re-
 109

ch a king;
 ublict quakes!
 What was thy

iltiry! No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
 Does lecher in my sight.
 [Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard
 son
 Was kinder to his father than my daughters
 Got 'twixen the lawful sheets.]
 To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—
 [Behold you simpering dame, 120
 Whose face between her forks presages
 snow,
 That minces virtue, and does shake the
 head
 To hear of pleasure's name,—
 The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
 Though women all above;
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends';
 There's hell, there's darkness, there's the
 sulphurous pit, 130
 burning, scalding, stench, consumption;]—fie,
 fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet,
 good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination:
 there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
 tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece¹ of nature! This great
 world

Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know
 me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
 Dost thou squiny² at me? No, do thy worst,
 blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this
 challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not
 see one.

Edg. [Aside] I would not take this from
 report;—it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case³ of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No
 eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?
 Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in
 a light: yet you see how this world goes. 151

¹ Piece, masterpiece.

² Squiny, squint.

³ Case, empty socket.

Glo. I see it full of eyes.

Lear. What are those? A man may see how
 this world goes with no eyes.—Look with thine
 ears; see how your justice rails upon yond
 simple thief. Hark in thine ear; change
 places; and, hands only, which is juster,
 which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's
 dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature ran from the cur?
 There thou mightst behold the great image of
 authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

[Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
 Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
 own back;

Thou holty iust'st to use her in that kind
 For which thou whip'st her.] The usurer
 hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin
 with gold. 169

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
 Arm'd in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
 None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll
 able⁴ 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
 now, now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder;—so.

Edg. [Aside] O, matter⁵ and impertinency⁶
 mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
 my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee; mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we
 are come

To this great stage of fools.—[This⁷ a good
 block:—

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;

⁴ Able, warrant, vouch for.

⁵ Matter, meaning, sense.

⁶ Impertinency, lack of pertinency. ⁷ This, this is.

And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!] 191

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—
Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

[Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear.] I will die bravely, like a smug¹ bride-
groom. What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king;
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey
you.

[*Lear.* Then there's life in't. Nay, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,
(*Exit.*) *Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch,

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one
daughter, 209

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

[*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward?²

Gent. Most sure and vulgar:³ every one
hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main
desery⁴

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

¹ *Smug*, spruce. ² *Toward*, at hand, imminent.
³ *Vulgar*, commonly known.

⁴ *The main desery*, &c., the main body is hourly expected to be seen.

Gent. Though that the queen on special
cause is here, 210

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.]

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling⁵ sorrows,
Am pregnant⁶ to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some hiding.⁷

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison⁸ of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd
flesh 231

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor?
Hence;

Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill⁹ not let go, sir, without further
'casion. 240

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor folk pass. An chud¹⁰ ha' bin zwaggered
out of my life, 't would not ha' bin so long as
't is by a fortnight. Nay, come not near the
old man; keep out, che vor ye,¹¹ or ise try
wher your costard¹² or my bailow¹³ be the
ha' chill be plain with you.

⁵ *Feeling*, heartfelt.

⁷ *Biding*, abode.

⁹ *Chill*, I will.

¹¹ *Che vor ye*, I warn ye.

¹² *Costard*, head.

⁶ *Pregnant*, disposed.

⁸ *Benison*, blessing.

¹⁰ *Chud*, I should.

¹³ *Bailow*, cudgel.

en on special
219

you, sir.]
it Gentleman,
ke my breath
me again

y you, father.
you?
e tame to for-
ling⁵ sorrows,
me your hand,
early thanks:
heaven

Most happy!
s first fram'd
231
old unhappy
sword is out

friendly hand
igur interposes.
bold peasant,
ish'd traitor?

fortune take
arm.
without further
240

iest!
ar gait, and let
bin zwaggered
bin so long as
ne not near the
e,¹¹ or ise try
allow¹³ be the

ant, disposed.
on, blessing.
I should.

w, cudgel.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no
matter vor your foins¹ 251

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain,
take my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me

To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:²—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable vil-
lain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?



Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse.—(Act iv. 6. 252.)

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.— 260
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he
speaks of

May be my friends.—He's dead; I'm only
sorry

He had no other deathsmen.³—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us
not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remem-
bered. You have many opportunities to cut him off:
if you will want not, time and place will be fruit-
fully⁴ offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return
the conqueror; then an I the prisoner, and his bed
my gaol; from the toothed warmth whereof deliver
me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate
servant, "GONERIL."

O indistinguish'd space⁵ of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!—[Here, in
the sands,

¹ Foins, thrusts.

² Party, side.

³ Deathsmen, executioner.

⁴ Fruitfully, abundantly

⁵ Indistinguish'd space, boundless range.

That I'll rake¹ up, the post unsanctified² 281
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd³ duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious⁴ feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs,

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose 290
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg.] Give me your hand:
[*Drum afar off.*

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten
drum:

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Eccant.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp. Lear
on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Doctor,
Gentleman, and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too
short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-
paid.

All my reports go with the modest⁴ truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:⁵
These weeds⁶ are memories of those worsen
hours:

I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:⁷
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet. 11

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—[*To the
Doctor*] How does the king?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

¹ *Rake*, cover.

² *Death-practis'd*, whose death is plotted.

³ *Ingenious*, conscious.

⁴ *Modest*, moderate.

⁶ *Weeds*, garments.

⁵ *Suited*, dressed.

⁷ *Made intent*, plan formed.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept
long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed 19

'T the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do
awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.⁸

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the
music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes 30

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted
thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor
perdu!⁹—

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.¹⁰—He wakes; speak to
him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares
your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'
the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

⁸ *Temperance*, calmness.

⁹ *Perdu*, forlorn one.

¹⁰ *Concluded all*, entirely ended.

Upon a wheel of fire, that¹ mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did
you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide! 50

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?

— Fair daylight?—

I'm mightily abus'd.²—I should e'en die with
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear these are my hands:—let's
see;



Lear. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
—(Act IV. 7. 71-75.)

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor
less;

And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this
man;

¹ That, so that.

Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know
not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh
at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I
pray, weep not: 71

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters

² Abus'd, deceived.

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: and yet 't is danger
To make him even o'er¹ the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.²

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive. I'm old
and foolish.

[*Exeunt all except Kent and Gentleman.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of
Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said, the bastard son of Glos-
ter.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is
with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'T is time to
look about; the powers of the kingdom ap-
proach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement³ is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly⁴
wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The camp of the British forces, near
Dover.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose
hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving:—bring his constant plea-
sure.⁵ [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

[*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly mis-
carried.

Edm. 'T is to be doubted,⁶ madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord.

You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way¹⁰

To the forfended⁷ place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been
conjunct⁸

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She and the duke her husband!]

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY,
GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle
than that sister

Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his
daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,

Not holds⁹ the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.¹⁰

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?¹¹

¹ *Een o'er*, try to account for.

² *Settling*, composure of mind, recovery of reason.

³ *Arbitrement*, decision. ⁴ *Thoroughly*, thoroughly.

⁵ *Constant pleasure*, settled resolution.

⁶ *Doubted*, suspected, feared. ⁷ *Forfended*, forbidden.

⁸ *Conjunct*, intimately connected. ⁹ *Holds*, emboldens.

¹⁰ *Make oppose*, cause to oppose us.

¹¹ *Reason'd*, debated.

t the Duke of

is people?

d son of Glos-

ish'd son, is
many. 91

'Tis time to
e kingdom ap-

ce to be bloody.

[*Exit.*
ll bethroughly⁴

tle's fought.

[*Exit.*

you have been

as we call hers.
madam.

r; dear my lord,

r me not:—

!]

ars, ALBANY,

iers.

lose the battle

well be-met.—

is come to his
21

of our state

ld not be honest,

his business,

ades our land,

rs, whom, I fear,

make oppose.¹⁰

this reason'd?¹¹

⁹ *Bolds, emboldens.*

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils 30
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'T is most convenient; pray you, go
with us.

Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I
will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with
man so poor,

Hear me one word.

[*Alb.* I 'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt all except Albany and Edgar.*

Edg.] Before you fight the battle, ope this
letter. 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I
seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouch'd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again. 49

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook
thy paper. [*Exit Edgar.*

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces

By diligent discovery;¹—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn
my love;

Each jealous² of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

¹ *Discovery, reconnoitring.*

² *Jealous=suspicious.*

If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,³ 61
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being
done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.* ✓

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and
exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men
must endure 9
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness⁴ is all:—come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British camp, near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, ED-
MUND; LEAR and CORDELIA prisoners;
Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
guard,

³ *Carry out my side, win the game.*

⁴ *Ripeness, readiness.*

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure¹ them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the
worst.



Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
—(Act v. 3. 3, 4)

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's
frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these
sisters!

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down, 10

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,—

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's
out;—

And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great
ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee? 21

He that parts us shall bring a brand from
heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years² shall devour them, flesh and
fell,³

Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em
starv'd first.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*Giving a paper*]; go fol-
low them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded 31
Does not become a sword:—thy great employ-
ment

Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy⁴ when thou
hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If't be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*]

² Good-years, *goujère*, *pox*.

³ Fell, *skin*.

⁴ Write happy, count yourself fortunate.

let's away to

ls i' the cage:

ng, I'll kneel

10

we'll live,

old tales, and

poor rogues

talk with them

o's in, who's

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we'll see 'em

elia, guarded.

hark.

paper]; go fol-

if thou dost

make thy way

this, that men

r-minded

31

great employ-

ay thou't do't,

do't, my lord.

ppy¹ when thou

arry it so

eat dried oak;

[Exit.

³ Fell, skin.

mate.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain,¹ 40

And fortune led you well; you have the cap-
tives

That were the opposites² of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention³ and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom⁴ on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances⁵ in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent
the queen; 51

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this
time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war, 60
Not as a brother.

[*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our
powers;

Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy⁶ may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.⁷

Reg. In my rights

¹ Strain, race.

² Opposites, opponents.

³ Retention, custody.

⁴ Bosom, affection.

⁵ Impress'd lances, the soldiers we have pressed into service.

⁶ Immediacy, being next in authority to me.

⁷ Addition, title given him.

By me invested, he compeers⁸ the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should hus-
band you. 70

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.⁹—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good
will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and
prove my title thine. 81

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.]—Edmund, I
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attain,
This gilded serpent [Pointing to Goneril].—

[For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb.] Thou art arm'd, Goneril:—let the
trumpet sound: 90

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [Throwing down a glove];

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

[*Reg.* Sick, O, sick!
Gon. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust medi-
cine.]

Edm. There's my exchange [Throwing down
a glove]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly. 101

⁸ Compeers, is the peer of.

⁹ Stomach, anger.

[*Alb.* A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue;¹ for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.]

[*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,— Let the trumpet sound,—

And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

Her. [*Reads.*] “If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.”

Edm. Sound! [*First trumpet.*

Her. Again! [*Second trumpet.*

Her. Again! [*Third trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, and preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What² are you? Your name, your quality? and why you answer This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost; By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit: Yet am I noble as the adversary 123 I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword, That, if my speech offend a noble heart, Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine. Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours, My oath, and my profession: I protest,— 130 Maugre³ thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune, Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor; False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father; Conspirant⁴ 'gainst this high illustrious prince; And, from th' extremest upward of thy head To the descent and dust below thy foot, A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou “no,” This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name; But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say⁵ of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely⁶ I might well delay By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn: Back do I toss these treasons to thy head; With the hell-hated⁷ lie o'erwhelm thy heart; Which,—for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,—

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak! 150

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

[*Alb.* Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice,⁸ Gloster: By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite;⁹ thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and begnild.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame, Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir; Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

Gon. Say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not thine: 155

Who can arraign me for't? [*Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! oh!— Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.

⁴ Conspirant, plotter, conspirer.

⁵ Say, assay, proof.

⁶ Nicely, punctiliously.

⁷ Hell-hated, hated like hell.

⁸ Practice, plotting.

⁹ Opposite, opponent.

¹ Virtue, valour.

² What, who.

³ Maugre, in spite of.

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern¹ her. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out;

'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble, I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us: 171
[*The dark and vicious place where thee he got² Cost him his eyes.*]

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true; The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

[*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee: Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee or thy father!]

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father? 180

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape, That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!

That we the pain of death would hourly die Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift

Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,³ Their precious stones new lost; became his

guide, 190

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd⁴ heart, Alike, too weak the conflict to support,

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me, And shall perchance do good: but speak you on; You look as⁵ you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in; For I am almost ready to dissolve, 203

Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period To such as love not sorrow; but another,

To amplify too much, would make much more, And top extremity.

Whilst I was big⁶ in clamour, came there a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate, Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding

Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms 211

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life Began to crack: twice then the trumpets

sounded, And there I left him tranç'd.⁷

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service Improper for a slave. 221

Enter a Gentleman hastily with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and hersister By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contractèd to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

¹ Govern, restrain. ² Got, begot. ³ Rings, sockets.

⁴ Flaw'd, broken.

⁵ As, as if.

⁶ Big, loud.

⁷ Tranç'd, in a faint.

Edg. Here comes Kent.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
 dead:—²³⁰
 This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
 tremble,
 Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.
 O, is this he?
 The time will not allow the compliment
 Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come



Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
 I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—(Act v. 3. 269, 270.)

To bid my king and master aye good night:
 Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
 Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where's
 Cordelia?—
 [*The bodies of General and Regan are
 brought in.*]
 See'st thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
 The one the other poison'd for my sake, ²⁴⁰
 And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean
 to do,
 Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
 Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ
 Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—

[*Nay, send in time.*]
Alb. [*Run, run, O, run!*]
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the
 office? send
 Thy token of reprieve. ²⁴⁹
Edm. Well thought on: take my sword;
 Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.
 [*Exit Edgar.*]
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
 and me
 To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
 To lay the blame upon her own despair,
 That she fordid¹ herself.
Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence
 awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

¹ *Fordid*, destroyed.

is this he?
 pliment
 m come



O, run!
 -Who has the
 249
 e my sword;
 e, for thy life.
 [Exit Edgar.
 from thy wife
 , and
 n despair,
 Bear him hence
 and is borne off.

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;
 EDGAR, Captain, and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
 men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack.—She's
 gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one
 'lives;

She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end!

Ely. Or image of that horror!

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
 It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
 That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Prithee, away.

Ely. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
 all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
 ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st!—Her voice was ever
 soft,

Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in wo-
 man.—

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Cap. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
 I have seen the day, with my good biting fal-
 chion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
 And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are
 you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you
 straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
 hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
 Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant
 Caius?

¹ End, end of the world.

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
 He'll strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and
 rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very
 man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference²
 and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You're welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:—all's cheerless,
 dark, and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fordone³ them-
 selves,

And desperately⁴ are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain
 it is

That we present us to him.

Ely. Very bootless.

[*Enter a Captain.*

Cap. Edmund is dead, my lord.]

Alb. [That's but a trifle here.—
 You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
 What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—[*To Edgar and*

Kent] you, to your rights;

With boot, and such addition as your honours
 Have more than merited.—All friends shall

taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The em of their deservings.]—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no
 no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no
 more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, mdo this button. Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her
 lips,—

Look there, look there!—

Ely. He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

² Difference, turn of fortune.

³ Fordone, destroyed.

⁴ Desperately, in despair.

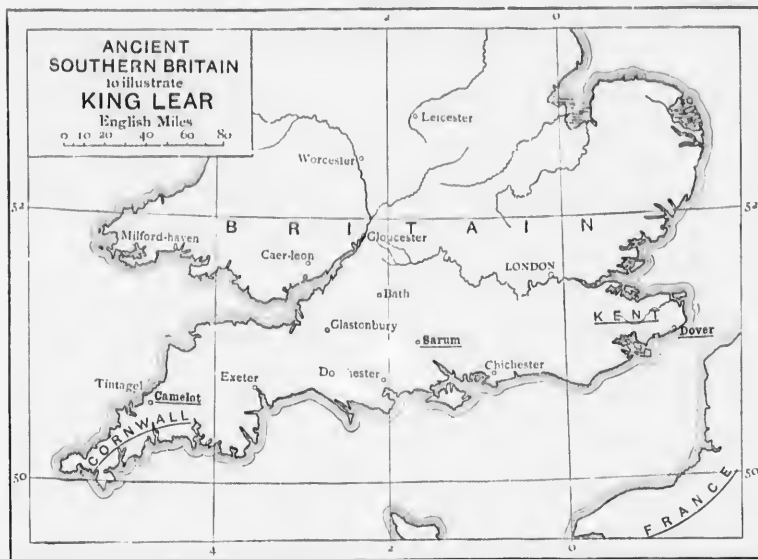
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!
 he hates him 313
 That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so
 long:
 He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present
 business

396

Is general woe.—[*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends
 of my soul, you twain 319
 Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
 My master calls me,—I must not say no.
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must
 obey;
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
 [*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]



[for] Friends
 319
 tate sustain.
 ertly to go;
 say no.
 me we must
 ought to say.
 at are young
 so long.
 dead march.



NOTES TO KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1 —It will be best, I think, to group together some of the smaller points of divergence between the Quartos and the Folios which occur in the course of this scene. The more important questions of reading are discussed in separate notes.

Line 35, Q₄ have *my Lords*. Line 69, the Folio omits *speak*. Line 84, the Folios have *conferr'd*, the Quartos *confirmed*. Line 112, Q₄ read *mistresse*, the first Folio *miseries*, the other Folios *mysteries*. Line 120, *to my bosom*, omitted in Q₄. Line 164, *Dear sir, forbear*, not in the Quartos. Line 167, the Quartos read *doom*, the Folios *gift*. Line 183, for *sith* Q₁ has *since*, Q₂ omits the *thus*. Line 184, for *freedom*, the Folio reading, the Quartos give *friendship*. Line 242, the Quartos read *respects*; probably the change to *regards* was made in the Folio in consequence of the recurrence of *respects* in line 251. Line 251, the Folio has *respect and fortunes*. Line 279, for *duety* the Quartos give *duties*, assigning the speech to Goneril and the next to Regan. Line 284, the Folios read *with shame derides*.

2. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, &c.—F. 1 spells the latter name *Gloucester* here, but in many places it has *Gloster*

or *Glowster*. In Q. 1 the name is regularly *Gloster*, as in the majority of more recent editions.

3. Line 2; ALBANY.—Hollinshed (Chron. i. fol. 396, ed. 1577) explains the origin of the name thus: "The third and last part of the Island he (Britus) allotted unto Albanecte his youngest sonne. . . . This latter parcel at the first, toke the name of Albanactus, who called it Albania." This district, as the chronicler goes on to state, included all the territory north of the Humber.

4. Line 5: for EQUALITIES are so weigh'd.—That is, equal conditions. I have followed Q₄; the Folio has *qualities*.

5. Line 6: that CURIOSITY in neither can make choice, &c.—The meaning of *curiosity* here is doubtful. Warburton makes it "exactest scrutiny," which, on the whole, is as probable as any sense that has been suggested. Stevens explains it as "scrupulousness or captiousness." The only other instance of the word in Shakespeare (outside the present play—see l. 2. 4, and i. 4. 75) is in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 303, where it evidently means *nicety* or *fastidiousness*. The general sense of the passage is clear enough: the values are so nearly alike that careful scrutiny cannot discriminate between them.

6. Line 12: *I cannot conceive you.*—That is, *understand you.* The quibble in Gloucester's reply needs no explanation.

7. Line 20: *some year elder.*—Compare i. 2. 5, where Edmund makes it "some twelve or fourteen moonshines."

8. Line 21: *came SOMETHING saucily into the world.*—F. 3 and F. 4 have *somewhat*, which some modern editors adopt, though *something* in this adverbial sense is common in Shakespeare. See Abbott, A Shakespearian Grammar, p. 51, and compare, as he does, II Henry IV. 1. 2. 212: "a white head and *something* a round belly."

9. Line 33: *He hath been out nine years.*—His absence for nine years abroad sufficiently explains his not knowing a man so prominent in Lear's court as Kent was; and for the same reason Kent appears not to know him.

10. Line 34: *Attend the Lords of France and BERGUNDY, Gloster.*—Walker (Versification, p. 210) says that the French *Bourguigne* would satisfy the measure; but Shakespeare takes great liberties with proper names in his verse. See on this point Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, p. 352.

11. Line 37: *Meantime we shall express our darkest purpose.*—"We have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition" (Johnson).

12. Line 51: *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*—"That is, where the claim of nature is superadded to that of merit; or where a superior degree of natural filial affection is joined to the claim of other merits" (Steevens). Qq. have the simpler reading, *where merit must doth challenge it.* Challenge in the sense of "claim as due" (Schmidt) is not rare in Shakespeare. See Othello, i. 3. 188; II. 1. 213; Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 216; &c. We have another instance in iv. 7. 31 of the present play.

13. Line 54: GONERIL.—Moberly (Rough ed. of Lear) derives this name from *Guenar*, the British form of *Venus* (Venus); and REGAN he believes to be of the same origin as *Rienee*, a name in the Holy Grail, *reian* meaning in Cornish "to give bounteously."

14. Line 56:

Sir,

I love you more than words can yield the matter.

This is printed as one line in all the early edd., but modern editors have made various attempts to improve the measure. Johnson, Dyce (2nd ed.), Grant White, and Furness adopt the above form. Collier's MS. Corrector strikes out *Sir*. Pope gave *I love you sir*, &c.

15. Line 62: *Beyond all manner of so much I love you.*—The simplest explanation is that which makes *so much* refer to the preceding comparisons. Johnson paraphrases thus: "Beyond all assignable quantity: I love you beyond limits and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more."

16. Line 63: *What shall Cordelia SPEAK?*—The reading of Ff. The Qq. have *do*, which implies that *Love, and be silent* is infinitive, not imperative. The majority of the editors have adopted *do*; but Rowe, Knight, Collier,

Delius, Furness, and Rolfe have *speak*, which is also approved by Schmidt.

17. Line 65: *with CHAMPAGNS rich'd.*—The later Ff have *Champions*, a spelling found also in Deuteronomy xi. 30 in the ed. of 1611. In Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 171, the Ff. have *champion*, and other old examples of this spelling have been pointed out; [for example, Tamburlaine, part I. li. 2. 39, 40:

A hundred horsemen of my company

Scouting abroad upon these champion plains.

—Hallen's Marlowe, l. p. 17

And The Pilgrim, v. 1:

In all the champion country, and the villages,

—Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. viii. p. 81

Compare, too, Middleton's A Trick to Catch the Old One, iv. 4: "There's goodly parks and *champion grounds* for you" (Hallen's ed. vol. ii. p. 324). The same phrase occurs in A Mad World, My Masters, ii. 2 (Bulfin, iii. p. 277).—A. W. V.]

18. Line 71: *that SELF metal.*—Compare iv. 3. 36 below: "self mate and mate." *Self*=*selfsame* occurs very often in Shakespeare.

19. Line 72: *And prize me at her worth.*—That is, reckon my affection equal to hers. Theobald put a comma after *worth*, explaining thus: "And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true heart I find that she names," &c. MASON (Comments, p. 338) wished to read "prize you at her worth."

20. Line 73: *names my very deed of love.*—Describes my love as indeed it is, as it really is.

21. Line 76: *Which the most precious square of sense professes.*—This line is probably corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. The Ff. and Qq. agree in the puzzling *square of sense*, but the latter have *possesses for professes*. Warburton thought that *square of sense* referred to "the four nobler senses, sight, hearing, taste, and smell." Johnson says: "Perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension*." Moberly makes it "the choicest estimate of sense;" and Wright (Clarendon Press ed.) "The most delicately sensitive part of my nature." But wherefore *square* to express any of these meanings? The critics see the general sense, which is obvious enough, and try to express it in the way that will best square with *square*; but no one succeeds, I think, in making the connection really natural. Rolfe says: "If Shakespeare wrote the word, it must have one of these meanings—rule, estimate, compass, or range;" but he suspects corruption. Collier's Corrector has *sphere of sense*; and Singer reads *spacious sphere*. Grant White at first (Shakes. Scholar, p. 423) favoured *spacious square*, but in his edition of the dramatist he falls back on the old text, which, though "very obscure," may not be corrupt, and "seems to mean the entire domain of sensation." Furness, who reads *professes*, ends his review of the many comments on the passage thus: "Whatever meaning or no-meaning we may attach to *square of sense*, it seems clear to me that Regan refers to the joys which that *square professes* to bestow." As Schmidt says, "to object to a word because it occurs twice within two lines, appears to be, in the interpretation of Shakespeare, a custom

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Marlowe, I. p. 32

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vol. VIII. p. 84

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III. p. 277.)—

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as ill-grounded as it is widespread, but from which, at all events, the poet himself was free." [On the other hand *professors* may conceivably have ousted *ponderous* through the compositor's eye having caught the end of the last line but one.—A. W. V.]

22. Line 80: *More ponderous than my tongue*.—The Qq. have *More ricker*, which is preferred by the majority of editors. Grant White suggests *More peccious*. Schmidt says: "Light was the usual term applied to a wanton, frivolous, and fleckle love; 'light o' love' was a proverbial expression. But the opposite of this, *heavy*, could not be here employed, because that means uniformly, in a moral sense, melancholy, sad; nor is *weighty* any better; therefore Shakespeare chose *ponderous*."

23. Line 85: *Although the last, not least*.—So the first Quarto. The Folio has: "our last and least." The *locus classicus*, so to speak, on *last, not least* is a note by Malone in the Life of Shakespeare which he included in the prolegomena to the Variorum Edition, vol. II. pp. 276, 277. *Last, not least*, he says, "seems to have been a common formula in that age; and is always applied to a person very highly valued by the speaker." Malone gives numerous passages in which the phrase occurs, including the present line, and Julius Cæsar, III. 1. 180:

Though *last, not least* in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Grant White supports the Folio reading in sentences of exquisite verbal felicity: "A happy change (i.e. from the Quarto reading to that of the Folio) [was] made from the commonplace of 'last, not least' to an allusion to the personal traits and family position of Cordelia. The impression produced by all the passages in which she appears or is referred to is, that she was her father's little pet, while her sisters were big, bold, brazen beauties." And so on. The critic, by the way, cherished the *idivæ fæce* that the Cambridge editors plagiarized from him; this, however, in passing. Furness remarks: "If *last, not least* was a hackneyed phrase in Shakespeare's time, it is all the more reason why it should not be used here;" though why it *is* used in Julius Cæsar he does not explain. It seems to me that the critics who condemn the Quarto reading on the ground that it was an Elizabethan commonplace unconsciously adduce the real argument in its favour. Shakespeare has used the phrase once—in the Julius Cæsar passage; *prima facie*, therefore, there is no reason why he should not have employed it again. Moreover, to take a proverbial saying and twist it round to *mean* something quite different while the *words* are *exactly* the same, that surely is like misquoting a similar line, or reversing a well-worn maxim; nothing is gained by the artifice; the effect produced is one of simple incongruity; the reader thinks for the moment that the poet has made a slip. I hold therefore that the Quarto is right.—A. W. V.

24. Line 86: *The vines of France and milk of Burgundy*.—Moberly observes: "In ascribing vines to France, and not to Burgundy, Shakespeare may have thought of the pastoral countries of Southern Belgium as forming part of Burgundy (as they did till the death of Charles the Bold 1477), otherwise we should not understand the distinction, as in the French Burgundy wine-growing was of very old standing; the vines of Dijon and Beaune have

a vine upon them, and a great insurrection of vine-dressers took place there in 1630. Michelet, *Hist. de France*, II. 303."

25. Line 87: *Strive to be interested*.—The Folio have *interest*, perhaps, as Schmidt says, a contracted form of *interested*. (See Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, pp. 242-245.) Most editors, however, read *interest'd*, which may be illustrated by several passages, e.g. Ben Jonson's Sejanus, III. 1:

the dear republic,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are *interest'd* therein;

—Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. III. p. 71.

and Massinger's Duke of Milan, I. 1:

The wars so long continued . . .
Have *interest'd* in either's cause the most
Of the Italian princes.

—Gifford's Massinger, vol. I. pp. 241, 242, with note.

—A. W. V.

26. Line 94: *I love your MAJESTY*.—Walker (Vetast. 174) and Abbott (Grammar, § 448) agree in making *majesty* a dissyllable here; but it would be better, perhaps, to say that the middle syllable is rapidly and lightly pronounced, as in *encyclopædia*, *general*, and so many other words that are metrically equivalent to a dissyllable. Poets generally do not take this liberty except where the half-suppressed syllable is merely an unaccented vowel; but Shakespeare does it not infrequently where the vowel, as here, is followed by a consonant in the same syllable.

27. Line 96: *How, how, Cordelia!*—The Qq. have *Go to, go to or go too, go too*; and Capell, who follows them, inserts *we* after *mead* to fill out the measure.

28. Line 99: *Return those duties back as are right fit*.—Furness explains *as* as the relative (see Abbott's Grammar, § 280), which seems better than Abbott's own explanation of the expression as an ellipsis (Grammar, § 384). Kelghtley reads "as is right fit," and Moberly thinks that *are* is equivalent to *is* (changed by "attraction"). Whatever the true explanation be, compare Julius Cæsar, I. 2. 33, 34:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.

7
106: *To love my father all*.—Omitted in FF.

29. Line 112: *The MYSTERIES OF HEcate*.—*Hecate* is a dissyllable in Shakespeare except in I. Henry VI. III. 2. 64, which, as Wright remarks, is "a significant fact as regards Shakespeare's share in that play."

31. Line 113: *the OPERATION of the orbs*.—The influence of the stars, on which Edmund comments at length in the next scene. The later FF. have *operations*, and are followed by Capell, Jemmens, Steevens, and a few other editors.

32. Line 118: *The barbarous Scythian*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, I. 1. 131: "Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?" Wright quotes Ptolemy's *Pilgrimage* (ed. 1614, p. 396): "These customs were general to the Scythians in Europe and Asia (for which cause *Scytharum facinora patrace*, grew into a proverb of inhuman cruelty, and their Land was justly called Barbarous; others were more speciall and peculiar to particular Nations Scythian."

pretation of *plague*, which he thinks may be the Latin *plaga*. Wright suggests that "Shakespeare had in his mind a passage in the Prayer Book Version of Psalm xxxviii. 17: 'And I truly am set in the *plague*;' where *plague* . . . evidently follows the Latin of Jerome's translation: 'Quia ego ad plagam paratus sum.'"

68. Line 4: *The curiosity of nations to deprive me.*—Pope reads *nicety*; and Theobald, Warburton, Hammer, Johnson, Capell, and Jemmis, *courtesy* or *courtesy*. Walker (Versification, 201) believes that *curiosity* was pronounced *curiosity*. Compare Abbott's Grammar, § 456.

69. Line 18: *fine word,—legitimate!*—Omitted in the Qq.

70. Line 21: *Shall TOP the legitimate.*—Capell's emendation for the *tooth*' of the Qq. and *to th'* or *th'* of the Ff. Hammer gave *toe th'*, as meaning "to come up to." Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 23: "*topping* all others in boasting;" and Macbeth, iv. 3. 57: "In evils to *top* Macbeth."

71. Line 24: *subscrib'd his power!*—Compare Sonnet cvii. 10-12:

My love looks fresh, and Death to me *subscribes*,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.

The Ff. have *Prescrib'd*, which is adopted by Rowe, Knight, and Schmidt.

72. Line 25: *Cogit'd to EXHIBITION!*—See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 33; and Othello, note 57.

73. Line 26: *Upon the GAD!*—Johnson took *gad* to be the gad-fly, but Ritson explained correctly that it is the iron used as a *goad*. In Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 102, 103, it is the *stylus* used by the ancients in writing:

I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a *gad* of steel will write these words.

74. Line 47: *as an ESSAY or TASTE of my virtue.*—The meaning obviously is "as a trial or test of my virtue;" but there has been a difference of opinion as to the metaphor. Johnson was inclined to read "assay or test" (Collier, in his third ed. has *test*), as being "both metallurgical terms;" but it is quite certain, as Stevens thought, that they are "terms from royal tables," and refer to the practice of *taking the assay*, or *say*—a regular formality at the beginning of a meal at court. Nares says: "To *give the say* was for the royal taster to declare the goodness of the wine or dishes." Compare Richard II. v. 5. 99-104, and see the quotation from Holinshed in note 326. See also v. 3. 143 of the present play, where we have the same figure; as also King John, note 308, and Sonnet cxv. 12, 13. Of course *essay* and *assay* are etymologically the same word, of which *say* in this special sense is a contraction. For *taste*—test, compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 452: "in *taste* of your quality."

75. Line 48: "*This POLICY and reverence of age.*"—*Policy* is not limited by *of age*, but is to be taken absolutely. Schmidt defines it as "the frame of civil government in a state;" Rolfe as "the established order of things," which seems to be its meaning. The phrase may, however, be explained as a hendecasy for "the policy of holding in reverence."

76. Line 65: *the easment of my CLOSET.*—For this sense of *closet*, compare Matthew vi. 6. In iii. 3. 10 of this play the meaning is probably the same, though Schmidt gives it the more familiar modern sense, which of course fits the context as well.

77. Lines 103-105:

Edm. *Nor is not, sure.*
Glo. *To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!*

All this is wanting in the Ff., and Schmidt believes that it was an interpolation of the theatre for sensational effect. He regards it as inconsistent with the character of Gloucester, who shows no paternal affection for Edgar until after he has driven him away.

78. Line 108: *I would UNSTATE myself.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 29, 30:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
Unstate his happiness.

79. Line 112: *These late eclipses, &c.*—For other references to the superstition of the time concerning eclipses, see Hamlet, i. 1. 120; Othello, v. 2. 99; and Sonnet cvii. 6. Moberly remarks: "As to the current belief in astrology, we may remember that, at the time when this play was written, Dr. Dee, the celebrated adept, was grieving for his lost patroness, Queen Elizabeth; that the profligate court of James I. was in 1618 frightened by the appearance of a comet into a temporary fit of gravity; and that even Charles I. sent £500 as a fee to William Lilly for consulting the stars as to his flight from Hampton Court in 1647." Rolfe notes that Milton has several allusions to the ominous nature of eclipses; as in the grand Image in Paradise Lost, l. 594-599:

as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

From Sonnet xiv. we may infer that Shakespeare was not a believer in astrology, though he uses it for dramatic and poetic purposes, as writers of our own day still do. Edgar and Cassius (Julius Caesar, i. 2. 140) probably express his personal opinion on the subject.

80. Lines 113-115: *though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects.*—In *sequent effects* Gloucester begs the question, confounding the *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. Aside from this, the statement is a truism; whatever we may say of the philosophy of these natural events, their consequences (or what are supposed to be their consequences) are none the less felt by us. Moberly remarks: "This curious view is repeated, with remarkable force of language, by Sir T. Browne, even in the less credulous times (Buckle, i. 336) when he wrote his Treatise on Vulgar Errors: 'That two suns or moons should appear, is not worth the wonder. But that the same should fall out at the point of some decisive action, that these two should make but one line in the book of fate, and stand together in the great Ephemerides of God, besides the philosophical assignment of the cause, it may admit a Christian apprehension in the signality' (i. 2). We learn also from

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We learn also from

Bishop Burnet that Lord Shaftesbury believed in astro-
logy, and thought that the souls of men live in the stars."

81. Lines 118-124: *This villain of mine . . . disquietly to our graves.*—This passage is not in the Qq. As Delius remarks, *disquietly* is used enaptively; *disquieting us*. In *bias of nature* we have one of Shakespeare's frequent allusions to the game of bowls. Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 5; Henry V. ii. 2. 188; Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 25; Hamlet, ii. 1. 65; Coriolanus, iii. 1. 60, &c.

62. Line 132: *villains by necessity.*—The Folio has *on*. Schmidt asserts that "Shakespeare has an unmistakable preference for *on* or *upon* to express that which gives the motive or impulse to anything;" but Rolfe shows by many quotations that the examples Schmidt gives "can be readily balanced by others in which other prepositions are used."

83. Line 133: *and TREACHERS.*—The Qq. have *treacherers*. Mr. Aldis Wright compares The Captain, v. 4:

Where art thou *treacher*?

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vol. iii. p. 318.

and The Bloody Brother, iii. 1:

Play not two parts,

Treacher and coward both. —Ibid. vol. x. p. 474.

Treacher, I may note, is quite common in Spenser; cf. the following lines:

No knight, but *treacher* full of false despite;

—Faerie Queene, bk. i. c. iv. st. xii. l. 4.

Where may that *treacher* then . . . be found?

—Ib. ii. c. i. st. xii. l. 6.

The whiles to me the *treacher* did remove

His craftie engine. —Ib. ii. c. iv. st. xxvii. l. 3.

Spenser also employs the form *treachetour*; see Globe edition of his works, pp. 81, 81, 90, 136.—A. W. V.]

64. Line 134: *spherical* PREDOMINANCE.—The word (so the adjective *predominant*, for which see All's Well, i. 1. 211), like *disasters* and *influence*, was an astrological technicality; see Troilus and Cressida, note 140. For *influence*, compare Job xxxviii. 31.

88. Lines 140-146: *like the catastrophe of the old comedy.*—That is, just as the circumstance which decides the catastrophe of a play intervenes on the very nick of time, when the action is wound up to its crisis, and the audience are impatiently expecting it" (Heath). Scholars, of course, will recollect Horace's *deus ex machina* (Ars Poetica, 191, 192).

86. Line 149: *fa, sol, la, mi.*—Specialists are apt to read into Shakespeare a world of matter, derived from their pet science or profession. Dr. Burney (quoted by Wright in the Clarendon Press ed.) says: "Shakespeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say: *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semitone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the disloca-

tion of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi.*" Wright adds: "For this note, Mr. Clappell assures me, there is not the slightest foundation. Edmund is merely singing to himself in order not to seem to observe Edgar's approach." And to this Furness adds: "Just as Mistress Quickly sings 'And down, down, adown-a' in the Merry Wives (i. 4. 44) when Doctor Caius is approaching." [I expect *sol, fa*, &c. were used in any combination; compare Campaspe, iv. 3: "But what doth Alexander in the meane season; but use for tnutara—*sol, fa, la*—for his hard couch, downe beds?" (Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. p. 134).—A. W. V.]

87. Lines 157-166: *us of unnaturalness. . . . Come, come.*—All this is wanting in the Ff. As evidence that the passage is spurious, Schmidt notes that it contains no less than six words not used elsewhere by Shakespeare: *unnaturalness*, *menace* (noun), *malédiction*, *dissipation*, *cohort*, and *astronomical*. Rolfe says: "He might have added that *sectary* occurs only in Henry VIII. v. 3. 70, a part of the play probably not written by Shakespeare."

88. Line 178: *with the mischief of your person.*—That is, mischief to your person. Hamner and Capell innocently change *with* to *without*, and Johnson suggested *but with*.

89. Lines 181-187: *That's my fear. . . . Ar'n'd, brother!*—The Qq. add *brother* to *That's my fear*, but omit the rest of this, and also the *brother* at the beginning of the next speech.

90. Line 182: *a continent forbearance.*—"A forbearing restraint upon yourself" (Clarke).

ACT I. SCENE 3.

91. Line 14: *If he DISTASTE it.*—The Qq. have *dislike*, which is adopted by Capell, Steevens, the Globe editors, and Moberly. Rolfe compares Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 66:

Although my will *distaste* what it elected

92. Lines 10-20: *Not to be over-ru'd . . . they're seen abus'd.*—These lines are omitted in the Ff., and are printed as prose in the Qq. As Schmidt remarks, the fact that they can be arranged metrically is evidence of their authenticity.

93. Line 20: *With checks as flatteries, when they're seen abus'd.*—The line may be corrupt, but no emendation that has been proposed is, on the whole, satisfactory. Schmidt's "With checks when flatteries are seen abus'd" is the most plausible. If the line is what Shakespeare wrote, we must accept Tyrwhit's interpretation: "With checks, as well as flatteries, when they (that is, flatteries) are seen to be abused."

94. Lines 24, 25:

*I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.*

This is not in the Ff.; but, although the verse is not very smooth, it fills out the regular lines, and is probably from Shakespeare's pen. Moberly thinks "the vixenish tone of Goneril" affects the measure of line 23 at least.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

95. Line 2: *That can my speech DEFUSE*.—That is, disorder it, and so disguise it, as he had disguised his dress. Here (as in Henry V. v. 2. 61 and Richard III. i. 2. 78) the Folio has *defuse*, and there can be no possible reason for changing to *diffuse*. For *defuse* see Henry V. note 270, and Richard III. note 81. In the latter the present passage will be found with the wrong reading—*diffuse*. Rowe—and he was followed by Pope and Johnson—read *disuse*.

96. Line 18: *to eat no fish*.—That is, to be a Protestant. Warburton remarks that to eat fish on account of religious scruples was in Queen Elizabeth's time the mark of a Papist and an enemy to the government. He quotes Marston, Dutch Courtezan, i. 2: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fridays;" and Fletcher, Woman-Hater, iv. 2: "He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and barely I did not like him when he called for fish" (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 1. p. 74). Capell thinks the meaning is simply that Kent is a jolly fellow and no lover of such meagre diet as fish.

97. Line 48: Enter OSWALD.—Furness quotes Davies (Dramatic Miscellany, ii. 176): "He generally enters the stage in a careless, disengaged manner, humming a tune, as if on purpose to give umbrage to the king by his neglect of him."

98. Line 50: *Call the CLOTPOLL back*.—We find *clotpoll* in its original sense of *head* in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 184: I have sent Cloten's *clotpoll* down the stream.

99. Line 75: *mine own jealous CURIOSITY*.—"A punctilious jealousy, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity" (Steevens). Compare note 5 above.

100. Line 80: *the fool hath much pined away*.—Clarke remarks that this speech "serves to excite a tender interest in the fool before he enters," and "to depict Cordelia's power of attaching and endearing those around her."

101. Line 92: *Do you BANDY looks with me!*—"A metaphor from tennis," as Steevens notes. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 5. 14, where it is carried out in detail, and Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 29.

102. Line 104: Enter FOOL.—Mr. C. A. Brown (Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, 1838, p. 292) remarks: "Now, our joy, though last, not least, my dearest of all Fools, Lear's Fool! Ah, what a noble heart, a gentle and a loving one, lies beneath that parti-coloured jerkin! . . . Look at him! It may be your eyes see him not as mine do, but he appears to me of a light delicate frame, every feature expressive of sensibility even to pain, with eyes lustreously intelligent, a mouth blandly beautiful, and withal a hectic flush upon his cheek. Oh that I were a painter! Oh that I could describe him as I knew him in my boyhood, when the Fool made me shed tears, while Lear did but terrify me! . . . When the Fool enters, throwing his coxcomb at Kent, and instantly follows it up with allusions to the miserable rashness of Lear, we ought to understand him from that moment to the last. Throughout this scene his wit, however varied, still aims at the same point, and in spite of threats, and regardless

how his words may be construed by Goneril's creatures, with the eagerness of a filial love he prompts the old king to 'resume the shape which he had cast off.' 'This is not altogether fool, my lord.' But, alas! it is too late; and when driven from the scene by Goneril, he turns upon her with an indignation that knows no fear of the 'halter' for himself:

A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter.

That such a character should be distorted by players, printers, and commentators! Observe every word he speaks; his meaning, one would imagine, could not be misinterpreted; and when at length, flinging his covert reproaches can avail nothing, he changes his discourse to simple mirth, in order to distract the sorrows of his master. When Lear is in the storm, who is with him? None—not even Kent—"None but the Fool; who labours to outjest his heart-struck injuries." The tremendous agony of Lear's mind would be too painful, and even deficient in pathos, without this poor faithful servant at his side. It is he that touches our hearts with pity, while Lear fills the imagination to aching. Furness, after quoting this and Charles Cowden-Clarke's comments on the Fool, in which he describes him as "a youth, not a grown man," says: "After these long and good notes by my betters I wish merely to record humbly but firmly my conviction that the Fool, one of Shakespeare's most wonderful characters, is not a boy, but a man—one of the shrewdest, tenderest of men, whom long life had made shrewd, and whom afflictions had made tender; his wisdom is too deep for any boy, and could be found only in a man, removed by not more than a score of years from the king's own age; he had been Lear's companion from the days of Lear's early manhood." Grant White and Rolfe also believe the Fool to be a man rather than a boy.

103. Line 109: *take my COXCOMB*.—Minshen (Gulde, 1617, s.v. *cockes-coumb*) says: "Englishmen use to call valne and proud braggars and men of meane discretion *Coxcombes*. Because naturall Idiots and Fooles haue, and still doe custome themselves to weare in their Cuppes, cock's feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a coeke on the top and a bell thereon, &c., and thinke themselves finely fitted and proudly attired therewith, so we compare a presumptuous bragging fellow, and wanting all true Iudgement and Discretion, to such an Idiotte foole, and call him also Coxcombe."

104. Line 110: *Why, fool!*—The Qq. read thus, giving the speech to Kent. F. 1 and F. 2 read *Why my Boy!* and assign it to Lear. White says: "Lear had taken no one's part that's out of favour, but Kent had."

105. Line 117: *How now, NUNCLE!*—"A familiar contraction of *mine uncle* . . . the customary appellation of the licensed fool to his superiors" (Sares). Compare *Ned* (mine Ed), *Nell* (mine Ellen), and similar nicknames. *Yedward* (I. Henry IV. i. 1. 149) is of course for *my Edward*.

106. Line 123: *Take heed, sirrah,—the whip*.—Whipping was often the punishment of fools when they happened

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to offend their masters. See As You Like It, i. 2. 91: "you'll be *whipp'd* for taxation [satire] one of these days." Compare also line 197 of this scene: "An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you *whipp'd*;" and the Fool's reply.

107. Line 125: *Lady, the brach.*—Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 240, 241: "I had rather bear *Lady, my brach*, howl in Irish." *Lady* seems to have been a common name (or epithet, perhaps) of female hounds.

108. Line 135: *Learn more than thou throwest.*—Warburton and others explain *throwest* as "believe, think, or conceive;" but Capell is right in making it here equivalent to *know*. In line 234 of this scene the Qq. have *traw* instead of the *know* of the Ff. Rolfe compares As You Like It, iii. 2. 189: *Trow* you who hath done this?" and Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 164, 165:

Trow you
 Whither I am going?

109. Line 136: *Set less than thou throwest.*—Stake less than thou throwest *for*; or, perhaps, as Schmidt makes it, "than thou hast won by thy last throw."

110. Lines 154-169: *That lord that counsel'd thee . . . they'll be snatching.*—All this is omitted in the Ff.—"perhaps for political reasons, as the lines seemed to censure the monopolies" (Johnson). [As a rule it is not very wise to attempt to read political and contemporary allusions into the text of Shakespeare; Warburton's rhapsody on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 150-154, is a lasting warning against such proceedings. I expect, however, that Johnson is right here in his suggestion. The monopolies had long been a burning question: their history was as follows: I give the admirable summary in Feilden's *Short Constitutional History*, pp. 186, 187: "Monopolies . . . arse from the prerogative of the crown to regulate all matters of trade. Privileges, and exclusive rights of trade, were granted to merchants as early as the reign of William I. in return for money. The system was much abused under Elizabeth, who granted her favourites monopolies for dealing exclusively in different articles. . . . In 1571 a question was asked in Parliament about the abuse, but the proposer was summoned before the council, and the subject dropped until 1597, when an address on the subject was presented to the Queen, who promised to recall the illegal monopolies. The abuse, however, continued; and in 1601, a bill against them was introduced by Lawrence Hyde, and so strongly supported that the Queen had to yield. Monopolies however, continued, and were freely sold by James I.; in 1621, Sir Giles Mompesson was impeached for abusing his monopoly of gold and silver thread by manufacturing it of a baser metal. In 1624, monopolies were abolished by Parliament." Note that the first Folio appeared in what must have been the most critical year in the long struggle, viz. 1623. Many people, I imagine, who heard the lines which the Folio omits could have thought of this standing grievance; and to not a few "lords and great men" would have suggested this same Sir Giles Mompesson above alluded to. Critics are agreed that he was the prototype of Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; and in *The Bondman*, ii. 3, there is a pretty clear reference to him (see Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 172). This famous monopolist

long continued to be regarded as the type of evil and avarice in high places; compare two curious references in the works of Thomas Randolph: *Aristippus*, p. 16, in Hazlitt's ed.; and *Hey for Honesty*, p. 456.—A. W. V.]

111. Line 157: *Do thou for him stand.*—The defective measure has been eked out by various emendations: *Or do* (Hammer), *And do* (White), *Do thou there* (Caulbridge editors), &c.

112. Line 168: *and LADIES too.*—The reading of Q. 1, for which Q. 2 has *and ladies too*, which Collier adopted and defended in his 1st and 2nd eds. Dyce in his 1st ed. followed Collier, and then ridiculed him for the reading.

113. Line 179: *If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.*—Eccles (in his ed. of 1792) paraphrases the passage thus: "If I speak on this occasion like myself—that is, like a fool, foolishly—let not me be whipped, but him who first finds it to be as I have said—that is, the king himself, who was likely to be soonest sensible of the truth and justness of the sarcasm, and who, he insinuates, deserved whipping for the silly part he had acted."

114. Line 181: *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year.*—"There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place" (Johnson). For *grace* the Qq. have *wit*, which is preferred by Wright and Moberly.

115. Line 182: *For wiae men are grown foppish.*—For the rhyme with *apish*, compare that of *Tam and am* in ii. 3. 20, 21. See also Ellis, *English Pronunciation*, iii. 953, where similar rhymes are cited and commented upon.

116. Lines 191-194: *Then they for sudden joy did weep,* &c.—Steevens compares Heywood, *Rape of Lucrece*, 1608:

When Tanquin first in court began,
 And was approved king,
 Some men for sudden joy kan weep,
 But I for sorrow sing.
 —Heywood's *Select Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 346.

117. Line 206: *Enter GONERIL.*—Coleridge (Shakspeare Lectures, Bohn's ed. 1884, p. 338) remarks: "The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible—namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account is admitted. Whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. In this scene, and in all the early speeches of Lear, the one general sentiment of filial ingratitude prevails as the mainspring of the feelings;—in this early stage the outward object causing the pressure on the mind, which is not yet sufficiently familiarized with the anguish for the imagination to work upon it."

118. Line 207: *what makes that frontlet on?*—What causes that frown like a frontlet on your brow? *A frontlet* was a band of cloth worn at night on the forehead to keep it smooth (Malone). Steevens quotes *The Four 1's*, where the Pardoner has asked why women are so long dressing

in the morning, and the pedler replies, with a play on the word *let*=hindrance:

Forsooth, women have many nettes,
And they be masked in many nettes;
As *frontettes*, *lylletes*, *parlletes*, and *bracelettes*;
And then they *bonettes*, and they *poynettes*.
By these nettes and nettes, the nette is such,
That speede is small, when haste is much;
—Dodsley, vol. i. p. 350, Hazlitt's ed.

and Zepheria, 1594 (canzon 27):

But now my sunne it fits thou take thy set,
And vayne thy face with frownes as with a *frontlet*.
—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 79.

Malone adds from Lilly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 285): "she was solitary walking, with hir *fronteing cloth*, as sick lately of the solens" (that is, sullens); and Clavke cites Chapman, Hero and Leander:

E'en like the *forehead cloth* that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, *ladies us'd to wear*.
—Bullen's Marlowe, l. p. 102.

[See, too, I Henry IV. note 67, and add the following example from Lilly's *Mydas*, l. 2: "The pertunances (i.e. of lady's head): it is impossible to reckon them up, much lesse to tell the nature of them. Hoods, *frontlets*, tires, caules, &c."—Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 13.—A. W. V.]

119. Line 211: *now thou art an O without a figure*.—Shakespeare uses the *O* either for zero or for anything round. Thus we find it applied to small-pox marks (*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 45), to the stars (*Mid. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 188), to the Globe Theatre (*Henry V.* prol. 13), and to the earth (*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 81). The present is the only reference to its arithmetical use.

120. Line 219: *SHEALED peasant*.—*Shealed* is the old spelling of *shelled*, which is substituted by Capell, Grant White, and some other editors.

121. Line 221: *But other of your insolent retinue*.—*Retinue* is probably to be accented on the second syllable, though we could give it the usual accent by a slightly different scansion. It is the only instance of the word in verse in Shakespeare. Milton makes it *retinue* in the only two instances in which he uses it (*Paradise Lost*, v. 355, and *Paradise Regained*, ii. 419). Tenyson gives it the same accent; as in *Guinevere*:

Of his and her *retinue* moving they;

Aylmer's Field:

The dark *retinue* reverencing death;

and The Princess, iii. 170:

Went forth in long *retinue* following up.

122. Lines 228-233: *whoe if you should, the fault, &c.*—Moberly remarks: "The rest of the sentence labours under a plethora of relatives. The meaning, however, is simple: "If you instigate your men to riot I will check it, even though it offends you; as that offence, which would otherwise be a shame, would be proved by the necessity to be a discreet proceeding."

123. Line 236: *That it s had it head bit off by it young*.—For *it*'s the Qq. have *it*. Most editors change the possessive *it* to *its*, but this is to take an unwarrantable liberty with Shakespeare's English. There are sixteen examples of this *it* in F. 1, and there is another in Q. 1 and Q. 2 of Lear in iv. 2. 32:

That nature which contends *it* origin,

In the only instance in which *its* is now found in the Authorized Version of the Bible (*Leviticus* xxv. 5) the edition of 1611 has "*it owne accord*." In six of the examples in F. 1 (as *Rolle* notes) the form occurs in this combination of *it owne*.

124. Line 237: *So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling*.—Knight remarks that Shakespeare found the almost identical image applied to the story of Lear as told by Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, ii. 10. 30:

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke [wick] is throwne away;
So when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drooping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.

—Globe ed. p. 134.

Perhaps, as Farmer suggested, the Fool's remark is a snatch of some well-known ballad. For *darkling*, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 140.

125. Line 245: *Whoop, Jugg! I love thee*.—Probably a quotation from some old song. As to *jugg*; Skeat says, "*Jug* and *Judge* were usual as pet female names, equivalent to *Jenny* or *Jean*. . . . But they can hardly represent *Joanna*; I suppose they stand for *Judith*, once a common name." Whatever its derivation, the meaning of *jugg* is quite clear; it signifies a mistress; and sometimes, less offensively, a friend. Compare the following instances from Dodsley's *Old Plays*:—

King Cambyeses, by Thomas Preston:

dost thou think I am a sixpenny *jugg*!

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, iv. p. 163.

A Merry Knack to Know a Knave (1594):

"There comes a soldier counterfeit and with him was his *jugg*;"

—*Ibid.*, vol. vi. p. 511.

Grim the Collier of Croydon:

the collier chooseth well;

For beauty *jugg* doth bear away the bell.

—*Ibid.*, vol. viii. p. 409.

and William Rowley's *A Woman Never Vexed*, l. 1:

Bring him away, *jugg*.

—*Ibid.*, vol. xii. p. 115.

In the two last quotations the word obviously bears its more complimentary sense.—A. W. V.

126. Line 248: *his NOTION WEAKENS*.—The Qq. have *notion*, *weaknes*. In the only other instances of *notion* in Shakespeare (*Coriolanus*, v. 6. 107; and *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 83) it means *mind*, as here.

127. Line 249: *Ha! waking! 'tis not so*.—The Qq. read "Sleeping or waking; ha! sure 'tis not so;" and they print the whole speech as prose.

128. Lines 252-255: *I would learn that . . . an obedient father*.—These two speeches are not in the Ff.

129. Line 261: *you should be wise*.—The reading of Q. 2. The other early editions omit *you*; and Steevens would strike out *you should*.

130. Line 263: *so debosh'd*.—This old spelling of *debauched* is the one regularly used in the Ff. In the four instances in which Shakespeare employs the word. Here the Qq. have *deboyst*.

131. Lines 265, 266:

EPICURISM and LUST

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jug!
Dodsley, iv. p. 163.
him was his *jug*;
bid. vol. vi. p. 511.

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Vexed, l. 1:

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"An instance of what Corson calls a *respective construction*. The first word refers to the third, and the second to the fourth" (Furness).

132. Line 270: A LITTLE to *disquantity your train*.—Pope reads of *fifty*, &c., on the ground that Lear shortly afterwards specifies this as the number to be cut off, and yet Goneril had not stated it; but, as Furness suggests, this was probably a simple oversight on Shakespeare's part.

133. Line 283: *Than the SEA-MONSTER!*—The comparison is probably a general one; but there has been much dispute whether the hippopotamus or the whale is meant. One critic has suggested that the reference may be to the *sea-monster* mentioned in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 57.

134. Line 284: *Detested KITE!*—*Kite* was a conventional term of abuse; cf. Henry V. ii. 1. 80, 81:

Fetch forth the Lazar *kite* of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet.

135. Line 290: *like an ENGINE*—Alluding to the rick. Wright notes that Chaucer has *engine* for *racked* in the *Nonne Prestes Tale*, 15066.

136. Line 296: *Of what hath mov'd you*.—Not found in the Qq.

137. Line 305: a THWART *DISNATUR'D torment*.—The word is not used elsewhere as an adjective by Shakespeare; but Milton has it twice as such. See *Paradise Lost*, viii. 132; and x. 1075. *Disnatur'd* is used by Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph* (ii. 4. p. 291, ed. 1623): "I am not so *disnatur'd* a man." [Compare also Field's *A Woman is A Weathercock*, ii. 1:

This sour *thwart* beginning may portend good.

—Nero and other Plays in *Mermoid* ed. p. 370.

—A. W. V.]

138. Line 307: *With CADENT tears*.—So the Folio. The Quartos have *accet* or *accient*.

139. Line 308: *her mother's pains and benefits*.—Her maternal pains and loving attentions to her child.

140. Lines 310, 311:

*How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!*

Malone cites Psalm cxl. 3: "They have *sharpened* their tongues like a *serpent*: adders' poison is under their lips." Moberly observes: "We should have to go to the book of Deuteronomy to find a parallel for the concentrated force of this curse. Can it be Lear who so sternly and simply stabs to the very inward heart of woman's blessedness, leaving his wicked daughter blasted and scathed for ever by his withering words?"

141. Lines 326, 327:

Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so:—I have another daughter.

The Ff. omit *is it come to this?* and the Qq. omit *Let it be so*, reading also *yet have I left a daughter*.

142. Line 332: *thou shalt, I warrant thee*.—Omitted in the Ff.

143. Lines 343, 344:

*If my cap would buy a HALTER:
So the fool follows AFTER.*

Ellis (p. 963) says that these rhymes with *daughter* are remarkable. *Daughter* and *after* (apparently pronounced *arter*) are also rhymed in Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 244, 245, and Winter's Tale, iv. 1. 27, 28. In the former instance, as here, the rhyme may be meant to be ridiculous.

144. Lines 356, 357:

HOW NOW, OSWALD!

WHAT, have you writ that letter?

The Qq. have:

Gon. What Oswald, ho.
Oswald. Heere madam.
Gon. What, &c.

145. Line 300: *my PARTICULAR fear*.—Capell refers this, and rightly in all probability, to "the business threatened by Lear." Delius makes it mean "the particulars of my fear." Schmidt defines *particular* as "personal, individual," comparing v. 1. 30 of this play.

146. Line 302: *As may COMPACT it more*.—"Unite one circumstance with another so as to make a consistent account" (Johnson). *More* may be a dissyllable here.

147. Line 304: *This milky gentleness and course of yours*.—"This milky gentleness of your course" (Schmidt); or, quite as naturally, this milky gentleness and this consequent behaviour of yours.

148. Line 309: *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well*.—Malone quotes *Sonnet* ciii. 9, 10:

Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend*,
To mar the subject that before was well?

ACT I. SCENE 5.

149. Line 1: *Go you before to GLOSTER*.—Capell refers the name to the *city* of Gloucester, as *there* in line 5 suggests. Tyrwhitt remarks: "Shakespeare chose to make Gloucester the residence of the Duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city."

150. Line 8: *If a man's BRAINS were in's heels, were't not, &c.*—Pope changed *brains* to *brain* on account of the singular pronoun. Rolfe remarks: "Shakespeare makes *brains* plural, except in All's Well, iii. 2. 16: 'the brains of my Cupid's knocked out,' where the intervening singular may perhaps account for the irregularity. As *brain* and *brains* were used indiscriminately (except, as Schmidt notes, in such phrases as 'to beat out the brains'), it is not strange that the pronoun referring to the words should be used somewhat loosely, at least in vulgar parlance."

151. Line 11: *thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod*.—"For you show you have no wit in undertaking your present journey" (Singer).

152. Line 25: *I did her wrong*.—John Weiss (Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare, p. 281) remarks: "The beautiful soul of Cordelia, that is little talked of by herself, and is but stingly set forth by circumstance, engrosses our feeling

In scenes from whose threshold her filial piety is banished. We know what Lear is so pathetically remembering; the sisters tell us in their cruellest moments; it mingles with the midnight storm a sigh of the daughterhood that was repulsed. In the plining of the Fool we detect it. Through every wail or gust of this awful symphony of madness, ingratitude, and irony, we feel a woman's breath."

153. Line 38: *the seven stars*.—The Pleiades. "Furress thinks that the reference may be to the seven stars of the Great Bear; but that group was commonly known as 'Charles' Wain.' Cf. f. Henry IV. ii. 1. 2: 'Charles' wain is over the new chumney.' The Pleiades have been familiar as household words from the earliest times, and 'the seven stars' has always been the popular English name for them" (Rolfe).

154. Line 43: *To tak't again perforce!*—"He is meditating on his resumption of royalty" (Johnson). Steevens says (but wrongly, I think): "Rather he is meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him."

155. Line 50: *O, let me not be mad!*—Dr. Bucknill remarks (p. 183): "This self-consciousness of gathering madness is common in various forms of the disease. . . . A most remarkable instance of this was presented in the case of a patient, whose passionate, but generous, temper became morbidly exaggerated after a blow upon the head. His constantly expressed fear was that of impending madness; and when the calamity he so much dreaded had actually arrived, and he raved incessantly and incoherently, one frequently heard the very words of Lear proceeding from his lips: 'Oh, let me not be mad!'"

156. Lines 55, 56:

*She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.*

These gross lines have been justly suspected of being an interpolation of some actor who "spoke more than was set down for him." As more than one critic has noted, they are palpably dragged in; and it is not Shakespeare's way to introduce anything of the sort unless it is naturally linked to the context.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

157.—Line 9. For *ear-kissing* the Quartos have *ear-bussing*. Lines 11-13, omitted in two Quartos. Line 20, the line is made nonsense of in Q₁, which read, *Which must aske brevity and future helpe*. Line 47, *revengeing* appears in the form *revengeie* in the Quartos; in the next line the Folio has *all the thunder*. Line 78, for *spurs* the Folios have *spirits*. Line 80, *I never got him*, omitted in the Folios. Line 91, *How dost, my lord?* so the First Folio; the others have *how does my lord?* Line 129, the Quartos give the singular *business*, which might quite well seem as a trisyllable.

158. Line 28: *Upon his party*.—On his side. Delius (quoted by Furness) says, "In order to confuse his brother and urge him to flight, Edmund asks him first whether he has not spoken against Cornwall, and then, reversing

the question, whether he has not said something on the side of Cornwall against Albany."

159. Lines 36, 37:

I've seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.

Steevens quotes Marston, Dutch Courtesan (iv. 1): "Nay, looke you; for my owne part, if I have not as religiously vovd my hart to you,—been drinke to your heathe, swalowl flap-dragons, eate glasses, drunke urine, stabd arms, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake" (Halliwell's ed. ii. p. 163). Halliwell cites Cooke, Greene's Tu Quoque: "I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair; stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein, to drink a full health to you."

160. Line 44: *Fled this way, sir*.—"A wrong way should be pointed to" (Capell). Many editors put a period after *sir*, but all the early editors have the comma.

161. Line 52: *in fell MOTION*.—"An attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying" (Schmidt). Compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 101-103 (see also 158):

*the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them.*

Furness quotes Vincentio Saviole, *His practice*, 1595 (see As You Like It, note 180): "hold your dagger firm, marking (as it were) with one eye the *motion* of your aduersarie" (sig. ***, p. 1, line 4).

162. Line 54: *LANCE mine arm*.—The Q₁ have *lanect* or *lanecht*, and the F₁ *latch'd*. *Lance* and *lanect* are often used indiscriminately. Wright quotes Holbyband (French Diet. 1593): "*Poindre*, to prick, to steeke, to lance."

163. Line 55: *But WHEN he saw my best alarum'd spirits*.—The Ff. have *And when*, &c. Stantton conjectures *But whe'r* (whether), which Furness adopts; but Rolfe suggests that there may be a change of construction in *Or whether* (see Abbott's Grammar, §415), or an ellipsis: "Or whether (it was that he was) gasted," &c.

164. Line 57: *Or whether GASTED by the noise I made*.—For *gasted*, see Othello, note 241.

165. Line 61: *My worthy ARCH and patron*.—Steevens quotes Heywood, "ff you Know not Me," &c. (p. 48, ed. Shak. Soc.): "Poole, that *arch*, for truth and honesty." Wright refers to the present use of the word by Odd-fellows and Masons.

166. Line 67: *And found him FIGHT to do it*.—"Fixed, settled." Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 23, 24:

*You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly fight upon our Phrygian plains.*

Straight-fight (= erect) occurs in Cymbeline, v. 5. 164. Wright, Moberly, and others say that *fight* is the participle of *pitch*. It is clearly a participle, but probably from the verb *fight* (related to *pitch*), of which Nares cites an example from Warner, Albions England: "his tent did Asser *fight*." The same form was used for the past tense; as in a poem of the time of Elizabeth (he quote it from memory):

*He who earth's foundations fight,
Fight at first, and still sustains.*

something on the

trids

um [iv. 1]: "Nay, not as religiously to your health, take mine, staid and gallant for Halliwell elites t with him that will not pledge vein, to drink a

strong way should at a period after nna.

tack in fencing, (id). Compare

ion,
nor eye,

practice, 1605 (see dagger firm, mark- of your aduer-

Qq. have *lanche* and *ianneh* are notes Hollyband stick, to *lanche*."

atarnm'd spirits. conjectures *But* not Rolfe suggests on in *Or whether* sic: "Or whether

the noise I made.

atron.—Steevens, &c. (p. 48, ed. h and honesty." e word by Odd-

to do it.—"Fixed, v. 10. 23, 24:

ants,
n plains.

eline, v. 5. 164. ight is the parti- e, but probably of which Nares as England; 'his was used for the of Elizabeth (we

Cf. also Spenser, *Fæerie Queene*, l. 2. 42:

Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me *fight*" (Rolfe).

167. Line 70: *would the REPOSAL*.—The Qq. have *could the reposeure*. *Reposal* is analogous to *disposal*, as *reposeure* to *exposure*. Wright says here: "The words *virtue*, or *worth* are in loose construction with the rest of the sentence; 'the reposeure of any trust, (or the belief in any) virtue or worth, in thee.'"

168. Line 73: *very PREGNANT and potential spurs*.—"Ready." Wright says that it is used in this sense 'without any reference to its literal meaning,' and Furness appears to think that this is not a natural figurative use of the word. He considers that Nares came nearer the truth in saying that the ruling sense of the word is that of 'being full or productive of something.' We think that 'ready,' or *about to appear* (in action, as truth, &c., according to the con- ception) likewise expresses the metaphorical sense of the word; and this will explain some instances of it in Shakespeare which, as Furness admits, do not come clearly under Nares's definition. See, for example, *Winter's Tale*, v. 2. 34. . . . Certain other instances, we admit, are better explained by the other interpretation; while some, like the present, may, in our opinion, be explained equally well by either" (Rolfe).

169. Line 79: *STRONG and fasten'd villain!*—The *strange* of the Qq., and to be preferred to the *strange* of the Ff. For the bad sense of the word Wright compares Richard II. v. 3. 59:

O helious, *strong*, and bold conspiracy!

and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 45: "*strong* thief." Rolfe remarks that here the word seems in perfect keeping with the *fasten'd* (confirmed, hardened) which follows.

170. Lines 83, 84:

his picture

I will send far and near, &c.

Lord Campbell remarks: "One would suppose that photography, by which this mode of catching criminals is now practised, had been invented in the time of Lear." Furness adds that photography has merely been called to our aid in continuing a practice common in the time of Shakespeare; and he cites the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1696 (privately reprinted by Alexander Smith, Glasgow, 1877):

Let him be straight imprinted to the life:
His *picture* shall be set on every stall,
And proclamation made, that he that takes him,
Shall have a hundred pounds of *Somebody*.

171. Line 87: *To make thee CAPABLE*.—Lord Campbell says: "In forensic discussions respecting legitimacy, the question is put, whether the individual whose *status* is to be determined is 'capable,' i.e. capable of inheriting; but it is only a lawyer who would express the idea of legitimizing a natural son by simply saying,

I'll work the means

To make him *capable*."

172. Line 90: *he was of that CONSORT*.—Omitted in the Qq. For *consort* in the sense of *company*, compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 1. 64: "wilt thou be of our *consort*!" With this meaning the word is accented on

the last syllable; when it means a company of musicians (as in the same play, iii. 2. 84, Folio), on the first.

173. Line 102: *th' expense and waste of his*.—The reading of F. 1. Q. 1 has the *least and spoyte of his*; Q. 2, *these—and waste of this his*. Furness suggests that the dash indicates the haste and carelessness with which the Quarto was printed. It was inserted either by the stemographer because he misheard the word and afterwards failed to supply it, or by the compositor because he could not make out the copy.

174. Line 121: *THREADING dark-ey'd night*.—The Qq. have *threatning*, and Theobald wished to read *threading*; but compare Coriolanus, iii. 1. 124: "They would not *thread* the gates." Wright refers, for the figure, to King John, v. 4. 11.

175. Line 126: *from our home*.—Away from our home. Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 35, 36:

to feed were best at *home*;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

176. Line 1: *Good DAWNING to thee*.—The Qq. have *even* (even), and Pope and Theobald *evening*. The other references to time in the scene indicate that it was before daybreak, with the moon still shining, as Malone rightly explains. The use of *dawning* may suggest that it is very early, when the dawn is just appearing.

177. Line 9. *in LIPSURRY pinfold*.—No other reference to *Lipsbury* has been discovered, and the word has been changed to *Ledbury*, *Finsbury*, &c. Nares suggests that it is a coined name, possibly referring to the "teeth, as being the pinfold within the *lips*." Wright favours this interpretation, adding that "similar names of places which may or may not have any local existence occur in proverbial phrases, such for instance as 'Needham's Shore,' 'Weeping Cross.'" For *pinfold*, compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 111: "You mistake; I mean the pound,—a *pinfold*." Rolfe cites Milton, Comus, 7:

Confid'nd and pester'd in this *pinfold* here.

178. Line 16: *three-suited*.—Delius thinks this is equivalent to *foppish*, and cites iii. 4. 141 below: "who hath *three suits* to his back." Steevens, who regards it as in keeping with *beggarly*, quotes Ben Jonson, Silent Woman, iv. 2: "thou wert a pitiful poor fellow . . . and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel." (Routledge's ed. p. 227). Wright remarks: "If the terms of agreement between master and servant in Shakespeare's time were known, they would probably throw light upon the phrase. It is probable that three suits of clothes a year were part of a servant's allowance. In The Silent Woman, iii. 1, Mrs. Otter, scolding her husband whom she treats as a dependant, says, Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat, your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted?" (Routledge's ed. p. 217).

Hundred-pound was also a "term of reproach," as Steevens notes, comparing Middleton's Phoenix, iv. 3: "How's this? am I used like a *hundred-pound* gentleman?"

179 Line 17: *worsted-socking*.—In Shakespeare's day the better class of people wore silk stockings, and regarded worsted ones as cheap and poor. Steevens quotes Taylor, The Dog Hath Lost His Pearl, l. 1: "Good parts, without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times than a good leg in a *woollen stockings*;" and The Captain, ill. 3: "serving-men . . . with woollen stockings." Malone adds from Middleton, Pheenix, iv. 2: "Metreza Anriola keeps her love with half the cost that I run at; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband, walk in *worsted stockings*, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary." [I may note that I have observed two passages which rather make the other way. Stubbes, describing the extravagant costume affected by the contemporary gallant, says: "They have they *nether-stocks* to these gay hosen, not of cloth (though nener so fine) for that is thought to base, but of *Jarney worsted*, silk, thread, and such like" (Anatomy of Abuses, New Shakespeare Society Reprint, p. 57); so again, page 56. Compare also the following:

These *worsted* stockes of bravest die,
An? silken garters fring'd with gold.
—Stephen Gosson, Pleasant Quippes for Vpstart
Newfangled Gentlewomen, Hazlitt, 1866, p. 258.

Fashion, presumably, had changed.—A. W. V.]

180. Line 18: *action-taking*.—"A fellow who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage" (Mason).

181. Line 20: *one-trunk-inheriting*.—"With all his worldly belongings in a single trunk" (Wright). *Inheriting* may be equivalent to *possessing* (as in iv. 6. 128), but Steevens and others give it the ordinary meaning here. Johnson took *trunk* to mean *trunk-hose*.

182. Line 35: *sop o' the moonshine*.—This probably alludes to the dish called *eggs in moonshine*, for which Nares quotes a receipt from an ancient cook-book. [It is also, I think, just possible that the reference is to the custom of soaking toast or sweet-cakes in wine; see Troilus and Cressida, note 53. For an allusion to these delicacies, cf. Mother Bombie, l. 3: "And you, pretty minx, that must be fed with love upon *sops*, I'll take an order to cram you with sorrowes" (Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 80).—A. W. V.]

183. Line 35: *draw, you CULLIONLY barber-monger*.—For a note on *cullion* see Henry V. note 153. The word is not uncommon; cf. Edward II. l. 4. 408, 409:

he jets it in the Court,

With base outlandish *cullions* at his heels.

—Bullen's Marlowe, ii. p. 143.

So again, in The Jests of George Peele: "Hath the knave no more wit than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would he base *cullian* go afoot" (Dyce's Greene and Peele, p. 610); and in The Guardian, ii. 3:

Long live Severino,

And perish all such *cullions* as repine

At his new monarchy;

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 469.

and The Black Book: "the true counterfeit of a dying *cullion*" (Bullen's Middleton, viii. p. 33).—A. W. V.

184. Line 38: *Vanity the puppet's part*.—Alluding to the old moralities, in which Vanity, Iniquity, &c., figured

as characters. Compare Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, l. 1:

Satan. What Vice?

What kind wouldst thou have it off?

Fig. Why, any; Fraud,

Or Covetousness, or *Lady Vanity*,

Or old Iniquity. —Rouledge's ed. p. 344.

185. Line 40: *I'll so CARBONADO your shanks*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 268: "to eat adders' heads and toads *carbonad'd*." For the noun, see I. Henry IV. v. 3. 61, and Coriolanus, iv. 5. 199.

186. Line 44: *you SEAT slave*.—"Mere slave, very slave" (Johnson). Stannton believes there is a play on *neat* as applied to cattle, and compares Winter's Tale, l. 2. 123; but, as Wright says, this "would have no special point as addressed to Oswald." Rolfe remarks: "It is perhaps an objection to Johnson's explanation that Shakespeare nowhere else has *neat* = pure, unmixed. On the other hand, he seems to use it contemptuously = spruce, fustian, in I. Henry IV. l. 3. 33: 'Came there a certain lord, *neat*, and trimly dress'd,' &c."

187. Line 47: *What's the matter?*—The Fl. add *Part*; but this is probably a stage-direction accidentally transferred to the text, as Dyce considers it.

188. Line 48: *With you, GOODMAN boy*.—*Goodman* was regularly used as a term of contempt: cf. Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 141:

Adieu, *goodman* devil;

a passage most needlessly emended in various ways. So again, Romeo and Juliet, l. 5. 79: "What! *goodman boy!*" —A. W. V.]

189. Line 60: *a tailor made thee*.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 81-83:

No, nor thy *tailor*, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

190. Line 65: *TWO HOURS o' the trade*.—The reading of the Qf. The Fl. have *two yeares*, which Schmidt reckons a brief apprenticeship for a sculptor or painter. The editors, with the exception of Rowe, Capell, and Schmidt, follow the Qf.

191. Line 69: *Thou whoreson ZED! thou unnecessary letter!*—Farmer quotes Mulester: "Z is much harder among us, and seldom seen;—S is become its lieutenant-general. It is little expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." Barret, in his Alvearie, 1580, omits the letter.

192. Line 70: *I will tread this UNBOLTED villain into mortar*.—Tollet says: "*Unbolted mortar* is mortar made of misfit flint, and to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes." We find *bolted* in the sense of "refined" in Henry V. ii. 2. 137, and Coriolanus, iii. 1. 322.

193. Line 80: *the holy cords*.—Wapburton remarks: "By those *holy cords* Shakespeare means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the cords of the sanctuary."

194. Line 81: *too INTRINSE I' unloose*.—Theobald substitutes *intrinsicate*, which Shakespeare uses in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 307, 308:

With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate*
Of life at once unlo.

Malone notes that the word was new at this time, and quotes the preface to Marston's *George of Villainie*, 1598 (vol. iii. p. 245, ed. Fulliwell): "new-invented epithets (as reall, *intrinsecate*, Delphicke)." *Intrinsic* is probably the poet's own contraction of *intrinsecate*.

195. Line 83: *HEINA oil to FIRE*.—The Q₁ have *Bring oil to stir*, Rowe, Schmidt, Furness, and Ioffe retain the *Being*, but all others adopt *Bring*.

196. Line 84: *RENEGE, affirm, and turn their HALCYON beaks*.—*Reneg* (spelled *Reneag* in the Q₁) is from the Late Latin *renego*, whence also the Spanish *renegado*. It is used again in Antony and Cleopatra, l. 1. 8: "reneges all temper." Nares quotes Du Bartas, *The Battail of Yury* (p. 351, ed. 1633):

All Europe nigh (all sorts of rights *reneg'd*)
Against the Truth and Thee, un-holy League'd.

F. 1 misprints *Renetene* here.

For the allusion to the *halcyon*, or kingfisher, Steevens quotes Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, B. x.: "A lytle byrde called the Kings Fysier, being hangd vp in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or hyl wyll be alwayes dyrect or strayght against ye winde;" and Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, l. 1:

But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my *halcyon's* bill?

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. ii. p. 12.

Sir Thomas Browne discredits the superstition in his *Vulgar Errors*, iii. 10, remarking: "the eldest custom of hanging up these birds was founded upon a tradition that they would renew their feathers every year as though they were alive." According to Charlotte Smith's *Natural History of Birds* (quoted by Dyce), the belief in a connection between the *halcyon* and the wind still lingered among the common people of England in 1807; and Dyer, *Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 123, says that "one may still see this bird hung up in cottages, a remnant, no doubt, of this old superstition."

197. Line 87: *your EPILEPTIC visage*.—Your face "distorted by grinning" (Dyce).

198. Line 88: *SMILE you my speeches, as I were a fool?*—That is, do you smile at them? All the early editions have *Smoile* or *Smogle* except F. 4, which the modern editors follow without exception.

199. Line 90: *I'd DRIVE YE cackling home to CAMELOT*.—The Q₁ have *send you and Canelet*. "Camelot, famed in the Arthurian legends, was Cadbury in Somersetshire, according to Selden; and near it, Haumer says, 'there are many large moors, upon which great numbers of geese are bred.' Staunton supposes that the reference was to the custom among Arthur's knights of sending their conquered foes to Camelot to do homage to the king. Dyce thinks that there may be a double allusion, to the geese of Somersetshire and to the vanquished knights" (Rolfe).

200. Line 95: *What is his fault?*—The reading of the F₁, that of the Q₁, being *What's his offence?*

201. Lines 103, 104.
and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature.

"Forces his *outside*, or his *appearance*, to something totally *different from his natural disposition*" (Johnson). Staunton takes *his* to be *its*; in which case the meaning is: "distorts the style of straightforward speaking quite from its nature, which is sincerity; whereas he makes it a cloak for craft" (Clarke).

202. Line 109: *silly-ducking observants*.—The hyphen in *silly-ducking* is in the F₁. For the contemptuous use of *ducking* (bowing) compare Richard III. l. 3. 49, and Thimon of Athens, iv. 3. 18. Schmidt defines *observants* as "obsequious attendants."

203. Line 110: *That stretch their duties nicely*.—That is, perform them with the most fastidious nicety or precision. For *nicely*, compare v. 3. 144 of this play.

204. Lines 119, 120: *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't*.—"Though I should win you, displeas'd as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave" (Johnson).

205. Line 125: *When he, COMPACT, &c.*—The Q₁ have *conjunct* (conjunct). There is little choice between the readings, which mean the same. We find *conjunct* in v. 1. 12, and *compact* (in this sense of "in concert with") in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 242: "*Compiet* with her that's gone."

206. Line 141: *There shall he sit till noon*.—"Very artfully is this speech thrown in. Not only does it serve to paint the vindictive disposition of Regan, it also serves to regulate dramatic time by making the subsequent scene where Lear arrives before Gloucester's castle and finds his faithful messenger in the stocks appear sufficiently advanced in the morning to allow of that same scene closing with the actual approach of 'night,' without disturbing the sense of probability. Shakespeare makes a whole day pass before our eyes during a single scene and dialogue, yet all seems consistent and natural in the course of progression" (Clarke).

207. Lines 148-152: *His fault is much*. . . . *Are penish'd with*.—All this is wanting in the F₁. For the words that follow, *the King must take it ill*, they have *The King his Master needs must take it ill*.

208. Line 157: *For following her affairs*.—*Put in his legs*.—Omit^d in the F₁.

209. Line 167: *APPROVE the common SAW*.—Prove the truth of the common saying; namely, "Out of God's blessing into the warm sun." Capell (notes, vol. iii. p. 40) quotes Heywood's *Dialogue on Proverbs* (book ii. chap. 5):

In your rennyng from him to me, ye runne
Out of gods blessing into the warme sunne.

Malone cites Howell's *English Proverbs*, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. from good to worse." Various explanations of the proverb have been given, but probably it was first applied to persons turned out of doors.

210. Lines 172, 173:
Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery.

"The wretched are almost the only persons who can be said to see miracles." DeLins says: "That Cordella should have thought of him, or that her letter should have reached him, seems to him such a miracle as only those in misery experience."

211. Lines 175-177:

*and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.*

"And who (that is, Cordella) will find opportunity in this abnormal state of affairs to set things right again. The style is disjointed, partly because he is soliloquizing, partly because he can hardly keep his eyes open for weariness. Here he gives way to his drowsiness, bids his eyes take advantage of their heaviness not to see how poor a resting-place he has, and, with a good-night prayer for better fortune, falls asleep. *Enormous* (which has the same etymology as *abnormal*, except that *norma* is compounded with *e* instead of *ab*) is rightly explained by Johnson as 'unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things' (Rolfe).

Jenkins was the first to suggest that Kent reads fragments of Cordella's letter (*and shall find time . . . their remedies*), and he has been followed by Stevens and others; but, as Malone notes, Kent cannot read the letter, but wishes for the rising of the sun that he *may* read it. Mason connects *and shall find* with *I know*; and Mr. J. Crosby (as quoted by Rolfe) paraphrases that part of the passage thus: "From this anomalous state of mind, I shall gain time to communicate and co-operate with Cordella in her endeavour to restore the kingdom to its former condition; to give losses their remedies, that is, to reinstate Lear on the throne, Cordella in his favour, and myself in his confidence, and in my own rights and titles."

For *d'er-watch'd* (worn out with watching), compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 241:

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art *d'er-watch'd*.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

212. Line 8: *in contempt of man*.—"Wishing to degrade a man" (Moberly).

213. Line 10: *elf all my hair in knots*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, I. 4. 90:

And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs;

whereby there hangs many a tale of popular superstition.

214. Line 14: *Of BEDLAM BEGGARS*.—Stevens quotes from Dekker's *Belman of London*, of which three editions appeared in 1608, the same year in which Lear was first printed, the following description of "an Abraham man:" "He swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a-cold*. Of these Abraham-men, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a

small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through feare to give them what they demand." (Hunter, again, has an interesting extract from Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire*: "Till the breaking out of the Civil Wars, Tom o' Bedlams did travel about the country. They had beene once distracted men that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering to some soberness they were licentiated to go begging. They had on their left arms an armilla of tin, about four inches long; they could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdrick, which when they came to a house for alms they did whid; and they did put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they did put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any of them" (Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. II. p. 271). Later on (III. 6. 79), we have a reference to the horn which Edgar carried: "Poor Tom, thy *horn* is dry," the meaning obviously being, that no one has put any liquor into it. For a diverting collection of old scraps of information on the subject of these Tom o' Bedlams, the judicious reader should turn to Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. II. pp. 311-317, Chandos ed. There is also a good note in Dyce's *Bennet and Fletcher*, vol. IX. p. 22; and another in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. III. pp. 170, 171, *apropos* of the fact that a character in Gannet Gurton's *Needle* is called Diccon, "the *Bedlam*."—A. W. V.]

215. Line 15: *STRIKE in their numb'd and mortified bare arms*, &c.—Walker (Crit. Exam. II. 36) suggests *stick*, which Furness adopts; but *strike in* is simply *strike into*, or *drive into*.

216. Line 20: *POOR TURLYGOO!*—Warburton would read *Turlypin*, the name given to a fraternity of gypsies or beggars. According to Doane, the name was corrupted into *Turlygood*, though Nares doubts whether the two names are connected.

217. Line 21: *Edgar I NOTHING am.*—That is, I am in no wise Edgar (having become a Bedlam beggar).

ACT II. SCENE 4.

218.—Line 1, for *home* the Quartos reads *hence*. Line 7, in the Quartos we have *crewell* or *crewill*. Line 9, in the Quartos by *the heeles*. Line 79, some editors follow the fourth Folio in reading *That, sir, which*; but *sir* occurs elsewhere in Shakspeare as an ordinary noun; e.g. *Othello*, II. 1. 176. Line 97, the Quartos give: *what fiery quality*. Line 101, in the Quartos the speech is assigned to Goneril; for *stock'd* they read *strucke* or *struck*. Line 220, *boil*: spelt, says Aldis Wright, *byle* or *bile* in the early editions, and in the Authorized Version. Line 274, the line is redundant; of the various suggestions Pope's seems to me the best, viz. *that patience which I need*. Line 304, for *ruffle*, Qq. have *russel*.

219. Line 7: *he wears CRUEL garters*.—Coller suggested that we should read *crevel*, in order to make the pun more obvious. Halliwell remarks: "This word was obvious to the punster, and is unmercifully used by the older dramatists. A pun similar to that in the text is in one of L'Estrange's anecdotes: 'A greate zelote for the

bluntly enter, give them what interesting explanation: "Till now Bedlam's did once distracted were recovering to go beggling. Ah, about four they were about King or hawdriek; they did wind; into this horn, he wars I do not illustrations of (p. 79), we have said: "Poor Tom, being, that no rting collection t of these Tom rru to Disraeli's 17, Claudos ed. at and Fletcher, odsley, vol. iii. racter in Gam- he *William*."—

at mortified bare suggests attack, apply *strike into*,

ton would rendy of gypsies or was corrupted whether the two

That is, I am in (egggar)

hence. Line 7, Line 9, in the tors follow the but *sir* occurs ary noun; e.g. rive: *what fiery* ech is assigned or *struck*. Line or *bite* in the slon. Line 274, ggestions Pope's e which I need.

oller suggested make the pun his word was ally used by the in the text is in zelote for the

Clause would not allow the Parliament's army to be *beaten* in a certain light, but confess he did believe they might be *worsted*. To which linsy-wolsay expression, a merry cavalere reply'd, Take heed of that, for *worsted* is a eruell peece of staffe."

220. Line 11: *woolen nether-stocks*.—For *nether-stocks* (short stockings), compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 131: "I'll sew *nether stocks*."

221. Lines 19, 20:

Lear. No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.

These two speeches are wanting in the Ff.

222. Line 35: *stunnon'd up their MEINY*.—The word is common in Chaucer and other early writers; also in Spenser. Compare Faerie Queene, iii. 9. 11:

That this faire *many* were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed;

and iii. 12. 23: "That all his *many* it affraide did make," &c. Wright quotes Cograve, Fr. Diet.: "Mesnie: f. A *meysie*, familie, household, household compaign, or sercnants."

223. Lines 54, 55: *as many dolours . . . as thou canst TELL in a year*.—"Count, or recount; according to the sense in which *dolours* is understood" (Wright).

224. Line 56: *O, how this MOTHER swells up toward my heart!*—*Mother* is synonymous with the following *Hysterica passio*, or hysteria. Kitson quotes Harnest, Declaration of Popish Impostures (p. 25). "Ma. dayne had a spiece of the *Hysterica passio*, as it seemes from his death, hee blusefse termes it the *Mother* as you may see in his confession)." Master Richard Morey, who was persecuted by the priests that he was possessed of the devil, deposes as follows, p. 263: "The disease I speak of, was a spiece of the *Mother*, where-with I had bene troubled (as is hereto mentioned) before my going into France: whether I doe rightly terme it the *Mother* or no, I know not."

225. Line 68: *We'll set thee to school to an ANT, &c.*—"If, says the Fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived" (Malone).

226. Line 90: *Mere FETCHES*.—*Fetches*=pretexts, devices; cf. Hamlet, ii. 1. 38. For instances outside Shakespeare we may note the Interlude of the Disobedient Child:

O, I have such *fetches*, such toys in this head,
Such crafty defices; —Hazlitt's Dodsley, ii. p. 309.

and Antonio and Melinda, ii. 1:

And I do fear a *fetch*;
—Bullen's Marston, I. p. 127.

and again, the anonymous play (printed 1658) of The Old Couple, v.:

Another *fetch*! this may be worth the hearing.
—Dodsley, xii. p. 79.

—A. W. V.

227. Line 103: *commands her service*.—The Ff. read *commands, tends, service*, which Rowe adopted with the omission of the commas (1st ed.), afterwards restoring the

first comma. Schmidt reads *commands, tends service*, which he defends at considerable length, but inconclusively.

228. Line 120: *Till it cry sleep to death*.—The meaning seems obvious enough—"till its clamour murders sleep," as Wright paraphrases it; but Steevens explains it "till it cries out, 'Let them awake no more.'" Johnson put *sleep to death* in Italics, as if it were the cry of the drum; and Mason changed the phrase to *death to sleep*.

229. Line 123: *as the COCKNEY did to the eels*.—Here *cockney* may be equivalent to *cook*, as Tyrwhitt and others have explained it; or a *cockney cook* (or a London cook), as others make it. The only other instance of the word in Shakespeare is in Twelfth Night, iv. 1. 15. See note 230 of that play.

230. Line 124: *she KNAFF'D'em o the coxeombs with a stick*.—The Ff. have *knapt*, and the Qq. *rapt*, which some have preferred, assuming that *knap* means only to "snap or break asunder," as in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 1. 19 (a use which Mr. Aldis Wright well illustrates by the Prayer-book Version of Psalm xlv. 9: "he *knappeth* the spear in sunder." For *knapp*=strike cf. the following couplet from the old Interlude, Theristes:

And plucketh off her hose,
She *knappeth* me in the nose.
—Dodsley's Old Plays, Hazlitt's ed. i. p. 422

In the same play we have the substantive *knap*=blow: "whose knee caught a *knap*" (ibid. p. 422).—A. W. V.]

231. Line 134: *SEPULCHRING an adúltere*.—"Compare Lucrece, 805: 'May likewise be *sepulchred* in thy shade; and Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2. 118: 'Or at the least, in hers *sepulchre* thine.' In both passages the accent is on the penult, as here. The noun has the modern accent in Shakespeare except in Richard II. 1. 3. 190. Milton makes the same distinction. Compare the verb in the Epitaph on Shakes. 15: 'And, so *sepulchred*, in such pomp dost lie;' and the noun in Samson Agonistes, 102: 'My self my *sepulchre*, a moving grave;' and Comus, 471: 'Of teen in charnel vaults and *sepulchres*.'" (Roife).

232. Lines 141, 142:

You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

We must interpret according to the sense, as classical commentators say, rather than the literal meaning of the words, and the general purport of what Regan replies is simple enough: "The fault lies with you, not with my sister; you are more likely to undervalue her services than she is to come short in paying them." For *scant*, see Othello, iv. 3. 92:

Or *scant* our former having in despite.

—A. W. V.

233. Line 148: *O, sir, you are old, &c.*—Coleridge remarks here: "Nothing is so heart-cutting as a cold, unexpected defence or palliation of a cruelty passionately complained of, or so expressive of thorough hard-heartedness. And feel the excessive horror of Regan's 'O, sir, you are old!'—and then her drawing from that universal object of reverence and indulgence the very reason for her frightful conclusion—'Say you have wrong'd her.' All Lear's

faults increase our pity for him. We refuse to know them otherwise than as means of his sufferings and aggravations of his daughters' ingratitude."

234. Line 155; *mark how this becomes* THE HOUSE.—No change is really called for, but Theobald reads *the use*, and Jennens *me uote*. Collier's Corrector has *the month*, which is plausible and favoured by Furness, though he retains the old text.

235. Line 159; *these are unsightly tricks*.—This probably refers to Lear's kneeling, though Knight and others do not believe that he kneels. According to Davies (Dram. Miscell. ii. 190, quoted by Furness), "Garriek threw himself on both knees, with his hands clasped, and in a supplicating tone repeated this touching, though ironical, petition."

236. Line 165; *her young bones*.—Jourdain (Trans. Philological Soc. 1860-61, p. 111) explains this as referring to "infants just born, which fairies then had power over, but not afterwards;" but Mr. J. Addis, jr. (Notes and Queries, 1867, 3rd series, vol. xi. p. 251), suggests that it means "unborn infant;" and Wright, Furness, and Rolfe endorse this explanation, which is pretty clearly the correct one. Compare the old play of King Lear (printed by Furness in his Appendix):

Alas, not I; poore soule, she breeds young bones,
And that is it makes her so tatchy sure.

237. Line 156; *You TAKING airs*.—For *taking* (bewitching, malignant) compare ill. 4. 61 of this play; and see note on Hamlet, i. 1. 163.

238. Line 170; *To FALL and blast her pride!*—Malone takes *fall* to be used causatively, as it often is in Shakespeare; but Wright, Furness, and Rolfe believe it to be intransitive. This, as Wright says, is more in keeping with *dearen* and *blast*. Compare Tempest, ii. 2. 1-3:

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease!

and Measure for Measure, v. 1. 121-123:

Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us?

For *blast her pride* the Ff. have only the word *blister*.

239. Line 174; *Thy TENDER-HEFTED nature*.—The puzzling compound is explained in a general way by the *tender*; but the *hefted* has never been satisfactorily defined. The Qq. have *tender hested*, which is equally perplexing, though it has been taken to mean "governed by gentle dispositions." Steevens paraphrased *tender-hefted* by "whose bosom is agitated with tender passions." *Heft* is used as synonymous with *huff*, or handle; but it is not found in Shakespeare, and to attempt to connect it with this compound is arbitrary and absurd. *Tender-hearted* has been proposed as an emendation, but, with nature following, it is impossibly weak. The corruption, if it be corruption, is apparently hopeless.

240. Line 178; *to scart my SIZES*.—That is, my allowances. Wright remarks: "The words *size* and *sizing* are still well known in Cambridge; the former originally de-

noting a poor student, so called from the *size* or allowances made to him by the college to which he belonged."

[For instances of the verb compare The Returne from Parnassus, iv. 2: "one that *sizeth* the Devil's buttresses" (Arber's Reprint, p. 55); and again (at page 66), "I use to *size* my musicke." Now to *size* bears chiefly one sense at Cambridge, viz. to order at one's own expense extra things which are not provided at the dinner in the College Hall. The Returne from Parnassus, by the way, was an essentially Cambridge play, and it, appropriately enough, furnishes two other instances of this curious and interesting word. In act iv. scene 2 we have:

Which that one ey'd *subtizer* of the skie,
Don Phabus empties by calidity;

—Arber's ed. p. 51.

and again, there is the strange expression *size que*: "you are at Cambridge still with *size que*" (iv. 3), which Maeray in his edition of the Parnassus trilogy explains (p. 139) to mean: "farthing allowances of food and drink." Arber, I may observe, has got this last reference all wrong; he prints *with sichte karle* (p. 59).

For another reference cf. Eeachard, Contempt of the Clergy, 1670: "They took therefore, heretofore, a very good method to prevent *sizers* overheating their brains" (Arber's English Garner, vol. vii. p. 257). Eeachard draws a dismal picture of the *Sizar's* life, which was "not a happy one." *Size*, according to Skeat, is short for *assize*, an allowance of provisions; *assize* itself coming from the O. F. *assize* = a tax, impost.—A. W. V.]

241. Line 219; *to be slave and SUMPTER*.—Probably *Sumpter* here = packhorse; cf. The Noble Gentleman, v. 1:

You should have had a *sumpter*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, x. p. 184.

It also signified a bawlen; as in The Woman's Prize, iii. 2:

What are we married for? to carry *sumpters*!

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. p. 160.

Professor Skeat, I should note, takes *sumpter* in the present passage to mean pack-horse-driver, which, he says, was the original sense of the word. Derivation: O. F. *sommetier*.—A. W. V.

242. Line 260; *When others are more wICKED*.—Some editors join this to what follows, putting a period at the end of the preceding line. The early editions have no point there, and a comma after *wicked*. The pointing in the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted.

243. Line 273; *But, for true need*.—Moberly remarks: "To imagine how Shakespeare would have ended this sentence, one must be a Shakespeare. The poor king stops short in his definition: it is too plain that his true need is patience."

244. Line 295; *For his particular*.—As to him personally, compare Coriolanus, iv. 7. 12-14:

Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your *particular*,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him;

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 8-10:

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my *particular*,
Yet, dread Priam, &c.

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ACT III. SCENE 1.

245.—Line 4, the Quartos reads *element*, i. e. the sky. Lines 7-15, omitted in the Folios. Lines 22-29, wanting in the Quartos. Line 23, some editors read *throne*. Line 24, Johnson proposed *speculators*; Collier's MS. Corrector had *speakers*. Lines 30-42, omitted in the Folios. Line 32, Q. 2, has *secret fee*; Q. 3, *secret sea*; *feet* is quite satisfactory.

246. Line 6; *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main*.—That is, above the mainland. Elsewhere Shakespeare uses *main* for the sea. Steevens quotes Bacon, "Considerations touching a War with Spain" (Spedding's ed. vii. 490): "In the year that followed, of 1589, we gave the Spaniards no rest, but turned challengers, and invaded the main of Spain;" where the context shows that he is speaking of landing an army on the Spanish coast.

247. Line 12: *wherein the CUB-DRAWN bear would couch*.—We may remember As You Like It, IV. 3. 115:

A lioness, with *ueters* all drawn dry;

and line 127:

Food to the *suck'd* and *hungry* lioness.

The dugs of the animal are sucked dry by her young, and she is left starving.—A. W. V.

248. Line 43: *I will talk further with you*.—This implies a courteous postponement or dismissal of a request; hence Keut's reply (Delius).

ACT III. SCENE 2.

249. Line 2: *You entarrets and HURRICANES*.—For the meaning of *hurricaneoes* compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 171, 172:

the dreadful *spout*,
 Which shipmen do the *hurricane* call

Nares quotes Drayton, Mooncalf, 168:

And downe the shower impetuously doth fall,
 Like that which men the *Hurricane* call

Wright notes that in Raleigh's Guiana it is called *hurlecau* and *hurlecano*.

250. Lines 4, 5:

*You sulphurous and thought-executing FIRES,
 VAUNT-COURIERS of oak-clearing THUNDERBOLTS.*

Compare The Tempest, I. 2. 201, 202:

*Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 Of the dreadful thunder-claps.*

For the rare word *vaunt-courier* Hunter refers us to Harnet, edit. 1605, p. 12: "the harlinger, the host, the steward, the *vaunt-courier*, the scrier, and the pauder" to the preists (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. II. p. 270). Cotgrave has. "Avant-courneur in A. forerunner, Avant curior." To these instances I can add one from Bullen's Old Plays; it occurs in Sir Gyles Goosecappe, I. 4: "I have a *vaunt-carrying* desire shall make them digest it most healthfully" (vol. III. p. 21). For the form *vaunt* where we should write *van*, cf. Troilus and Cressida, Prologue 27:

Leaps o'er the *vaunt* and firstlings of those brails.

So Marston writes in his Pygmalion:

Hath not my goddess, in the *vauntguard* place!

—Bullen's Marston, iii. p. 261.

and Spenser has *extracing* = *advancing*:

vaunting forth from all the other band
 Of knights, adrest his maiden headed shield.

—Faerie Queene, bk. iv. c. iv. st. xvii. 3, 4, Globe ed. p. 249.

—A. W. V.

251. Line 7: *STRIKE flat the thick rotundity of the world!*—The Qq. have *smite*. As Delius notes, *rotundity* suggests "the roundness of gestation," as the context indicates.

252. Line 8: *all germens SPILL at once*.—*Spill* is used in its strict sense; that is, destroy; see Skeat s. v. Compare the old morality of Every Man:

My condition is man's *sond* to kill,

If I save one, a thousand I do *spill*.

—Dodsley, Hazlitt's ed. vol. I. p. 119.

So in Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 5:

Why did ye not promise that ye would not him *spill*!

—Arber's Reprint, p. 55.

—A. W. V.

253. Line 10: *court holy-water*.—"Ray (p. 84), among his proverbial phrases, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase: *Eau benite de cour*" (Steevens). Cotgrave, cited by Malone, has "*Eau beniste de Cour*. Court holy water; complements, faire words, flattering speeches," &c. [The following is from Florio, 1598: "*Faggiolata, Faggiolata*, a flim-flam tale, as women tell when they shale peason, which hath neither head nor foote, nor rime nor reason; a flap with a foxe-taile: *court holie water*, a tittle-tattle, or smeh." As to the original French phrase, Littré says (s. v. *benit*): "*eau benite* de cour, de vaines protestations de servilee;" and again (s. v. *eau*): "*Eau benite* de cour, expression proverbiale pour exprimer les vaines protestations d'amitié ou de protection. Donner d'*eau benite*, faiseur de promesses en l'air."—A. W. V.]

254. Lines 29, 30:

The head and he shall LOUSE;—
 So BEGGARS MARRY many.

Thiselton Dyer treats this as a reference to the proverb: "A beggar marries a wife and lice;" a saying which partially appears in another form: "A beggar payeth a benefit with a louse" (Folk-lore of Shakespeare, p. 417).—A. W. V.

255. Lines 31-34:

*The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make
 Shall of a corn cry woe,
 And turn his sleep to wake.*

Furness paraphrases thus: "A man who prefers or cherishes a mean member in place of a vital one shall suffer enduring pain where others would suffer merely a twinge. Lear had preferred Regan and Goneril to Cordelia."

256. Line 35: *for there was never yet fair woman*, &c.—"This is the Fool's way of diverting attention after he has said something a little too pointed; the idea of a very pretty woman making faces in a looking-glass raises a smile" (Furness).

257. Line 50: *this dreadful POTHER*.—The Folios read *pudder*, for which Steevens supplied a parallel from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, il. 2: "Some fellows would have cried now . . . and kept a *pudder*." It seems best to adopt the ordinary form *pother*, which one of the Quartos comes very near in reading *powther*. Some Quartos have *thundring*.—A. W. V.

258. Line 60: *More SINN'd against than SINNING*.—This is a curiously close parallel to (Edipus' words in the *Edipus Colonus*; "these deeds of mine are deeds of suffering more than of doing."—A. W. V.

259. Line 64: *More harder than the stones*.—The Qq. have *More hard then is the stone* (where *then* is equivalent to *than*), and are followed by some editors.

260. Lines 67-73: *My wits begin to turn— . . . That's sorry yet for thee*.—Dr. Bucknill (p. 195) remarks: "The import of this must be weighed with iv. 6. 100-104, when Lear is incoherent and full of delusion. Insanity arising from mental and moral causes often continues in a certain state of imperfect development; . . . a state of exaggerated and perverted emotion, accompanied by violent and irregular conduct, but unconnected with intellectual aberration; until some physical shock is incurred,—bodily illness, or accident, or exposure to physical suffering; and then the imperfect type of mental disease is converted into perfect lunacy, characterized by more or less profound affection of the intellect, by delusion or incoherence. This is evidently the case in Lear, and although we have never seen the point referred to by any writer, and have again and again read the play without perceiving it, we cannot doubt from these passages, and especially from the second, in which the poor madman's imperfect memory refers to his suffering in the storm, that Shakespeare contemplated this exposure and physical suffering as the cause of the first crisis in the malady. Our wonder at his profound knowledge of mental disease increases, the more carefully we study his works; here and elsewhere he displays with prolific carelessness a knowledge of principles, half of which would make the reputation of a modern psychologist."

261. Lines 74-77: *He that has and a little tiny wit, &c.*—Compare *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 398, fol. Furness suggests that this may be the same song, changed by the Fool to suit the occasion. The music of the song in *Twelfth Night* is given by Chappell, *Popular Music*, p. 225. The redundant *and* is common in ballads.

262. Lines 79-85: *This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—I'll speak a prophecy, &c.*—All this is wanting in the Qq., and it is probably an interpolation of the actors, as Clarke and others have suggested. The prophecy is an imitation of one formerly ascribed to Chaucer, but none of his:

Whan prestis faylin in her sawes,
And turm in Goddis lawes
Ageynis ryt;
Than schall the lond of Albion
Turnin to confusion, &c.

Merlin is mentioned in I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 150: "the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophetes." [He was taken as the type of seers and prophets; so, to give a single in-

stance, Greene writes in the Address prefixed to *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588: "Mad and scotling poets, that have propheticall spirits as bred of *Merlins* race" (Dyce's *Greene & Peel*, p. 35). We need scarcely note that the Birth of *Merlin* was the subject of one of the pseudo-Shakespearean plays, for which see the convenient Trenchard edition.—A. W. V.]

ACT III. SCENE 3.

263. Line 5: *PERPETUAL displeasure*.—The Qq. have *their displeasure*, and some editors read *their perpetual displeasure*.

264. Line 12: *my CLOSET*.—See note 76.

265. Line 20: *There is STRANGE THINGS toward*.—The Qq. have *There is some strange thing toward*, which some editors adopt.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

266.—Lines 17, 18: *In such . . . endure*, wanting in the Quartos. Lines 26, 27, not in Qq. Line 29, for *storn* the Quartos have *night*. Line 49, the Qq. read, *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?* Line 83, *keep thy word justly*, so Pope; Qq. have *words justly*, and Ff. *words justice*. Line 114, for *come, unbutton here*, the Folio reading, some Quartos give *come on*, and others *Come on be true*. Line 117, *a wild field*; both Ff. and Qq. have *wild*, and there can be no reason for changing to *wide* as do some editors. Line 141, *who hath three suits*; the Quartos give *Who hath had*.

267. Line 48: *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*.—Compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction 10, where the words are quoted, with the prefatory oath "by *Jeronimy*;" for an elaborate account of which see note 3 to that play.—A. W. V.

268. Line 54: *laid knives under his pillow, and hatters in his pee*.—To tempt him to suicide. Malone cites *Harsnet's* Declaration: "The exam: further saith, that one *Alexander* an Apothecarie, having brought with him from London to *Denham* on a time a new heater, and two blades of knives, did leave the same, vpon the gallerie floare in her *Malsters* house."

269. Line 56: *Bless thy FIVE WITS!*—"The wits," says Johnson, "seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the inlets of ideas;" and Dyce, *Glossary to Shakespeare*, p. 507, quotes from Malone: "From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Grande Amoure*, ch. xxi. edition 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were 'common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, (i.e. judgment) and memory.' *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power." As a matter of fact the *five wits* are often equivalent to the five senses. This is clear from two passages which Himmer gives in his *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 271. He says: "*Five wits* were undoubtedly the five senses. Thus in *Larke's Book of Wisdom*, 'And this knowledge descendeth and cometh of the *five corporal senses* and *wits* of the persons, as the eyes, understanding, and hearing of the ears, smell of the nose, taste of the mouth,' and more plainly in *King Henry the Eighth's Primer*, 1546, 'My *five wits* have I fondly mis-

reflexed to Perimedes scolding poets, that *herlius race*" (Dyce's merely note that the one of the pseudo-convenient Tauch-

3. are.—The Qq. have read *their perpetual*

70. THINGS toward.—The toward, which some

4. endure, wanting in Line 29, for storm Qq. read, *Hast thou e 83, keep thy word e 83, and ff. words toun here, the Folio e 83, and others Come e 83, and Qq. have or changing to wide e 83, and ff. words toun here, the*

al warm thee.—Con- nction 10, where the ory oath "by Jer- which see note 3 to

pillow, and hatters Malone cites Hars- her saith, that one brought with him new hatter, and two e, vpon the gallerie

—"The wits," says ned five, by analogy ;" and Dyce, Glos- om Malone: "Fr v le Amour, ch. xxi. wits were common (i.e. judgment) and as the general term tter of fact the five enses. This is clear ves in his illustra- e wits were an- arke's *Book of Wis-* and cometh of the persons, as the eyes, s, smell of the nose, in King Henry the have I fondly mis-

used and spent, in hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and also feeling, which thou hast given me to use unto thy honour and glory, and also to the edification and profit of my neighbours." For similar references of Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 92 (note 258 to that play); Much Ado, i. 1. 60 (note 15); and Sonnet cxli. 9.—A. W. V.

270. Line 75: *Should have thus little mercy on their flesh.*—Delius refers this to the sticking of pins into the mortified bare arms, Clarke to the exposure of poor Tom's body to the storm. In Edwin Booth's Prompt-Book (quoted by Furness) there is a stage-direction: "Draws a thorn, or wooden spike, from Edgar's arm, and tries to thrust it into his own;" and after line 73: "Edgar seizes Lear's hand and takes away the thorn."

271. Line 77: *Those PELICAN daughters.*—Wright quotes Batman vpon Bartholome (ed. 1582), fol. 186 b: "The pellican loneth too much her children. For when the children bee haught, and begin to waxe hoare, they smite the father and the mother in the face, wherfore the mother smiteth them againe and slaieth them. And the thirde daye the mother smiteth her selfe in her side that the blond runneth out, and sheddeth that hot blond vpon the bodies of her children. And by virtue of the blond the birdes that were before dead, quicken againe." [Compare also Richard II. ii. 1. 130, and Hamlet, iv. 5. 146, where the first Folio has the most curious misprint—*pellician* for *pellican*. I find the same reference in William Rowley's Woman Never Vexed:

I'll feed my father; though, like the pellican
I peck mine own breast for him.

—Dodsley's Old Plays, Hazlitt's ed. vol. xii. p. 174;

also twice in Middleton's Solomon Paraphrased:

You like to pelicans have fed your death. —Ch. xvi.;

and chap. xix.:

Why did you suck your pelican to death,
Which fed you too, too well with his own breath.

—Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. vol. viii. p. 263, and p. 293.

—A. W. V.]

272. Line 78: *Pilliecock sat on Pilliecock-hill.*—Collier cites Ritson's Gammer Gurton's Garland:

Pilliecock, Pilliecock sat on a hill;
If he's not gone, he sits there still.

Pilliecock was often used as a term of endearment. Dyce quotes Florio: "*Pinchino*, a p. ime-cocke, a pilliecke, a darlin, a beloned lad."

273. Line 83: *swear not; COMMIT not.*—Compare Othello, iv. 2. 72, 73:

What committed
Committed!—O thou public commoner!

So Field's A Woman is a Weathercock, i. 2:

Why, should they not admit you, my lord, you
Cannot commit with 'em my lord.

—Nero and other plays (including Field's two Comedies) in Mermaid Series, p. 350.

—A. W. V.

274. Line 88: *cur'd my hair.*—Malone quotes Harsnet (p. 54): "Ma: Mayne the Actor, comes mute vpon the stage, with his hands by his side, and his *haire curled* vp. Loe heere (cries Weston the Interpreter) comes vp the spirit of pride." Curling the hair seems to have been

the mark of a swaggerer, for in the same book (p. 139) we are told that the devil was said to appear "sometimes like a Kullian, with *curled haire*." Wright cites Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 160: "make *cur'd-pate ruffians* bald." See, too, Othello, note 34.

275. Line 88: *wore gloves in my cap.*—"As the favour of a mistress" (Theobald). [Compare Richard II. v. 3. 17, 18:

And from the common's creature pluck a *glove*,
And wear it as a favour;

and Troilus and Cressida, note 269. Outside Shakespeare we may note, The Woman in the Moone, ii. 1:

And he that first presents me with his head,
Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed.

—Lilly's Works, Fairholt's ed. vol. ii. p. 167;

and Campaspe, iv. 3: "O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, in stead of plumes in graven helmets" (Lilly, vol. 1. p. 135). So Dekker in his Satiromastix:

Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat.

—A. W. V.]

276. Line 94: *light of ear.*—"Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports" (Johnson).

277. Lines 94-96: *hog in stoth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.*—Wright says: "Mr. Skeat has pointed out to me that in the Ancien Rowle, p. 198, the seven deadly sins are typified by seven wild animals; the lion being the type of pride, the serpent of envy, the unicorn of wrath, the bear of sloth, the fox of covetousness, the swine of greediness, and the scorpion of lust."

278. Line 102: HA, NO, NONNY.—The text is a combination of the Quarto and Folio readings; in the former the line runs: *hay no on ny*; in the latter, *sayes sumn nonn, nonny*.

For the burden *hay, no nonny*, compare Ophelia's song in Hamlet, iv. 5. 165, and see Much Ado, note 150; and As You Like It, note 174. Compare, too, the following from Deuteronomia (1609), by Thomas Ravenscroft:

For where shall now this wedding be?
For and *hey-nanny-no* in an old ivy-tree.
And where now shall we lake our bread?
For and *hey-nanny-no* in an old horse head.

—Bullen's Lyrics (1837), p. 118

So, again, a song in the same editor's More Lyrics of the Elizabethan Age (1855), pp. 45, 46:

Hey nanny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe
And sing *hey nanny no*,
When the winds blow and the seas flow!
Hey nanny no!

This song was probably written by an Elizabethan composer named Nathaniel Giles, once chorister of Magdalen College, Oxford.—A. W. V.

279. Line 103: *Dolphin my boy, boy, sessat! let him trot by.*—Steevens quotes, as heard from an old gentleman, the following:

Dolphin my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by;
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly.

Farmer cites Jouson, Bartholomew Fair, v. 3: "he shall be *Dauphin my boy*." *Sessa* is Malone's emendation for the *Sessey* or *Sesey* of the Ff. The Qq. have *cease* or *ceasee*. Johnson believes that *sesa* is the French *cessez*, equivalent to "be quiet, have done."

280 Line 113: *Off, off, you lendings!*—Moberly says: "The latent madness against which Lear has been struggling bursts into violence at sight of the strange and awful object which Edgar has made of himself, and he longs to reduce himself, like him, to a state of absolute and unmitigated nature."

281. Line 118: *here comes a walking fire*.—This refers to Gloucester with his torch; but, as Furness remarks, it is somewhat premature to mark his entrance here (as the Qq. and the Cambridge editors do), for he is still in the distance.

282. Line 120: *This is the foul fiend FLIBBERTIGIBBET*—This, like the other names of the demons mentioned by Edgar (Modo, Malin, &c.), is from Iarseth, who says (p. 49): "Frateretto, Fleberdigibet, Hoberlidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round, or Morrlee, whom Sara in her fits, tmed together, in measure and sweet endence." Cotgrave (French Diet.) gives it as one of the definitions of *Coquette*: "a lisking, or illeperous mix, a cocket or tating housewife; a titill, a *flebergebitt*."

283. Line 121: *walks AT first cock*.—The Qq. reads *walks till the first cock*. *Walk* is often equivalent to *go away* (Schmidt); as in Measure for Measure, iv. 5. 12; Othello, iv. 3. 4; &c. See also iv. 7. 83 of this play. [For the old superstition that spirits and supernatural beings had to retire at cockerow, cf. Hamlet, i. 1. 149-161, and The Tempest, i. 2. 326-328. On the other hand, the sound of the curfew bell was the regular signal for them to begin their walks abroad; cf. Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 76-78:

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

So The Tempest, v. 1. 38-40. In Romeo and Juliet, iv. 4. 4, *curfew-bell* appears to mean the matins-bell; see note 181 to that play.—A. W. V.]

284. Line 122: *he gives the WEB and the PIN*.—Compare the Winter's Tale, i. 2. 290, 291:

all eyes
Blind with the pin and web.

Florio (Ital. Diet.) has: "Cataratta . . . a dimness of sight occasioned by humors hardened in the eyes called a cataract or a *pin and web*;" and Dyer quotes from Markham's Cheap and Good Husbandry, bk. i. chap. 37: "But for the wart, pearly, *pin or web*, which are evils grown in or upon the eye, to take them off, take the juice of the herb betin and wash the eye therewith, it will weare the spots away" (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 253). The disease is referred to by Marston in his Mountebank's Masque; see Bullen's ed. vol. iii. p. 423.—A. W. V.

285. Line 125: *SAIST WITHOLD* *foolish* thrice the OLD.—The Ff. have *Swithold*, and the Qq. *swithold*. The emen-

dation is Theobald's, and is generally accepted by the editors. For the *old* or *olde* of the early editions, Theobald and most of his successors read *wold*, which is merely another form of the same word. Warburton quotes Fletcher, Monsieur Thomas, iv. 6:

St. George, St. George, our Ladies Knight,
He walks by day, so *es* he by night,
And when he had her found,
He her beat, and her bound,
Until to him her troth he plight,
She would not stir from him that night.

This is also to be found, with slight changes, in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, book iv. chap. xi.

286. Line 129: *aroint thee!*—Away with thee! For *aroint*, see Macbeth, note 20.

287. Line 137: *for SALLETS*.—We have the same form in Hamlet, ii. 2. 462. Compare, too, Fletcher in the dedicatory lines to Sir Robert Townshend, prefixed to The Faithful Shepherdess:

Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat and choose a *sallet*.
—Beaumont and Fletcher, in Mermaid Series, ii. p. 370.

Cotgrave has: "Salade . . . a *Sallet* of hearbes."—A. W. V.

288. Lines 144, 145:

Bat mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's fool for seven long year.

Capell quotes the old romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton:

Rattes and nyce and suche smal dere
Was his meate that seven yere.

Deer was sometimes used in the general sense of game.

Malone quotes Barclay, Eclogues, 1570:

Everie sorte of dere
Shrunk under shadowes abating all their chere.

289. Line 146: *Poaee*, *SMUCKIN!*—See note 282 above. The Qq. have *smulbug*.

290. Line 148: *The prince of darkness*.—Keed quotes from Suckling's Goblins, ii. 1:

The prince of darkness is a gentleman,
Malin, Malin is his name;

suggesting that it may be part of the original ballad from which Edgar sings snatches. Aldis Wright, however, is probably right in regarding Suckling's catch as simply a quotation from Lear; for Suckling, we may note, knew his Shakespeare well. Thus in a single scene in this play, The Goblins, viz. scene 1, act iii. he refers to Shakespeare by name, gives a palpable variation on Falstaff's "men in buckram," and quotes Othello, iii. 3. 349, 350. See Hazlitt's edition, vol. ii. pp. 30, 33, and 49.—A. W. V.

291. Line 167: *His wits begin to unsettle*.—Steevens quotes a note by Horace Walpole, in the postscript to his Mysterious Mother, where he observes that when "Belvidera talks of faints, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber," she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or, at least, should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of

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King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his will-ness excites reflection and pity. Had Ireny entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we would conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet." [Belvidera is the heroine of Otway's *Venice Preserved*.—A. W. V.]

292. Line 176: *I do beseech your grace*.—"Here Gloster attempts to lead Lear towards the shelter he has provided in the farm-house adjoining the castle; but the king will not hear of quitting his 'philosopher.' Gloster then induces the Bedlam-fellow to go into the hovel, that he may be out of Lear's sight; but Lear proposes to follow him thither, saying 'Let's in all.' Kent endeavours to draw Lear away, but, finding him resolved to 'keep still with' his 'philosopher,' begs Gloster to humour the king, and 'let him take the fellow' with him. Gloster accedes, and bids Kent himself take the fellow with them in the direction they desire to go; and this is done. We point out these details, because, if it be not specially observed, the distinction between the 'hovel' and the 'farm-house' would hardly be understood. The mention of 'cushions' and a 'joint-stool' in scene vi. shows it to be some place of better accommodation than the 'hovel'; and probably some cottage or farm-house belonging to one of Gloster's tenants" (Clarke).

293. Line 187: *Child Roland to the dark tower came*.—The ballad quoted has not been found, though other allusions to it have been pointed out, and fragments of it are given by Jamieson in his Illustrations of Northern Antiquities (p. 397), and by Child in English and Scottish Ballads (i. 245). It is scarcely necessary to say that "Child Roland to the Dark Tower Came" has supplied Browning with the title and subject of a poem.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

294. Line 8: *a provoking merit*.—"A merit he felt in himself which irritated him: against a father that had none" (Mason); "a consciousness of his own worth which urged him on" (Wright).

295. Line 13: *that this treason were not*.—The Q₁ have *that his treason were* (omitting *not*).

296. Line 21: *COMFORTING the king*.—*Comforting* is almost a technical word. Aldis Wright quotes from Lord Campbell: "The indictment against an accessory after the fact for treason charges that the accessory *comforted* the principal traitor after the knowledge of the treason." Wright continues: "in this technical sense the word retains its old meaning of strengthening and supporting."—A. W. V.

ACT III. SCENE 6.

297. Line 7: *FRATERRETTO calls me*.—See note 282 above.

298. Line 8: *Pray, INNOCENT, and beware the foul fiend*.—Steevens says: "He is here addressing the Fool. Compare All's Well, iv. 3. 213: 'a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.'"

299. Lines 18-59: *The foul fiend bites my back* . . . *hast thou let her scape!*—All this is wanting in the F.

300. Line 19: *He's mad, &c.*—This, according to Thibet-ton Dyer, was a proverbial saying (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 427); he also gives (p. 411) another maxim—"trust not a horse's heel," and Warburton proposed to substitute *heels* in the present passage. I cannot doubt, however, that *health* is the right reading; see Taming of the Shrew, note 51.—A. W. V.

301. Line 27: *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me*.—Wright quotes Clappell, Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 505, note: "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled 'A Sence betwene the Quenes Majestie and Englande,' a copy of which is in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries. England commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:

Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,
Sweet Bessy, come over to me.

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the Harleian Miscellany, x. 260. Halliwell gives the music of the song from a MS. of the 16th century in the British Museum."

302. Line 33: *Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee*.—Malone quotes Harriet (p. 195): "One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said *croaking* in her belly, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake with the voice of a toad.

303. Line 43: *Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd!*—Steevens quotes The Interlude of the Four Elements: "*Sleepst thou, wakst thou, Geoffrey Coke?*" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, i. p. 49).

304. Line 45: *thy MINIKIN mouth*.—Aldis Wright quotes from Cotgrave: "Mignonnet: A prettie, or young minlon; a *minikin*." Florio uses the word to translate Ital. *mignone*; Skent compares Dutch *minnekyn*, a cupid. The French *mignon* is cognate with Middle High German *minne*=love. How, by the way, did *minikin* come to mean a violin? or is that *minikin* a different word? It occurs frequently; cf. the following instances: Glapthorne's The Lady Mother, ii. 1: "thou dost tickle *mini-ken*"=play the liddle (Bullen's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 131); Nabbes' Tottenham Court, ii. 4: "my guts will shriek all to *minikins*, which I will bequeath the poor fiddlers" (Bullen's ed. of Nabbes, I. p. 127). Compare, again, the same editor's Marston, vol. I. p. 51, and vol. ii. p. 401, *minikin-tickler*.—A. W. V.

305. Line 54: *Cry you mercy, &c.*—This was a proverbial saying, given by Ray in his Proverbs; see Thibet-ton Dyer, Folklore, p. 423. Steevens quotes from Mother Bombe, iii. 4:

I cry you mercy, I took you for a joynt stoole.

—Fairholt's Lilly, ii. p. 121.

Shakespeare had previously used the joke in the Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 199.—A. W. V.

306. Line 72: *brach* or *LYM*.—The Q₁ have *him* or *Him*, and the F. *Hym*; corrected by Hamner. The word meant a lime-hound, or one led in a *lime* or leash. Ritson quotes Harrington, Orlando Furioso, xli. 30:

His cousin had a *Lyme* hound argent bright,
His *Lyme* laid on his back, he couching down.

[See Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 272, and cf. The Bashful Lover, l. 1:

I have seen him
Smell out her footing like a *lime-hound*.
—Washington's Massinger, p. 579.

—A. W. V.]

307. Line 79: *thy HORN is dry*.—See note 214.

308. Line 85: *you will say they are PERSIAN*.—The Qq. add *atrove*. Moberly says: "A Persian embassy had been sent to England early in James I.'s reign, and a tombstone still remains in the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate Street, erected to the memory of the secretary of this embassy, with the following inscription: 'If any Persian come here, let him read this and pray for his soul. The Lord receive his soul; for here lieth Maghmoto (Mohammed) Shaughsware, who was born in the town Noroy in Persia.' The joke on outlandish dress arises probably from the presence of these Persians in London."

309. Line 89: *Make no noise, make no noise*, &c.—Bucknill (p. 207) remarks: "Lear is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar's mad companionship. It is only after the Fool has disappeared, and Edgar has left to be the guide of his blind father, that the king becomes absolutely wild and incoherent. The singular and undoubted fact is, that few things tranquillize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable, but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius, or by the information of experience, Shakespeare appears to be aware."

310. Line 92: *And I'll go to bed at noon*.—Omitted in the Qq. Clarke says, "This speech is greatly significant, though apparently so trivial. It seems but a playful rejoinder to his poor old royal father's witless words of exhaustion, but it is, in fact, a dismissal of himself from the scene of the tragedy and from his own short day of life. The dramatist indeed has added one slight passing touch of tender mention (Kent's saying, 'Come, help to bear thy master; thou must not stay behind') ere he withdraws him from the drama altogether; but he seems by this last speech to let us know that the gentle-hearted fellow who 'much pined away' at Cordelia's going into France, and who has since been subjected to still severer fret at his dear master's miseries, has sunk beneath the accumulated burden, and has gone to his eternal rest even in the very noon of his existence."

Grant White (Atlantic Monthly, July 1880) remarks: "About the middle of the play the Fool suddenly disappears, making in reply to Lear's remark, 'We'll go to supper in the morning,' the fitting rejoinder, 'And I'll go to bed at noon.' Why does he not return? Clearly for this reason: he reminds with Lear during his insanity, to answer in antiphonic commentary the mad king's lofty ravings with his simple wit and homespun wisdom; but after that time, when Lear sinks from frenzied into forlorn feebleness, the Fool's utterances would have jarred upon our ears. The situation becomes too grandly pathetic to admit the presence of a jester, who, unless he is professional, is nothing. Even Shakespeare could not make sport with the great primal elements of woe. And so the poor Fool sought the little corner where he slept, turned

his face to the wall, and went to bed in the noon of his life for the last time—*functus officio*."

311. Line 102: *take up, take up*.—Q. 1 has *Take up the King*, and Q. 2 *Take up to keep*.

312. Lines 104-108: *Oppress'd nature sleeps . . . Come, come, away*.—Omitted in the Ff.

313. Lines 109-122: *When we our butters see . . . Lark, lark*.—"This speech is not in the Ff., and the Cambridge editors consider that 'internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition' that Shakespeare wrote it; but, as Delius remarks, it is difficult to comprehend how a spurious passage could get into the Quartos. The publisher would not be likely to attempt to amplify and improve the MS. of the play as then performed, especially when he was in such haste to bring it out. It must be confessed, however, that the style is not like that of the rest of the play; but this difference is to be noted in other of the poet's rhymed passages. The expression 'He chid'd as I father'd' is thoroughly Shakespearean' (Holfc).

314. Lines 118-120: *Mark the high noises; . . . and reconciles thee*.—Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that false opinion now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of just proof of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence and recall thee to honour and reconciliation."

ACT III. SCENE 7.

315. Line 3: *the VILLAIN Gloucester*.—The Ff. have *traitor*, which is accepted by the majority of the editors.

316. Line 18: *the lord's dependants*.—Some editors have *lords dependants* (dependant lords), but the reference is evidently to Gloucester's dependants. There were *knights dependent* on the king, but no *lords*.

317. Line 29: *Bind fast his corkie arms*.—Perey quotes Harsnet, p. 23: "It would (I feare) pose all the cunning Exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old corkie woman to writhe, tumble, curnet, & fetch her Morice gamboles, as Martha Brosser did."

318. Line 43: *Be SIMPLE-ANSWER'D*.—The Qq. have *simple answerer*, which Wright and Moberly adopt.

319. Line 60: *would have BUOY'D up*.—Q. 1 has *bo'd* and Q. 2 *bu'd*. Warburton suggested *boild*, as did Collier's Corrector. *Buo'y'd up* must mean "lifted itself up," though Schmidt takes *fires* to be the object of the verb.

320. Line 61: *And quenched the STELLED fires*.—*Stelled* is usually explained to mean *starry*, as if it came from the Latin *stellatus*, and probably this is the right explanation. It may, however, be worth while to suggest that here, as in Lucretius 144, and Sonnet xxiv. 1, *stelled* is the past participle of *to stell*=to figure, or paint. The stars are hung as pictures in the sky. For the rhetorical description we may compare Othello, il. 1. 14, 15, and The Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 85-90.—A. W. V.

321. Line 63: *that STEIN time*.—The Qq. have *dearia* (which occurs in Pericles, iii. ProL. 15), and Capell and Singer follow them.

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322. Line 65: *All cruels else subscrib'd*.—The Folios read *subscribe*. The passage is rather puzzling. Myself I think that *cruels*=cruelties, and that *subscrib'd* is equivalent to *forgiven, overlooked, or some such kindred word*. In l. 2. 24 *subscribed*=surrendered; in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 105, the word means to yield. Now from this sense of yielding, surrendering, comes the idea of waiving or not pressing a point, which, to my mind, just suits the context here. The wolves are to be let in: their savageness and cruelty are to be overlooked. They might be kept out on the score of their "cruels;" but the charge is not to be pressed; the "cruels" are to be passed over. Various other explanations have been offered; e.g. Moberly says: "All harshness otherwise natural being forborne, or yielded from the necessity of the time;" and Schmidt, following the Folio and taking *cruels*=cruel creatures, paraphrases: "Everything which is at other times cruel shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so."—A. W. V.

323. Line 77: *What do you mean?*—Furness suggests that this is spoken by Cornwall.

324. Line 78: *My VILLAIN!*—The word is here used in its original sense of *serf*.—Moberly says: "As a *villain* could hold no property but by his master's sufferance, had no legal rights as against his lord, and was (perhaps) incapable of bearing witness against freemen, that one should raise his sword against his master would be unheard-of presumption, for which any punishment would be admissible. The lord's making war against his superior lord would entail no such consequences."

325. Lines 90-107: *I'll never care . . . heaven help him!*—All this wanting in the FF.

326. Line 101: *The old course of death*.—That is, the ordinary course, a natural death. Wordsworth (Shakespeare and the Bible, 2nd ed. p. 73) compares Numbers xvi. 29: "die the common death of all men."

327. Line 106: *some FLAX and WHITES OF EGGS*.—A common cure, as Gifford shows. At one time it was supposed that Ben Jonson had parodied this passage in his play, *The Case is Altered*, ii. 4: "Go, get a *white of an egg and a little flax*, and close the breach of the head." Ben Jonson's piece was written in 1599.—A. W. V.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

328. Line 2: *To be worst*.—Both Q₁ and FF. join these words to what precedes, and Tyrwhitt thought *worst* should be *woose*. Pope made the correction in the text.

329. Line 6-9: *l'eteone, then . . . who comes here?*—The Q₁ omit all this except *who comes here?*

330. Line 22: *Our means secure us*.—A much-disputed passage; but Schmidt's explanation may be accepted: "The advantages we enjoy make us secure or careless." For the use of *secure*, compare Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 184, 185:

Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack felends? *Secure* thy heart.

Wright explains thus: "Things we think meanly of, our mean or moderate condition, are our security." He says he knows no instance of the verb *secure* in the sense

of "to render careless." Rolfe, quoting this, says: "We know of no instance of *secure*=mean things, or 'moderate condition.'" Knight says: "The means, such as we possess, are our securities, and, further, our mere defects prove advantages." Various emendations have been proposed, but they are not worth recording.

331. Lines 61-66: *five fiends . . . bless thee, master*.—Omitted in the FF.

332. Line 71: *That SLAVES your ordinance*.—Who, instead of paying the deference and submission due to your ordinance, treats it as his *slave*, by making it subservient to his views of pleasure or interest" (Heath). For *slaves* the Q₁ have *stands*, and Collier's Corrector suggests *braves*.

333. Lines 73, 74: *So distribution, &c.*—Compare Comus, 768-774:

If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and besecring share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens't
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encounter'd with her store.

—A. W. V.

334. Lines 76, 77:

*There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep, &c.*

Moberly says: "It is remarkable that Gloucester goes to Dover, not, as Regan laughingly says, that he may now do his worst in treason, but simply that he may throw himself from the cliff in utter despair. The fact is, that this interpolated part of the plot is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's homage to Sir Philip Sidney; to pay which he does not hesitate to make a certain sacrifice of probability. In the *Arcadia* (p. 160) we have 'a prince of Paphlagonia, who, being ill-treated by his son, goes to the top of a high rock to cast himself down.' But how slight is the hint in the romance compared with the magnificent use which Shakespeare makes of it! The *cliff* is generally assumed to be that which is now known as *Shakespeare's Cliff*, just outside Dover to the south-west, pierced by the tunnel of the South-Eastern Railway.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

335.—Line 12, the Quartos mostly read *erre* instead of *terror*; some, however, have *terrer*. Aldis Wright suggests that the true reading is *errish terror*. Line 17, for *arms* the Folios have *names*. Line 28, the Quartos vary between: *My foote usurpes my head; My foote usurpes my body; and A foote usurpes my bed*. Lines 31-50, omitted in FF. Lines 53-59, not in the Folios. Line 53, the Quartos have *sits and cries*. Lines 62-68, wanting in the Folios. Line 79, the Folios and most of the Quartos have *justices*.

336. Line 22: *Decline your head*.—To receive the kias. Delius thinks that it is to have a chain put about his neck.

337. Line 28: *My fool usurps my body*.—A contemptuous reference to her husband, and the reading of the FF.

338. Line 29: *I have been worth the whistle*.—Steevens

quotes Heywood's Proverbs: "A poore dogge that is not worth the whelping."

339. Line 32: *contemns* *IT* *origin*.—Compare l. 4. 236, and see note. Heath paraphrases the passage thus: "That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy as to *contemn* *its origin* cannot from thenceforth be restrained within any certain bounds whatever, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer."

340. Line 35: *her MATERIAL sap*.—Theobald reads *maternal*, and Schmidt says: "From Shakespeare's use of *material* elsewhere, in the sense of *full of matter*, and hence of *importance*, it is not easy to explain it here." Rolfe replies: "But here it is = 'full of matter,' in a sense in which Shakespeare often uses *matter* (= substance, materials)."

341. Line 36: *to deadly use*.—The use suited to a dead thing, that is, burning. Warburton sees an allusion to the use made of withered branches by witches in their charms.

342. Line 54: *Fools do those VILLAINS pity*, &c.—There has been much dispute whether this refers to Gloucester or Lear, as some believe, or to Albany himself. Furness is apparently right in saying: "She cannot refer to Gloucester, because Albany is ignorant of what had been done to him, and she herself had left Gloucester's castle before the blinding was accomplished; and it is difficult to believe that she refers to Lear."

343. Line 57: *thy state begins to threat*.—Q. 1 reads "thy state begins thereat," and Q. 2 "thy slaier begins threats." The emendation was made by Jemmens.

344. Line 62: *SELF-COVER'D thing*.—The meaning of *self-cover'd* has been much discussed. I am inclined to agree with Rolfe, who says: "If this be what Shakespeare wrote, it seems to us that it must mean 'whose genuine self is covered or concealed.' The only question is whether she 'has hid the woman under the fiend,' as Johnson, Malone, Clarke, and Wright understand it, or the fiend under the woman, as Delius and Furness make it. Either can be made to suit the context; but we prefer the former. The meaning then is: Thou perverted creature, who hast lost thy proper self (either thy womanly self, or thy self as it has seemed to me, the ideal of my affection) and hast become a fiend, do not thus make a monster of thyself. Were it becoming in me to the angry impulse, I could tear thee limb from limb; but fiend though thou art, thy woman's shape doth shield thee. Furness has well put the other interpretation, which differs from this only in part: 'Is it over-refinement to suppose that this revelation to Albany of his wife's fiendlike character transforms, in his eyes, even her person? She is changed, her true self has been covered; now that she stands revealed, her whole outward shape is le-monstered. No woman, least of all Goneril, could remain unmoved under such scathing words from her husband. Goneril's "feature" is quivering and her face distorted with passion. Then it is that Albany tells her not to let her evil self, hitherto covered and concealed, betray itself in all its hideousness in her outward shape.'"

Many emendations have been suggested, as *fake-cover'd*, *self-govern'd*, *self-colour'd*, *self-cover'd*, &c.; but no one of them is really more plausible than the old text.

345. Line 68: *Marry, your manhood sow!*—Aldis Wright reads *me*=restrain, keep in. "*Me*," he says, "followed by a dash is the reading of the corrected copies of the earliest Quarto. The others have *now*." *Me* is certainly tempting.

346. Lines 73-75:

*A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master.*

Schmidt makes *oppos'd* the participle "used adjectively;" but Rolfe seems to be right in taking it to be the past tense ("made opposition, opposed himself"). This is paralleled by Winter's Tale, v. 1. 44-46:

'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.

347. Line 83: *One way I like this well*.—Mason says: "Goneril's plan was to poison her sister,—to marry Edmund,—to murder Albany,—and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund."

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

348.—This entire scene is wanting in the Ff. Johnson believed it was omitted in order to shorten the play.

349. Line 20: *SUNSHINE and RAIN at once*.—Compare All's Well That Ends Well, v. 3. 33, 34:

*For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once.*

—A. W. V.

350. Lines 20, 21:

*her smiles and tears
Were like a better way.*

This has been the subject of much controversy. Taking it as it stands, a *better way* is apparently one better than either *patience* or *sorrow* could afford separately, each striving to express her best. Schmidt points thus: *Were like, a better way*, paraphrasing the words by "resembled sunshine and rain, but in a more beautiful manner." Warburton proposed a *vector May*, Tollet a *better May*, Theobald a *better day*, &c.

351. Line 33: *And, CLAMOUR MOISTEN'D, then away she started*.—The Q1. have *And clamour moisten'd her*. The emendation is Walker's (Crit. Exam. i. 157). He makes *clamour* equivalent to *wealing*. The passage is doubtless corrupt, and no emendation that has been proposed is quite satisfactory. Capell reads *And clamour moisten'd*; that is, allayed with tears her grief ready to burst out into clamour. Moberly explains it "shed tears upon her cry of sorrow." Theobald reads *And, clamour-motion'd, then*. Johnson says: "The sense is good of the old reading, 'Clamour moisten'd her,' that is, her outcries were accompanied with tears."

352. Line 44: *A sovereyn shame so ELBOWS him*.—Wright explains this, "stands at his elbow and reminds

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VI.—Aldis Wright
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ELBOWS him,—
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him of the past;" Moherly, "seems to buffet him." Furness calls this scene "perhaps the most corrupt throughout Shakespeare's plays," and this is probably one of the corrupt lines in it.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

353. Line 3: *rank FENITORY*.—Haumer's correction of the *femiter* and *Fenitar* of the old editions.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 45:

The darnel, hemlock and rank *fentory*.

354. Line 4: With *HURDOCKS*, *hemlock*, *nettle*, *CUCKOO-FLOWERS*.—For *burdocks* (Hammer's suggestion) the Qq. have *hardocks*, and the Ff. *Hardokes* or *Hardocks*. Farmer reads *harlocks*. The *cuekoo-flowers* are the *cuekoo-buds* of Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 906. See note 225 of that play.

355. Lines 11-15: *There is means, madam . . . the eye of anguish*.—Dr. Kellog (Shakespeare's Delusions of Insanity, p. 26) remarks: "The reply of the Physician is significant, and worthy of careful attention, as embracing a brief summary of almost the only true principles recognized by modern science, and now carried out by the most eminent physicians in the treatment of the insane. We find here no allusion to the scourgings, the charms, the invocation of saints, &c., employed by the most eminent physicians of the time of Shakespeare; neither have we any allusion to the rotary chairs, the vomitings, the purgings by hellebore, the showerings, the bleedings, scalp-shavings, and blisterings, which, even down to our own times, have been inflicted upon these unfortunates by 'science falsely so called,' and which stand recorded as imperishable monuments of medical folly; but in place of all this, Shakespeare, speaking through the mouth of the Physician, gives us the principle, simple, truthful, and universally applicable."

356. Line 26: *My mourning and IMPORTANT tears*.—For *important*, in the sense of *important*, compare Mueh Ado, li. 1. 73-75: "If the prince be too *important*, tell him there is measure in every thing." The Folios read *importun'd*.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

357. Line 4: *spake not with your LORD*.—The Qq. have *Lady*, which, as Malone suggests, may have been due to the ambiguous abbreviation *L* in the MS.

358. Line 22: *Madam, I had rather*.—Johnson says: "I know not well why Shakespeare gives to Oswald, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered." Verplanck, the American editor (1847), as quoted by Rolfe, remarks: "Shakespeare has here incidentally painted, without the formality of a regular moral lesson, one of the very strange and very common self-contradictions of our enigmatical nature. Zealous, honourable, even self-sacrificing fidelity, —sometimes to a chief or leader, sometimes to a party, a faction, or a gang,—appears to be so little dependent on any principle of virtuous duty, that it is often found strongest amongst those who have thrown off the common restraints of morality. It would seem that when man's obligations to his God or his kind are rejected or

forgotten, the most abandoned mind still craves something for the exercise of its natural social sympathies, and as it loses sight of nobler and truer duties becomes, like the Steward, more and more 'duteous to the vices' of its self-chosen masters."

359. Line 25: *She gave strange WILLIAMS*.—The Qq. have *aliab*, and the Ff. *Eliads* or *Hiads*. Compare Merry Wives, I. 3. 64-66: "Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious *williabs*." Wright quotes Cotgrave: "*Ocellade*: An amorous looke, affectionate winke, wanton aspect, lustfull lert, or passionate cast, of the eye; a Sheepes eye."

360. Line 29: *take this NOTE*.—"Not a letter, but a *re-mark*" (Johnson). Delius thinks a letter is meant, and also in line 33 below. Grey says it could not be a letter, because only Goneril's is found in his pockets when they are rifled after his death. See IV. 6. 267.

361. Line 40: *What PARTY I do follow*.—The Qq. have *lady*, which Pope adopts.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

362.—Line 2, Qq. have *climb it up*. Line 21, Ff. and Q. 1 read the singular *pebble*. Line 71, for *enridged* the Folios give *enraged*. Line 83, the Folios have *erjing* instead of *coining*. Line 92, the Quartos have *in the ayre*. Lines 103-174, all from *Plate sin to accuser's lips* is missing in the Quartos. Line 196, *surgeons*, so the Folios; the Quartos vary between a *chirurgian* and a *chirurgion*. Line 201, omitted in Ff. Line 246, for *ice* Qq. have *ide* and Ff. *ice*. Line 247, *ballow*, a north county word, is the Folio reading; Qq. give *bat*. Line 278, Q. 1 reads *indistinguisht*, the other Quartos *undistinguisht*; the Folios have *indistinguish'd* and *indistinguish'd*. Line 289, for *sever'd* the Quartos have *fenec'd*.

363.—The materials of the scene are from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as Johnson pointed out. See Introduction, p. 324.

364. Line 15: *Hangs one that gathers SAMPYRE*.—The spelling of the early editions, commonly changed to *samphire*, which is less consistent with its derivation from the French "*Cherbe de Saint-Pierre*." Malone remarks that the reference is to "a trade or common occupation" of the time, sampyre being much used as a pickle. It was often obtained from Dover Cliff. Compare Drayton, *Polyollión*, xviii.:

Rob *Dover's* neighbouring cleaves of *sampyre*, to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite:

[and Gerarde's Herbal, p. 428: "Rocke *Sampier* groweth on the rocky cliffs at *Douer*"—quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright. We may remember that *samphire* was long one of the articles erled in the London streets; cf. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, I. 1: "What had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else eried up and down for *samphire*" (Bullen's Middleton, vol. v. p. 5).

Again, at the end of Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* we have a rollicking song on *The Cries of Rome*, i. e. London, in which one stanza runs:

I ha' *rocksampier*, *rocksampier*!

Thus goes the cries in Rome's fair town;

First they go up street, and then they go down;

—Heywood, *Select Plays* in *Mermaid* ed. p. 425.

and Mr. Tier in his smaller work on London 'cries refers to a broadside in the British Museum, "undated and of foreign workmanship but attributable to the time of Charles II.," in which a list of London calls is given, the list including *Cockphires*. The form *cockphire*, by the way, is used by Fletcher in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, v. 5:

Censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold *cockphires*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermoid* ed. ii. 44.

A. W. V.]

365. Line 19; *her cock*.—*Cock*—a cockboat; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare. Wedgwood says: "The *Flu* has *kokka*, the prow of a vessel, perhaps the part which cocks or sticks up, and hence the name may have passed to the entire vessel." Skent, however, connects with *concha*—a shell, and Welsh *coch*—a boat or cock-swain. The word was evidently taken from an English in his Sussex Dialect gives *cock*—a boat, but sea-terms from the Brighton Coastal, 1567: "A book of certain customs relating to fishing, which received Royal confirmation at that date;" and amongst the terms is this word *cock*, on which he remarks: "Small boats, from two to six tons burden, used in the herring fishing. Their period of fishing was called *cock-jar*."—A. W. V.

366. Line 53: *Ten masts AT EACH make not the altitude*.—Many emendations have been proposed; as *at least*, *at least, at length, at che, at stretch, at reach, &c.* The editors generally retain the old reading, with the sense "fastened together."

367. Line 81: *The SAFER sense*.—Warburton proposed *sober*, and Johnson *scarer*. Wright quotes *Othello*, ii. 3. 265.

368. Line 86: *There's your press-money*.—Lear's insane thoughts run upon warlike matters.

369. Line 106: *To say "ay" and "no" to every thing that I said!*—Clarke says: "Lear first exclaims indignantly: 'To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything I said!' recollecting the facility with which his courtiers veered about in their answers to suit his varying moods, just as Oerle does to Hamlet; and then he goes on to say that this kind of 'ay' and 'no' too is no good divinity. In proof that 'ay' and 'no' was used by Shakespeare with some degree of latitude, as a phrase signifying alternate reply, and not merely in strictness 'yes and no,' compare *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 231-240, where, if the questions Rosalind asks be examined, it will be perceived that neither 'ay' nor 'no' will do as answers to any of them, except to 'Did he ask for me?'"

370. Line 140: *Dost thou squiny at me?*—Malone quotes Armin, *Nest of Ninnles* (p. 6, ed. Shakes. Soc.): "The World, queasie stomach, . . . *squines* at this, and looks as one scorning." Wright says the word is still used in Suffolk; and Furness adds that it is also used in America. Rolfe says: "We have heard a New England mother say to a boy, 'Don't *squiny* up your eyes.'"

[Apparently the word survives in Saxon—Furish in his Sussex Dialect gives: "*Squinney*. To squint; to pry about. According to Skent there is a Suffolk form, *sooink*."—A. W. V.]

371. Lines 157, 158: *and, HANDY-DANDY, which is the jus-*

tice, which is the thief!—*Handy-dandy* is a children's game, in which, by a sort of sleight of hand, a thing is passed quickly from one hand to the other. Douce quotes an old MS. A free discourse, &c.: "They . . . play with your majesty as men play with little children at *handpe dandy*, which hand will you have, when they are disposed to keep any thing from them."

372. Line 178: *O, matter and IMPERTINENCY mix'd!*—Douce says that *impertinacy* "was not used in the sense of *rule* or *unmanly* till the middle of the 17th century, nor in that of *soney* until a considerable time afterwards."

373. Line 187: *To this great STAGE of fools*.—It is curious to note how fond Shakespeare was of this comparison of the world to a theatre; cf. the famous passage in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 139-142, with the note thereon. We have the same idea in *Sonnet* xv. 1-3:

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presentseth nought but shows.

—A. W. V.

374. Line 187: *This a good block*.—This is a good block. The reading was suggested by Singer, and is adopted by Dyce, Wright, Furness, and Rolfe. *Block* is that on which a hat is shaped, and hence means *fashion*. "The editors . . . adopt Capell's explanation here; that when Lear says he will *peech*, he takes off his hat, on which his eye happens to fall a moment after, starting another train of ideas. But, as Collier remarks, Lear probably had no hat on his head, but only his fantastic crown of weeds. Furness says that in Edwin Booth's Prompt Book, there is the stage direction, 'Lear takes Curan's hat'; which is certainly better than to suppose that he took his own" (Rolfe).

375. Lines 188, 189:

*It were a delicate stratagem to show
A troop of horse with felt.*

Malone says: "This 'delicate stratagem' had actually been put in practice fifty years before Shakespeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41: 'the lady Margaret, . . . caused there a jute to be held in an extraordinary manner; the piece being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while the horses, to prevent sliding, were shod with felt or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sine tonto*); after which the ladies danced all night.'"

376. Line 197: *I am out to the brains*.—Clarke says: "This, one of the most powerfully, yet briefly expressed, utterances of mingled bodily pain and consciousness of mental infirmity ever penned, is not the only subtle indication in this scene that Lear not merely feels himself to be insane, but also feels acute physical suffering. 'I am out ague-proof' tells how severely shaken his poor old frame has been by exposure throughout that tempestuous night; 'pull off my boots; hander, hander,' gives evidence of a sensation of pressure and impeded circulation in the feet, so closely connected with injury to the brain; and 'I am out to the brains' conveys the impression of wounded writhing, within the head, that touches us with deepest sympathy. Yet, at the same time, there

Deamont and Fletcher, vol. vii. p. 124. Cotgrave has: "*Eufans perdus. Perdus*; or the forborne hope, of a campe;" and two instances from later seventeenth-century literature may be given: Curwright's play, *The Ordinary* (1651), li. 1:

as for *perdus*
Some choice sou'd fish . . .

Shows how they lie i' the held;

—Hazlitt's *Dobbsley*, vol. xii. p. 215.

and Snedling's *Gobline*. iii. 1: "Come, call in our *perdus*."

—Hazlitt's ed. vol. li. p. 73.

—A. W. V.

390. Line 41: *'Tis WONDER that thy life, &c.*—*Wonder* = wonderful. The former, says Skent, "is short for *wonderly*, adj. = A. S. *Wunderlic*, wonderful, the *ly* being dropped because it seemed like an adverbial ending." *Wonder* as an adjective is quite common in Chaucer; cf. the following instances: Prioresse End-link, 1881, 1882:

When seyl was of this miracle, every man
As sobre was, that *wonder* was to see:

The Squires Tale, 247, 248:

that swich a *wonder* thing

of craft of ringes herde they neuer non

—Prioresse Tale, &c., Skent's ed. in Clarendon Press
Series, pp. 17 and 111.

For *wonder* as an adverb, cf. the old Interlude, *The World and The Child*:

Wonder wide shall wax my fame.

—Dobbsley, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i. p. 250.

—A. W. V.

391. Lines 60-75: *I am a very foolish fond old man . . . they have not.*—Dr. Ray (*American Journal of Humanity*, April, 1847) says: "A more faithful picture of the mind, at the moment when it is emerging from the darkness of disease into the clear atmosphere of health restored, was never executed than this of Lear's recovery. Generally, recovery from acute mania is gradual, one delusion after another giving way, until, after a series of struggles, which may occupy weeks or months, between the convictions of reason and the suggestions of disease, the patient comes out a sound, rational man. In a small proportion of cases, however, this change takes place very rapidly. Within the space of a few hours or a day he recognizes his true condition, abandons his delusions, and contemplates all his relations in an entirely different light."

ACT V. SCENE 1.

392.—Lines 11-13, *That thought . . . call hers*, not in Ff. Lines 18, 19, not in Ff. Lines 23-28, *Where I . . . speak nobly*, not in Ff. Line 30, for *and partienlar broils* Q₁ have the strange reading *dore* (or *doore*, or *door*) *partientars*. Line 33, omitted in the Folios.

393. Lines 25-27: *It toucheth us, as France invades our land . . . causes make oppose.*—Wright explains the passage thus: "Albany is marching against the French as invaders of his country, not as the supporters of Lear. France is the subject of *bolds* as well as of *invades*, and not *it*, the business, as Steevens explains it."

394. Line 32: *With the ANCIENT OF WAR.*—"Such as are grown old in the practice of the military art" (Eccles). Walker and Schmidt conjecture "ancient men of war."

Moberly thinks that an officer is meant, "the adjutant general, as we should say."

395. Line 37: *I know the riddle.*—"I understand your game; you want to keep watch of me" (Roife).

396. Line 61: *carry out my SIDE.*—Aldis Wright shows that *side* had a technical sense of cards; he quotes *The Unnatural Combat*, li. 1:

And if now,

At this downright *game*, I may but hold your *cards*,
I'll not pull down the *side*.

—Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 41.

—A. W. V.

397. Lines 68, 69:

for my *state*

Stands un me to defend, not to debate.

For it concerns me to defend my state, not to waste time in deliberation.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

398. Line 1: *the shadow of this TREE.*—The Q₁ have *bush*.

399. Line 11: *Ripeness is all.*—Steevens compares Hamlet, v. 2. 232-234: "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."

ACT V. SCENE 3.

400.—Line 2, for first Q₁ have *best*. Lines 38, 39, *I cannot . . . I'll do't*; not in the Folios. Line 47, and *appointed guard*, omitted in Ff. Lines 54-59, *At this time . . . after peace*, not in Ff. Line 70, *That were, &c.*, Q₁ assign the speech to Gonril. Line 81, for *thine* Q₁ have *good*; they give the line to Edmund. Line 83, *in thine attain*, so the Quartos; the Folios have *in thy arrest*. Line 93, for *prove* Ff. read *make*, that is, the proof. Line 96, the Quartos have *poison*. Line 102, *A herald, ho, a herald!* not in the Folios. Line 109, *Sound, trumpet!* not in Ff. Line 111, for *within the lists* Q₁ have *in the hoast*. Line 135, Q₁ read *Conspicuate*. Line 137, *below thy foot*, Q₁ have *beneath thy feet*. Line 170, for *vices* Q₁ read *Vertues*; in the next line they have *seavage* instead of *plagne*. Lines 204-221, all this is wanting in the Folios.

401. Line 17: *As if we were God's SPIES.*—"As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct" (Johnson).

402. Lines 20-25: *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia . . . we'll see 'em starv'd first.*—Dr. Beckwith says (p. 230): "This is not mania, but neither is it sound mind. It is the emotional excitability often seen in extreme age, as it is depicted in the early scenes of the drama, and it is precisely true to the probabilities of the mind's history, that this should be the phase of infirmity displaying itself at this moment. Any other dramatist than Shakespeare would have represented the poor old king quite restored to the balance and control of his faculties. The complete efficiency of filial love would have been made to triumph over the laws of mental function. But Shakespeare has represented the exact degree of improvement which was

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probable under the circumstances, namely, restoration from the intellectual mania which resulted from the combined influence of physical and moral shock, with persistence of the emotional excitement and disturbance which is the inextinguishable and unalterable result of passion exaggerated by long habitude and by the malign influence of extreme age."

403. Line 23: *And fice us hence like foxes*.—"An allusion to the practice of forcing foxes out of their holes by fire" (Henth). There is no reference to Samson's foxes, as Upton supposed. Steevens quotes Harrington's translation of Ariosto (book xxviii. st. 17):

Ev'n as a Foxe, whom smoke and fire doth fright,
So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
Bolts out, and through both smoke and fires he fleeth
Into the Taries mouth, and there he dieth.

404. Line 21: *The GOOD-YEARS shall devour them*.—See Much Ado, note 67. Here, at any rate, the reference is to the disease known as the *Morchus Gallienus*; probably we have the same allusion in Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 18.—A. W. V.

405. Line 76: *the walls are thine*.—It is a question whether this is to be taken literally (referring to Regan's castle) or figuratively ("I surrender at discretion"). Warburton explains it in the latter way, Wright in the former. Theobald conjectured *they all are thine*, and Lettsom *Yea, all is thine*.

406. Line 79: *The let-alone lies not in your good will*.—"Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice" (Johnson).

407. Line 110: *"If any man of quality or degree," &c.*—For the formalities of the combat, compare Richard II. 1. 3.

408. Line 129: *Behold, it is the PRIVILEGE OF MINE HONOURS*.—The reading of Pope. The Q₁ have *the privilege of my tongue*, and the Ff. *my priviledge, The privilege of mine honours*.

409. Line 142: *In wisdom I should ask thy name*.—Because he could decline the combat if his opponent was not of equal rank with himself.

410. Line 144: *some SAY of breeding*.—See note 74.

411. Lines 145, 146:

*What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.*

The delay which by the law of knighthood and the punctilios of chivalry I might make, I scorn to make. *Safe and nicely* is probably one of the cases in which the adverbial ending does double duty—*safely and nicely*. Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 224: "look *fresh and merrily*." *Safe*, however, is occasionally an adverb in Shakespeare.

412. Line 151: *Save him, save him!*—Theobald gave this speech to Goneril, and Walker approves the change. Johnson says: "Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter."

413. Line 159: *Most monstrous! oh!*—The Q₁ omit *oh!* but, as Furness says, it is the groan that breaks from Albany at the revelation of his wife's abandoned effron-

tory, and is as needful to the character as it is to the rhythm.

414. Line 160: *Ask me not what I know*.—The Q₁ give this speech to Goneril. Knight refers to line 157 as proving that the Ff. are right. After saying, "I perceive you know it," Albany would not ask Goneril if she knew the paper.

415. Line 171: *The wheel is come full circle*.—Compare ii. 2. 180:

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel.

Wright quotes Twelfth Night, v. 1. 385.

416. Line 185: *That we the pain of death would hourly die*.—The Q₁ have *That with the pain, &c.* Jennens, following them, changed *would to we d*.

417. Lines 205-207:

*but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.*

Rolle remarks: "Malone takes this in opposition to *such as love not sorrow*, as if it were 'but another, less sensitive, would make,' &c. But, as Wright remarks, Steevens is right in referring it to what Edgar has yet to tell as the climax of his story. He understands *but* in the usual adversative sense. It seems better to take it as qualifying *another*, as if he said 'one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow.'"

418. Line 216: *the STRINGS OF LIFE*.—That is, the heart-strings. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 364, 365:

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliza. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

—A. W. V.

419. Line 231: *The JUDGMENT of the heavens*.—The Q₁ have *Justice*. Tyrwhitt says here: "If Shakespeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror and pity*."

420. Lines 250, 251:

*take my sword;
Give it the captain.*

Q₁ inserts *the Captain* after *sword*; and Jennens reads thus:

Take my sword,
The captain—give it the captain.

421. Line 264: *Fall, and cease!*—"Fall, heavens, and let all things cease!" (Capell). Delius makes *fall and cease* nouns in apposition with *horror*; and this is approved by Moberly and Schmidt. It may be the right interpretation.

422. Line 265: *This feather stirs; she lives!*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 31-34:

By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not;
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.

423. Lines 272, 273:

*Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.*

Moberly's comment is a happy one: "This wonderfully

quiet touch seems to complete the perfection of Cordelia's character, evidently the poet's best loved creation, his type of the ideal Englishwoman. Her voice was the outward signature of her graciously tempered nature. Burke's description of his wife is a master's variation on Shakespeare's theme: "Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd. It has this advantage, you must be close to her to hear it."

424. Lines 276, 277:

*I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip.*

Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 1. 235-237: "I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats." See, too, Othello, v. 2. 261-264, for a precisely similar touch.—A. W. V.

425. Line 281: *One of them WE behold.*—So Q₁, and Fl. Jennens changed *we* to *you*; some editors read *ye*.

426. Line 282: *This is a dull SIGHT.*—Jennens and Collier's Corrector have *light*, which Grant White also adopts.

427. Line 284: *He's a good fellow.*—"Lear's mind is again off its balance" (Wright). Theobald, not seeing this, chang'd *He's* to *'Twas*, and *He'll* in the next line to *He'd*.

428. Line 290: *Nor no man else.*—There seems to be no satisfactory explanation of this except Capell's "Welcome, alas! here's no welcome for no or any one." It is natural at first to connect the words with Kent's last speech; but it would be false, as the Fool had also followed Lear from the first.

429. Line 297: *this great decay.*—Referring, probably, to "the collective misfortunes which this scene reveals;" (Bellus, followed by Furness and Rolfe). Capell and Steevens think it refers to Lear—"this piece of decayed royalty, this ruined majesty."

430. Line 304: *O, see, see!*—These words are occasioned by seeing Lear again embrace the body of Cordelia (Capell).

431. Line 305: *And my poor FOOL is hang'd!*—As Steevens was the first to point out, the *fool* is Cordelia, not the Fool who went to bed at noon. *Poor fool* is found elsewhere as a term of pity or endearment. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 98; Twelfth Night, v. 1. 377:

111. Henry VI. ii. 5. 36; Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 118; As You Like It, ii. 1. 22; &c. The editors, with the exception of Knight and one or two others, agree in this interpretation here. Furness, at the end of three pages of notes on the subject, says: "Very reluctantly I have come to the conviction that this refers to Cordelia." Rolfe adds: "We sympathize fully with his regret that it cannot be referred to Lear's 'poor fool and knave' (ii. 2. 72), but to our mind the context settles the question beyond a doubt. There is no room for a divided sorrow here; Lear's thoughts can never wander more from his dead daughter."

432. Line 309: *Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.*—The Quarterly Review for April, 1833 (p. 177), remarks: "Scarcely have the spectators of this august anguish had time to mark and express to each other their conviction of the extinction of his mind, when some physical alteration, made dreadfully visible, urges Albany to cry out, 'O, see, see!' The intense excitement which Lear had undergone, and which lent for a time a supposititious life to his enfeebled frame, gives place to the exhaustion of despair. But even here, where any other mind would have confined itself to the single passion of parental despair, Shakespeare contrives to indicate by a gesture the very train of internal physical changes which are causing death. The blood gathering about the heart can no longer be propelled by its enfeebled impulse. Lear, too weak to relieve the impediments of his dress, which he imagines cause the sense of suffocation, asks a bystander to 'undo this button.'"

433. Line 314: *this TOUGH world.*—It has been asserted that some copies of Q. 2 have *rough* (as Q. 3 has); but, as Furness has satisfied himself, the supposed *r* is a broken *t*. Pope and sundry others read *rough*. Dyce said in his Remarks (p. 232): "Read, by all means, as Pope did, *rough*; but when he came to edit the play he adhered to the old text."

434. Lines 323-326: *The weight of this sad time . . . nor lie so long.*—The Fl. (with Rowe, Delius, Schmidt, and Furness) give this speech to Edgar, though Schmidt thinks that the last two lines may be Albany's. Jennens called these last two lines "stily and false." Dyce says that the last line is "certainly obscure." Moberly remarks: "Age and fulness of sorrows have been the same thing to the unhappy Lear; his life has been prolonged into times so dark in their misery and so fierce in their unparalleled ingratitude and reckless passion, that even if we live as long as he has (which will hardly be), our existence will never light on days as evil as those which he has seen."

1. 118: As You
the exception of
his interpreta-
tages of notes on
ve come to the
" Refle adds:
that it cannot
(ii. 2. 72), but
sorrow here;
from his dead

on. *Thank you,*
833 (p. 177), re-
this august an-
each other their
when some phy-
urges Albany to
sternment which
time a supposi-
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where any other
single passion of
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WORDS PECULIAR TO KING LEAR.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING LEAR.

NOTE.—The addition of *sub.*, *adj.*, *verb.*, *adv.* in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line	Act	Sc.	Line
Able (verb)	iv.	6	Catacracts	iii.	2	Dowerless	i.	1	Halloo (interj)	iii.	4
*A-cold	iii.	4	Chatter ⁵	iv.	6	Dragon ¹³	i.	2	Handy-dandy	iv.	6
		85, 152	Che ⁶	iv.	6	Dread-bolted	iv.	7	Head-lugged	iv.	2
Action-taking	ii.	2	Cheerless	v.	3	Ear-kissing	ii.	1	Heart-struck	iii.	1
Adulterers	ii.	2	Child ⁷	iii.	4	Easy-borrowed	ii.	4	Hedge-sparrow	i.	4
Affectionate	iv.	6	Child-changed	iv.	7	Elbows (verb)	iv.	3	Hell-black	iii.	7
Ague-proof	iv.	6	Childed	iii.	6	*Eldest-born	i.	1	Hell-hated	v.	3
*A-height	iv.	6	Chill ⁸	iv.	6	Elf (verb)	ii.	3	Hewgh	iv.	6
Aidant	iv.	4	Clad ⁹	iv.	6	Empty-hearted	i.	1	High-engendered	iii.	2
All-fiensed	i.	4	Cock ¹⁰	iii.	2	Enguard	i.	4	High-grown	iv.	4
All-shaking	iii.	2	Cock ¹¹	iv.	6	Enormous	ii.	2	High-judging	ii.	4
Angler	iii.	6	Cohorts	i.	2	Enraged	iv.	6	*Honest-hearted	i.	4
Antipathy	ii.	2	Compers (verb)	v.	3	Epicurism	i.	4	Honoured ¹⁸	v.	1
Arch ¹	ii.	1	Conductor	iv.	7	Epileptic	ii.	2	Horseway	iv.	1
*A-squint	v.	3	Conjunct	v.	1	Essay ¹⁴	i.	2	Hot-blooded ¹⁹	ii.	4
Astronomical	i.	2	Conspiraunt	v.	3	*Ever-gentle	iv.	6	Houseless	ii.	4
Articular	i.	2	Corky	iii.	7	Faithed	ii.	1	Hovel (verb)	iv.	7
Avert	i.	1	Cow-dmg	iii.	4	Fastened ¹⁵	ii.	1	Hovel (sub.)	iii.	2
		214	Cowish	iv.	2	Felicitate	i.	1	Hundred-pound	ii.	2
Ballow	iv.	6	Cruels (sub.)	iii.	7	Felt (sub.)	iv.	6	Hurtless	iv.	6
Barber-monger	ii.	2	Cris-drawn	iii.	1	Fen-sucked	ii.	4	Immediacy	v.	3
Bare-grown	v.	3	*Cuckoo-flowers	iv.	4	Festinate	iii.	7	Impertinency	v.	6
Bastardizing	i.	2	Cullionly	ii.	2	Fictal	ii.	2	Improper	v.	3
Beggar-mou	iv.	1	*Dark-eyed	ii.	1	Flakes	iv.	7	In-a-door	i.	4
Belly-pined	iii.	1	Death-practised	iv.	6	Fleshment	ii.	2	Indisposed	ii.	4
Bemadding	iii.	1	Deer ¹²	iv.	4	Flickering	ii.	2	Indistinguish'd	iv.	6
Bemet	v.	1	Depositories	ii.	4	Foins (sub.)	iv.	6	Interested	i.	1
Be-monster	iv.	2	Depraved (adj.)	ii.	4	Foppish	i.	4	Intruse	ii.	2
Beuch (vb. int.)	iii.	6	Derides	i.	1	Fops (sub.)	i.	2	Jakes	iii.	2
Besort (verb)	i.	4	Derogate (adj.)	i.	4	Fore-vouched	i.	1	Justification	i.	2
Bethought (adj.)	ii.	3	Desery (sub.)	iv.	6	Four-inched	iii.	4	Laneness ²⁰	ii.	4
Bitch ²	ii.	2	Detecter	iii.	5	Frontlet	i.	4	Leak (sub.)	iii.	6
Black (adv.)	ii.	4	Disbranch	iv.	2	*Full-dwelling	v.	3	Leech (verb)	v.	6
Blanket (verb)	ii.	3	Disquietly	i.	2	Funn	iii.	4	Lecher	iv.	6
Blamtness	ii.	2	Dissipation	i.	2	Funitory ¹⁶	iv.	4	*Let-alone	v.	3
Boarish	iii.	7	Dismearnings (sub.)	ii.	2	Fur (sub.)	iii.	1	Lethargied	i.	4
Bohtail	iii.	6	Discommend	ii.	2	Furnishings	iii.	1	Louthly (adv.)	ii.	1
Bolds (verb)	v.	1	Dislocate	iv.	2	*Furrow-weeds	iv.	4	*Long-engrafted	i.	1
Bo-peep	i.	4	Dismatured	i.	4	Gad ¹⁷ (sub.)	i.	2	Looped	iii.	4
Bordered	iv.	2	Disquantity	i.	4	Gallow	iii.	2	Loosen	v.	1
Bosomed	v.	1	Dismantling	i.	2	Gasted	ii.	1	Louse (verb)	iii.	2
Bour ³	iii.	6	Dissipation	i.	2	Glass-gazing	ii.	2	Last-dicted	iv.	1
Brazen-faced	ii.	2	Ditch-dog	iii.	4	Godson	ii.	1	Lym	iii.	6
Buoy (sub.)	iv.	6	Dizzy (adj.)	iv.	6	Do de	(iii. 4. 59)				
Buoyed	iii.	7	Do de	(iii. 6. 77)		Dog-hearted	iv.	3			
Birdlocks	iv.	4	Dog-headed	iv.	3	Wered	i.	1			
Buzz (sub.)	i.	4	Wered	i.	1						
Cadent	i.	4									
Cadent	i.	4									
Canker-bit	v.	3									
Carmicle	ii.	4									

1 = muster.
2 = applied to a human being.
3 = a brook; used several times = boundary, limit.
4 = a gangrenous ulcer.

5 = to make a noise with the teeth.
6 = I.
7 = a young knight.
8 = I will.
9 = I would.
10 = weathercock.
11 = cockboat.
12 = any animal; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

13 = the constellation; elsewhere used in its other sense.
14 Sonn. ex. 8.
15 = confirmed, hardened.
16 Occurs also in Henry V. v. 2. 45.
17 = spur (of the moment); used similarly in Titus And. iv. 1. 193.

18 = virtuous; used elsewhere in other senses.
19 = rash; = amorous, Merry Wives, v. 5. 2.
20 Sonn. lxxxix. 3.
21 = the earth; used elsewhere in other senses.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING LEAR.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Maledictions . . .	i. 2 160	Perdu	iv. 7 35	Self-covered . . .	iv. 2 62	Terrible ²³	i. 2 32
Malt	iii. 2 82	Perpendicularly	iv. 6 54	Self-reproving ¹⁷	v. 1 4	Theban	iii. 4 162
Marble-hearted	i. 4 281	Perpetual (adv.)	i. 1 68	Self-subdued . . .	ii. 2 129	Thought-executing	iii. 2 4
Material ¹	iv. 2 35	Persecutions . . .	ii. 3 12	Serpent-like . . .	ii. 4 123	Three-snited . . .	ii. 2 16
Meiny	ii. 4 35	Pew	iii. 4 55	Sharp-toothed . .	ii. 4 137	Thunder-bearer	ii. 4 230
Menaces (sub.)	i. 2 160	Pilferings	ii. 2 151	Sheated	i. 4 219	Thwart (adj.) . . .	i. 4 305
Midway (adj.) . .	iv. 6 13	Pillcock	iii. 4 78	She-foxes	ii. 6 24	Fitting (sub.) . . .	iii. 4 140
Minkin	iii. 6 45	*Plague-sore . . .	ii. 4 227	Shrill-gorged . . .	iv. 6 58	Toad-spotted . . .	v. 3 138
Misconstruction	ii. 2 124	Player ²	i. 4 96	Side-piercing . . .	iv. 6 85	Tranced	v. 3 218
Mist (verb)	v. 3 252	Plight ¹⁰ (sub.) . .	i. 1 103	*Simple-answered	iii. 7 43	Treachers	i. 2 136
Moistened ²	iv. 3 33	Plighted ¹¹	i. 1 283	Simular ¹⁹ (sub.)	iii. 2 54	Trifled	iv. 3 13
Monopoly	i. 4 167	Ponder	iii. 4 24	Sizes ¹⁹	ii. 4 178	*Trundle-tail . . .	iii. 6 73
Monthly (adj.) . .	i. 1 134	Precipitating . . .	iv. 6 50	Slaves (verb) . . .	iv. 1 71	Thrygod	ii. 3 20
Moonshines ³ . . .	i. 2 5	Press-money	iv. 6 87	Slenderly	i. 1 207	Unaccommodated	iii. 4 112
Mopping (verb)	iv. 1 64	Propinquity	i. 1 116	Slipshod	i. 5 12	Unbolted	ii. 2 71
Mortar	ii. 2 71	Questrists	iii. 7 17	Smile (verb tr)	ii. 2 88	Unfolded	iii. 4 30
Mother ⁴	ii. 4 56	Raggedness	iii. 4 31	Smillets	iv. 3 21	Unfee'd	i. 4 142
Mud	iii. 4 103	Rain-water	iii. 2 11	Soiled ²⁰	iv. 6 124	Unfitness	i. 4 356
*New-adopted . .	i. 1 206	Rebel-like	iv. 3 16	Sojourn (sub.) . . .	i. 1 48	Unmerciful	iii. 7 33
Night-mare	iii. 4 120	Reciprocal	iv. 6 267	Sophisticated . . .	iii. 4 111	Unnaturalness . .	i. 2 157
Nine fold	iii. 4 126	Remediate	iv. 4 17	Sprigs	ii. 3 16	Unpossessing . . .	ii. 1 69
Numbed ⁵	ii. 3 15	Reposal	ii. 1 70	Squints	iii. 4 122	Unprized	i. 1 262
Nursery ⁶	i. 1 126	Reprovable	iii. 5 9	Squinty	iv. 6 140	Unpublished . . .	iv. 4 16
O ⁷	i. 4 212	Restoration	iv. 7 26	Squire-like	ii. 4 217	Unquietly	iii. 1 2
Oak-cleaving . . .	iii. 2 5	Reverbs	i. 1 156	Star-blasting . . .	iii. 4 61	Unremovable . . .	ii. 4 94
Observants	ii. 2 109	Riched	i. 1 65	Stalled ²¹	iii. 7 61	Unrightly	ii. 4 159
O'erskip	iii. 6 113	Rivalled	i. 1 194	Sterility	i. 4 300	Unspoke	i. 1 239
Offensive ⁸	iv. 2 11	Robed	iii. 6 38	Stocking ²²	ii. 2 139	Untented	i. 4 322
Old (sub)	iii. 4 125	Roguish	iii. 7 104	Stone-cutter	ii. 2 63	Unwhipped	iii. 2 53
Oldness	i. 2 51	Rotundity	iii. 2 7	Strangered	i. 1 207	Upward (sub.) . .	v. 3 136
One-trunk-inheriting	ii. 2 29	Roughness	ii. 2 103	Stone-cutter	ii. 2 63	Vary (sub.)	ii. 2 85
Operative	iv. 4 14	*Round-wombed	i. 1 14	Strangered	i. 1 207	Vanuit couriers	iii. 2 5
Opposeless	iv. 6 38	Rubbed ¹²	ii. 2 161	Sub-contracted . .	v. 3 86	Vermis	iii. 4 164
Out-frown	v. 3 6	Rumble	iii. 2 14	Subscription	iii. 2 18	Wagtail	ii. 2 73
Out-jest	iii. 1 16	Sa (exclam.)	iv. 6 207	Summoners	ii. 2 59	Wall-newt	iii. 4 135
Outlawed	iii. 4 172	Sampire	iv. 6 15	Sumpter	ii. 4 219	Water-newt	iii. 4 136
Out-paramoured	iii. 4 95	Sapient	iii. 6 24	Superlux	iii. 4 35	Water-pots	iv. 6 200
Out-scorn	iii. 1 19	Sauctly ¹³	i. 1 22	Superserviceable	ii. 2 19	Waved ²⁴	iv. 6 71
Out-wall	iii. 1 45	Savour (verb tr)	iv. 2 39	Suspend	i. 2 87	Wawl	iv. 6 184
Pantingly	iv. 3 28	Say ¹⁴ (sub)	v. 3 143	Summ	iii. 4 103	Waywardness . . .	i. 1 302
Parcel	iv. 1 51	Scattered ¹⁵	iii. 1 31	Tardiness	i. 1 238	Weakens (verb int.)	i. 4 218
Paternal	i. 1 115	Sectary ¹⁶	l. 2 164	Tender-hefted . . .	ii. 4 171	Whelked	iv. 6 71
Pendulous	iii. 4 69			Tender-minded	v. 3 31	Whirlpool	iii. 4 53

1 = nourishing.
 2 Lucrece, 1227.
 3 = month; used several times = moonlight.
 4 = hysterical passion.
 5 Venus and Adonis, 892.
 6 = tender care; four times used in other senses.
 7 = the arithmetical cipher
 8 = displeasing, disagreeable.

9 (in a game) = idler, Othello, ii. 1. 113; frequently used an actor.
 10 = troth; frequently used = state, condition.
 11 = folded, secret.
 12 = hindered, crossed.
 13 Lucrece, 1348.
 14 = ussary, proof.
 15 = divided, unsettled.
 16 = a disciple.

17 Printed as one word in F. 1.
 18 = simulator; used as an adj. in Cymbeline, v. 5. 280.
 19 = allowance; frequently used elsewhere in other senses.
 20 = high-fel.
 21 = stary, fixed; Lucrece, 1444; Somn. ANS. 1.
 22 Putting in the stocks

23 = afflicted; frequently used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.
 24 = indented.
 25 = full of holes.

Act Sc. Line
i. 2 32
iii. 4 162
ting iii 2 4
ii. 2 16
er ii. 4 230
i. 4 305
iii. 4 140
v. 3 138
v. 3 218
i. 2 136
iv. 3 13
iii. 6 73
ii. 3 20
ated iii. 4 112
ii. 2 71
iii. 4 30
i. 4 142
i. 4 356
iii. 7 33
s. i. 2 157
ii. 1 69
i. 1 262
iv. 4 16
iii. 1 2
ii. 4 94
ii. 4 159
i. 1 239
i. 4 322
iii. 2 53
). v. 3 136
ii. 2 85
rs iii. 2 5
iii. 4 164
ii 2 73
iii. 4 135
iii. 4 136
iv. 6 200
iv. 6 71
iv. 6 184
s. i. 1 302
b int.) i. 4 248
iv. 6 71
iii. 4 53
i. 1 66
iii. 4 31
king ii. 2 17
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ii. 2 69

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