The Cambridge Shakespeare.
THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOLUME VII.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
NEW YORK THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1904
The First Edition of the plays contained in this volume of The Cambridge Shakespeare was published in 1865, 1866.

Second Edition 1892. Reprinted 1895, 1904
## CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Preface to the first Edition</td>
<td>vii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Note by the Editor</td>
<td>xiv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIMON of ATHENS</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes to Timon of Athens</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JULIUS Cæsar</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes to Julius Cæsar</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes to Macbeth</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAMLET</td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes to Hamlet</td>
<td>597</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Addenda</td>
<td>612</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1. *Timon of Athens* was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. It is called *The Life of Tymon of Athens*; in the running titles, *Timon of Athens*; and occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 inclusive, 81 and 82 being numbered twice over. After 98 the next page is filled with *The Actors Names*, and the following page is blank. The next page, the first of *Julius Caesar*, is numbered 109, and instead of beginning as it should signature *ii*, the signature is *kk*. From this it may be inferred that for some reason the printing of *Julius Caesar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished. It may be that the manuscript of *Timon* was imperfect, and that the printing was stayed till it could be completed by some playwright engaged for the purpose. This would account for the manifest imperfections at the close of the play. But it is difficult to conceive how the printer came to miscalculate so widely the space required to be left.

The well-known carelessness of the printers of the Folio in respect of metre will not suffice to account for the deficiencies of *Timon*. The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse.

2. *Julius Caesar* was published for the first time in the Folio of 1623. It is more correctly printed than any other play, and may perhaps have been (as the preface falsely implied that all were) printed from the original manuscript of the author.
The references to Jennens in the notes are to his edition of *Julius Caesar*, 'collated with the old and modern editions,' and published in 1774.

3. **Macbeth**, which follows next in order, was also printed for the first time in that volume. Except that it is divided into scenes as well as acts, it is one of the worst printed of all the plays, especially as regards the metre, and not a few passages are hopelessly corrupt.

'Davenant's version,' quoted in our notes, was published in 1673. Jennens's edition was printed in 1773. The edition of Macbeth by Harry Rowe is attributed to Dr A. Hunter, and as such we have quoted it. Of this we may remark that it is not always quite certain whether the editor is in jest or earnest.

'Shakespeare Restored' by Mr Hastings Elwin is an edition of *Macbeth* with introduction and notes, which was anonymously and privately printed at Norwich in 1853.

4. The earliest edition of **Hamlet** appeared in 1603, with the following title-page:

The | Tragicall Historie of | Hamlet | Prince of Denmarke |
By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N : L. and Iohn Trundell. | 1603.

We refer to it as (Q1).

A copy of this edition belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, though he does not appear to have mentioned it in his notes to Shakespeare or in his correspondence, and its existence was not known till his library came into the possession of Sir H. E. Bunbury in 1821. In a copy of the Reprint of 1825, now at Barton, Sir H. E. Bunbury wrote the following note:

'The only copy of this edition of *Hamlet* (1603) which is known to be in existence was found by me in the Library at Barton when it came into my possession in 1821. The Hamlet

1 This should be 1674.
2 This is not quite certain. See his Life by Sir H. E. Bunbury, p. 80.
was bound up with ten others of the small 4to editions of Shakespeare's Plays (1598 to 1603) and with The Two Noble Kinsmen (1634). Most of these were complete. I sold the volume in Dec. 1824 for £180 to Messrs Payne and Foss, who resold it to the Duke of Devonshire for £230.'

This copy wanted the last leaf containing the 22 concluding lines. A second copy, wanting the title-page but otherwise perfect, was discovered in 1856 by Mr W. H. Rooney of Dublin. 'It was bought,' says Mr Timmins, 'by Mr Rooney from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who had brought it from Nottinghamshire with his other books. After reprinting the last leaf, Mr Rooney sold the pamphlet to Mr Boone for £70, from whom Mr J. O. Halliwell bought it for £120, and it is now deposited in the British Museum.'

We have reprinted this edition, and recorded in footnotes the few discrepancies which are found between the two copies.

An extremely accurate reprint was made from the Devonshire copy in 1825, and it was lithographed in facsimile, with the addition of the missing leaf, in 1858, under the direction of Mr Collier and at the expense of the Duke. In 1860 Mr J. Allen, Junr., reprinted this edition and the Quarto of 1604, placing the corresponding passages as nearly as possible on opposite pages, with a preface by Mr Samuel Timmins.

The edition of 1603 is obviously a very imperfect reproduction of the play, and there is every reason to believe that it was printed from a manuscript surreptitiously obtained. This manuscript may have been compiled in the first instance from short-hand notes taken during the representation, but there are many errors in the printed text which seem like errors of a copyist rather than of a hearer. Compare for example lines 37, 38 of Scene III. of our Reprint, p. 205\(^2\), with the corresponding lines of the more perfect drama as it was printed in the Quarto of 1604, Act I. Scene 3, lines 73, 74, p. 26\(^2\).

\(^2\) These references are to the pages of the first edition. The reprint is now transferred to vol. ix.
In the Quarto of 1603 the passage runs thus:

And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:

In that of 1604:

'And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:'

It is clear that the corruption in both passages is due to an error in the transcript from which both were copied. Probably the author had originally written:

'And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous in that:'

and then given between the lines or in the margin, 'of,' 'chief,' meaning these as alternative readings for 'in' and 'best' in the first line. The transcriber by mistake inserted them in the second line. A few lines above both Quartos give 'courage' for 'comrade,' a mistake due undoubtedly to the eye and not to the ear.

We believe then that the defects of the manuscript from which the Quarto of 1603 was printed had been in part at least supplemented by a reference to the authentic copy in the library of the theatre. Very probably the man employed for this purpose was some inferior actor or servant, who would necessarily work in haste and by stealth, and in any case would not be likely to work very conscientiously for the printer or bookseller who was paying him to deceive his masters.

The Quarto of 1604, which we call Q₂, has the following title-page:

THE | Tragical! Historie of | Hamlet, | Prince of Denmarke. | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | At London, | Printed by I. R. for N. L and are to be sold at his | shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604.
The printer 'I. R.' was no doubt, as Mr Collier says, James Roberts, who had made an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company as early as July 26, 1602, of 'A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was latelie acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his servantes.'

For some unknown reason the projected edition was delayed, and in the mean time the popularity of the play encouraged N. L., i.e. Nicholas Ling, and the other publisher, Trundell, to undertake a surreptitious edition.

In the interval between the two editions Shakespeare seems to have changed the names of some of his Dramatis Personæ, substituting 'Polonius' for 'Corambis' and 'Reynaldo' for 'Montano.' He may also have changed the order of one or two scenes, and here and there erased or inserted a few lines, but we think that no substantial change was made, and that the chief differences between (Q₁) and Q₂ are only such as might be expected between a bona fide, and a mala fide, transcription.

The Quarto of 1605, which we call Q₂, is not, properly speaking, a new edition, being printed from the same forms as Q₁, and differing from it no more than one copy of the same edition may differ from another. The title-page differs only in the date, where 1605 is substituted for 1604.

Another Quarto, our Q₄, printed in 1611, bears a title-page which does not substantially differ from that of Q₃, except that it is said to be:

'Printed for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shoppe | in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. | Vnder the Diall. 1611.'

Another Quarto, without date, is said on the title-page to be 'Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true | and perfect Copy lastly Printed,' and to be 'Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke.' Otherwise the title-page is identical with that of Q₄. Mr Collier supposes this undated Quarto to have been printed in 1607, because there is an entry in the Stationers'
books of that year and no edition with that date is known to exist. We are convinced however that the undated Quarto was printed from that of 1611, and we have therefore called it Q₅.

Another Quarto, printed 'by R. Young for John Smethwicke,' was published in 1637. This we call Q₆. It is printed from Q₅, though the spelling is considerably modernized and the punctuation amended.

The symbol Qq signifies the agreement of Q₂, Q₃, Q₄, Q₅ and Q₆.

Besides these, several editions, usually known as Players' Quartos, were printed at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the following century. Of these we have had before us during our collation, editions of 1676, 1683, 1695 and 1703. These we call respectively Q (1676), Q (1683), Q (1695) and Q (1703). We have given all readings which seemed in any way remarkable, though we need scarcely say that the changes made in these editions have no authority whatever. It is however worthy of notice that many emendations usually attributed to Rowe and Pope are really derived from one or other of these Players' Quartos. When we give a reading as belonging to one of these Quarters, it is to be understood that it occurs there for the first time and that all the subsequent Quarters adopt it.

The text of Hamlet given in the Folio of 1623 is not derived from any of the previously existing Quartos, but from an independent manuscript. Many passages are found in the Folio which do not appear in any of the Quartos. On the other hand many passages found in the Quartos are not found in the Folio. It is to be remarked that several of those which appear in the Folio and not in the Quarto of 1604 or its successors, are found in an imperfect form in the Quarto of 1603, and therefore are not subsequent additions. Both the Quarto text of 1604 and the Folio text of 1623 seem to have been derived from manuscripts of the play curtailed, and curtailed differently, for purposes of representation. Therefore in giving
in our text all the passages from both Folio and Quarto we are reproducing, as near as may be, the work as it was originally written by Shakespeare, or rather as finally retouched by him after the spurious edition of 1603.

We have been unable to procure a copy of the Quarto edition of this play, edited in 1703 by 'the accurate Mr John Hughs' (Theobald's Shakespeare Restored, p. 26), and have therefore quoted the readings of it on Theobald's authority. It is different from the Players' Quarto of 1703, and is not mentioned in Bohn's edition of Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual. No copy of it exists in the British Museum, the Bodleian, the library of the Duke of Devonshire, the Capell collection, or any other to which we have had access.

We have to thank Dr C. M. Ingleby for the loan of several editions of Hamlet which we should otherwise have had difficulty in procuring.

W. G. C.

W. A. W.

[1865, 1866.]

* We made this statement on the authority of a MS. note in the British Museum copy of the quarto of 1603, but there does not appear to be any other foundation for it, and it is probably incorrect. It has been supposed that a very scarce anonymous edition, printed in 1718 in 12mo. by J. Darby for M. Wellington, formerly in the possession of Mr J. W. Jarvis and now in the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Birmingham, was the long-sought-for edition by Hughs, inasmuch as it has 'Roaming' in i. 3. 109, and 'faction' in ii. 2. 337; but a careful comparison of it with the readings of Hughs as given by Theobald has shewn that in three other passages the readings of the 1718 edition differ from those attributed to Hughs. These are, i. 2. 132, 'Canon' (Hughs), 'Cannon' (1718); iv. 7. 100, 'fencers' (Hughs), 'scimmers' (1718); v. 2. 208, 'boding' (Hughs), 'gain-giving' (1718). If therefore Theobald is to be trusted, it would appear that the edition by Hughs is not yet identified. [The readings quoted by Theobald are all found in an edition printed by J. Darby in 1723, a copy of which was sold at Puttick and Simpson's on Wednesday, July 16th, 1902.]
NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

In the present volume the notes on the authority of 'Warburton MS.' are taken from a copy of Warburton's edition of 1747 (8 vols. 8vo.) annotated by himself, and now in the possession of Mr Norman Bennett of Trinity College, Cambridge. My best thanks are due to Mr Bennett for allowing me free access to these interesting volumes; to Mr J. W. Jarvis for enabling me to trace the edition of 1718 which formerly belonged to him; and to Mr Samuel Timmins for his kindness in comparing the readings of Hughes as given by Theobald with the corresponding passages of the 1718 edition.

After the publication of the first edition of the Cambridge Shakespeare the Editors modified their views of the relation between the Quarto of 1603 and the play as it appeared in the later Quartos and in the Folios. The conclusion at which they arrived was expressed in the Preface to the Clarendon Press edition of Hamlet (1871), and is briefly as follows: 'That there was an old play on the story of Hamlet, some portions of which are still preserved in the quarto of 1603; that about the year 1603 Shakespeare took this and began to remodel it for the stage, as he had done with other plays; that the quarto of 1603 represents the play after it had been retouched by him to a certain extent, but before his alterations were complete; and that in the quarto of 1604 we have for the first time the Hamlet of Shakespeare.' From this opinion which was carefully considered I see no reason to dissent.

W. A. W.

7 June, 1892.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
Timon, a noble Athenian.

Lucius,

Lucullus, flattering lords.

Sempronius,

Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.

Alcibiades, an Athenian captain.

Apemantus, a churlish philosopher.

Flavius, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

Flaminius,

Lucilius, servants to Timon.

Servilius,

Caphis,

Philotus,

Titus, servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords.

Hortensius,

And others,


Phrynia, mistresses to Alcibiades.

Timandra,

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants.

Scene: Athens, and the neighbouring woods.

1 Dramatis Personæ.] The Actors Names, at the end of the play in F₁,F₂,F₃, prefixed to the Play in F₄. See note (1).
THE LIFE OF

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A hall in Timon’s house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Paint. I am glad you’re well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Paint. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that’s well known: But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power.

ACT I. SCENE I.,] Actus Primus.
Scena Prima. Ff. See note (i).
1, 2 Poet. Good...Poet. I have] Poet. Good day. Pain. Good day, sir. Poet. I am......well. I have Farmer conj. See note (ii).

1] Good day,] Good day, good day, Capell. Good day, good Seymour conj. I am.] Good sir, I’m Singer conj. you’re] ye are F. ye are F. you are Capell. 3 grows] goes Theobald. 4 strange] so strange Rowe. 5 Which] That Johnson conj. matches?] Pope. matches: Ff. 5, 6 See, Magic] Paint. See! Poet. Magick Johnson conj.

1—2
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, To an untirable and continuate goodness:

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. [Reciting to himself] 'When we for recompense have praised the v ile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [Looking on the jewel] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

7 Hath...merchant.] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
8 th' other's] t' other's Steevens.
12 passes] surpasses Jackson conj.
14 for...sir?] A separate line in Pope.
16 [Reciting to himself] Repeating... Hanmer (Warburton conj.). om. QqFf. vile] Pope. wild Ff.
19 [Looking on the jewel] Pope. om. QqFf.
20 ye] you Capell.
21, 22 You......lord.] As verse first by Pope. Prose in Ff.
21 You are] You're Pope. are...dedication] As one line, Seymour conj., ending the previous line at You.
22 idly] idly F₁.
23 gum, which oozes] Johnson. gowne, which uses F₁F₂. gown, which uses F₃F₄. gum which issues Pope.
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is't good?

*Poet.* I will say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!
Pain. Look, moe!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplynest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Inflicts one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down

43 man] Theobald. men Ff.
47 beneath world] beneath-world Theobald (ed. 2).
49 particularly] particular Theobald.
50 sea of wax] sweep of taxing Bailey conj.

51 comma] comment Bailey conj.
52 But] It Hanmer. Which Keightley conj.
53 tract] track Hanmer.
54 I will] I'll Pope.
56 creatures] natures Hanmer. creature Maginn conj.
58 services] service Pope.
63 abhor himself] make himself abhor'd Hanmer.
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together. 65

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him

67 Feign'd...mount] One line in Rowe.
   Two in Ff.
74 present grace] puissant grace Anon.
   conj.
to present slaves] to peasant slaves S.
   Walker conj. t' obedient slaves Anon.
   conj.
75 conceived to scope.] Johnson. con-

cey'd, to scope Ff. conceiv'd to th' scope. Theobald. conceiv'd, to scope, Warburton. conceiv'd, your scope
Heath conj.
80 sir] om. Pope.
82 value] Theobald. valew; F1F2.
   value; F3F4.
83 tendance] ’tendance Johnson.
84 Rain] Roun (for Round) Delius.
85 stirrup] Knight. styrop F1F2F3.
   Stirrop F4.
Drink the free air.

_Pain._ Ay, marry, what of these?

_Poet._ When Fortune in her shift and change of mood Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, Not one accompanying his declining foot.

_Pain._ 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show, That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen The foot above the head.

_Tim._ Imprison'd is he, say you?

_Mess._ Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt; His means most short, his creditors most strait: Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well, I am not of that feather to shake off My friend when he must need me. I do know him A gentleman that well deserves a help:

Which he shall have: I’ll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom; And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me: ’Tis not enough to help the feeble up, But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship’s service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort:
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

126 o' Rowe. a' Ff.
131—133 The man...be, Timon: His
The man...be, Timon. His Theobald. The man...be, Timon, His F4. The man...be Timon, His F1, F2, F3. The man......be, His Pope. The man...obey Timon. His Hammer. The man...Therefore well be him, Timon. His Johnson conj. The man...be Timon's; His Hudson (Staunton conj.). The man is honest, Therefore he will be— Old Ath. Timon, His Staunton conj.
132 Therefore...Timon] Therefore he'll be my son Theobald conj. Therefore he will be Timon's servant here Capell conj. Therefore in this he will be honest, Timon Seymour conj. Therefore he will be always honest, Timon Collier conj. Therefore he will be rewarded, Timon Singer conj. Therefore he will be blest, Lord Timon Keightley. Therefore he will be trusted, Timon Bailey conj.
135 She is] Alack, my noble lord, she's Seymour conj.
Scene I. Timon of Athens.

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;

140 choose] F₁. chose F₂. chuse F₃F₄.
142 endow'd] Capell. endowed Ff.
143 If she be mated] if mated Steevens conj., reading Endow'd...husband as one line.
145 This...long:] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.
151 My....promise.] One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.
154 owed] own'd Hanmer (Warburton).
Exit Inc. Pope.
155 Vouchsafe...lordship!] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
[presenting his Poem. Capell.
159 [presenting it. Capell.
160 The painting] The painted Hanmer.
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature, 
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are 
Even such as they give out. I like your work, 
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance 
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye! 165

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand; 
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel 
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd, 
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated 
As those which sell would give: but you well know, 
Things of like value, differing in the owners, 
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord, 
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common 
tongue, 
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?
Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus! Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon’s dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know’st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know’st I do; I call’d thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian’s brains.

180 Scene III. Pope.

Enter Apemantus.] Pope. Enter Apemantus. F₄ (after line 176). Enter Apemantus. F₁F₂F₃ (after line 176). We’ll bear, with] We will bear, with Steevens (1778). Wee'll beare with F₁. Wee’l I beare with F₂. Wee’l bear with F₃. We’ll bear with F₄. We'll bear it with Pope. We’ll bear e’en with Seymour conj.


182 gentle…morrow ;] gentle,stay : for my good morrow, Becket conj.


185 Are] Why, are Seymour conj.


191 nothing] nought Seymour conj.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.
SCENE I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes: he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.


225 feigned] fain'd Ff.
of thee] o' thee Warburton.

236 That...lord.] Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord. or Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit. Blackstone conj. That I had no angry vit,—To be a lord! Malone conj. Angry that I had no wit to be a lord. Rann. That I had no ampler wit than be a lord. Anon. conj. That I had no angry wit, to be a lord. Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1888). no angry wit] Ff. so hungry a wit Theobald (Warburton). so wrong'd my wit Heath conj. an angry wish Mason conj. no ang'ry wit Becket conj. known angry wit Jackson conj. an empty wit Singer, ed. 2 (Singer MS.). (now angry) wish'd or (so angry) will Singer conj. so hungry a wish Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). an angry fit Grant White conj. no angry wit, Delius. no argument Bulloch conj. so little (or mean or poor) wit Kightley conj. so green a wit Kinnear conj. no mangey wit Gould conj. so wanted wit Hudson (Harvard ed.). no angry wish Tiessen conj. be] by Staunton conj.

237 not thou] thou not Pope.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
SCENE I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

17

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog; or I'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [Exit.
First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
First Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt. 285

272 unpeaceable] unappeasable Collier
or I'll] O I'll Rowe (ed. 2). or—I'll Pope.
274 o' Rowe. a' Ff. of Steevens.
275—277 He's...kindness.] As in Capell. Four lines in Ff, ending humanity...in...out-goes...kindnesse.
Three in Pope, ending humanity... bounty?...kindness.
276 bounty?] F. bountie: F. 283—285 That...company.] Astwolines, the first ending live, in Capell.
SCENE II. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope.
A banqueting-room......] Another Apartment... Theobald. The same.
A State-Room. Capell.
Flavius and others attending ;) Flavius, and other Domesticks, waiting.
Capell. om. Ff.
Alcibiades.....Ventidius.] Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius.
Rowe. the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Ff (Ventidius F₄).
 dropping... ] Ff. dropping in... Capell.

1—3 Most.......peace.] As in Ff. See note (iii).
1 honour'd] Pope. honoured Ff.
2 remember] re-remember of Bulloch conj., reading Most......gods as one line.
5, 6 bound To...heart, I] bound, To... heart I Tiessen conj.
7 Doubled with] Doubl'd, with Capell.
12 If......game,] Our betters play that game; Johnson conj.
If] that Seymour conj., ending the lines must...faults...lords...first.
12, 13 not dare...fair] not. Apem. Dare to imitate...fair Warburton.

2—2
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Tim. A noble spirit!

Ven. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me.

[They sit.]

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.

They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;' but yond
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for't indeed.

_Apem._ Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

_Tim._ I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

_Apem._ I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next

29 man is] man's Steevens (1793).
   ever angry] Rowe. verie angrie F_F. very angry F_3F_4, very anger Steevens conj.
   let] And let Hanmer, ending the previous line at go.
30 for't] for it Hanmer.
32, 33 Let...on't.] Verse in Ff. Prose in Pope.
32 Let] Do, let Capell.
   stay] stay here Keightley. not stay Hudson.
   thine apperil] thy peril Pope. thine own peril Capell.
34—36 I...silent.] Prose in Ff. Three lines, ending Athenian,...have.... silent, in Capell. Three, ending Athenian...power...silent, in Steevens.
34 thou'rt] Capell. Th' art Ff. thou art Steevens.
35 therefore] And therefore Capell.
   power ;] power, Ff. power— Rowe. poor, Johnson conj.
   prithee] but, pry'thee Capell.
37—41 I scorn......too.] Prose in Ff. Pope prints I...see as prose, So... blood, And...too as two lines. Six lines, ending should...number...not!...meat...is..., too, in Capell.
37, 38 'twould...flatter thee] for I...... flatter thee : 'twould choke me Becket conj.
   for...ne'er] 'fore...e'er Warburton.
41 too] to 't Hudson (Warburton conj.).
44 their meat] there meate F_1.
45—49 There's...meats;) Prose in Ff. Five lines, ending that...pledges... draught,...prov'd...drink (omitting at meals), in Pope.
him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes: Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

_Tim._ My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

_Sec. Lord._ Let it flow this way, my good lord.

_Apem._ Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire: This and my food are equals; there's no odds: Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

_Apemantus's Grace._

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,

46 pledges] and pledges Pope.
  breath[ health Gould conj.
47 draught,] Rowe. draught: Ff.
48 him: 't has been proved. If]
  Row.e. him. 'Tas been proved, if
  F₁,F₂,F₃ (been F₃). him. 'T has been
  proved, if F₄.
  If I] Put in a separate line by
  Steevens (1793).
  If I were a huge] Were I a great Pope.
  man,] man now, Capell, reading If...
  fear as one line.
48, 49 I should] 'should S. Walker conj.,
  reading as Steevens.
50, 51 Lest......throats.] Verse first in
  Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Ff.
52 lord, in] love in Anon. ap. Johnson
  conj. After lord Warburton MS.

has 'something dropt out of the
text here.'
in heart[ your health Gould conj.
54—59 Flow...gods.] See note (iv).
56, 57 weak to be a sinner] weak to set's
  afire Staunton conj. (Athen., 1873).
  clear to be a liar Kinnear conj.
  (reading as verse). weak to be a sire
  Gould conj.
57 sinner] fire Collier, ed. 2 (Collier
  MS.). liar Keightley. sigher Bulloch
  conj. (reading as verse).
58 equals] F₁, equall F₂, equal F₃,F₄.
59 too] to F₁,F₂.
60 Apemantus's Grace.] F₄. Apemantus...
  F₂F₃. om. Capell.
SCENE II.  
TIMON OF ATHENS.  

Or a harlot for her weeping,  
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,  
Or a keeper with my freedom,  
Or my friends, if I should need ’em.  
Amen. So fall to ’t:  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.  

[Eats and drinks.  

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!  

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart’s in the field now.  

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.  

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies  
than a dinner of friends.  

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there’s no  
meat like ’em: I could wish my best friend at such a  
feast.  

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies,  
then, that then thou mightst kill ’em and bid me to ’em!  

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my  
lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we  
might express some part of our zeal, we should think  
ourselves for ever perfect.  

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

_Apem._ Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

_Sec. Lord._ Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

_Apem._ Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

_Third Lord._ I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

_Apem._ Much!

_Tim._ What means that trump?

_Enter a Servant._

_How now!_

_Serv._ Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

_Tim._ Ladies! what are their wills?

_Serv._ There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

_Tim._ I pray, let them be admitted.

_Enter Cupid._

_Cup._ Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear, Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

106 like a babe] a like babe Rann. like a babe’s Becket conj.


111, 112 Please...admittance.] Prose in Pope. Two lines, the first ending Ladies, in Ff.

117 ladies] ladies, who are Keightley.

117 Scene vi. Pope.

Enter Cupid.] Capell. Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies. Ff.

117—122 See note (vi).

117 thee, worthy] the worthy Hanmer.

118 best] blest Capell conj.

120 bosom] board Warburton MS.

122 but] last Blair conj.
Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admission:
Music, make their welcome! [Exit Cupid.
First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves, and spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again

123, 124 They're...welcome!] Verse in F_3F_4. Prose in F_1F_2.
123 They're] F_4. They 'r F_1. Their F_2F_3. They are Steevens. welcome] welcome F_1. 'em] them Capell.
[Exit Cupid.] Capell. om. Ff.
125 First Lord.] 1. L. Capell. Luc. Ff. ample] Ff. amply Rowe (ed. 2). you 're] Rowe (ed. 2). y' are F_1. ye are F_2F_3. you are F_4.
126 Music.Re-enter...] Capell, substantially. om. Ff.
126—133 Hoy-day.....eney.] Prose by Hudson.
126, 127 Hoy-day...dance !] Why, hey-day.....dancing! Seymour conj., ending the line at vanity.
126 Hoy-day] As in Pope. In a separate line in Ff. Hoy-day, why Hanmer, ending the line at vanity. Heyday Johnson.
127 They dance!] Steevens. They dance F_1F_2F_3. They dance, F_4. And they dance, Hanmer. And they dance! Capell. They dance (a stage direction). Tyrwhitt conj. Omitted by Rann. they are] These are Rann (Tyrwhitt conj.).
128 life,] After this Warburton marks a line omitted.
129 As......root.] As this pomp shows, take a little oil and root (as stage direction). Staunton conj. After this S. Walker conjectures that a line is lost.
130 oil] soil Gould conj.
132 it] them Kinnear conj.
again] again, Rowe. agen F_1F_2F_3.
agen. F_4.
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves?
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show
their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with
women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.
Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [Aside] More jewels yet! There is no crossing him in 's humour; Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should— When all's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could. 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind, That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [Exit.

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

147, 148 Faith...me.] Two lines of verse, the first ending hold, by Capell.
149, 150 Ladies...yourselves.] As in Ff. Prose in Pope. Two lines, the first ending banquet, in Steevens.
149 is] is within Capell, ending the line at banquet.
151 [Exeunt...] Capell. Exeunt. Ff.
152 Flavius!] Steward, Hudson.
153 lord?] Dyce. Lord. Ff.
154, 155 Yes...humour;] Arranged as in Ff. Prose in Pope. Hanmer reads Yes,..humour, as prose, the rest as verse.
154 jewels yet! There is}jewels! There's Capell, ending the previous line at lord.
155 in 's] in his Capell. in this his Hudson (Ritson conj.).
156 him—well?] Rowe. him well Ff. him all Kinnear conj.
157 an] Capell. and Ff. if Pope.
158 had] has F4.
Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word;
it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [Aside] I scarce know how.
Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp’d in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain’d.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gen-
tleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow
to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace
of greyhounds.

Tim. I’ll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts, and all
out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state

178—180 May it......silver.] As in Ff.
Prose in Pope.
178 Lord] the Lord Capell.
179 to] om. Pope (ed. 2).
180 silver] silver-harness Keightley.
183—186 Please you...greyhounds.] As
four lines of verse by Capell, end-
ing gentleman,....company...you...
grey-hounds.
184 Lord] The lord Capell.
185 your honour] you Capell.
178, 188 I’ll...reward.] As in Hanmer.
Two lines in Ff, the first ending him. Prose in Pope.
188—190 What will...coffer:] As in Ff.
Prose in Pope. Three lines, ending
to?......give......coffer, in Hanmer.
Three lines, ending, to?...gifts,...
coffer, in Steevens.
189 He] Here he Hanmer. He here
Capell, following Hanmer’s arrange-
ment.
all] all the while Ritson conj.
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will re-
ceive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good
words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis
yours, because you liked it.

195—199 That...out!]) Arranged as by
Capell, after Hanmer. Four lines,
ending word:...for' t;...I were...out,
in Ff.
196 that] om. Hudson (Seymour conj.).
now] om. Theobald (ed. 2).
198 gently put] put gently Hudson.
199 Before......forced out!] Omitted in
Hammer.
201 e'en] even Steevens.
202 bleed] do bleed Capell.
202—204 You.......love.] As in Malone.
Three lines, ending wrong.......merits
...love, in Ff. Prose in Pope. Two
lines, ending too much.......love, in
Capell, omitting Here, line 204.
Three lines, ending too much......
Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!
First Lord. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.

What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then
thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon,
I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
what needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.

ACT II.

Scene I. A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum, Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not. If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold: If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon; Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight

249—252 So.....flattery !] As in Ff. Four lines, ending then...thee...be ...
flattery, in Pope. Johnson ends the lines So...then...lock...be...
flattery. Capell, So;...then,...be...
flattery. Steevens, So;...lock... be...flattery. Collier, now;...thee... be...flattery.


Act II. Scene 1.] Rowe. om. Ff. Scene 3. Collier MS.

A Senator's house.] Capell, substantially. A publick Place in the City. Rowe.

with...hand.] Capell. om. Ff.
1 thousand: to] Ff. thousand to Steevens.

7 sell......twenty moe] fell .....me one Bulloch conj.
twenty] Ff. ten Pope. twain Farmer conj. two Singer conj.
moe] F₁. more F₂,F₃,F₄.
9 me] 'em Malone conj.
ACT II. SC. I.  
TIMON OF ATHENS.  

And able horses: no porter at his gate,
10  But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
‘Commend me to your master’—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have snit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

10 And able horses] F₁F₂. An able
   horse F₃F₄. Ten able horse Theobald.
   Ten able horses Haunter. Ay, able
   horses Jackson conj. A stable o'
   horses Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
   Two able horses Singer conj.
   porter] grim porter Hudson (Staunton
   conj.).
   gate] After this Johnson conjectures
   that a line is lost.
11 rather one that] one that rathen Beck-
   ket conj.
12 by] by it Theobald.
13 found...in] Hamner. sound...in Ff.
   found...on Capell. find...in Capell
   conj.
17, 18 when—'Commend' when Command
   F₁, then Command F₂F₃F₄. with—
   Command Rowe.
17 when] though Collier MS.
19 Plays] Playing Hanmer.
   hand, thus: but] Ff. hand,—thus
   but Pope.
   him] F₁. him sirrah F₂F₃F₄. him
   that Keightley conj.
22, 23 reliances...Have] reliance...Has
   Pope.
22 on his] on's S. Walker conj.

3—2
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

_Caph._ I go, sir.

_Sen._ 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

_Caph._

_Sen._ Go. [Execut. 35

**Scene II. A hall in Timon's house.**

_Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand._

*Flavius.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.


'I...you.] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

**Scene II.** Rowe. _om._ Ff. _Act II._

**Scene I.** Collier MS.

A hall...] Timon's Hall. Rowe.

*Flavius,*] Rowe. Steward, Ff (and elsewhere).

2 neither know] know neither F_4.
4 nor resumes] Rowe. _nor resume_ Ff. _and resumes Pope._ no reserve, Hudson (Collier MS.). _no reserves, Collier (ed. 2)._ _nor assumes Grant White conj. nor reserves Kinnear conj._

5, 6 never...kind.] 'Never mind!' Wills to be so unwise: To be so kind! Bulloch conj.

6 _Was to be_] _Was, to be_ Hanmer. _Was made to be_ Heath conj. _Was Long MS._ _Was formed Mason conj._ _Was truly Singer MS._ _Was surely Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money?
Var. Serv. Is’t not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner’s done, we’ll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion

7 done?] Rowe. done, Ff.
hear] here F2.
feel] he feel Keightley.
10 Enter...] Johnson. Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro. Ff.
10—16 Good......lord.] As in Ff. As
verse in Capell, ending line 10 at what.
10 Good even, Varro] Good evening,
Varro Rowe (ed. 2). Good, even Varro Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., Vol.
ix. p. 127).
11 Var. Serv.] Malone. Var. Ff (and
throughout the scene).
13 Isid. Serv.] Malone. Isid. Ff (and
throughout the scene).
17 Enter......] Capell, substantially.
Enter Timon, and his Traine. Ff.
Collier MS. adds ‘as from hunting’.
18 With me? what is] Capell. With
me, what is Ff. Well what’s Pope.
With me? What’s Steevens (1793).
19 [They present their Bills. Rowe.
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly. [Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.

[To Flav.] Come hither: pray you, How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
SCENE II. TIMON OF ATHENS. 39

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is disagreeable to this business:
Your importunity cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

Flav. Pray, draw near.

[Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus:
let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [To the Fool] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus? 65
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?
Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!
Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page. 75
Page. [To the Fool] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?
Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.
Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which. 81
Apem. Canst not read?
Page. No.
Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.
Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.

64, 66, 70, 95, 99 All Serv.] All. Ff. 77 wise] wife F2.
70, 71 Gramercies...mistress?] Prose in Pope. Two lines in Ff. 77, 80 Apemantus] F4. Apermantus F1F2F3.
75, 103 mistress'] mistress's Theobald. 86 thou'l] F4. thou'lt F1F2F3.
76 [To the Fool] Johnson. om. Ff.
Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirtee, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.
Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Servants.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

117, 118 Nor...lack'st.] As in Pope.
Two lines in Ff, the first ending man.

121 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
122, 123 I...philosopher.] Prose in Pope.
Two lines, the first ending brother, in Ff.

124 Pray you...anon.] As in Pope.
Two lines in Ff.
[Exeunt Servants.] Capell. Exeunt.

125 Scene iv. Pope.
me,] Ff. me? Rowe.
128 means?] Capell. means. Ff.
me,] Capell. me? Ff.
129 proposed] proposed F2F3F4. propose F1.
Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late!—yet now's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?
Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend.
Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood, Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices have been oppress’d With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept With drunken spilth of wine, when every room Hath blazed with lights and bray’d with minstrelsy, I have retired me to a wasteful cock, And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord! How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants This night englutted! Who is not Timon's? What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's? Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon! Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise, The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, These flies are couch’d.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass’d my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men’s fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are
crown’d,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter* Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

*Servants.* My lord? my lord?

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lu-
cius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour
to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves;
and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found
time to use ’em toward a supply of money: let the
request be fifty talents.

174 heart] hand S. Walker conj. hands
Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
176 weep?] Pope. wepe, Ff.
the] all Hanmer.
lack] have Keightley.
179 arguments] arguments Rowe.
180 frankly] as frankly Keightley.
181 I can] om. Steevens conj.
185 Mistake...friends.] As in Capell.
One line in Pope, reading *in my*
friends *I’m* wealthy. In Ff *Shall...friends* is printed as three lines,
ending perceive...fortunes...friends.

175
176
179
180
185

Ho Flaminius Pope.
187 Scene v. Pope.
Enter...] Rowe. Enter three Ser-
vants. Ff.
Flaminius,] Flavius, Hudson.
lord? my lord?] Dyce. Lord, my
Lord. Ff. lord, my lord,— Capell.
188—193 I will...talents.] Prose in Ff.
Seven lines of verse in Capell.
192 ’em] them Capell.
Flum. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. [Aside] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,

For that I knew it the most general way,

To them to use your signet and your name,

But they do shake their heads, and I am here

No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature

May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—

And so, intending other serious matters,

After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!

Prithee, man, look cheerily. These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:


Lucullus] lord Lucullus Steevens (1793).

196 [To Flavius. Rowe. To another Serv. Malone (Capell conj.).

senators]senatorsofAthens Steevens conj.

197 health,] F₂ F₄. health; F₁. health?

F₂

199 I have] I've Pope.

205 fall] fault Gould conj.

treasure] Treasure F₁.

207 not—] not—but Hamner. not, but Capell. not what— Dyce (ed. 2).

212 cold-moving] Hyphened by Theobald.

214 Prithee] I pr'ythee Pope.

Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows; 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind; And nature, as it grows again toward earth, Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. [To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.] Prithee, be not sad; Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak, No blame belongs to thee. [To Serv.] Ventidius lately Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd Into a great estate: when he was poor, Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends, I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me; Bid him suppose some good necessity Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd With those five talents. [Exit Serv.] [To Flav.] That had, give 't these fellows To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe; Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

230 Ne'er] New'r Ff.
231 'mong] 'mongst Boswell.
232 I would...think it] Would I could not Pope. I would, I could not Steevens conj. thought is] thought's Steevens conj. I would...foe;] One line in Capell. Two in Ff. foe;] foe? F 4.
ACT III.

Scene I. A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use

Act III. Scene 1. Rowe. om. Ff. A room... Lucullus's House in Athens. Theobald. The City. Rowe. waiting. Enter... waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enter... Ff.

2 to you] to you F2.


9 [Exit Servant.] Capell. om. Ff.


18 who] he Seymour conj.
fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 20

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine. 30

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [To Serv.] Get you gone, sirrah. [Exit Serv.] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.
Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, 
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, 
To him that worships thee! [Throwing back the money.

Lucull. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation, 
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, 
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, 
I feel my master's passion! this slave, 
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment, 
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature 
Which my lord paid for, be of any power 
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! 

[Exit.

47 [Throwing...] Capell. Throwing the money away. Rowe. om. Ff.
51 molten] F. moulten F F muleen F3
55, 56 I...honour,] Arranged as in Pope. One line in Ff.
slave, Unto his honour,] Steevens (1778). Slave unto his Honor, F F3 F4. Slave unto his honour, F. Slave unto his honour F4. slave Unto this hour Pope. slave, Undo his honour, Jackson conj. slave unto his honour Collier MS. slander Unto his honour Dyce conj. slave Unto dishonour Keightley (Staunton conj.).
55 master's passion] master passioning 
Bullock conj. master's passioning
Id. conj. (withdrawn).
this] Why, this Hudson (reading line 56 as Pope, and line 58 as Keightley).
57 turn] come F3 F4.
58 When] In him when Keightley.
59 diseases...upon't] diseases...on't, ending the lines diseases...death...nature S. Walker conj. disease...upon't, ending the lines O...when...nature Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
60, 61 of nature Which my] Of nature my Pope (ending the previous line at part). Of nurture my Hamner.
60 of nature] of's nature Hudson (Daniel conj.). of's nurture Daniel conj.
62 but] or Pope.
SCENE II. A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing; my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.
Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord! 25

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the
SCENE II. TIMON OF ATHENS. 53
gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest affictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?
Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just
of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

undo Heath conj. for a little park,
and undo Johnson conj. for a little port,
and undo Mason conj. and for a little part, undo Jackson conj. for a little sport, and Bailey conj. for a little pomp, and Kinnear conj.

[Exit...] Johnson. After line 58 in Ff.

62 Do you observe] Observe you Steevens conj.

this this now Hanmer.

Ay] Ay, ay Hanmer.

63—67 Why...purse;] Arranged as by Capell. Six lines, ending soule,... peace...friend...knowing...father,... purse: in Ff. See note (ix).

63, 64 soul.....spirit] Theobald. soul...sport Ff. soul...coat Warburton conj. (withdrawn). sport...soul Steevens, 1773 (Upton conj.). soul...port Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran.
For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.]
Scene III. A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him:

Collier MS.
A room...] Capell.
Enter...] Capell. Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another
of Timons Friends. Ff.
1—24 Must...return,] As prose in Hudson.
1 Must...others?] As in Steevens. Two
lines, the first ending Hum, in Ff.
in 't,—hum!—'bove] in 't? Hum:
'Bove F₂F₃F₄ (Bove F₂). in 't Humb.
'Bove F₄. in 't? 'bove Pope. in 't?
Hum! Above Johnson.
4 these] three Rowe (ed. 2). these three
Pope. of these or these men or these
lords Anon. conj.
5 Owe] F₂F₃F₄. Owe F₁.
5—7 My...him.] As in Steevens (1778),
following Capell. Line 6 ends at
mettle, in Ff.
5 My lord] Oh my lord Pope.
6 They have] They've Pope.
and found] F₁. and all are found
F₂F₃F₄.
6, 7 for...him.] Arranged as by Capell.
One line in Ff.
7 have they] om. Pope.
8 Has......denied] Ventidius and Lu-
cullus both deny'd Pope. Has Lucul-
lus and Ventidius denied Keightley.
Lucius, Ventidius,...denied Lloyd
conj. See note (x).
9—11 Keightley ends the lines shows
...Must 1...physicians.
10 him:] him. What! S. Walker conj.,
ending lines 9—12 at shows...What!
...like...take...upon me?, and omit-
ting Thrive.
Must be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me? Has much disgraced me in't; I'm angry at him, That might have known my place: I see no sense for't, But his occasions might have woo'd me first; For, in my conscience, I was the first man That e'er received gift from him: And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove an argument of laughter To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool. I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum, Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake; I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return, And with their faint reply this answer join; Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [Exit. Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.

11, 12 refuge...give] refuge then? His friends, Like thriv'd physicians, give Capell, ending the lines friends...

His...give] Three friends, like physicians, Give Lloyd conj., ending lines 9, 10 at shows...I.


12 Thrive, give him over:] F₁. That thriv'd, give him over. F₂ F₃ F₄. Three give him over? Pope. Thriv'd, give him over? Theobald. Tried give him over, Hamner. Shriv'd give him over: Tyrwhitt conj. Thrice give him over: Knight (Johnson conj.). Have given him over; Mitford conj. Fee'd give him over: Anon. conj. must] and must Hamner.

upon] On Pope, ending lines 12, 13 at cure...angry.

13 Has] H'as Rowe. He has Steevens.
The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by t: and I cannot think but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit.

Scene iv. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

As nine lines of verse in Capell, ending lordship's...what...politick;... think,...man...strives...copies to...hot...fire.

28 knew not] knew Johnson conj.
29 politic] so politic Capell.
crossed] crossed not Kinnear conj.
29, 30 and...but] but then Seymour conj.
30 villanies] policy Hanmer.
clear] dear Becket conj.
32 wicked] wicked by Capell.
hot ardent] hot And ardent Capell.
34 Of.....love.] As verse first by Johnson. Prose in Ff.
35 best] last Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
36 only the gods] the gods only Pope.
38 Many] For many Staunton conj. (Athen., 1873).
39 After this Keightley marks an omission.

Scene 3. Collier MS.
A hall...] Timon's Hall. Rowe.
Enter......] Malone, after Capell.
Enter Varro's man, meeting others.
All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius. Ff.
TIMON OF ATHENS.  
ACT III.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.  

Lucius!  

Hor.  

What, do we meet together?  

Luc. Serv.  

Ay, and I think  

One business does command us all; for mine  

Is money.  

Tit. So is theirs and ours.  

Enter Philotus.  

Luc. Serv.  

And Sir Philotus too!  

Phi. Good day at once.  

Luc. Serv.  

Welcome, good brother.  

Lucius...money.] As in Capell.  

Prose in Ff.  


Luc. Serv.] Malone. Luc. or Luci. Ff (and elsewhere).  

Ay, and] om. Pope, reading I...all as one line. And Johnson.  

5—7 Is...brother.] Two lines in Capell, the first ending sir.  


7, 8 Welcome,...hour?] As in Ff. One line in Pope.  

8 do you] Ff. & you Pope.  

10 on't] om. Pope.  

11 but] but now Hanmer. wax'd] waxed Pope.  

12 that a] That such a Hanmer, ending lines 10—12 wont...days...consider. prodigal] prodigal's Theobald.  

13, 14 Is...fear] Two lines, ending sun's...fear, S. Walker conj. recoverable. I fear] Johnson. recoverable, I feare: Ff, reading Is...fear as one line.  

I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

_Phi._ I am of your fear for that.

_Tit._ I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

_Hor._ Most true, he does.

_Tit._ And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

_Hor._ It is against my heart.

_Luc. Serv._ Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

_Hor._ I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

_First Var. Serv._ Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
what's yours?

_Luc. Serv._ Five thousand mine.

_First Var. Serv._ 'Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;

---

15—17 'Tis...little.] As in Pope. Prose
in Ff. Johnson puts That is in a
separate line.
15 winter] water Gould conj.
21 I] you Singer, ed. 1 (Theobald conj.).
22 It is] om. Pope, ending lines 21—25
heart...pay...lord...'em.
26 I'm...witness:] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.

I'm] I am Rowe (ed. 2).
28 And now ingratitude] Ingratitude
now Pope.
29 First Var. Serv.] 1. V. Capell.
Yes...yours?] One line in Pope.
Two in Ff.
31 First Var. Serv.] 1. V. Capell. Var.
Ff (and elsewhere).
much] too much Pope. much too
Hanmer.
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent.

[Exit. 40

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills, When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

33 his] mine Johnson conj. this Jackson conj.
35, 36 Flaminius...forth?] Prose in Ff. Verse in Pope, the first line ending lord.
39, 40 I need......diligent.] Prose in Ff. Verse in Hamner.
41 Enter Flavius...] Enter Steward... Ff.
sir,—] Rowe. sir. Ff.
45 ye] you F, friends Dyce.
46 Ay,] Put in a separate line by Capell. om. F,
48—54 'Twere sure......quietly:] Capell ends the lines not...eat...fawn... interest...wrong,...quietly. Keightley follows Capell, except that he ends line 53 at yourselves.
50 eat] ate Singer (ed. 2).
SCENE IV.  

TIMON OF ATHENS.  

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,  
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.  
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;  
Let me pass quietly:  
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't

---

51 could] F_4, would F_2F_3F_4.
52 into] in Pope.
54 F_4. If 't F_1. If t F_2F_3.
'twill not serve] 'twill not Steevens (1793), ending lines 57, 58 at not... knaves.
59 [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff.
How? How's that? What says he? Capell, reading lines 59—65 as verse, ending does...poor,...broader,...in?
...buildings.
63 broader] bolder Gould conj.
65 rail] have leave to rail Capell.
66—72 O, here's...chamber.] Prose in Ff. Seven lines of verse in Capell. Pope reads lines 66—70 O...soul, as prose; the rest as three lines of verse.
66 know] have Rowe.
68 to repair] But to repair Capell.
69 derive much] much Derive Steevens (1793), arranging as verse.
from't] from it Pope.
69, 70 take't of] take it of Pope. take it o' Capell. take it on Steevens.
of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

_Luc. Serv._ Many do keep their chambers are not sick: And if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

_Ser._ Good gods!

_Tit._ We cannot take this for answer, sir.

_Flam._ [Within] Servilius, help! My lord!' my lord!

_Enter Timon, in a rage; Flamininius following._

_Tim._ What, are my doors opposed against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

_Luc. Serv._ Put in now, Titus.

_Tit._ My lord, here is my bill.

_Luc. Serv._ Here's mine.

_Hor._ And mine, my lord.

_Both Var. Serv._ And ours, my lord.

_Phi._ All our bills.

71 _he's_] _F^1,F^2,F^3,F^4_ _hes_ _F^2_. _He is Pope._
73 _do_] _who_ _Hutchesson conj. MS._
74 _And if_] _An if_ _Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
   _it_ _he_ _Rowe (ed. 2)._  
77 _answer, sir_] _an answer_ _Rowe. an
   _answer, sir_ _Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
79 _Scene v._ _Pope._
   _in a rage_] _Ff._ _om. Capell._
   _Flamininius following_] _Capell. om._
   _Ff._
81 _enemy_] _Pope._ _Enemy? Ff.
   _gaol_] _F^4_. _Gaole_ _F^1_. _goale_ _F^2_. _goal _
   _F^3_._
84—99 _Put in...My lord,—]_ _Verse in Capell._
85 _here is_] _here's_ _F^4_.
87 _Hor._ _Capell._ _1. Var. F^1,F^2._ _1.
   _Varro. F^3,F^4._ _Hor. Serv. Malone._
88 _Both Var. Serv._ _Malone._ _2. Var._
   _F^1,F^2,F^3._ _2. Varro. F^4._ _Cap. Rowe._
   _Var*. Capell._
89 _All_] _And_ _Rowe (ed. 2)._
SCENE IV. 
TIMON OF ATHENS. 

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours?—and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit. 101

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care;
Go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.]
Scene V. The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

15—20 Of...foe:] Five lines in Keightley, ending fact...which...fury...reputation...foe.
18 fair] free Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
19 touch'd] Touched Keightley.
21 with...passion] in...fashion Bailey conj.

and unnoted] and innated Becket conj. undenoted Jackson conj. and unwonted Anon. conj.
22 behave...spent] behold his adversary shent Johnson conj. behave, ere was his anger spent Steevens conj. behave; his anger was, 'ere spent Becket conj.

behave his] Rowe. behooue his Ff. behave in's Hamner. behave, his Steevens (1773). behave his Malone conj. behood his Singer, ed. 2 (Jackson conj.). reprove his Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). become his Kinnear conj.
23 proved] mov'd Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
26 if] F₁ om. F₂F₃F₄.
27—30 To bring...born:] Five lines, ending set...which...came...factions...born, S. Walker conj.

quarrelling] This over-readiness in quarrelling Anon. conj.
29 came] come Wray conj.
30 were] were but Pope.
32, 33 The...carelessly,] Two lines in Pope. Three, ending breath,...outsides,...carelessly, in Ff.

make...to wear] take his wrongs To wear Anon. conj., omitting His outsides.
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,  
And ne’er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.  
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,  
What folly ’tis to hazard life for ill!  

_Alcib._ My lord,—  
_First Sen._ You cannot make gross sins look clear:  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.  

_Alcib._ My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain.  
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon’t,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? If there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why then women are more valiant  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon  
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

33 outsides, to wear them] outside-wear;  
  hang Warburton.  
  to wear] wear Pope.  
34 prefer] refer Wray conj.  
  to his] to’s S. Walker conj.  
37 ill?] ill? Pope.  Ill. Ff.  
38 lord,—] lord !— Rowe.  Lord. Ff.  
39 To...bear.] It is not valour to revenge,  
  but bear. Pope.  
  To revenge] For vengeance Wray conj.  
  no] not Collier MS.  
  valour] true valour Anon. conj.  
43 threats] threatnings Pope. treatments Anon. conj. insults Hudson conj.  
  sleep upon’r] nay, sleep upon’t Capell.  

PELL. sleep upon it Steevens. and sleep upon’t Long MS.  
44 the] their Long MS.  
45 repugnancy] repugnance S. Walker conj., reading Without......valour as 
  one line.  
  If there be] If there be then Keightley.  
  If] but if Pope. Or, if Capell. An  
  if Anon. conj. If that Anon. conj.  
46 the bearing] bearing S. Walker conj., 
  reading In bearing...abroad as one 
  line.  
47 then] then sure Pope. then, the  
  Johnson conj.  
49—51 And...lords,] See note (xiii).
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! His service done
At Lacedaemon and Byzantium  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!  

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;  
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin  
That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner:  
If there were no foes, that were enough

55 mercy.] Mercy F4. mercy! Delius.  
most] made Warburton.  
59 breathe] breath Ff. preach Edd.  
conj.  
59, 60 His......Byzantium] As in Pope.  
One line in Ff.  
62 I say,.....has] I say my lords h'as Pope.  
Why say my Lords ha's F1.  
Why I say my Lords ha's F2,F3.  
Why, I say my Lords has F4.  Why,  
I say, my lords, he has Capell.  Why,  
I say, my lords, has Dyce. I say,  
my lords, he has Edd. (Globe Ed.).  
63 And slain in fight] And slain in battle Pope.  
slain In battle Hamner,  
ending line 62 at slain.  
66 made] made murder Anon. conj.  
66, 67 with 'em; He's a] with em Hes a F2.  
with em He's a F3. with 'em,  
He's a F4. with him: He's a F4.  
with 'em, he Is a Hamner. with 'em,  
he's A Malone. with 'em here. He's a  
S. Walker conj. with himself;  
He's a Keightley.  
67 sworn] swoln Warburton.  
he has] h'as Steevens (1793).  
67, 68 Divided as in Ff. Malone ends  
line 67 at often.  
68 That often] Oft' Hamner.  
and takes his] and takes Pope. takes  
his Capell.  
69 If there were...enough] Were there...  
enough alone Pope. And, if there were...enough Capell. Were there...  
itself enough Collier MS. That if  
there were......enough Long MS.  
If there were no more foes, that were  
enough Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).  
If there were no other foes, that were  
enough Keightley.  
foes] moe foes or foes else Anon.  
conj.
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferred to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;

[Notes and marginalia]

76 time] life Gould conj.
78 'em] them Steevens (1793).
79—81 And...returns.] As in Capell.
The lines end Security,......you......returns, in Ff. Pope ends them love...victories...returns. S. Walker ends them know...security...you...return.
79 And, for I know your] Capell. And for I know, your Ff.
80 all] om. Pope.
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.
First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you
may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate

97 in few] F_1. few F_2F_3F_4. few in
Rann (Johnson conj.).
98, 99 Banish...usury,] As in F_1F_2F_3.
One line in F_4.
101 contain] contains Rowe.
102 Attend...spirit,] One line in Capell.
Two in Ff.
102, 103 And...presently.] And note, to
swell your spirit, He... or And, but
to swell your spirit, He... Theobald
conj. 2. Sen. And, (not to swell
our spirit) he shall then Be executed
presently. Hamner. And, (now to
swell your spirit,) He shall... War-
burton. And, not to swell your
spirit, He... Capell. And, not to
swell our spirit, He... Becket conj.
And, to show well our spirit, He...
Anon. conj. And, to quell your
spirit, He... Hudson.
102 swell] quell Singer conj. vail Kin-
ear conj.
103 [Exeunt...] Exeunt Senate. Capell.
Exeunt. Ff.
104 Now...live] As in Steevens. Two
lines, the first ending enough, in
Ff.
Now the] om. Pope.
105 in bone] at home or in doors Staun-
ton conj. in bed Ingleby conj.
alone Hudson conj.
or] upon Keightley conj.
106 I'm] I am Capell.
SCENE V. TIMON OF ATHENS.

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment! It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd; It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury, That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds; Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. 

[Exit.

Scene VI. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out; Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an

111 Banishment! ] Banishment. F₁. ha

115 lay for hearts] say,—Forth hearts! Jackson conj.
lay] play Johnson conj.

116 most lands] most hands Warburton.
most lords Malone conj. my stains Mason conj. most bands Becket conj. most bands Jackson conj.
be] beat Jackson conj.

117 should brook as little] as little should brook Pope.

Scene VI.] Capell. Scene IV. Rowe. 
Scene VII. Pope. Act III. Scene

1. Collier MS.
A banqueting-room......] Timon's House. Rowe. State-Room... Capell.
Music...doors.] Capell, substantially. Enter divers Friends at several doors. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'to Timons banckett.' Enter divers Senators at several doors. Rowe.


4 tiring] stirring Jackson conj.
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

10 many my] my many Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
24 me, sir,—] me for— S. Walker conj.
First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger. 
Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you. 
Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—
Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer? 
Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar. 
Tim. Think not on 't, sir. 
Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before— 45
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. 

[The banquet brought in.] Come, bring in all together. 
Sec. Lord. All covered dishes! 
First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you. 
Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it. 
First Lord. How do you? What's the news? 
Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it? 
First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished! 
Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it. 55
First Lord. How? how? 
Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what? 
Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

th' Trumpets Ff. harshly as o' the Trumpets Rowe. harshly as on the trumpets Pope. harshly, as o' the trumpets Capell. harshly, as o' the trumpets Steevens (1793). harshly. The trumpets S. Walker conj. harshly. O, the trumpets Dyce, ed. 2 (Grant White conj.). 
harshly] sparingly Anon. conj. 
39 lord,—] Hanmer. Lord. Ff. 
41 My most] Most Pope (ed. 2). I am] I'm Rowe. 
42 this other] F¡. the other F2F3F4. t' other Rowe. 
45 before—] Rowe. before. Ff. 
47 [The banquet brought in.] Ff, after line 40. Transferred by Dyce and Staunton. Goes toward the table. Capell. 
To the Servants. Collier MS. 
53 hear...it?] here...it. Ff. 
54 First and Sec. Lords.] Both. Ff.
Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable
for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. [Throwing the water in their faces.]

Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity!

[Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day,
and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see
my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.
First Lord. Let's make no stay.
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I. Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent! Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! To general filths Convert o' the instant, green virginity! Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal! Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed! Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen, Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades, Degrees, observances, customs and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth, That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bans! Timon will to the woods, where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—

13 o' the] 'th' Hanmer.  at the Keightley.  
Son] Some F.1.
14 lined] lean'd Keightley.
15 With...brains!] And with it beat his brains out. Pope. Piety and fear] Fear and piety Pope. Pity and fear Staunton conj. (Athen. 1873).
21 let] Hanmer.  yet Ff.
33 detestable town] town detestable Hanmer.  
Casting away his Clothes. Collier MS.  Casting away his garments. Collier (ed. 2).
34 [Throwing away his raiment. Delius conj. Plucking out his hair. Ingleby conj.
36 more] much F.4.  
37 you] ye Pope (ed. 2).
SCENE I. TIMON OF ATHENS.

The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen.

SCENE II. Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,

41 Amen.] om. Pope.
Scene II.] Rowe. Scene 3. Collier MS.
Athens...] Timon's House. Rowe.
1 master steward] M. Steward F1. good master steward Pope.
2 undone? cast off?] Capell. undone, cast off. Ff.
4 me] it Hamner. om. Capell.
5—8 I am...backs] S. Walker would end the lines noble...friend...go...
With his disease of all-shunn’d poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin’d house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon’s livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak’d is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav.  Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I’ll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon’s sake
Let’s yet be fellows; let’s shake our heads, and say,
As ’twere a knell unto our master’s fortunes,
‘We have seen better days.’ Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock’d with glory? or to live

14  all-shunn’d] Hyphened in Pope.
15  like] likes Ff.
18  still[ om. Pope.
20  dying] sinking Keightley conj.
22  this] the Rowe (ed. 2).
air] care Bailey conj.
25  let’s shake] shake Pope.
heads] hands Gould conj.
27  [Giving them money. Collier (ed. 2).
(Money) Collier MS.
29  [Servants……] Embrace and part several ways. Ff. He gives them
mony, they embrace... Pope. Em-
brace, and Exeunt Servants. Capell.
30  fierce] first Theobald (ed. 2).
33—35  Who……have] Who would be
mock’d with glory, or so live But in
a dream of friendship, as to have
Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1890),
reading as two lines.
or to] as to Rowe. and so or so to
Grant White conj. (withdrawn). or
would Keightley. or so Staunton.
33,34,36  glory?...friendship?...friends?] Capell. Glory,......Friendship,......
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

Friends: Ff. Glory,...Friendship?...Friends: Rowe. glory,...friend-
ship?...friends? Pope (ed. 1).
34, 35 friendship? To have his] friendship?
and to have His Singer (ed. 2).
friendship? and revive To have his Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
friendship? and survive To have his Keightley. S. Walker conjectures
that something is lost after friendship? friendship? who survive To
have his Hudson.
35 what state compounds] state comprehends Collier, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
that state compounds Grant White
conj. what state comprehends Keightley. whatever state comprehends
Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1890).

36 varnish'd] vanish'd Pope. banish'd Singer conj.
38 unusual blood,] unusual mood, John-
son conj. unequal blood, Becket
conj. unusual !—'s blood! Jackson
conj.
40 again] Rowe. agen Ff.
41 does] F_4 do F_4 do F_x
doe F_x
44 Alas] 'Las S. Walker conj.
45 ingrateful] ingratefull F_1F_2 un-
grateful F_2 Eq
46, 47 Of monstrous...it.] As in Pope.
Three lines in Ff, ending Friends:...
life,...it.
46 has] his F_x.
48 follow] follow after Hanmer.
out:] out, and then Keightley.
ScENE III. Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infest the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny't that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares, 
In purity of manhood stand upright, 
And say 'This man's a flatterer'? if one be, 
So are they all; for every grise of fortune 
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate 
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique; 
There's nothing level in our cursed natures 
But direct villany. Therefore be abhor'r'd 
All feasts, societies and throngs of men! 
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains: 
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate 
With thy most operant poison! What is here? 
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods, 
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens! 
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair, 
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.


13 The...lean] F3F4. The...leane F1. The...leane F2. 'Tis...leave Johnson conj. The gaunt that makes him leave Farmer conj. Johnson supposes that a line is lost. 

want] waste Orger conj. (retaining brother's).
Who dares,] Theobald. who dares? Ff.


16 grise] grize Ff. greeze Pope. grade Wray conj.

18 all is oblique] Pope. All's oblique F1. All's obliquy F2F3. All's obliquy F1. all's obliquy Rowe. all, all's oblique Lettsom conj.

20 Therefore] Then Pope.


25 findes gold. Collier MS.

26—29 Gold...valiant.] As in Hanmer. Five lines, ending precious Gold?... Votarist,... make... right;... valiant, in Ff.


29 right,] right; guilt, innocence; (or guilty, innocent;) Keightley conj.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men’s pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen’d widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put’st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [March afar off.] Ha! a drum?
Thou’rt quick,
But yet I’ll bury thee: thou’lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

30 Ha,] om. Pope.  
32 stout] sick Hamner.  
   their] F1 the F2 F3 F4.
   Thieves. F4.
37 this is it] this, this is it Hamner.  
   why, this it is Hudson (Steevens conj.).
38 wappen’d] F1 F2 wapen’d F3 F4.  
   waped Hamner (Warburton). wained  
   Johnson conj. wapper’d Singer, ed.  
   2 (Malone conj.). Wapping Anon.  
   weeping Steevens conj. vapid Seymour conj.  
   woe-pin’d Staunton conj.  

(Athen., 1873).  
   wed] wod Mason conj.  
39 She] Her Hamner.  
39, 40 whom...at] whose ulcerous sores the spital-house Would...at or at whose ulcerous sores the spital-house Would...up Steevens conj.
40 at, this] Pope. at. This Ff. at; this Rowe.
41 damned] Rowe (ed. 2). damn’d Ff.
42 put’st] put’tst Pope. puttes F1 F2.  
   puts F3 F4. puttest Rowe.
44 Do...quick,] One line in Pope. Two  
   in Ff.  
45 thou’lt] F1 thou’rt F2 F3 F4.  
47 [Keeping some gold.] Pope. om.  
   Ff.
Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,  
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,  
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.  
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee  
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?  
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee? 70
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world Voiced so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee; Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust. Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth To the tub-fast and the diet.

68 were] were now Pope (ed. 2).
69—75 Noble...man!] Prose in Ff.

Eight lines of verse in Capell, ending the lines Timon...thee?...this, ...Timon?...If...for...and...man! Steevens ends them Timon...,to...
Timon?...If...for...thee,...man!
70 but to] but this, To Capell.
73 not promise] but promise Staunton conj.
74 perform] promise, and Perform Capell.
76 I have] I've Pope.
78 then] thine Malone conj.
81—84 Art thou.....lusty] Three lines, ending still!...diseases,...lusty, S. Walker conj.
83—87 Be...diet.] Verse first in Pope. Prose in Ff.
84 Give...lust.] Leaving with thee their lust. Give them diseases; Grant White (Johnson conj.).
86 bring] bring me Capell conj.
86,87 rose-clock'd.....tub-fast] the rose-clock'd youth, Th' fab, to th' fast Theobald conj.
rose-cheeked youth To the] Malone. Rose-cheeked youth to the F, Rosecheck youth to the F,F; Rose-clock'd Youth to the F, the rose-clock'd youth To th' Pope. rose-check'd youth to The Dyce.
SCENE III. TIMON OF ATHENS.

Timon. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains

89 calamities] calamites F2.
90 I have] I have had Collier, ed. 2
(Collier MS.).
92 have[ om. Rowe.
93 Athens.] Athens is Hanmer.
95 trod upon] had trod on Hanmer.
them—] Rowe. them. Ff.
98 trouble F] Rowe. trouble, Ff.
99 I had] I'ad Pope.
100 Here is some] Here's Pope.
(offer it) Collier MS.
Keep it] Keep't Steevens (1793).
heap—] Rowe (ed. 2). heape. or heap. Ff.
102—106 Ay......country.] Hudson (S.
Walker conj.) ends the lines them
...when...killing...country.
103 all] all then Pope. om. Capell,
ending the line at and.
in thy] i' thy Steevens (1793), end-
ing the lines and...Timon?...That,
...conquer...country.
104 thee after,...conquer'd] after, thee....
conquered Pope.
That] For that Keightley.
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vice'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

_Alcib._ Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,

Not all thy counsel.

_Tim._ Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

_Phr. and Timan._ Give us some gold, good Timon:
hast thou more?

_Tim._ Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs

---

129, 130 Hast...counsel.] As in Capell.
Verse first in Pope, the first line ending yet? Prose in Ff.
130 all] om. Pope.
132, 148, 166 Phr. and Timan.] Steevens.
135 you are] you're Pope.
143—146 And be...still.] As in Capell. In Ff the lines end months...thatch...dead,...matter:...still. Seven lines in Johnson, ending turncoats...contrary...thatch...&c.
143 turncoats] turncocks Johnson conj.
pains, six months,] pain-sick months Becket conj. pale-sick months Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q. 1888),
six months] six months F 2 exterior Hanmer. six months thence Keightley.
144 six months, Be quite contrary] within Six months, requite you contrary Kinnear conj., ending the lines within...thatch...dead...hang'd.
144 contrary] contraried Johnson conj.
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd, 145
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe't that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There's more gold:

145 burdens] Johnson. burthens Ff.
146 whore] and whore on Pope.
147 horse] mouse Gould conj.
149 Believe't] Believe Rowe.
150 sow] slow Hutchesson conj. MS.
151, 152 man...men's] men...their Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
151 shins] chines Staunton conj. (Athen. 1873).
152 spurring] springing Hanmer. springing Long MS. springing Seymour conj. springing Staunton conj. (Athen., 1873).
154 hoar the flamen] scald the hour flamen Dodd conj.
155 scolds] Rowe. scold'st Ff.
158, 159 to foresee, Smells from] not foresee, Smells for Capell.
159 bald] Quite bald Hanmer, ending lines 159, 160 ruffians...of.
161 all] all of them Keightley. all; plague all Anon. conj.
162 your] you F4.
163 (Throwe money) Collier MS. Throwing it. Collier (ed. 2).
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timon. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given
you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell,
Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[Digging.
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,

166—169 More...again.] Verse in Pope.
Prose in Ff.

167 I have] I've Pope.
171 did thee] did the F.
173, 174 Men...thee.] As in Dyce. In
Ff the first line ends away. In
Delius, find it.

173 it] it such Steevens. it so Keight-
ley.

Get thee away] Get thee hence away
Pope, ending the line as Ff. Get
thee hence. Away Johnson. Hence;
Get thee away Capell, ending the

line at Hence.

174 Strike] Put in a separate line by
Steevens (1793).


Exeunt...] Theobald. Exeunt. Ff.

Scene v. Pope.

176 [Digging.] Johnson, before line
175. om. Ff.

178 whose] oh thou! whose Pope. thou,
whose Staunton conj. (Athen. 1873).

mettle, forming mettle, Keightley.

mettle, that S. Walker conj.
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou’lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: ’tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have’t. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I’d throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think’st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss’d trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point’st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste, To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures Whose naked natures live in all the spite Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks, To the conflicting elements exposed, Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee; O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete,

231 find—] Rowe. finde. F₁F₂. find. F₃F₄.
232, 268, 279 thee] the F₄.
232 e'er] Rowe. ere Ff.

235 To] Only to Hanmer.

237 a knave too?] a knave thou! Hanmer. and know't too? Warburton conj.

238 sour-cold] Hyphened by Steevens (1793).

before] before it Hanmer.
The other at high wish: best state, contentless, 244
Hath a distracted and most wretched being, 245
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:

244, 245 state... Hath] states... Have Pope.
250 but bred] bred but Hamner.
252 The] Through Rowe.
253 drugs] F_4_, drugges F_1F_2_, druggs F_3_, drudges Delius (Mason conj.).
      drugs Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
      drags Capell conj. MS.
254 command] Rowe. command'et Ff.
257 follow'd] Capell. followed Ff.
258 sugar'd] Pope. Sugred F_1F_2F_3_.
      Sugared F_4_.
260 and hearts] F_1F_2_. the hearts F_3F_4_.
261 employment] F_1_. employments F_2F_3F_4_. Here Keightley marks a line omitted.
262 me] F_1_. the F_2_. thee F_3F_4_.
263, 264 have... Fell... and] yet... Fall'n... have Hamner. and... Fell... and Capell. and... Fall'n... have Capell (correction in Notes).
264 Fell] Fall'n Rowe.
      open, bare] open, bare, F_1_. open bare, F_2F_3F_4_.
266 some] some F_2_. burden] Johnson. burthen Ff.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter’d thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

_Apem._ Art thou proud yet?
_Tim._ Ay, that I am not thee.
_Apem._ I, that I was

No prodigal.
_Tim._ I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I’ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it.

_Apem._ Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering a root.

_Tim._ First mend my company; take away thyself.
_Apem._ So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

_Tim._ ’Tis not well mended so, it is but botch’d;
If not, I would it were.
Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best and truest; For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.
Apem. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast

317 nearest; but men,] Rowe. nearest, but men Ff.
322 and] or Pope. beasts f] Rowe (ed. 2). Beasts. Ff.
325 t' attain] to attain Theobald (ed. 2).
couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

341 that seest] and seest Rowe.
342 transformation.] Pope (ed. 2).
343—345 If...beasts.] Prose in Pope. Five lines, ending me...might'st...here...become...beasts, in Ff.
347 city?] Rowe (ed. 2). Citie. Ff.
348—354 Yonder...Apemantus.] Prose in Pope and Theobald. Nine irregular lines in Ff.
348 Yonder...painter?] Omitted by Pope, who transfers Apem. The plague...Apemantus (348—354) to follow line 395. Yonder comes a parcel of soldiers; Hudson.
355—359 Thou...speak'st.] As in Pope. Ten lines in Ff.
357 A...thee?] Given to Timon by Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). 360, 361 If...hands.] Arranged as by Capell. Two lines, the first ending beate thee; in Ff. Prose in Theobald.
360 If I name thee.] Omitted by Pope. thee.] thee.—Theobald. thee, Ff.
361 I'll] I'd Hanmer.
ACT IV.  

TIMON OF ATHENS.  

Anem. I would my tongue could rot them off!  

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!  

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;  

I swoon to see thee.  

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!  

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.  

[Throws a stone at him.  

Apem. Beast!  

Tim. Slave!  

Apem. Toad!  

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!  

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought  

But even the mere necessities upon't.  

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;  

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat  

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,  

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.  

[To the gold] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,  

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

362 I...off!] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.  

363—365 Away...thee.] As in Rowe. The lines end dog...me...thee, in Ff.  

365 swoon] Pope. swoond F_1 F_2 swoond F_3 F_4.  

366—372 Would...rogue?] As in Ff. Three lines, ending burst...sorry I ...rogue! in Hanmer. Capell ends the lines Away!...lose...rogue!  

366 Would] I would Hanmer.  

368 [Throws...] Throwing at him. Capell. om. Ff.  

372 Rogue, rogue, rogue!] Rogue! Han-mer. [Apemantus retreats backward, as going. Theobald.  

374 But] Not Kinne] conj. even...upon't] even...upon it Pope.  

378 me] thee Johnson.  


381 Hymen's] Himeus F_2.  

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That sold'rest close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [Exit Apemantus.] I am quit.

Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape, Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

---

416 a hundred] F1F2 an hundred F3 F4
417 mast] masts Rowe (ed. 2).
hips] heps F1
426 Rascal thieves] Rascals, thieves Pope.
427 Throwing some. Collier MS.
428 froth] broth Pope.
431 Moe] More F4
432, 433 do 't, Like workmen.] do 't, Like workmen; Pope. doo 't. Likeworkmen, F3F4 do 't, Like workmen, F3F4
435 vast] daste F2 (Long's copy). chaste Long MS.
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my pro-
fession by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is
no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[Exeunt Banditti.]
Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time’s guise,
When man was wish’d to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I
love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

---

474 Then.......thee.] As in Capell. Two
lines in Ff.
grant'st...I] Capell, and Southern
MS. grant'st, th' art a man. I F1.
grant'st th' art a man, I F2 F3 F4.
grantest that thou art a man I Pope
(ending the line at man). grant'st
thou'rt man, I Steevens (1793).
I have] I've Capell.

475 An...yours] An honest servant Pope.

476 Then] Nay, then Capell, ending the
lines at then...man...knaves. Steevens
(1793) reads Then, but follows
Capell's arrangement.

me, I; all] Steevens (1778). me, I
all, F1 F3 F4. me, I, all F1. me, all
Pope. me; ay, all Delius.

478 I kept] that I kept Capell.

So true, so just, and now so comfortable? 
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. 
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man 
Was born of woman. 
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, 
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim 
One honest man—mistake me not—but one; 
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward. 
How fain would I have hated all mankind! 
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee, 
I fell with curses. 
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise; 
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 
Thou mightst have sooner got another service: 
For many so arrive at second masters, 
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true— 
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure— 
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, 
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts, 
Expecting in return twenty for one?

492 dangerous...mild] nature danger- 
ous-wild Becket conj. dolorous 
nature wild Jackson conj. 
mild] Hanmer (Thirlby conj.). 
496 You] om. Pope. 
perpetual-sober] Hyphened by Han-
mer. 
497, 498 One...steward.] S. Walker would 
end the lines man:—...pray,—... stewed. 
498 pray] say Hudson (Lettsom conj.). 
pray...steward] say...steward too 
Hammer. pray you,—and he is a 
steward Capell. 
508, 509 subtle...as] subtle-covetous? is 
't not A usuring kindness, as Kin-
near conj., ending line 508 at not. 
509 If not a] Is't not a Rowe. A Pope. 
An Hanmer. Is it not a Keight-
ley, ending the line at men. 
kindness] om. Seymour conj. 
and] om. Pope. 
rich.....gifts] gifts That rich men 
deal Anon. conj. 
gifts] Gifts to catch gifts S. Walker 
conj., ending the lines deal......re-
turn. 
510 in return twenty] twenty in return Hudson.
Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav.
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.
Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having. 16

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

[Timon comes from his cave, behind.]

Tim. [Aside] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulence. 34

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.  

[Coming forward.]
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Poet. Sir,

Hearing you were retired, your friends fall’n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see’t the better: You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself

Have travailed in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men. 75
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.
Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

71 Most...you?] One line in Pope. Two
in Ff.
73, 74 What...gold.;] Two lines in Pope.
Four in Ff.
74 Ye're] Dyce. Y'are Ff. You're Capell. You are Steevens.
ye've] Dyce. Y'have Ff. You've Rowe. You have Steevens.
75 I am] I'm Pope.

ye're] Dyce. y' are Ff. you're Capell. you are Steevens.
77 nor] and Capell.
79 thou'rt] Rowe. th'art F1,F2, th'art F3,F4. thou art Steevens.
81 [To the Poet. Hanmer.
84 honest-natural] Hyphened by Rowe.
86 'tis] om. Pope.
Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:

91 never] Ff. ne'er Pope. 104 You...company:] One line in Pope.
93 Ay,...dissemble,] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff. Two in Ff.
94 love] yet love Capell. feed him] and feed him Pope. feed him, and Keightley.
97 Nor I] Nor I, my lord Steevens conj. 107 two villains] four villains Seymour conj.
98 Look......gold,] One line in Pope. Two in Ff. [To the Painter. Pope.

Scene I. Timon of Athens.

[To Painter] You have work for me, there's payment: hence!

[To Poet] You are an alchemist, make gold of that: Out, rascal dogs!

[Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.]

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon; For he is set so only to himself That nothing but himself which looks like man Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave: It is our part and promise to the Athenians To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand, Offering the fortunes of his former days, The former man may make him. Bring us to him, And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!


112 [To Poet] Edd. (Globe ed.). om Ff.


118 part] pact Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).


125 Peace......here/] Spoken by one of the Senators. Staunton conj.

Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and
be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:

129 Timon...] Enter Timon out of his Caeue. Ff.
Thou...hang'd:] One line in Hammer. Two in Ff.
comfort'st] Pope. comforts F₁ comfort F₂,F₃,F₄.
131 as a cauterizing] Rowe. as a Catherizing F₁ as a Catherizing F₂ F₃,F₄ catherizing Pope. catherizing Capell. as a cancerizing Steevens conj. as a cancerizing Rann (Steevens conj.). as a caut Lette- som conj. as a cautering Hudson conj. See note (xvi). catherizing to the] cancer in the quoted by Rann.
132 Timon,—] Theobald. Timon. Ff.
133 Of......Timon. ] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
135 I thank...plague,] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.
142 general, gross] Pope. general-gross Ff. general-gross Dyce, ed.
2 (S. Walker conj.).
SCENE I. TIMON OF ATHENS.

Which now the public body, which doth seldom Play the recanter, feeling in itself A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon; And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render, Together with a recompense more fruitful Than their offence can weigh down by the dram; Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth, As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs, And write in thee the figures of their love, Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it, Surprise me to the very brink of tears: Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us, And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks, Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

143 Which now] And now Hanmer.
But now Capell. Where now Kin- near conj.

145 sense] sence Rowe. since Ff.

146 it] Ff. it's Rowe.
fail] Capell. fall Ff. fault Han- mer.
restraining] refraining Johnson conj.

147 send] Ff. sends Rowe.

148 Together with] Rowe. Together,
His country’s peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain’d war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take’t at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There’s not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend’st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all’s in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them; And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs, Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses, Their pangs of love, with other incident throes That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them: I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close, That mine own use invites me to cut down, And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting. 210

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain! 220
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave.

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

206 sequence] F₁, frequence F₂F₃F₄
208 take his] make Long MS. make his Staunton. make wise Bailey conj.
haste] taste Pope. tatch Warburton conj. MS. halter Collier, ed.
2 (Collier MS.).
211 Trouble...him.] One line in Pope. Two, the first ending shall, in Ff. Trouble] Vex Pope.
embossed] emboshed Collier.

218 sour] Rowe. four F₁F₂F₃F₄ your Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
221 [Retires...] Dyce. Exit Timon. Ff.
222, 223 His...nature.] Arranged as in Capell. Prose in Ff. One line in Pope.
223 nature] his nature Pope.
226 dear] F₄. deere F₁F₂. deer F₃. dead Rowe. dreed Hanmer. near Anon. conj.
Scene II. Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files as full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least: Besides, his expedition promises present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend; Whom, though in general part we were opposed, Yet our old love made a particular force, And made us speak like friends: this man was riding from Alcibiades to Timon's cave, With letters of entreaty, which imported His fellowship i' the cause against your city, In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit. 10
Scene IV. Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken

---

44 all together] F3F4. altogether F1. al together F2.
46 hew to 't] F3F4. hew too 't F1F2. hew't out Hudson (Daniel conj.).
49 thou 'lt] thou'lt F4. thou 't F1F2F3.
uncharged] unharmed Gould conj.
56 Timon's] Timon Hanmer.
62 render'd to your] Dyce (Chedworth conj.). remedied to your F1. remedied by your F2F3F4. remedied by Pope. remedied to Johnson. remitted, to your Malone. remitted to your Singer (ed. 2). See note (xviii).
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT V.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads]

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhor'st in us our human grieves,
Scorn'st our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory

64 [The Senators...] Malone. Senators come from the Walls, and deliver their keys to Alcibiades. Capell. om. Ff.
65 Enter Soldier.] Capell. Enter a Soldier. Theobald. Enter a Messenger. Ff.
67 his] the Pope (ed. 2).
74 gate] Johnson. gate Ff. gate Pope.
76 brain's] Steevens. brains F1F2F3. brains F4. brine's Hanmer. brains' Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
79 grave...Dead] Ff. grave.—On faults forgiven.—Dead Theobald. grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead Hanmer. grave.—One fault's forgiven.
—Dead Tyrwhitt conj. grave o'er faults forgiven. Dead Hudson.
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword, 
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each 
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.  

[Exeunt. 85}
NOTES.

Note I.

Dramatis Personæ. In the list given in the Folio, Phrynia, Timandra, and others are omitted. 'Timon's creditors' are termed 'usurers.' Ventidius is called Ventigius; Philotus, Philo; and Hortensius, Hortensis. Varro and Lucius occur among the names of the servants, and the latter has been retained by all editors except Mr Dyce in his second edition. In the play the servants address each other by the names of their respective masters: hence the confusion. Perhaps all the names assigned to the servants should be considered as names of their masters. 'Hortensius,' for instance, has not a servile sound. Flaminius and Servilius may be regarded rather as gentlemen in waiting than menials.

Sidney Walker suggests that Caphis should be Capys.

The list as given by modern editors contains successive additions and alterations made by Rowe, Johnson and Capell, which it is unnecessary to specify further.

With the exception of 'Actus Primus. Scena Prima' at the beginning, there is in the Folios no indication of a division into Act or Scene throughout the play.

Note II.

1. 1, 2. This conjecture of Farmer's is given from his own MS. in the copy of Johnson's Shakespeare which belonged to him, now in the library of Emmanuel College. In a note found in the Variorum edition, ad loc., he makes a different suggestion:

'Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, sir: I am glad you're well.'
Note III.

1. 2. 1—3. We have left this corrupt passage as it stands in the Folios. Rowe made no change. Pope altered it to:

'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.'

In this reading he was followed by Theobald, Hanmer and Warburton. Johnson read:

'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the Gods
To remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.'

Capell has:

'Most honour'd Timon,
'It hath pleas'd the gods in kindness to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.'

Steevens (1773) has:

'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the Gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.'

In his edition of 1793 he read 'remember' for 'to remember.'

Mr Bulloch reads:

'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleased the gods,
To re-remember of my father's age,
And call him to long peace.'

Note IV.

1. 2. 54—59. The Folios print Apemantus's speech as prose down to 'Timon'; then as four lines of verse:

'Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i' th' mire:
This &c.'

The second has 'mird' for 'mire.' The third and fourth follow the first. Pope, whose arrangement we follow, prints as prose down to 'mire.' Capell prints the whole as verse thus:

'Flow this way!
A most brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill,'

following the Folios in the next four lines.

VOL. VII.
Steevens adopts this arrangement, omitting 'most' in the second line. Sidney Walker would divide the lines thus:

'Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table rise
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.'

Keightley ends the lines well...Timon...liar...mire &c.

**Note V.**

1. 2. 91—93. Mr Staunton suggests that one of the two clauses 'if we should ne'er have need of 'em' and 'should we ne'er have use for 'em' was intended to be cancelled.

**Note VI.**

1. 2. 117—122. The first Folio, followed substantially by the rest, has:

'Cape. Haile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious bosome.
There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.'

Rowe made no material alteration except that he put a comma after 'touch' in the last line but one.

Pope arranged thus:

'Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste:
The five best senses acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom.
There &c.'

Theobald:

'Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste! the five best Senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table rise,
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.'
and he adds in a note: ‘The incomparable Emendation, with which the Text is here supply'd, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr Warburton.' It was adopted by Hanmer and Johnson. Capell altered 'do come' in line 3 to 'are come;' Steevens (1785) restored 'They' for 'These' in the last line, and Malone changed 'pleas'd' in the last line but one to 'all pleas'd.'

Rann introduced the change which we have adopted in the text, placing 'th' ear' at the end of the fourth line, and reading 'Taste, touch and smell' in the fifth. Steevens, in his edition of 1793, followed this arrangement, reading in the fifth line, 'Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd, &c.'

Clark MS. reads:

'Th' ear, tast, touch, smell, pleas'd &c.'

Note VII.

I. 2. 175, 176. We have printed this passage as prose, as it is difficult to say from the arrangement of the lines in the first and second Folios, whether or not it was intended to be read as two lines of verse, the first ending 'thee,' as it certainly is in the third and fourth Folios. Pope printed it as prose. Capell eked out the metre thus:

'Me near? why, then another time I'll hear thee:
    I pr'ythee, let us be provided now
    To shew them entertainment.'

Steevens suggested 'provided straight' in the second line.

In many parts of this play it is difficult to say whether the lines are intended to be read as irregular verse, or as rhythmical prose, and we have therefore left them as they stand in the Folios.

Keightley, following Capell in the division of the lines, proposed to read 'nearly' for 'near' in l. 174, or to omit 'thee' in l. 175.

Note VIII.

II. 2. 90—97. This and many other passages are printed in the Folio as if they were intended to be irregular verse, where it is evident that they can only be read as prose. In such cases it is not always worth while to record how the lines were divided by the caprice or negligence of the printer. Seymour has endeavoured throughout the
play to complete imperfect lines by the insertion of words, and imperfect hemistichs by the addition of entire clauses, but he has in this so far exceeded the license of conjecture that, except in the first scene of the play, we have not recorded all his proposed alterations.

Note IX.

III. 2. 63—67. Pope altered these lines as follows:

'Why, this is the world's soul;
Of the same piece, is every flatterer's sport:
Who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse.'

Theobald follows Pope's arrangement, but reads 'spirit' for 'sport' in the second line, an emendation which he first suggested in a letter to Warburton, still unpublished, in the British Museum. Warburton's conjecture 'coat,' which he made no allusion to in his own edition, is mentioned by Theobald in the same letter. Hanmer gives the whole passage thus:

'Why, this is the world's soul;
Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit:
Who can call him his friend that dips with him
In the same dish? for even in my knowing,
Timon has been to this Lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse.'

Johnson follows the Folios except that he gives the first lines thus:

'Why, this is the world's soul;
And just of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit:
Who can call him his friend,
That &c.'

Steevens, in the edition of 1773, followed Johnson's arrangement, but adopted in the first lines a transposition proposed by Upton:

'Why, this is the world's sport;
And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.'

In his edition of 1793 he read as follows:

'Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer’s spirit. Who can call him
His friend, &c.’

following, in the rest, Capell’s arrangement.

Malone arranged as follows:

‘Why this is the world’s soul, and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer’s spirit. Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing
Timon has been this lord’s father, and kept
His credit with his purse.’

In a note, however, he says, ‘I do not believe this speech was
intended by the authour for verse.’

Note X.

III. 3. 8. Hanmer made here one of his audacious alterations:

‘How? deny’d him?
Have Lucius and Ventidius and Lucullus
Deny’d him all? and does he send to me?
It shews &c.’

Capell emulated him thus:

‘How! have they deny’d him?
Has Lucius, and Ventidius, and Lucullus,
Deny’d him, say you? and does he send to me?
Three? hum!
It shews &c.’

Note XI.

III. 3. 19. Hanmer altered the passage thus:

‘That I’ll requite it last? so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst Lords I shall be thought a fool.’

Capell follows Hanmer, except that he replaces ‘no’ in the first
line.

Steevens (1793) follows Capell in the first two lines, reading in the
third:

‘And I amongst the Lords be thought a fool.’
Mr Staunton suggests that the passage once stood:

'So I may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords be thought a fool.'

Mr Dyce, in his second edition, proposes the following arrangement:

'That I'll requite it last? No; so it may prove.
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.'

**Note XII.**

iii. 5. 14—18. The first Folio, followed substantially by the rest, has:

'He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But &c.'

Rowe arranged the lines as follows:

'He is a Man, setting his Fate aside, of comely Virtues,
And Honour in him, which buys out his Fault;
Nor did he soil the Fact with Cowardise,
But &c.'

Pope read:

'He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
But &c.'

Theobald follows Pope verbatim, and so Hanmer, except that he reads 'setting this fact aside.' Warburton proposed 'setting this fault aside.' Johnson read:

'He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues;
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,
An honour in him which buys out his fault,
But &c.'

Steevens, in his edition of 1773, restored 'his fate' from the Folios in the first line, giving the reading we have adopted in the text.
Note XIII.

III. 5. 49—51. The first Folio has here:

'And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon? The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge? If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords, &c. &c.'

The second Folio:

'And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon? the fellow Loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge? If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords, &c. &c.'

The third and fourth Folios, spelling apart, follow the second.

Rowe placed a comma after 'Judge,' and this punctuation was adopted by all subsequent editors.

Pope altered the passage thus:

'The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow Loaden with irons, &c.'

He was followed by Theobald, Hanmer and Warburton, and by Johnson in his text; the last named however proposed a different arrangement of the preceding line and the substitution of 'felon' for 'fellow' in line 49, thus:

'what make we Abroad, why then the women are more valiant That stay at home; If bearing carry it, then is the ass More captain than the lion, and the felon Loaden with irons &c.'

This suggestion was adopted substantially by Rann. The reading 'felon' had been independently proposed by Theobald (Nichols's Illustrations, ii. 475).

Capell and Steevens (1773) followed Pope. Steevens (1778) read:

'The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow, Loaden &c.'
In 1793 he read:
'And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden &c.'

This was followed in the Variorum Editions of 1803 and 1813.

Malone (1790) read:
'And the ass, more captain than the lion; the fellow,
Loaden &c.'

and was followed by Boswell (1821).

Mr Knight (1840) returned to the arrangement and readings of the first Folio. Singer (ed. 2) adopted this arrangement, but read 'felon' for 'fellow.' In his first edition he followed the arrangement of the second Folio, reading 'felon.'

Mitford suggests:
'The ass more than the lion, and the felon
Loaden &c.'
or:
'And th' ass more than the lion, the felon
Loaden &c.'

Note XIV.

v. 1. Johnson calls attention to the impropriety of placing the entry of the Banditti in one act and that of the Poet and Painter in another, when the latter were mentioned as within view when Atemantus parted from Timon. 'It might be suspected,' he says, 'that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the Thieves, when he says, he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.'

Note XV.

v. 1. 59. After the word 'enough' in the first Folio a space has slipped up, but there is no trace of any stop. The punctuation, as Mr Dyce observes, is important to the sense of the preceding line.
**Note XVI.**

v. 1. 131. The word 'canterisyng' for 'cauterizing,' is found very frequently in an old surgical work, printed in 1541, of which the title is 'The questyonyary of Cyrurgyens.' The heading of one of the chapters is, 'Here foloweth the fourthe partycle, where as be moued and soyled other dyffyculutes touchyng the maner of canterisyng or sear-ynge.' The instrument with which the operation is performed is in the same book called a 'cantere.' The form of the word may have been suggested by the false analogy of 'canterides,' i.e. cantharides, which occurs in the same chapter. [But it is more probable that it is a misprint, for we find 'Terapentyke' for 'Terapeutyke' frequently in the same volume. W. A. W.]

**Note XVII.**

v. 3, 3, 4. Mr Staunton prints as follows:

[Reads.] **Timon is dead!—who hath outstretched his span,**—
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.

He regards these lines as the only part of the inscription which the soldier could read, the rest being in some different language. But this explanation introduces a fresh difficulty. The difficulty would be lessened by supposing the legible lines to be inscribed not on the tomb but on the rock beside it, and the epitaph proper to be written not in a different language but in a different character: a notion which might be suggested to the author by the Gothic letters commonly found on ancient monuments.

In the Globe edition we adopted the emendation 'rear'd' because, with the change of a single letter, it yields something approaching to a satisfactory sense. But we incline to think that the words were originally intended as an epitaph to be read by the soldier. The author may have changed his mind and forgotten to obliterate what was inconsistent with the sequel, or the text may have been tampered with by some less accomplished play-wright. Anyhow the close of the play bears marks of haste, or want of skill, and the clumsy device of the wax cannot have been invented and would scarcely be adopted by Shakespeare.
In the epitaph given in the next scene two inconsistent couplets are combined into a quatrain.

In Notes and Queries, 7th Series, x. 83 (1890) it is proposed to omit v. 4. 70—73, and to substitute for them v. 3. 3, 4.

Note XVIII.

v. 4. 62. Some editors attribute the conjecture 'render'd' to Mason; but the earliest mention of it which we have remarked is in Lord Chedworth's volume of Notes (1805).
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Caesar.
Octavius Caesar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Æmil. Lepidus,
Cicero,
Publius,
Popilius Léna,
Marcus Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,
Flavius and Marullus, tribunes.
Artemidorus of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, a poet. Another Poet.
Lucilius,
Titinius,
Messala,
Young Cato,
Volumnius,
Varro,
Clitus,
Claudius,
Strato,
Lucius,
Dardanus,
Pindarus, servant to Cassius.

Calpurnia, wife to Caesar.
Portia, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene: Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.

1 First given imperfectly by Rowe: more fully by Theobald.
2 Decius] Decimus Hanmer.
3 See note (i).
5 Portia] Porcia Theobald.
THE TRAGEDY OF

JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I.

Scene I. Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home: Is this a holiday? what! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou? 5

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners.

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exeunt.
Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way, When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?

SCENE II.] Pope. om. Ff.
A public place.] Capell.
Flourish. Enter...] Capell, substantially. Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flavius. Ff. Collier MS. adds 'Trumpets and other Musicke.' Enter, in procession, with trumpets and other music, Cæsar...... Collier (ed. 2).

1 Calpurnia!] Calpurnia,— Grant White (Craik conj.). Calphurnia. Ff. Calphurnia, Capell. Calphur-

SCENE II. A public place.

[Music ceases. Calpurnia!

3 Antonius'] Pope. Antonio's Ff.
5 Cæsar,] om. Anon. conj.
7, &c. Calpurnia] Grant White (Craik conj.). Calphurnia Ff.
9 curse] course Rowe (ed. 2).
11 [Flourish.] Music ; and the Procession moves. Capell. om. Ff.
13, 14 Cæs. Ha!...again!] Cas. Ha! who calls?—[To Casca] Bid...still! Casca. Peace yet again! Elze conj.
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Cas. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cas. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cas. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cas. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru.

Casius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?  
Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear: And since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I your glass Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of. And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laugher, or did use To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protestor; if you know That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, And after scandal them; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.  

[Flourish and shout.  

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well. But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

87 both] death Theobald (Warburton).
her] Ff. his Rowe.

bid Pope (ed. 2).
107 he Pope (ed. 2).
110 See note (111).
112 I] Then Seymour conj.
113 the flames of Troy] Troy's flames
Seymour conj.
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: ’tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, ‘Give me some drink, Titinius,’
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

_Bru._ Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap’d on Cæsar.

_Cas._ Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

114 _the waves of Tiber_ Tyber’s waves
Seymour conj.
119 _fever_ Feather F2.
123 _bend_ beam Daniel conj.
124 _his_ its Pope.
125 _bade_ Theobald (ed. 2), _bad_ Ff.
126 _write_ writ F3F4.
127 _Alas_ ’Alas’ Staunton.
132 _general_ om. Seymour conj.
139 _some time_ F3F4, _sometime_ F1F2,
some times Rowe, sometimes War- burton.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together, yours is as fair a name; Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em, Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was famed with more than with one man? When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough, When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd The eternal devil to keep his state 'in Rome As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous; What you would work me to, I have some aim: How I have thought of this and of these times, I shall recount hereafter; for this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you, Be any further moved. What you have said

142 that] om. Seymour conj.
144 yours is] yours' S. Walker conj.
146 'em] 'em man F₂F₄ them Capell.
147 spirit] sprite Seymour conj.
[Shout. Jennens.
155 walls] Rowe (ed. 2). walkes F₁F₂ F₃ walks F₄.
156, 157 Now...man.] Put in the margin by Pope.
160 eternal] infernal Grey conj.
161 Shout. flourish. Collier MS.
163 See note (iii).
164 thought] though F₂.
166 not, so...you] not (so...you) Theobald. not so (with...you) Ff.
167 further] farther Collier.
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Caesar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
SCENE II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

153

Caes. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat, Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights: Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he’s not dangerous; He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caes. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not: Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much; He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays, As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music: Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort As if he mock’d himself, and scorn’d his spirit That could be moved to smile at any thing. Such men as he be never at heart’s ease While they behold a greater than themselves, And therefore are they very dangerous. I rather tell thee what is to be fear’d Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar. Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, And tell me truly what thou think’st of him.

[Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train but Casca.

Casca. You pull’d me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

192 [To Ant. apart. Johnson.
193 o’ nights] Capell. a-nights F1F2.
   a nights F3F4.
194 Yond] Yon Capell.
198 him] m F4.

208 be] are Seymour conj.
215 Scene v. Pope.
Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Casca. Who offered him the crown?

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their

218 Why.....not?] Were you not with him? Seymour conj.
219 had] hath Steevens (1793).
222 a-shouting] Dyce. a shouting Ff.
224, 226 Why,] om. Seymour conj.
235 was] Ff, were Ff Ff Ff.
243 hooted] Johnson. howted Ff Ff Ff. houted Ff, shouted Hanmer.
chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I, And Honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if

Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

_Bru._ And after that, he came, thus sad, away?  
_Casca._ Ay.
_Cas._ Did Cicero say any thing?
_Casca._ Ay, he spoke Greek.
_Cas._ To what effect?
_Casca._ Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.
_Cas._ Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
_Casca._ No, I am promised forth.
_Cas._ Will you dine with me to-morrow?
_Casca._ Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
_Cas._ Good; I will expect you.
_Casca._ Do so: farewell, both.  
[Exit.
_Bru._ What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.
_Cas._ So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words.
SCENE II. JULIUS CAESAR.

With better appetite.

_Bru._ And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

_Cas._ I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.
Scene III. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds; But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world too saucy with the gods Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd. Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural:'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Casca, by your voice.

21 glazed] glaz' d Ff. glar'd Rowe (ed. 2).
gaz'd Malone (Grey conj.).
surly] F_f. surely F_f.
23 Upon] Up on Mason conj.
Houting F_4.
30 are their reasons] have their seasons
Jervis conj.
their] the Collier MS. (originally).

reasons] seasons Hudson (Collier MS.).
33 strange-disposed] Theobald. strange
disposed Ff.
36 to] F_f. up F_f.
39, 40 Good...in.] As in Rowe. The
first line ends Caska: in Ff.
41 Scene vii. Pope.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,

Why old men fool and children calculate,

42 Your...this!] One line in Rowe.

Two in Ff.

what night] what a night Craik.

this?] Dyce. this? Ff.

44 heavens] heaven's Warburton (a misprint?).

56 astonish] admonish Warburton conj. MS. (withdrawn).

57—60 You....wonder,] As in Rowe.

Five lines, ending Caska:...Roman, ...not...feare,...wonder, in Ff.


59 not.] F₆F₂. not, F₃F₄.

60 cast] case Grant White (Jervis conj.).

64 Why...kind,] Johnson would place this after ordinance, line 66: Mitford, after faculties, line 67.

65 old men fool and] Grant White (Mitford conj.). Old men, Fools, and F₆F₂. Old men, Fools, and F₃F₄. old men fools, and Steevens, 1778 (Blackstone conj.).
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers’ minds are dead,
And we are govern’d with our mothers’ spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:

69 heaven] nature Capell.
hath] has Theobald.
71—73 Unto...night,] As in Ff. Two lines, the first ending Casca, in Hanmer.
72 to] om. Capell, following Hanmer’s arrangement.
74 roars] roares F, teares F, tears
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale: Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.  

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Scene I. Rome. Brutus's orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with. The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereeto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend: so Caesar may; Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities: And therefore think him as a serpent's egg Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous, And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint I found This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure It did not lie there when I went to bed. [Gives him the letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

21 a] of Warburton MS.
24 upmost] topmost Anon. conj. utmost Knight (misprint).
28 lest] F₂F₃F₄. least F₁.
Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[Opens the letter and reads.]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake."

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, &c."
Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress."
Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. [Knocking within.]
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit Lucius.]

48—50 Brutus......up.] Two lines in Keightley, the first ending instiga-
tions.
49 dropp'd] dropt, F,F, dropt. F,S,F,.
50 took] ta'en Seymour conj.
53 ancestors] ancestor Dyce (ed. 2).
55 'Speak,...entreated] Printed as two lines by Craik.
entreated] entreated then Pope.
56 thee] F,F, the F,F, F,.
57 receivest] Ff. receiv'est Rowe.
59 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff. fifteen] Ff. fourteen Theobald (War-
burton). now, full fourteen Seymour conj.
Knocking without. Staunton.
60, 76 [Exit Lucius.] Theobald. om. Ff.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:

70 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
72 moe] Ff. more Rowe.
73 See note (ii).
74 cloaks] cloakes F₁. cloathes F₂.
cloaths F₃F₄.
76 'em] F₂F₃F₄. them F₄.
81 Seek] om. Seymour conj.
82 it in] in it Reed (1803).
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus
Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

FjFjF^.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

83 if...on,] if thy path...own, Bulloch conj.
path, thy...on,] F. path thy...on,
F,F,F,F, hath thy...on, Quarto (1691). march, thy...on, Pope. put
thy...on, Dyce, ed. 2 (Southern MS.,
Long MS., and Coleridge conj.).
put'st thy...on, Singer conj. hadst
thy...on, Grant White conj. pell
thy...o'er, Heraud conj. walk, thy
...on, Sawyer conj. pass, thy...on,
Hudson (Cartwright conj.). parle,
thy...on, Nicholson conj. pace, thy
...on, Anon. conj.


86 Scene ii. Pope.
the conspirators] om. Rowe.
Metellus Cimber,] Malone. Metel-
lus, Ff.

89 [Aside. Rowe.

96 This...Cimber.] Two lines in Rowe.
This...Cinna] This valiant Casca;
Cinna, this Seymour conj.
this, Cinna,] Cinna, this; Capell.
and this,] and this our friend Words-
worth.

97 all welcome] welcome all Wordsworth
(Seymour conj.).

98 themselves] om. Steevens conj., end-
ing the line betwixt.
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper. 100.

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond

99 night] sleep Gould conj.
100 [They whisper.] Ff. Converse apart. Capell.
112 (Take them) Collier MS.
114 if not the face] if that the face Theobald. if that the fate Warburton. if not the faith Mason conj. if not the faiths Malone conj. if not the fate Keightley. if not the fears Cartwright conj. if not the yoke Herr conj.
115 abuse,—] Theobald. abuse; Ff.
122 women, then] women; Then F2 F3 F4 women. Then F1.
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing

125 Romians] Romans' Anon. conj.
126 palter] faulter Long MS.
128 it?] Theobald. it. Ff.
131 That] As Seymour conj.
132 stain] strain Warburton conj.
136 Did] Doth Hanmer.
139 do] doth Ff.
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch’d but only Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar’s spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let’s kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let’s carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide ’em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:

153, 154 Indeed...Caesar?] Given to ‘Dec.’ by Hanmer.
166 Let us.....Caius.] Theobald. Let’s ...
Caius.] F. Let’s...Cassius. Rowe.
Let us...butchers. Pope [omitting Cassius).
but] om. Elze conj.
Which so appearing to the common eyes, 
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 
And for Mark Antony, think not of him; 
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm 
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him, 
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you,
Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You’ve ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk’d about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask’d you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch’d your head,
And too impatiently stamp’d with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer’d not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem’d too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And, could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevai'ld on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.  
   *Brutus.* I am not well in health, and that is all.  
   *Portia.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.  
   *Brutus.* Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.  
   *Portia.* Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which by the right and virtue of my place  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you; for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces

255 you, Brutus] F₄. you Brutus Fₐ\ F₂  
F₃.  
261, 263 sick,] sick; Capell. sicke? Ff.  
263 dank\] danke F₁. darke F₂. dark  
F₃F₄.  
265 night,] Knight. Night? Ff.  
267 his] hit F₄.  
270 [Kneeling. Collier (ed. 2). Kneele.  
Collier MS.  
271 charm\] F₃F₄. charm F₁F₂. charge  
Pope.
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I yourself But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus’ harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife, As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret. I grant I am a woman, but withal A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife: I grant I am a woman, but withal A woman well reputed, Cato’s daughter. Think you I am no stronger than my sex, Being so father’d and so husbanded? Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose ’em: I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience And not my husband’s secrets?

Bru. O ye gods, Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knocking within.
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What’s to do?

304 a while] awhile Dyce.
309 Lucius] Ho! Lucius Wordsworth. who's that] who's there that Pope. who's that that Capell. who is that Steevens (1773, 1778, 1785). who is that, Malone. who's that, Steevens (1793). who is't that Collier MS.
310 Re-enter......] Dyce. Enter Lucius and Ligarius. Ff (after 'Exit Portia').
312 [Exit Luc. Capell.
313 Lig.] Cai. Ff (and elsewhere).
319 a] an F4.
320 that Romans] the Romans Rowe (ed. 2).
321 Throwe away his kerchiefe. Collier MS.
326 Yea] Yet Rowe (ed. 2).
SCENE I. JULIUS CAESAR.

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fired I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Caesar’s house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in his night-gown.
Caes. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out, ‘Help, ho! they murder Caesar!’ Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.
Serv. My lord?
Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.
Cal. What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?

Rowe. A room in Caesar's Palace.
Capell. Enter Caesar......] Enter Julius Caesar... Ff.
in his night-gown] om. Pope.
1 Nor......to-night :] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.

327 A...whole.] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.
329 must we] we must Theobald (ed. 2).
330, 331 going To] Craik. going, To Ff.

12—2
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

_Cæs._ Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

_Cæs._ Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelp'd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

_Cæs._ What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

_Cæs._ When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

_Cæs._ Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
SCENE II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caes. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

37 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff. augurers] augurs Pope. augures S. Walker conj.
38 to stir] stir F4.
40 [Exit Servant. Theobald.
44—48 No......forth.] Put in the margin by Pope.
46 are] Capell (Upton conj.). hear F1F2 hear F3F4 heard Rowe.
53 shall] will Rowe (ed. 2).
54 Kneele. Collier MS.
56 raise her. Collier MS.
57 Scene v. Pope.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,  60
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?  65
Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh’d at when I tell them so.  70
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
75
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg’d that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:

65 he is] he’s F.  
67 a’fard] afraid F.  
       truth?] truth: F.  
76-80 Malone conjectures that the lines should end statue, which...  
       run...came...these...portents.  
76 to-night] to nigh F. last night  
       Rowe.  
76, 77 statuë, Which like] Statue, Which like F. statue, which Like to Han-
        mer. statue, Decius, Which, like Capell. statue, Which like Steevens (1793).  
77 an] a Collier.  
80 And...apply] These she applies Pope.  
        And these she plies Wordsworth.  
80, 81 and portents And] and portents  
        Of Hanmer. portents Of Capell.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

_Cæs._ And this way have you well expounded it.

_Dec._ I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'? Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

_Cæs._ How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.
Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too? Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius, Caesar was ne’er so much your enemy As that same ague which hath made you lean. What is ’t o’clock?

Bru. Caesar, ’tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o’ nights, Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within: I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius! I have an hour’s talk in store for you; Remember that you call on me to-day: Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will. [Aside] And so near will I be, That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
SCENE II. 

JULIUS CAESAR. 185

Caes. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me; And we like friends will straightway go together.

Bru. [Aside] That every like is not the same, O Caesar, The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone. Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. O constancy, be strong upon my side! Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue! I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel! Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well, For he went sickly forth: and take good note What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pray thee, listen well: I heard a bustling rumour like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Scene iv.] Capell. Rowe and Pope continue the Scene. Scene vi. Jennens. Another... Capell.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is ’t o’clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know’st thou any harm’s intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I’ll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.  

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT III.

Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer.
Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Caes. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o’er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine’s a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

39 Brutus.] Brutus! Brutus! Pope.
Brutus mine! Wordsworth.
Rome. Before...] Capell, substantially.
The Capitol. Rowe. The Street before the Capitol; and the Capitol open. Theobald. The Street leading to the Capitol. Jennens.
A crowd of people...Popilius, Publius, and others.] Malone, after Capell.
Flourish. Enter Caesar...Artemidorus, Popilius, and the Soothsayer.
FF (Artemedorus, Publius, F₁).
3 schedule] F₂F₄. schedule F₁F₂.
7 nearer] near Anon. conj.
great] om. Pope.
Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10
Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [Advances to Cæsar.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cæs. Cassius.

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

8 What......ourself] That touches us?
Ourself Craik (Collier MS.).
11 What,] What F.
13 Cæsar...] Steevens, substantially.
Artemidorus is push'd back. Cæsar,
and the rest, enter the Senate: The
Senate rises. Popilius presses for-
ward to speak to Cæsar; and pass-
ing Cassius, says, Capell. Omitted in
The Senate sitting. Enter Cæsar
and the rest, as in the foregoing
Scene. Senate rises. Cæsar moves
towards his Seat. Jennens.
[Aside to Cas. Jennens.
14 [Advances to Cæsar.] leaves him,
and joins Cæsar. Capell. om. Ff.
Follows Cæsar. Jennens.
15—30 What...hand.] Marked as 'Aside'
by Capell.
18 him] him well Steevens conj.
18, 19 Cæsar...prevention.] As in Dyce,
ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). One line
in Ff.
20 done? If...known,] Ff. done, if...
known? Theobald.
21 or] on Craik (Malone conj.).
22 [Cæsar being arrived at his seat,
Popilius whispers him and smiles.
Jennens.
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

_Cas._ Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.]

_Dec._ Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

_Bru._ He is address'd: press near and second him.

_Cin._ Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

_Cas._ Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

_Met._ Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:—

[Cæsar takes his Seat; the Senate, theirs; and Metellus advances towards Cæsar.]

_Cæsar._ I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordination and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,

---

23 *Lena* om. Anon. conj.

"purposes" purpose Theobald.

25 _time_ cue Gould conj.

26 [Exeunt Antony... Exeunt Antony and Trebonius, conversing.

Cæsar takes his Seat; the Senate, theirs: and Metellus advances towards Cæsar. Capell. om. Ff.

30 *rears your_ rear your Hanmer. *rears* his Tyrwhitt conj.

[The Conspirators range themselves about Cæsar; Casca, on the right hand of his Chair, behind. Capell.

31 *Are...ready?*_ Given to Cinna, Ritson conj.; to Casca, by Dyce (Collier MS.).

35 _heart_:—] Capell. _heart_. Ff.

36 *couchings* crouchings Hanmer.

37 *fire* stir Warburton.

38 *first* fix'd Craik conj. _firm_ S. Walker conj.

39 *law* Malone (Johnson conj.). _lane_ Ff. _line_ Steevens conj. _play_ Hudson (Mason conj.). _bane_ Becket conj. _vane_ Bailey conj.
Low-crooked court’sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

_Met._ Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar’s ear
For the repealing of my banish’d brother?

_Bru._ I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

_Cæs._ What, Brutus!

_Cas._ Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

_Cæs._ I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix’d and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber’d sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there’s but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; ’tis furnish’d well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

43 Low-crooked court’sies] Hyphened in Ff.
_Low-crooked_ Becket conj. _Low-crowned_ Craik (Collier MS.).
_spaniel-fawning_ Hyphen inserted by Johnson.

47 wrong, nor] wrong, but with just cause; Nor Hudson (Tyrwhitt conj.

48 Will...satisfied.] om. Bailey conj.
50 _true-fix’d_ Capell. _true fixt_ Ff.

51—70 Of whose...he_] Put in the margin by Pope.
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

_Cin._ O Cæsar,—
_Cas._ Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
_Dec._ Great Cæsar,—
_Ces._ Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? 75
_Casca._ Speak, hands, for me!

_Cas._ Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! 80
_Cin._ Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

_Cas._ Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'

_Bru._ People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

_Casca._ Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
_Dec._ And Cassius too.

_Bru._ Where's Publius?

---

69 _rank_ race Johnson conj.
70 _motion_ notion Upton conj.
    _that I am he_ that one I am Thirlby conj.
74_Cin._ Cim. Rowe.
74, 75 _Cæsar,—_ _Cæsar—_ Rowe. _Cæsar._
_Ff._
75 (Kneele) Collier MS.
_Doth...kneel?_ Doth...kneele? _F_r
_Do...kneel?_ F_r,F_r,F_r,kneele F_r. Do
    _...kneel._ Rowe.
76 _Speak, hands,_ Capell. _Speake hands_ _Ff._
    [Casca......] Edd. (Globe ed.). They
    stab Cæsar. _Ff._ Collier MS. adds 'Brutus last.' stabbing him in the Neck. Cæsar rises, catches at the Dagger, and struggles with him: defends himself, for a time, against him, and against the other Conspirators; but, stab'd by Brutus, Capell (from Plutarch).
77 [Dies.] Dyes. _F_r. om. F_r,F_r,F_r he submits; muffles up his Face in his Mantle; falls, and dies. Senate in Confusion. Capell.
84, 85 _Casca._ _Go...too._ As one line in Steevens (1793).
Sc. I. JULIUS CAESAR. 193

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer; There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

88 friend] friends Pope (ed. 2).
96 [Exeunt all but Conspirators. Capell.
97 Sc. II. Pope.
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff.
Where is] Where's Pope.

VOL. VII. 13
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, 115 That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away: 120 Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest; Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving: Say I love Brutus and I honour him; Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him. 130

112 [Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood. Rowe.*
113 over] o'er Pope.
114 states] state F₁.
115 Bru.] Cæs. Pope.
116 lies] F₃ F₄. lye F₂. lye F₁.
117 Cas.] Bru. Pope.
  shall be] om. Steevens conj.
119 their] our Steevens (1793).

121 [Kneeling. Rowe.
122 boldest and best] bold, and the best Pope.
123 Enter...] Ff. Transferred by Dyce to follow here? A friend of Antony's. Given to the Servant by Pope.
124 [Kneeling. Rowe.
126 bade] Johnson. bad Ff.
128 bold, royal] royal, bold Pope.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

_Bru._ Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

_Serv._ I'll fetch him presently.          [Exit.

_Bru._ I know that we shall have him well to friend.

_Cas._ I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

_Re-enter Antony._

_Bru._ But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark An-
tony.

_Ant._ O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

138 _my master_] Mark Seymour conj.
_Antony_] om. Collier MS.
[ Rising. Collier (ed. 2).
140 _I...worse._] om. Seymour conj.
143 [Exit._ Exit Servant. Ff.
145 _have I_] I have Pope (ed. 2).
148 _Scene iii._ Pope.
_Re-enter..._] Capell. _Enter..._ Ff.
Transferred by Dyce to follow _comes_
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar’s death’s hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off;
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in

155 death’s hour] death hour Collier MS.
158 you) ye Theobald (ed. 2).
159 purple] purple Mrs Cowden Clarke’s Concordance.
162 mean] means Pope.
173, 174 Caesar. For...Antony] Caesar;
but for you, Mark Antony, our swords have leaden points Seymour conj.
175 in strength of malice,] exempt from malice, Pope. no strength of malice;
Capell. reproof of malice, Seymour conj. instrain’d of malice, Becket conj. in strength of welcome, Craik (Collier MS.). in strength of amity, Hudson (Singer conj.). in strength of friendship, Keightley conj. unstring their malice, Badham conj. unfraught of malice, Anon. conj. forspent of malice, Anon. conj. in strength of justice, Cartwright conj. in strength of manhood, Collier conj. (Athen., 1876).
176 in] in them Keightley.
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay’d, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign’d in thy spoil and crimson’d in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick’d in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway’d from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[Aside to Bru.] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereunto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

_Ant._ Be it so;

I do desire no more.

_Bru._ Prepare the body then, and follow us.

_[Exeunt all but Antony._

_Ant._ O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, That I am meek and gentle with these butchers! Thou art the ruins of the noblest man That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,

Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; A curse shall light upon the limbs of men; Domestic fury and fierce civil strife Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use, And dreadful objects so familiar, That mothers shall but smile when they behold Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:

And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!

[Seeing the body.

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,

\[274 'Havoc,'] Hay! vous! Anon. conj.  
(Lond. Chron., 1766). Ha! vous!  
Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., Vol. l.x.  
p. 307).

276 With] Of Long MS.

277 Enter a Servant.] Enter Octavius's Servant. Ff.

279 for him] to him Capell.  
to Rome] F₂F₃F₄, Rome F₂.

282 [Seeing the body.] Rowe. om. Ff.

284 catching, for] F₂F₃F₄, catching from F₁.

285 beads] beds Pope.

286 Began] Begin Hamner.

288 Post...chanced:] One line in Rowe.  
Two in Ff.

290 Rome] room Upton conj.

291 awhile] F₄, a-while F₁F₂, a while F₃.

292 corse] Pope. course F₁F₂, coarse F₂F₄.
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.  

[Exeunt with Caesar's body.]

SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.
Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain: We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

58 glories] glory Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
62 Scene vi. Pope.
70 We] We all Wordsworth. blend] F1. glad F2F3F4 most blest Capell.
72 Romans,—] Romans — F4. Romans. F1F2F3.
76 their bones] the bones F4.
77 The noble] Noble Pope.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters? 110

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world: now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. 120

O masters, if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men: I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar; I found it in his closet; 'tis his will: Let but the commons hear this testament— Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

110 See note (iv).

Has he] Has he Anon. conj.
masters] my masters Capell. not, masters Craik.

111 Has...place.] Divided as in Capell. One line in Ff. Prose in Capell. Pope (ed. 2).

117 again] om. Theobald (ed. 2).

131 Which, pardon me,] In a parenthesis in Ff.

134 Yea] Nay Capell.
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershoot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitue, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish’d over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar’s vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr’d, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We’ll hear him, we’ll follow him, we’ll die
with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

188, 189 Even ... statuë, Which ... fell.] These lines are transposed by Warburton.
statuë, Which...blood] statuë, which
All...with blood Hanmer.
188 statuë] Keightley. statue Ff. statua
Steevens, 1793 (Malone conj.).
197 with] by Pope.
198—206 O piteous ...... countrymen.]

Marked as five lines of verse in Capell MS.
203 We will] We’ll Capell.
204, 205 All. Revenge!......live!] See note (v).
204 Seek!] Sack! Gould conj.
206 [They are rushing out. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
207 Peace] Peace, peace Capell conj.
They that have done this deed are honourable;  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.  

All. We'll mutiny.  
First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.  
Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.  
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.  
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!  
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?  
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:  
You have forgot the will I told you of.  
All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! we'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Caesar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Citizens with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar’s house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.

Scene III. A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

262 a Servant.] Rowe (ed. 2). Seruant.
Ff.
263 Sir.] om. Pope. As a separate line, Capell conj.
265 He] He, sir, Capell conj. Sir, he or Both he Anon. conj.
Lepidus] Lord Lepidus S. Walker conj.
269 him] them Capell. 'em Dyce (ed. 2).
272 Octavius] Octavus F₁.

Scene iv. Jennens.
A street.] Capell.
Enter Cinna the poet.] Capell.
Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians. Ff.
unlikely Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
5 Enter Citizens.] Capell. om. Ff.
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor?
Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus’, to Cassius’; burn all: some to Decius’ house, and some to Casca’s; some to Ligarius’: away, go!

[Exeunt. 38

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A house in Rome.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick’d.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—


Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister’s son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar’s house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

35—38 Tear...go!] Prose in Ff. Three lines of verse by Rowe, ending fire-brands:...house...go. Capell prints Tear...firebrands only as verse.

36 Brutus[?] Capell. Brutus Ff.

Cassius[?] Capell. Cassius Ff.

37 Decius[?] Capell. Decius F₃, F₄, F₅, Decius’s F₄. Decimus’s Hanmer.

house[ F₃. Houses F₂, F₃, F₄.

Ligarius[?] Capell. Ligarius Ff.

38 [Exeunt.] Exeunt all the Plebeians.


A house in Rome.] See note (vi).


1 These many] These, marry, Grey conj.

3 consent—] Knight. consent: Capell. consent. Ff.

4 Publius] Lucius Upton conj.

5 Who is your] You are his Upton conj.

6 damn] F₄. damn F₃, F₄, F₅.

8 shall] will Steevens (1793).
Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him, and took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

10 What...at] One line in Cnai.k.
27 in commons] in common Hanmer.
    on commons Collier MS.

34 taste] sort Orger conj.
36 barren-spirited] Hyphened by Pope.
SCENE I. JULIUS CAESAR.

On abjects, orts and imitations, Which, out of use and staled by other men Begin his fashion: do not talk of him But as a property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers: we must straight make head: Therefore let our alliance be combined, Our best friends made, our means stretch'd; And let us presently go sit in council, How covert matters may be best disclosed, And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, And bay'd about with many enemies; And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischiefs.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Camp near Sardis: Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!  

38 staled] stal'd F_1 F_2. stal'd F_3. stall'd F_4. 43, 44 combined...made, our] made...all combined and our Leo conj. (Athen., 1882). 44 made, our] made secure, our best Anon. conj. made secure, and our Gould conj. our means stretch'd] our means stretcht F_1, and our best means stretcht out F_2 F_3 F_4 (means F_4). our best means stretcht Johnson. our means stretch'd to the utmost Malone.

our choicest means stretch'd out Staunton conj. our means, our plans sketch'd out Bulloch conj. our means stretch'd out Hudson.
49 bay'd] Pope. bayed Ff.
51 mischiefs] mischief Steevens (1778).


1 Stand, ho!] Stand here. Malone. [to his Officers, entering. Capell.
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus, In his own change, or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done undone: but if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius, How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough; But not with such familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith: But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle; But when they should endure the bloody spur,

2 to him, Lucilius, with Soldiers; Pindarus, and Titinius. Capell.

2, 3 S. Walker would read Give... Lucilius as one line.

2 [to his Party. Capell.

5 [presenting Pindarus, who gives a Letter. Capell. Jennens supposes that a speech of Pindarus is lost here.

7 change]charge Hanmer (Warburton).
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [Low march within.]

Bru. Hark! he is arrived:

March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Capell. om. Ff. Within. Rowe
Without. Staunton.

Sec. Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.). 2. O.
Without. Staunton.

Third Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.). 3. O.
Without. Staunton.

[One after other and fainter. Collier
MS.

brother?] F,F,F, brother. F,F,F.
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cassius,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

49—51 S. Walker would end the lines
Lucilius...like...we...conference.
50 Lucilius,[ In a separate line, Capell.
Lucius, Craik. See note (vii).
you] om. Pope.
let] see you let Mitford conj., ending
line 49 at Lucilius.
man] man, Lucilius, Capell, reading
Do...Lucilius as one line.
52 Let Lucius] Lucilius Craik. See
note (vii).
our] the Rowe.
Scene III.] Pope. Rowe continues
the scene.
Brutus's tent.] Hanmer. The Inside
of Brutus's tent. Theobald. Within
the Tent. Lucius, and Titinius, at
the Door. Capell.
Enter......] Capell. Manet...... F1.
Manent... F2 F3 F4. Re-enter... Theo-
bald.
Whereas Hudson.
4, 5 letters...man, were] Malone. letters
...man was F1 letter...man, was
F2 F3 F4.
5 off] of Rowe (ed. 2).
6 case] cause Capell conj.
8 every...comment] every offence should
bear nice comment Dodd conj.
his] Ff. its Pope.
Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn’d to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Chastisement!

Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice’ sake?
What villain touch’d his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Brutus, bait not me;
I’ll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

12 [A] Ay, Rowe (ed. 1).
13 speaks] F₄, speaks F₃F₂F₃, speak Pope.
19 justice] Capell. justice Ff.
27 bay] F₁, baite F₂, bait F₃F₄.
28 bait] F₃F₄, baite F₁F₂, bay Theobald.
30 soldier, [soldier, ay Steevens (1773).
32 to] too F₁, you are] you’re Steevens (1793),
not, Cassius] Hanmer. not Cassius Ff.
Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself; Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are, And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,

Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

34 I say] Cassius, I say Steevens conj.
36 further] Ff. further Steevens.
41 O ye gods] O gods Pope.
44 budge] F2, bouge F1, bouge F2 F3.
48 Though] Thought F2.
54 noble] abler Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.), able Singer conj. better Cartwright conj.
55 You......Brutus;] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff. me every way; you] me; every way you Ritson conj.
56 elder] older Collier MS.
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

84 That brought my] Ff. that brought
My Dyce.
85 his] a Rowe.
87 not, till......me.] not: will you prac-
tise that on me? Hanmer.
not, till] not. Still Warburton. not:
'tis Kinnear conj.
90 do] did Hudson (Collier MS.).
94 aweary] a-weary F1 F2 F3 a weary F4.
98 my] his Capell conj.
101 Plutus'] Pope. Pluto's Ff.
102 be'st a Roman] needst a Roman's Warburton.
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

_Bru._ Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

_Cass._ Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

_Bru._ When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

_Cass._ Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

_Bru._ And my heart too.

_Cass._ O Brutus!

_Bru._ What's the matter?

_Cass._ Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

_Bru._ Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

_Poet._ [Within] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [Within] You shall not come to them. 125
Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jigging fools? 135

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit Lucius.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry. 141

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead. 145

---

135 jiggings] jingling Pope.
137 SCENE IV. Pope.
145 Portia's] Portia's Pope.
SCENE III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

227

Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong: for with her death That tidings came: with this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine. In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks. 160
Bru. Come in, Titinius!

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,

146 Portia?] Portia? brother, said you? Seymour conj.
150 Impatient] Impatience Capell conj.
156 Re-enter Lucius......taper.] Edd. (Globe ed.). Enter Boy...Tapers. Ff. Re-enter Lucius...Tapers. Capell.
160 Brutus'] Pope. Brutus F₁F₂F₃.
Brutus's F₄.
[Drinks.] Capell. om. Ff.
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?


Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala: With meditating that she must die once I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better. The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground Do stand but in a forced affection, For they have grudged us contribution: The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged; From which advantage shall we cut him off

184 presently?] Pope. presently. Ff. This it is:] This: Wordsworth (Steevens conj.).
185 Why yours?] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff. aught] Theobald (ed. 2). ought Ff.
186 This is:] Wordsworth (Steevens conj.).
188 shall we] shall Craik conj. off] Rowe. off. Ff.
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.  

Cas. Hear me, good brother.  

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.  

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;  
We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.  

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say?  

Cas. No more. Good night:  
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.  

Bru. Lucius! [Re-enter Lucius.] My gown. [Exit Lucius.]  
Farewell, good Messala:

209 him there,] Ff. him, there Theobald conj. (withdrawn).  
210 brother.] brother— Rowe.  
222 lose] Rowe. loose Ff.  
222, 223 Then...Philippi.] Arranged as in Capell. Two lines, the first ending along, in Ff.  
222 will] good will Seymour conj., omitting go on.  
223 We'll...ourselves] We will along Seymour conj.  

We'll on Capell.  
227 say?] Capell. say. Ff.  
228 will we] we will Rowe.  
229 Bru. Lucius! [Re-enter Lucius.]  
[Exit Lucius.] Hanmer. om. Ff.  
Farewell] now farewell Hanmer.  
Fare you well or Fare ye well S.  
Walker conj. Farewell now Hudson.
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division ’tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.  
[Exeunt all but Brutus.

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak’st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o’er-watch’d.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I’ll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

233 come] came Rowe (ed. 1).
235 Cas. Good...brother.] Omitted by Pope.
237 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter... Ff (after Brutus, line 234). Re-en-
ter... Hanmer (after Brutus, line 234).
239 not] F₁. art F₂. om. F₃ F₄.

Claudio Ff.
Varus S. Walker conj. (with-drawn).

243 Scene vi. Pope.

Enter...] Rowe. Enter Varrus and Claudio. Ff.

Calls] Did you call, Seymour conj.
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Var. and Clau. lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful. Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy: I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long: if I do live, I will be good to thee.

[Music, and a song. This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,

Lay'st thou sleepy leaden mace upon my boy,

247 So......pleasure.] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.
254, 255 heavy...two?] Rowe. heavy...two. F$_1$ instrument a straine or two. F$_2$F$_3$F$_4$ (a while. F$_3$F$_4$).
256 A$y$,] Ay, good Seymour conj.
256—258 It...sir.] S. Walker would arrange thus: It...much, But...sir.
258 duty, sir] duty to my still kind lord Seymour conj.
264 [...]song.] Ff. Collier MS. adds 'by Lucius.' ...song: toward the End, Lucius falls asleep. Capell.
266 Lay'st] Rowe. Layest Ff.
Scene III.  

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;  
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.  

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down  
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.  

[Sits down.  

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.  

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art.  

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.  
Bru. Why comest thou?  

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.  
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?  
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.  
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.  

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.  

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. 290

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord. 296

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[To Var.] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before, 305

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.

290 still is] is still F₄.
293 Didst......out?] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.

Lucius] Lucus F₁.
297, 298 Sleep......Fellow] As in Ca-
ACT V.

SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered: You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions; It proves not so: their battles are at hand; They mean to warn us at Philippi here, Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places; and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant show; Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March. 20

*Drum.* Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words. 25

Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar’s heart,
Crying ‘Long live! hail, Cæsar!’

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol’n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [Standing forth] My lord?

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [Standing forth] What says my general?

Cas. Messala, 70

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,

60 Young man] Hyphened in Ff. honourable] honourably Grant White (Craik conj.).


66 [Exeunt...their army.] Exit...Army. Ff.

67 Scene iii. Pope. Why......bark?] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

68 all is] all's S. Walker conj., ending the line Ho!

69 Ho.] om. Pope. As a separate line by Steevens (1793).

lord?] Dyce. Lord. Ff.


70, 71 Messala,...day] As in Pope. One line in Ff. 71 as] at Keightley.

74 am I] I am Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands:
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life: arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!

102 himself: ... how.] himself; ... how,  
Pope. himself;... how: Ff. him-
self;... how, Craik.
102—105 I... life:] Put in a parenthesis
by Johnson.
105 time] term Capell.
 life:] life; Theobald. life, Ff.
Here Warburton marks a sentence
omitted.
arming myself] for not arming
himself Herr conj.
106 some] those Craik (Collier MS.).
107 this battle] om. Steevens conj.
F3 F4. Along Pope. By the proud
victors, thro' Seymour conj.
streets] street, Rowe (ed. 2).
Rome?] Theobald (ed. 2). Rome.
Ff.
110 No,......Roman.] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.
113 the] F1, that F2 F3 F4.
begun] began Collier (Malone conj.).
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [Exeunt. 125

Scene II. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [Exeunt.

Scene III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;

Scene II.] Capell. Scene IV. Pope.  
The field of battle.] Capell.  
Alarum.] Ff. Alarums, as of a  
Battle join'd. Capell.  
2 [Loud alarum.] Ff. om. Capell.  
4 Octavius'] Pope. Octavio's Ff.  
5 And] One Hanmer. A Warburton.  

Scene III.] Capell. Scene continued in Pope.  
Another...field.] Capell.  
8 are] were Pope.  
9 further] farther Collier.  

VOL. VII.  

16
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius; 
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me, 
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops 
And here again; that I may rest assured 
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[Pindarus ascends the hill.

This day I breathed first: time is come round, 
And where I did begin, there shall I end; 
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [Above] Titinius is enclosed round about 
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; 
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [Shout.] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do;
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Caesar, thou
art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.
Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
    Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
    Mes. Where did you leave him?
    Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
    Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
    Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
    Mes. Is not that he?
    Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
    Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
    Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
    Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

_Tit._

Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Kills himself.

_Alarum._ Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato,
and others.

_Bru._ Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
_Mes._ Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
_Bru._ Titinius' face is upward.
_Cato._ He is slain.

_Bru._ O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.}

_Cato._ Brave Titinius!  

81 _friends_?] Capell. _Friends_, Ff.  
83 _give it_] _give't_ Steevens (1793).  
90 [Kills himself.] Dies. Ff. Collier
MS. adds 'falling on the sword of Cassius.' Stabs himself (after line 89). Dies, Rowe.  
91 _Scene vi._ Pope.  
93 _alarum._] om. Capell.  
95 _walks_] _wa'kes_ Ff.  
96 [Low alarums.] om. Capell.
Look, whether he have not crown’d dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. 

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country’s friend;

97 whether Edd. where Ff. if Pope.
101 moe] F_2_ F_3. mo F_1 F_2. more Rowe.
105 funerals] funeral Pope.
Flavius] F_1. Flauio F_1. Flavius

Another...] Capell. The Field of Battel. Pope.
Alarum.] Alarums. Capell.
Enter......others.] Capell, substan-
tially. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius. Ff.
young Cato,] Dyce. Cato, Ff.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[Offering money] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.

[Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispering. 5

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispering.

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

F_1F_2F_3.
30 whether] Edd. where Ff. if Pope.
where Capell.
31 us word] us word, F_1. us, F_2F_3. us
F_4.

Scene v.] Capell. Scene viii. Pope.

Scene 2. Collier MS.
Another...] Pope.
5 [Whispering.] Rowe. om. Ff.
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: 
[Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.

26 knowst] knowest F₄.
27 prithee] prethee Ff. pray thee Capel.
28 sword-hilts] Sword Hilt F₁F₂. Swords Hilt F₃F₄.

whilst] whilst F₁F₂. while F₃F₄.
31 [Shaking hands severally. Collier (ed. 2). Shaking y' handes severally. Collier MS.
33 thee too, Strato. Countrymen.] Theobald. thee, to Strato, Countrymen:
Ff.
34 in] F₁. om. F₂F₃F₄.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Cli. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.] Caesar,
now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[Dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius,
and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

36 losing] Rowe. loosing Ff.
38 this] their Hudson (S. Walker conj.).
40 life's] Rowe (ed. 2). lives Ff.
43 follow] follow thee Pope.
[Exeunt...] Capell. om. Ff.
46 smack] smack Steevens. swatch Wray conj.
in it] in't Pope.
50, 51 [Runs on his sword...[Dies.] He runs on his Sword and dies. Rowe, after line 51. Dyes. Ff, after line 51.
52 Scene IX. Pope.
Alarum.] Alarums. Capell.
Octavius, Antony,] Capell. Antony, Octavius, Ff.
the army.] their army. Malone.
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strat. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Strat. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt.]
NOTES.

Note I.

Dramatis Personæ. Rowe has 'Artemidorus, a Soothsayer,'—'Artemidorus a Sooth-sayer' in the first edition—which was altered by Theobald, who described Artemidorus as 'a Sophist of Cnidos,' and made the Soothsayer a separate person.

The Acts, but not the Scenes, are marked in the Folios.

Note II.

11. 1. 73. In both the editions of Pope this line is ludicrously printed thus:

'No, Sir, their—are pluckt about their ears.'

He seems to have thought that 'hat' was an intolerable anachronism, for in Coriolanus, ii. 3. 95 and 164, he has substituted 'cap.' In this passage it would seem that he could not make up his mind and left a blank accordingly. It is noticed in one of Theobald's letters to Warburton (Nichols's Illustrations, Vol. II. p. 493).

Note III.

11. 1. 189. Jennens quotes 'and wildness' as the reading of Rowe's Octavo. Two lines below he quotes 'laugh at us hereafter' as from the same edition. In i. 2. 110, he says that Rowe's Octavo reads 'we arrive' for 'arrive,' in i. 2. 163, that it reads 'would you' for 'you would,' in i. 2. 170, that it reads 'But' for 'Both;' in i. 3. 85, that it omits 'say;' in iii. 1. 207, that it reads 'Sing'd.' In none of these cases does our copy of Rowe correspond with his statements.
NOTES.

Note IV.

iii. 2. 110. We transcribe a portion of Pope's note on this passage:

"Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Pleb. Cæsar had never wrong, but with just cause."

If ever there was such a line written by Shakespear, I shou'd fancy it might have its place here, and very humorously in the character of a Plebeian.' He refers to Ben Jonson's quotation in the Sylva or Discoveries, which has been much discussed by the commentators on iii. 1. 47. Jonson's words are: 'Many times he [i.e. Shakespeare] fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar thou dost me wrong," He replied "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous.' Vol. ix. pp. 175, 176, ed. 1816. There is another reference to Shakespeare's supposed blunder in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Staple of News, first acted in 1625: 'Prologue. Cry you mercy, you never did wrong, but with just cause.' Vol. v. p. 162. Gifford in his note supposes that Metellus Cimber's speech and Cæsar's reply, as they are found in the Folio of 1623, are due to the 'botchery of the players,' and that they originally stood thus:

'Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.
Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.'

But surely the first twelve lines of Cæsar's reply, to which Gifford makes no allusion, cannot have been written by any other hand than Shakespear's. On the whole it seems more probable that Jonson, quoting from memory, quoted wrong, than that the passage was altered in consequence of his censure, which was first made, publicly, in 1625.

Note V.

iii. 2. 204, 205. The arrangement given in the text, suggested by Mr Grant White and Dr Delius, was first printed by us in the Globe Shakespeare and has been adopted by Mr Dyce in his second edition. The Folios continue the words to the second citizen, thus:

'2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor live.'

See Coriolanus, Note (vii). Perhaps the speech given to Sec. Cit. lines 208, 209, should be also given to All, as Dr Delius has also suggested. The same remark may apply to the speech of Third Cit. at the end of Scene 3.
Note VI.

iv. 1. Rowe and Pope give 'Rome' for the Scene. Theobald places it on 'a small Island near Mutina.' In his note he says, 'Shakespeare, I dare say, knew from Plutarch, that these Triumvirs met, upon the Proscription, in a little Island: which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina upon the River Lavinius.' Hanmer makes the scene at 'A small Island in the little River Rhenus near Bononia.' Warburton cuts the knot by omitting to indicate the scene. Johnson followed Theobald. Capell put 'A Room in Antony's House,' which is adopted by Malone and modern editors generally. Mr Knight says, 'The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription. But it is evident that Shakspere places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cesar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."'

Note VII.

iv. 2, 50, 52. The ingenious alteration made by Mr Craik cures the defective metre of line 50 and gets rid of the incongruous 'association of an officer of rank and a servant boy' in line 52. We have not however adopted it, because we are of opinion that the error, such as it is, is due to the author and not to a transcriber. In the first place, irregularities of metre are especially frequent, as Mr Dyce and others have pointed out, where proper names occur; and, secondly, an incongruity which was unnoticed by a long series of commentators may well have escaped the observation of a writer among whose merits minute accuracy cannot be ranked. Moreover in Shakespeare's eyes Lucius was probably a page of gentle birth, with whom Titinius might not unfitly be associated; and the office of guarding a door is at least as suitable to him as that of carrying a message to an army. In the next scene, both Lucius and Lucilius are in attendance.

Note VIII.

v. 1, 69, 70. The stage directions given in the text are compounded of that given in the Folios and that given by Rowe. The Folios after 'hark, a word with you,' add Lucilius and Messala stand forth, which Capell was the first to omit. Rowe, retaining those words, added Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, his sons.
DONALBAIN, generals of the King's army.
MACBETH, Banquo, Macduff, Lennox, Ross,
Menteith, Angus, Caithness,
DONALBAIN, Ins sons.
DnVALBAIN.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young Sward, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: Scotland; England.

1 First given by Rowe; more fully by Capell.
2 Gentlewoman... Capell. Gentlewomen... Rowe.
THE TRAGEDY OF
MACBETH.

ACT I.

Scene I. A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

Act I. Scene 1. Actus Primus.
Scena Prima. Ff.
A desert place.] An open Heath.
Rowe. An open place. Theobald.
om. Ff.

1 against] Hanmer. again? F1F2.
again? F3F4.

2 or] and Hanmer.

done] over A. Hunter.


5 the] om. Pope.

VOL. VII.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

All. Paddock calls:—anon!

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought 'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil

8 First Witch.] 3 Witch. Steevens conj.
I come] I come, I come Pope, putting Grimalkin in a separate line.
9—11 All. Paddock...air.] 2. Witch. Padocke calls—anon! All. Fair... air. Pope. 2. Witch. Paddock calls. 3. Witch. Anon. All. Fair...air. Grant White (Hunter conj.).
9, 10 Paddock...fair.] Two lines in Pope. One in Ff.
9 calls:—anon!] Capell. calls—anon — Rowe. calls anon: Ff.
10 foul is fair] foul sfair Rowe (ed. 2).
11 the] om. Pope.

Alarum within.] om. Rowe.
1 Dun.] Capell. King. Ff (and throughout).
3, 4 sergeant Who...good] serjeant, who Like a right good Hamner.
3 sergeant] sergentint Keightley (S. Walker conj.).
4, 5 soldier fought 'Gainst] soldier Fought against S. Walker conj., or supposes some words to be lost.
6 the knowledge] thy knowledge Keightley (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.). your knowledge Gould conj.
As thou didst leave it.

Serv. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show’d like a rebel’s whore: but all’s too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish’d steel.
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour’s minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

_Dun._ O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

_Ser._ As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfit swell'd. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

_Dun._ Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

_Ser._ Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were

21 Which.....hands] And ne'er slack'd hand Bulloch conj.
farewell] farwell F1.
26 Shipwrecking.....break] Burst forth shipwrecking storms and direful thunders Anon. conj.
Shipwrecking] Theobald (ed. 2). Shipwrecking Ff. thunders break,] Pope. thunders; F1. thunders breaking F2 F3 F4. thun-
ders burst, or thunders threat, S. Walker conj.
30 kerns] kernes Ff. kermes Johnson.
32 furbish'd] furbisht Rowe. furbusht Ff.
33, 34 Dismay'd.....Banquo?] As in Pope. Prose in Ff. Dismayed not This...Banquo? Keightley, ending the first line at not.
34 captains] captains twain S. Walker conj.
Macbeth] brave Macbeth Hamner.
34, 35 Yes;...lion.] As in Pope. Two lines, ending Eagles...Lyon, in Ff.
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

_Dun._ So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

[Exit Sergeant, attended.]

Who comes here?

_Enter Ross._

_Mal._ The worthy thane of Ross.

_Len._ What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

_Ross._ God save the king!
Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

50, 51 flout...fan] flouted...fann'd. Mo-berly conj.
50 flout the] float i' the Becket conj. Did float the Kightley, reading From...cold as two lines, the first ending banners.
51, 52 And...himself[,] One line, Singer, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
53 terrible numbers[,] numbers terrible, Pope. terrible numbers, there Kightley. treble numbers, Gray conj. (N. & Q., 1888).
54 began[']gan Pope.
56 self-comparisons] self-caparisons Hudson (Daniel conj.).
57 point rebellious, arm] Theobald.

point, rebellious armc Ff.
58 and[,] om. Pope.
59 us.] us;— Steevens.
60, 61 That...composition;) As in Stee- vens (1778). Two lines, the first ending king, in Ff.
61 Sweno] om. Steevens conj., reading That...composition as one line.
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?


Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me,'

quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

5 Give...I:] As in Pope. A separate line in Ff.

6 Aroint thee,] Aroynt thee, F,F,F,F,F.

Aroint the Becket conj.

10 and I'll do] and I'll not fail Jack-

12 Thou'rt] Capell. Th' art Ff. Thou

art Pope.
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.
Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught That man may question? You seem to understand me, By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!
Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Yourfavours nor your hate.
FirstWitch. Hail!
Sec.Witch. Hail!
ThirdWitch. Hail!
FirstWitch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
Sec.Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
ThirdWitch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
FirstWitch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence 75
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

68, 69 So all...hail.] Spoken by the
three witches in chorus, Hudson
(Lettsom conj.).
68 So] om. Pope.
69 FirstWitch.] 1. Ff. 1. 2. Capell.
71—75 By...Cawdor.] Aside, Mull conj.
71 SineI's] Finleg's Ritson conj. Si-
nane's Beattie conj.

I am] I'm Pope.
78 With...you.] As in Pope. Two lines
in Ff.
81, 82 Into......stay'd /] As in Capell.
Three lines, ending corporall,......
winde...stay'd, in Ff.
82 Would...stay'd /] Aside, Mull conj.
84 on] of F4. o' Capell.
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth, The news of thy success: and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend Which should be thine or his: silenced with that, In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as hail Came post with post, and every one did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;

88 Who's] but who is Hanmer.
89 Scene v. Pope.
91 venture] 'venture Warburton.
92 his praises] thy praise Bailey conj.
93, 94 contend Which...that,] contend.
93 What] What Hudson (Harvard ed.).
95 afraid] afraid F.
96 afeard] afraid F.
97, 98 death. As...hail Came] death, as.....hail. Came Leighton conj. (Epit. of Liter., 1879).
97 death. As] Pope. death; as Rowe. death, as Ff.
97, 98 thick...with post] quick as tale, Post follow'd post A. Hunter.
98 death, as] Pope. death; as Rowe. hail, Came Leighton conj. hail, Ran Delius conj. tale, Ran Perring conj. haste, Came Herr conj. (withdrawn).
98 with] on Pope.
99 sent] not sent Hunter conj.
100 sent] not sent Hunter conj.
101, 102 thanks; Only to] thanks Only; to Mull:
Only to herald thee into his sight, 
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour, 
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: 
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me 
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet, 
But under heavy judgement bears that life 
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined 
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel 
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both 
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not; 
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved, 
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor: 
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's

In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

[Aside] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:

120—126 That...consequence.] Marked as Aside by Capell.
120 trusted home] truth be shown Brady conj.
trusted] thrusted Keightley (Malone conj.).
121 enkindle] enkinder Warburton MS.
125 trifles] trials Warburton MS.
betray's] F₁F₂F₄ betray us Rowe (ed. 2).
126, 127 In...you.] As in Ff. One line in Capell.
127 [To Rosse and Angus. Rowe. talks with Rosse and Angus apart. Capell.

129 [To Rosse and Angus. Johnson.
130 [Aside] Marked first by Capell.
131 Cannot...cannot] Can it...can it Anon. conj.
cannot be good:] can it be good? Jackson conj.
131, 132 if ill...success.] As in Rowe.
One line in Ff.
133 I am] I'm Pope.

137 fears] feat Theobald (Warburton).
acts A. Hunter.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [Aside] If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art

154 The] I' th' Steevens conj. In the Keightley.
156 Till...friends.] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.
Scene iv.] Ff. Scene vi. Pope.
1 Dun.] Capell. King. Ff (and throughout).
Is.....not] Arranged as by Capell.
The line ends at Cawdor? in Ff.

Cawdor?] Cawdor yet? Pope.
2—8 My liege,...died] Arranged as by Pope. Seven lines, ending back... die...hee...pardon...Repentance:... him,...dy'de, in Ff.
3 come back] on. Wilson MS., ending the lines 1—3 at or...return'd...spoke.
9, 10 studied in his death, To] studied, in his death, To Keightley. studied in his death To Dyce (ed. 2).
10 owed] own'd Warburton (Johnson conj.). had A. Hunter.
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Welcome hither:

Dun.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing: Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

_Ban._ There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

_Dun._ My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

_Macb._ The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

_Dun._ My worthy Cawdor!

_Macb._ [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires: The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant, And in his commendations I am fed; It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinsman.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me"Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou’ldst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries ‘Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.’ Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown’d withal.
Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it: Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming: One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending; He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.

The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood, Stop up the access and passage to remorse. That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers, Wherever in your sightless substances You wait on nature’s mischief! Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell, That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, To cry ‘Hold, hold!’

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love, 55

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters. To beguile the time, 60 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower, 
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming 
Must be provided for: and you shall put 
This night's great business into my dispatch; 
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*M*ac*bench* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear; 
To alter favour ever is to fear: 
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

**Scene VI.** Before Macbeth's castle.

*Hautboys and torches.* Enter *Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air 
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself 
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer, 
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve 
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath

63 *under't*] *under it* Capell.

69 *ever*] *even* So quoted by Tieck.

to fear] and fear Theobald (ed. 2).

SCENE VI.] SCENE VIII. Pope. SCENE IV. Rowe (ed. 1).

Before...] The Castle Gate. Rowe.

Before Macbeth's Castle Gate.

Theobald.

Hautboys and torches.] Hoboyes, 
and Torches. Ff (Hoboyes, F4). Haut-
boys. Servants of Macbeth with 
Torches. Capell.

Enter Duncan...] Enter King... Ff.

1 seat] *site* Travers (Johnson conj. 
withdrawn).

1, 2 the air...itself] As in Rowe. One 
line in Ff.
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap’d up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

_Dun._ Where’s the thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holf him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

_Lady M._ Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness’ pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

_Dun._ Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.  

_[Exeunt._

**Scene VII. Macbeth’s castle.**

_Hautboys and torches._ Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

_Macb._ If it were done when ’tis done, then ’twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With his surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgement here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which being taught return To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed

2 assassination] assassinator Becket conj.
4 his[ts Pope.
surcease, success] success, surcease A. Hunter (Johnson conj.).
5 be...end-all] be the all, and be the end of all—Rowe (ed. 2).
   end-all here,] Hamner. end all. Here, Ff (Here F_3F_4). end—all—Here, Rowe (ed. 1). end-all—Here. Warburton.
   end-all] Hyphen inserted by Pope.
6 But here, upon] Here only on Pope.
   shoal] Theobald. school F_1F_2.
   school F_3F_4. school Warburton.

school'd Becket conj. shore Gray conj. (N. & Q., 1888).
time,] time—Rowe.
9 instructions] inductions Becket conj.
10, 11 the inventor.....Commends] F_1.
   Omitted in F_3F_4 and Rowe.
10 this] om. Pope. thus, Collier, ed. 2 (Mason conj.).
11 Commends] Returns Pope.
   ingredients] Pope. ingredience Ff.
16 bear] bare Daniel conj.
17 his] F_1. this F_2F_3F_4.
   faculties] F_1F_2. faculty F_3F_4.
19 against] again Johnson.
22 cherubin] Ff. cherubim Jennens.
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prickle the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time

23 sightless] silent Theobald (ed. 2).
24 ey] ear Daniel conj.
26 sides] side Mason conj.
27 o'erleaps itself] oft o'erleaps itself Bulloch conj. o'erleaps, itself; Patterson conj. o'erleaps its sell Landor conj. o'erleaps its seat Bailey conj.
28 on the other.] on th' other. Ff. on th' other— Rowe. on th' other side. Hanmer. upon the other. Steevens conj. on the rider. Mason conj. on theory. Jackson conj. on th' earth.
or upon the earth. Bailey conj. on the other bank. Anon. conj. anon i
the gutter. Bulloch conj.
Scene x. Pope.
Enter...] After itself, line 27, in Capell. After news? in Steevens (1778).
29 He has] He's Pope. He hath Hanmer.
30 not he has?] Pope. not, he has? Ff. not? he has. Capell conj.
33 sorts] sort Theobald.
34 would] should Pope.
36 dress'd] bless'd Bailey conj. 'dress'd Bulloch conj.
38 did] bid Becket conj. eyed Bailey conj. dared Bulloch conj.
time] After this Keightley marks a line omitted.
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

39 love] liver Bailey conj. heart Allen conj. (in Furness).
afeard] afeard'd F1,F2,F3, afraid F4.
41—43 have...And] leave...And Moberly (Johnson conj.). have...Or Johnson conj. crave......And Becket conj. lack...And Hudson (Anon. conj.).
47 Who......none.] Given to Lady M., reading no, Hunter conj.
do] Rowe and Southern MS. no Ff.
beast was't] beast was it Steevens.

Boast was't Collier MS. buseness was't Bailey conj. was it Hunter conj. jest was't Herr conj.
51 the] than Hammer.
52 adhere] co-here Pope.
53 They have] They've Pope.
55 me:] Capell. me—Rowe. me, Ff.
58, 59 And......this.] As in Steevens (1793). In Ff the first line ends at sworne.
out] on't out Hudson (Lettsom conj.).
Have done to this.

_Macb._ If we should fail?

_Lady M._ We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereunto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

_Macb._ Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

_Lady M._ Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

_Macb._ I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

59 fail? [fail?—Rowe. fail,—Theobald (ed. 2). fail! Singer (ed. 2).]
62 his [this Pope.]
64 convince [confound A. Hunter.
68 lie [lyes F_1.
73 mettle [metal F_4.
76 and [om. Capell conj.
79 I am [I'm Pope.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I. Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance hearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

81, 82 Away.......know.] Given to Lady M., Warburton MS. and Hunter conj.
Inverness......castle.] Dyce. The same. Court within the Castle.
Capell (Johnson conj.). A Hall.
Rowe. A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.
Pope.
Enter......] Collier (substantially).
Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him. Ff. Enter Ban-
quo, and Fleance; Servant with a Torch before them. Capell.

2 The moon...clock.] I've not...clock: The moon is down. Seymour conj., ending the first line at clock.
4 Hold...heaven,] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff. Giue it. Collier MS. (after sword).
There's] 'Tis very dark; there's Sey-
mour conj.
7—9 And...repose?] As in Rowe. In Ff lines 7 and 8 end sleepe:...... thoughts.
9, 10 Gives...there?] As in Hamner. In Ff the lines end repose...there?
Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

9 Enter...] Ff. After sword in Capell.
After there?] in Dyce.
Give...sword.] om. Seymour conj.,
reading Gives...friend as one line.
13, 14 He...offices:] See note (ii).
16, 17 By......content.] Arranged as in Pope. The first line ends hostesse,
in Ff.
and shut up...content.] After line 12,
Herr conj.
16 hostess:] An omission here. Anon.
conj.
and shut up] And shut up F1. And
shut it up F2F3F4. and's shut up
Hanmer. and is shut up Heath
conjunction. as shut up Lettsom conj. and
shut him up Kinnear conj. and's put
up Gray conj. (N. & Q., 1888).
18, 19 defect, Which] effect What Daniel
conj.
19 All's] Sir, all is Steevens conj.
well] very well Hanmer.
21 they have] they've Pope.
23 We would] Would Pope.
kindest A. Hunter.
leisure] See note (iii).
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, it shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still keep my bosom franchised and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight? Or art thou but a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable as this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; and such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, or else worth all the rest; I see thee still; and on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
MACBETH.

ACT II.

Which was not so before. There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear Thy very stones prate of my whereabout, And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it. While I threaten, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [A bell rings.

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!
Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.


Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed

61 Words...gives.] Put in the margin by Pope.
64 heaven, or] heaven—or Nicholson conj.
65 [Exit.] See note (iv).
Scene II.] Scene III. Pope. Rowe continues the scene.
The same.] Capell.
2—6 What...possets,] Arranged as in Rowe. In Ff the lines end fire... shriek'd,...night...open:...charge... possets.
4 stern'st] sternes (i.e. stars) McKenzie

VOL. VII.

conj. etern'st Staunton conj. (Athen., 1872).
5, 6 and...snores:] One line in Knight, who arranges the previous lines as Ff.
5 surfeited] surfeit' Allen conj. (in Furness).
6 I have] I've Pope.
10 attempt and...deed] Edd., Globe ed. (Hunter conj.). attempt, and...... deed, Ff.
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready; He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't. 

Enter Macbeth. 

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

Macb. When? 

Lady M. Now. 

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay. 

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. 

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands. 

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. 

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

[12 'em] them Capell. 

[13 Enter Macbeth.] Steevens (1793), after husband! Re-enter Macbeth. Dyce, after husband! 

My husband!] As in Rowe. A separate line in Ff. 

[14 I...noise?] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff. I have] I've Pope. thou not] not thou F. 

[16 Did......descended?] Macb. Did......speak? Lady M. When? Now? 


[18, 19 Hark!...chamber?] Arranged as by Steevens (1793). One line in Ff. 

[20 [Looking...]] Looks... Pope. om. Ff. (his bloody handes) Collier MS. 

[22—25 There's.....sleepe.] Arranged as by Rowe. The lines end sleepe,...other:...prayers,...sleepe, in Ff. 


[23 That...I] They wak'd each other; and I Pope.
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

24 address'd] address Theobald.
27, 28 hands...fear,] Pointed as in Ff.
hands...fear ; Rowe.
28 fear] prayer Anon. and Bailey conj.
29, 30 When...deeply,] One line in Steevens (1793).
29 did say] om. Steevens conj.
32, 33 I had...throat,] As in Pope. One
line in Ff.
33, 34 These...ways,] As in Ff. One
line in Rowe.
33 thought] thought on Hanmer.
35, 36 'Sleep...sleep,'] See note (v).
36 does] doth Rowe (ed. 2).
murder] Steevens (1778). murther
Ff.
37 Sleep...care,] Put in the margin by
Pope.

sleeve] Steevens (Seward conj.).
sleeve Ff.
38 death] birth Warburton. breath
Becket conj.
life] grief Jennens conj.
39 course] source Theobald conj. (with-
drawn).
40 feast,—] feast,— Theobald. feast.
Ff.
Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house: 'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

---

42, 43 'Glamis...more.'] See note (v).
42 Glamis...Cawdor] Cawdor...Glamis
      Anon. conj.
            Glamis] For Glamis Seymour conj.
56 [Knocking......] Knocke...... Ff.
      murder'd] Capell. murther'd Ff.
45, 46 You do...things.] Do you...things?
30 Dodd conj.
46 Go get] go, get Rowe.
49 go carry] go, carry Rowe.
50 [Exit. Knocking within.
58 is't] is it Theobald (ed. 2).
51 what] on what Keightley.
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I hear a  
knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.] Hark! more  
knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers: be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.  
[Knocking within.  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!  
[Exeunt.

62, 63 The...red.] Make the green ocean red—Pope, putting Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine in the margin.
incarnadine] Rowe. incarnardine Ff.  
63 the green one red.] the Green one Red.  
F.4 the Greene one, Red F1,F2,F3. the green, One red—Johnson. the green—one red. Steevens, 1778 (Murphy conj.). the green sea red Bailey conj. the green zone red Staunton conj. (Athen., 1872). their green, one red. Ingleby conj.
64 Re-enter...] Capell. Enter Lady. Ff.
65—69 To...knocking:] Arranged as in Pope. Seven lines, ending white...  
entry:...chamber:...deed:...constance ...unattended...knocking, in Ff.
73, 74 To...couldst! Two lines in Pope.  
Four in Ff.
73 To know] T' unknow Hanmer.  
deed,] deed? Edd. conj. (doubtfully).  
74 Wake...thy] Wake Duncan with this Rowe. Wake, Duncan, with this  
Theobald (Davenant's version).  
I would] would Pope. Ay, 'would Steevens (1793).
Scene III. The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here’s a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there, i’ the name of Beelzebub? Here’s a farmer, that hanged himself on th’ expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you’ll sweat for’t. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock! Who’s there, in th’ other devil’s name? Faith, here’s an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God’s sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there? Faith, here’s an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I’ll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to
have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i’ the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made, a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp’d the hour.

*Macb.* I’ll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet ’tis one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

*Macd.* I’ll make so bold to call, For ’tis my limited service.

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimney’s were blown down, and, as they say, Lamentings heard i’ the air, strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible

---

41 Scene iv. Pope.


45 *I have*] *I’ve* Pope.

48 *physic*] Physicks *F₁F₂*. Physick’s *F₃F₄*.

49 *This*] That Capell (in Notes).

49, 50 *I’ll...service.* As verse first by Hanmer. Prose in Ff.


51 *hence*] From hence Steevens (1793), reading For...king From...so, as two lines.

52—54 *The...death,*] As in Rowe. Four lines, ending *unruly...downe...ayre...Death*, in Ff.

55 *And prophesying*] And prophesying Hanmer. *Aunts prophesyings* Warburton conj.

55—57 *And...time: the*] *And......time.* The Ff. *And,......time, the* Knight (Anon. conj.).
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb.  'Twas a rough night.
Len.  My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd.  O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macb.)  What 's the matter?
Len.  
Macd.  Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb.  What is 't you say? the life?
Len.  Mean you his majesty?
Macd.  Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. [Bell rings.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear, Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.
Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant there's nothing serious in mortality: All is but toys: renown and grace is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't: 95 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't: Their hands and faces were all badged with blood; 100 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found Upon their pillows: They stared, and were distracted; no man's life Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury, 105 That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?
Lady M.
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [Aside to Mal.] What should be spoken here, where
our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

107 amazed] and maz'd Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., lxx. p. 35).
110 Outrun] Outrun Johnson.
111 His.....blood] His snow-white skin streak'd with his crimson blood A. Hunter.
113 murderers] Steevens (1778). Murtherers Ff.
117 make's] make his Capell.
[Seeming to faint. Rowe.
118—121 Look...us?] S. Walker would end the lines lady...claim...spoken...hole...us?
118 [gather about her. Capell.
Lady sw. Collier MS. (opposite lady).
118, 120, 123 [Aside...] Staunton. om. Ff. Singer (ed. 2) marks Why...motion ‘Aside to each other.’
120—122 What.....away;] As in Dyce. Three lines, ending here...hole,...away, in Ff. Steevens ends the lines at here...hole...tears. Malone ends them at spoken......hole......tears.
121 Hid in] hid in F, hid within F₂, F₃F₄, hidden in Jackson conj. Hide we in Staunton conj. (Athen., 1872).
auger-hole] Ogr's hole Delius conj. (withdrawn).
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

_Mal._ [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

_Ban._ Look to the lady:

_Lady Macbeth is carried out._

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight.

Of treasonous malice.

_Macd._ And so do I.

_All._ So all.

_Macb._ Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

_Well contented._

_Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain._

_Mal._ What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

_Don._ To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
unt. Ff.

123 sorrow yet Keightley.

124 Upon] on Pope, reading Are...on as one line.

Look] Look there Hanmer.

[Lady......] Rowe. om. Ff. Exit
Lady borne out. Collier MS.


131 Macd.] Macb. Rowe.

133 [Exeunt all but...] Hanmer. Exe-

134 What...them:] One line in Rowe.

Two in Ff.

136 Which......England.] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

137—140 To......bloody.] As in Rowe.

Four lines in Ff, ending I...safer:

...smiles j...bloody.

139 near] near' Delius.
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well: Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father, Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act, Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day, And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp: Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame, That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last A falcon towering in her pride of place

140 murderous] Steevens (1778). murderous Ff.
2 I have] I've Pope. I have Ff.
10 should] shall F₂. 12 towering] towering Ff. touring Staunton.
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff:

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:
adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most fouly for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen;
Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Lenox, Rosse, Ff. Lady Macbeth, Queen; Rosse, Lenox, Capell.
Ladies,] Capell. om. Ff.

all-thing] F. all-things F. all things F. all thing Collier.

Let your highness] Lay your High-
ness's Rowe (from Davenant). Lay
your highness' Pope. Set your high-
ness' Mason conj. 'Tis your high-
ness' Kinnear conj.

upon] be upon Kightley.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day’s council; but we’ll take to-morrow.  
Is’t far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
"Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow’d  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon’s.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

20—23 We...ride?] As in Ff. In Pope  
the lines end desir’d...grave...but...  
ride?
22 council] Rowe. counsel\(F_3F_4\). counsell  
take] talk Malone. take’t Warburton MS. and Keightley.
23 Is’?] Is it Pope.
34 you] om. Pope.
34, 35 adieu...you?] As in Pope. Two

lines, the first ending night, in Ff.
36 upon’s] upon us Pope.
38, 39 And so...Farewell. One line in Keightley.
41, 42 night; to...welcome] Theobald.  
night, to...welcome : Ff.
42, 43 The sweeter...you?] As in Rowe.  
Three lines, ending welcome:......  
alone:...you, in Ff.
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

**Attend.** They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

**Macb.** Bring them before us.  
[Exeunt Attendant.

To be thus is nothing; But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares, And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour To act in safety. There is none but he Whose being I do fear: and under him My Genius is rebuked, as it is said

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters, When first they put the name of king upon me, And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like They hail'd him father to a line of kings: Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass’d in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross’d, the instru-
ments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say ‘Thus did Banquo.’

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell’d,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow’d you to the grave
And beggar’d yours for ever?

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall

102 Not i the] And not in the Rowe.
Not in the most Keightley.
worst] worse Hudson (Jervis conj.).
say it] Rowe. say't Ff.
103 that] F,F,F, the F,F,F.
105 heart and] Pope. heart: and Ff.
107 my liege.] om. Pope.
109, 110 Have...do] As in Rowe. One line in Ff.
111 weary] weary'd Capell.

With disasters, tugg'd] with disas-
trous tuggs Warburton. of dis-
astrous tuggs A. Hunter.

113, 114 Both......enemy.] As in Rowe.
One line in Ff.

120—122 For certain...it is] See note (vi).
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.  
[Exeunt Murderers.]

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.  
[Exit.

Scene II. The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.  
[Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

139 [Exeunt Murderers.] Theobald. om. Ff.
Scene II. Rowe continues the Scene. Scene III. Pope.
The palace.] Another Apartment in the Palace. Theobald. The same.  
Another Room. Capell.
Lady Macbeth] Macbeths Lady, Ff.  
4 Madam,] om. Seymour conj.  
Nought's had] om. Steevens conj.  
6 safer] better Hanmer.  
8 How......] Lady M. How...... Strutt conj.  
9 fancies] francies Ff.  
10 Using] Nursing Staunton conj.
(Athen., 1872).  
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: [better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy,] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:

13 scotch'd] Theobald. scorched Ff.
swift'd or bruised A. Hunter conj.
but scotch'd Hudson (Davenant's version).
14 close] coil A. Hunter.
16 But...suffer] One line in Theobald.
Two in Ff, the first ending disjoint.
Two in Steevens (1793), the first ending let.
the frame...suffer] both worlds disjoint,
and all things suffer Pope, reading But...suffer as one line.
frame] eternal frame Collier, ed. 2
(Collier MS.), arranging as Ff.
disjoint] become disjoint Bailey conj.
suffer] suffer dissolution Bailey conj.,
reading both...dissolution as one line.
17 meal] meals Gould conj.
20 our peace] F1. our place F2 F3 F4.
our seat Keightley. our pangs Bailey conj.
22 In...grave;] As in Rowe. Two lines in Ff.
Duncan is in his] Duncan's in's
S. Walker conj.
23 fitful] fretful So quoted by T. Whately (1785).
26—32 Can...we] Capell ends the lines
lord...jovial...love;...remembrance
...both...we.
26 further] farther Collier.
26—28 Come...to-night.] Singer (ed. 2)
ends the lines at lord...jovial...to-
night.
27 locks] locks Gould conj.
29—35 See note (vii).
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And withthy bloody and invisible hand

30 remembrance] rememberance Keightley.

tongue unsafe, the while that] Keightley ends the lines at honours...vizards...are.

32 Unsafe...are] Vouchsafe the while your presence.—O, that we
Bulloch conj.

33 flattering] so flattering Rowe.

34 visards] vizards Ff. vizards Theodore.

to our] to our Pope.

37 Fleance] Rowe. Fleans F_{1}F_{3}F_{4},
Fleans F_{2}.

lives] live Hanmer.

38 eterne] eternal Pope.


43, 44 Hath...note] As in Rowe. In Ff the first line ends at peale.

46 seeling] Ff. sealing Rowe.
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow 50
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me.

[Exeunt.

**Scene III.** A park near the palace.

*Enter three Murderers.*

**First Mur.** But who did bid thee join with us?

**Third Mur.** Macbeth.

**Sec. Mur.** He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

**First Mur.** Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the latest traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches

---

49 bond] band Keightley.
50 pale] paled Hudson (Staunton conj. Athen., 1872).

*Light*] Night Warburton conj.
50, 51 and...wood:] As in Rowe. One line in Ff.

51 to the rooky] to the murky or to the
dusky Roderick conj. to the rocky
Jennens. to rook & th' Steevens
conj.

wood:] wood: on earth below Keight-
ley.

53 Whiles] While Capell.

preys] F3F4 prey's F2F2 prey
Pope.

55 strong themselves] themselves strong

Keightley conj.

**Scene III.**] Scene II. Rowe. **Scene IV.** Pope.

A park] A Park, the Castle at
a Distance. Rowe. The same. A
Park: Gate leading to the Palace.
Capell.

2 *He needs not our*] We need not to
Warburton conj. ap. Theobald MS.
our] to Pope.

3, 4 do, To...just.] do.—To...just!

Johnson conj.


7 and] end F1.

near] heere Collier MS.
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.

9—11 Give...about.] S. Walker would end the lines ho!...within...already
...about, reading it is for 'tis, line 9, and in for i', line 11.
Give light Hanmer.
Then 'tis he] Then it is he Pope.
'Tis he Capell.
9, 10 the rest...expectation] As in Pope.
One line in Ff.
10 That are] om. Steevens conj.
13 from] om. Seymour conj.
14, 15 A light...to 't.] Marked as 'Aside'
by Capell.
14 Enter...] Ff (after walk). Enter
Banquo, and Fleance; Servant, with
a Torch, before them. Capell (after
walk).
Fleance] Fleans, Ff.
16 It will be] 'Twill Steevens conj.,
reading Stand...down as one line.
[They......] They fall upon Banquo
and kill him; in the scuffle Fleance escapes. Rowe. om. Ff. They
assault Banquo. Theobald. assailing
him. Capell.
17 O...fly!] One line in Hanmer. Two
in Ff.
good]good Ff. om. Pope.
Ff. dies. Fleance, and Servant,
fly. Capell.
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was't not the way?
Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society And play the humble host. Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends, For my heart speaks they are welcome.

20, 21 There's...affair.] As in Ff. Pope ends the first line at son.
   We have...affair.] One line in Steevens.
20 We have] We're Pope.
21, 22 S. Walker would end the lines away...done.

Scene IV.] Scene III. Rowe. Scene v. Pope.

Hall...] A Room of State. Rowe. A Room of State in the Castle. Pope. A Hall of State...Capell.
Lords,) Lords, Ladies, Collier MS.
1, 2 You...welcome.] Arranged as in Capell (Johnson conj.). The first line ends at downe: in Ff.
   You...last] One line in Delius.
1 down: at first] down at first, Johnson conj.
   at first] And first Rowe (ed. 2). To first A. Hunter and Travers (Johnson conj.).
2 last] next Johnson conj.
   the] a Travers.
4—6 And...welcome.] Two lines, the first ending keeps, in Keightley.
5 best] F₁. the best F₂F₃F₄.
6 [They sit. Rowe. After line 2 in Capell.
8 they are] they're Pope. their Anon. conj.
Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the door] There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. [Aside] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

[Aside] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again.  
[Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making;  
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home:  
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present:

29 [Aside] Indicated by Steevens.
32 hear ourselves] hear 't ourselves Hanmer.
hear, ourselves Steevens. hear, ourselves, Dyce. hear, ourself, Hudson. hear you tell't Hudson conj. ourselves] ourself Capell conj.
33 sold] cold Pope.
34 vouch'd] Ff. vouched Rowe. while 'tis a-making,] while 'tis a making, Malone. while 'tis a making: F1. while 'tis making: F2F3F4. while 'tis making, Pope. the while 'tis making: Collier MS.
a-making] Hyphened by Hudson.
35 'Tis...feed] Then give the welcome: to eat A. Hunter.  
'Tis...welcome: to] 'Less...welcome, to Gould conj. following F1 in line 34. given with] given, with F1F2.
37 Macb. rises. Collier MS.
39 [The Ghost... ] Ghost of Banquo rises,... Capell. Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and... Ff, after it, line 37. Staunton transfers, to follow mischance! line 43: Keightley, to follow company, line 45. The Ghost of Duncan... Seymour conj.
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

---

43 mischance'] mischance. Ff.
44 Please't] Please it Steevens.
45 company.] company? Ff.

[starting. Rowe.
46 Here is] Here's Pope (ed. 2).
Point. Collier MS.
48 Here...highness?] One line in Capell.
Two in Ff.

my good lord] my lord Steevens
(1793), reading Where?...highness?
as one line.

55 momentary] F₁. momentany F₂ F₃
F₄.

upon] on Pope.

58 Feed] Eat A. Hunter.

[To Macbeth. Rowe. To Macb.
aside. Pope. Coming to Macbeth:
aside to him. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier
MS.).

58—59 Are...is.] Marked as 'Aside' by
Capell.

60 O] om. Pope.
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,


in folly om. Steevens conj.

75—77 now, i' the......too,] now: i' th' olden time, Ere......weal—Ay, and since too— Hudson (Daniel conj.).

75 olden] olde Rowe (ed. 1). golden Mason conj. edlen Seymour conj.

76 humane] Ff. human Theobald (ed. 2).

gentle] gen'r'al Theobald (Warburton). ungentle Seymour conj.

77 have been] hath been Johnson.

78 time has] Grant White. times has

F1. times have F2F3F4.
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy 'o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. Macb. What man dare, I dare: Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble: or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [Exit Ghost.]

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, 115
When mine is blanch’d with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have

113 to] at Hamner.
114 When now] Now when Hamner.
115 cheeks] cheek Hamner.
116 is] are Malone.
121 A kind] om. Pope.

122 It......blood:] One line in Rowe. Two, the first ending say, in Ff. blood: they say] blood, they say Pope. blood they say; Ff. blood.—They say, Johnson.
123,124 speak; Augures] speak Augures; Singer conj.
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth

The secret’st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say’st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send:

There’s not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee’d. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp’d in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann’d.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we’ll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.

[Exeunt.

125 maggot-pies and mag-pies, and by Pope.
choughs] coughs Warburton.
129 sir?] om. Collier conj.
130 hear] heard Keightley.
130—132 send: There’s..... fee’d. I]
send—There’s..... fee’d—I Perring conj.
131 There’s not a one] There is not one Pope.
a one] a Thane Theobald (Daven-
ant’s vers.), a man Grant White.
132 I keep] I’ll keepe Collier MS.
132, 133 I...sisters:) S. Walker would end the lines fee’d...will,...sisters.
133 And betimes...to) Betimes...unto Pope. And betimes...unto Rann. Stra
134 Ay, and betimes...to Hudson (Anon.
conj.).
135 I will] will I Keightley (Lettsom
conj.).
136 weird] Theobald. weyard F. 
wizard F₂F₃F₄. weyard Pope.
137 Stepp’d] Stept F. Spent F₂F₃F₄.
138 go] going Hanmer.
139 natures] nature A. Hunter.
142 to] too Warburton.
144 We are] We’re Pope.
Scene V. A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' the morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny: Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms and every thing beside. I am for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end: Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound:
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiepest enemy.

[Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.]
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.  [Exit.]

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be
back again.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI. Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say

26 sleights] Campbell. slight Ff.
27 raise] rise Ff.
33 mortals'] Theobald (ed. 2). mortals Ff. mortals Rowe.
[Music...] Song. [within.]... Capell. Musicke, and a Song. Ff.
35 a] the Rowe (ed. 2).
[Sing within. Come away, come away, &c. Ff.
[Exit.] Capell. om. Ff.
36 back again.] As in Pope. As a separate line in Ff.

Scene VI.] Scene V. Rowe. Scene vi. Pope.
Forres. The palace.] Edd. A Chamber. Theobald. Foris. A Room in
the Palace. Capell.
another Lord.] Angus. A. Hunter (Johnson conj.). Ross. Dyce MS.
(a note in Mr Dyce's copy of the folio).
1 My...thoughts.] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.
2 further] further Johnson.
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell

Who can now want the Hudson
(Cartwright conj.). Who cannot but
have Herr conj.
monstrous] monstrous too Pope.
monstrous Capell.
father?] father. Keightley.
it did grieve Macbeth?] Capell. it
did grieve Macbeth? Ff. did it
grieve Macbeth? Pope.
not that] F,F,F_ that not F,F,F,
and] om. Pope.
deny't] deny it Capell.
born] born F.
his key] F, the key F,F,F,F.
an 't] Theobald (ed. 2). and 't Ff.
should] F, shall F,F,F,F.
'cause] Pope. cause Ff.
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macdutt?^®

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

24, 40, 49 Lord.] Ang. A. Hunter (Johnson conj.).
upon his aid] in aid Anon. conj.
on's aid Lettsom conj.
upon] on Capell. om. Anon. conj.
Seyward Ff.
35 Free...banquets] Our feasts and banquets free from Rann (Malone conj.).
Free] Fright or Fray Steevens conj.
Keep Hudson (Bailey conj.). Rid Kinnear conj.
36 free] fair Collier conj.
the king] Hanmer. their king Ff.
our king Anon. conj. Macbeth Collier MS. (originally).
40 not I'] not I' ; Collier.
Len. And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I’ll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew’d.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries ’Tis time, ’tis time.’
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go: In the poison’d entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter’d venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot.

_All._ Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

_Sec. Witch._ Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder’s fork and blind-worm’s sting,
Lizard’s leg and howlet’s wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

_All._ Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

_Third Witch._ Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches’ mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin’d salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg’d i’ the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudi
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.

[Hecate retires.

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever locks!
**Scene I.**

**Macbeth.**

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight

Against the churches; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken; answer me

To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our

mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten

Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten

From the murderer's gibbet throw

---

48 Scene ii. Pope.
56 on] o'er Collier MS.
57 slope] stoop Capell conj.
germain F₃F₄. germains Pope.
56 germen Delius. german Elwin.
all together] Pope. altogether Ff.
62 thou'dst] Capell. th' hadst Ff.
63 masters?] Pope. masters. Ff. masters? Capell.
'em... 'em] them... them Capell.
65 grease] Pope. greaze F₁. grease F₂ F₃F₄. grace Rowe (ed. 2).
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low; Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought: Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff; Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough. [Descends.

Macb. Whate’er thou art, for thy good caution thanks; Thou hast harp’d my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here’s another,

More potent than the first.


Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I’d hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn


(come up) Collier MS.

71 Macbeth......Macduff:] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

72 [Descends.] Rowe. He Descends. Ff.

74 Thou hast] Thou’st Pope. harp’d] happ’d Becket conj.


78—81 Had...Macbeth.] In Reed (1803) the lines end bold,...man,...Macbeth.

79 Be...scorn] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.
The power of man, for none of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood

83 assurance double] Pope. assurance:
     double F1, assurance, double F2F3
     F4.
     double sure] Hyphened by Hudson
     (ed. 2).
86 Third...] 3 Apparation...hand. Ff
     (Apparition, F3F4). Apparition of
     ...rises. Rowe. After 'this,' in Capell.
86, 87 What...king,] As in Rowe. One
     line in Ff.
87 (Come up) Collier MS.
89 top] type Theobald conj.
     to 't] om. Pope.
90 lion-mettled] Hyphen inserted by
     Pope (Davenant's version).
     high Dunsinane] high Dunsmane F4.
     Dunsinane's high Pope.
94 [Descends.] Rowe. Descend. Ff.
97 Rebellion's head] Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
     Rebellious dead Ff.
     Rebellious head Theobald (Warburton).
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's
Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

_First Witch._ Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

_[Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate._

_Macb._ Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

---

114 _gold-bound brow_ Theobald. _Gold-bound-brow_ Ff.
_116 eye_ F₁, _eye_ F₂F₃F₄.
119 _eighth_ F₃F₄, _eight_ F₁F₂.
122 _Now_ may now Pope. _Ay, now_
Steevens (1793).
124 _his_ — Mull.
[Apparitions vanish. Edd. (Globe ed.).
_What, is_ Pope. _What? is_ F₁.
_What is_ F₂F₃F₄.

125 _First Witch._] Hec. Edd. conj.
125—132 _Ay,...pay._ Omit as spurious.
Anon. conj.
127 _sprites_ Knight. _sprights_ Ff.
130 _antic_ antick Theobald. _antique_
Ff.
132 _The Witches.....Hecate._ Edd.
(Globe ed.). The Witches Dance, and vanish. Ff.
133 _Where...how_] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.
Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will? 135

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride, And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [Aside] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits: The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 145

Unless the deed go with it: from this moment The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even now, To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done: The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool; This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:

But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen? 155

Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.


147 firstlings] F1, firstling F2 F3 F4, 148 firstlings] firstling Rowe (ed. 2).

149 be it] be't Pope.

152 unfortunate] th' unfortunate Heath conj.


No...fool;] Omit as spurious, ending lines 153, 154 do...sights! and reading Where...are as prose. Anon. conj.

154 this purpose] the purpose Hanmer.

Scene II. Fife. Macduff’s castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou’ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you’ll buy ’em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak’st with all thy wit, and yet, i’ faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!
First Mur. What, you egg!
[Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you!

[Dies.}

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'
Exeunt murderers, following her.

Scene III. England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

78 To say......faces?] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.
I have] Ff. I had FfFfFf. I'ad
Pope. I'd Theobald. I've Dyce
(ed. 2).
82 shag-ear'd]Ff. shag-ear'd Ff, shagge-
ear'd FfFfFf. shag hair'd Singer, ed.
2 and Hudson (Steevens conj.).
[Stabbing him.] Rowe. om. Ff.
83 He has] H'as Pope.
84 I pray] pray Pope.
[Dies.] Capell. om. Ff.
[Exit......] Edd. (Globe ed.). Exit
L. Macduff, crying Murther; Mur-
therers pursue her. Theobald.
Exit crying Murther. Ff.
Scene III.] Scene IV. Pope.
England. Before......] Dyce. The
A Room in Edward the Confessor's
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall’n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell’d out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I’ll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch’d you yet. I am young; but some-
thing
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

**Macd.** I have lost my hopes.

**Mal.** Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

**Macd.** Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'est
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

**Mal.** Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer

---

24 *still look* look still Theobald (ed. 2).
   *I have* I've Pope.
25 *Perchance...doubts.* One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.
26 *you* your Capell (corrected in Er-rata).
   *child* childe F₁, children F₂F₃F₄.
28 *Without* Without so much as Anon.
33 *dare* F₁F₂. *dares* F₃F₄.
   *affeer'd* Hamner. *affear'd* F₁F₂.
   *affear'd* F₃, *afeard* F₄, *assur'd* or *affirm'd* S. Walker conj. *affeered* Keightley.
   *Fare* For F₁.
35 *think'est* think'est me Keightley.
43 (paper) Collier MS.
Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been

      [Showing a paper. Collier (ed. 2).
      but] but yet Hanmer.
52 open'd] ripen'd Collier MS.
57 evils] ills Pope.
59 smacking] F₁. smoaking F₂F₃F₄.
      every] each Pope.
66 an] a Capell.
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

69 And] And Allen conj. (in Furness).
71 Convey] Enjoy Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
72 cold, the......hoodwink:] Theobald. cold. The...hoodwink: Ff. cold. The...hoodwink, Rowe. cold: the...hoodwink: Pope.
73 We have] We've Pope.
83 loyal] royal Pope.
85 Sticks] Strikes Hanmer (Theobald conj.).
89 portable] bearable A. Hunter.
Macb. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness;
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

140 Scene v. Pope.  
Well......you?] As in Rowe. Two lines in Ff.  
142 convinces] defeats A. Hunter.  
143 great] greatest Anon. conj.  
144 sanctity] sanity Theobald conj.  
(withdrawn).

148 here-remain] Hyphenated by Pope.  
149 I have] I've Pope.  
150 strangely-visited] Hyphenated by Pope.
Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call’d our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark’d; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man’s knell
Is there scarce ask’d for who; and good men’s lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What’s the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour’s age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. 210

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?

201 ever] aye Staunton conj. (Athen.,
1872).

203 Hum! [Rowe. Humh: Ff. Humph!

206 murder'd] Steevens (1778). mur-
ther'd Ff.

211—213 Wife...too?] As in Capell.
Two lines in Ff.

213 I have] I've Pope.

216 He has] You have A. Hunter.

All] What, all Hanmer, ending the
previous line at children.

VOL. VII.
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mac. Dispute it like a man.

Mal. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Mac. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt. 240

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.
Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

_Doct._ How came she by that light?

_Gent._ Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

_Doct._ You see, her eyes are open.

_Gent._ Ay, but their sense is shut.

_Doct._ What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

_Gent._ It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

_Lady M._ Yet here's a spot.

_Doct._ Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

_Lady M._ Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

_Doct._ Do you mark that?

_Lady M._ The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she
I. MACBETH.

now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus,
Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

---

76 she has] she 'as Pope.
mated] 'mated Capell (Errata).
77 [Exeunt.] Exeunt severally. Capell. The country......] Capell. A Field
with a Wood at Distance. Rowe.
Drum and colours.] Ff. om. Rowe.
2 Siward] Theobald. Seyward Ff. 3—5 for......man.] Omit as spurious,
Anon. conj.
causes] cause So quoted in Theobald's note.
5 mortified] milkiest Anon. conj.
LEN. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

MONT. What does the tyrant?

CAITH. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

ANG. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breath;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

MONT. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

CAITH. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

LEN. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

31 Make we] Make me Theobald (ed. 1).
Make up Theobald (ed. 2).
Birnam] Birnan F₁.
Rowe.
3 taint] faint S. Walker conj.
4 The spirits] Spirits Pope.
5 consequences have] consequents, Steevens (1793). consequence, have Singer (ed. 1).
me thus] it Pope. me Capell.
7 upon] on Steevens (1793).
Then fly] Fly Pope.
9 sway] stay Anon. conj.
12 goose look] Hyphened in Ff.
goose] ghost quoted by Rann.
Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain? 

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton!—I am sick at heart, When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. I have lived long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf, And that which should accompany old age, As honour; love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure? 

Macb. What news more?

17 whey-face] whey-face Ff.  
18 [Exit Servant.] Dyce. om. Ff.  
19, 20 Seyton...say!—] Pointed as in Rowe. Seyton, I...say, behold: Seyton, I say, Ff.  
19 I am] Pope.  
20, 21 push...ever] dash Will clear me over Bulloch conj.  
22 way] May Steevens, 1778 (Johnson conj.). day Cartwright conj.  
25 or charter] Daniel conj. 
26 & 27] of off Jackson conj.  
28 and dare] but dare Reed (1803, 1813, 1821).  
29 Seyton!] om. Rowe.  
30 What's] What is Pope.
Sey. All is confirm’d, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I’ll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack’d.

Give me my armour.

Sey. ’Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I’ll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I’ll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me. Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug;
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

_Doct._ Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

_Macb._ Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

_Doct._ [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.  

---

**Scene IV. Country near Birnam wood.**

_Drum and colours._ Enter Malcolme, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

_Mal._ Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

---

48 mine] F₁F₂F₃. my F₄.  
(Arme him) Collier MS.  
52 pristine] pristiu F₁.  
55 rhubarb, senna] rhubarb-clysma Moberly conj.  
  clysme Badham conj. sene Wellesley conj. sirrah Bulloch conj. ochyme  
  Seager conj.  
56 Hearst] Nearest Capell.  
58 (To Seyton) Collier MS. (after me).  
60 Birnam] Birnane F₁.  
[Exit. Steevens (1793). Exeunt all  
except Doctor. Dyce.  
  Plains leading to Dunsinane; a Wood adjacent. Capell.  
  Drum and colours.] Ff. om. Rowe.  
  Enter...] Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, Seywards Sonne, Menteith, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching. Ff.  
1 Cousins] Cosins F₁F₂. Cousin F₃F₄.
That chambers will be safe.

Macb. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Macb. Let every soldier hew him down a bough, and bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow the numbers of our host, and make discovery. Err in report of us.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Macb. The wood of Birnam.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure our setting down before't.

Macb. 'Tis his main hope: for where there is advantage to be given, both more and less have given him the revolt, and none serve with him but constrained things whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our just censures attend the true event, and put we on industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches, that will with due decision make us know

3 Birnam] F₃F₄ Byrnam F₂ Bir-nane F₁
8 confident] confin'd Warburton.
10 main] vain Leo conj.
11 For...is...given] But...was...gain'd Wray conj.
11, 12 where...have given] when...do give A. Hunter.
11 where there] there, there Allen conj. (in Furness).
advantage to be given] a 'vantage to be gone Johnson conj. advantage to be gone Capell advantage to be got Steevens conj. advantage to be taken Keightley (Chedworth conj.). advantage to be gain'd Singer conj. (withdrawn). advantage to be gotten Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). advantage to be ta'en Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). advantage only given Kinnear conj. advantage given to flee or advantage to 'em given Edd. conj. (Clar. Press ed.).
12 Both more and] They more or Wray conj.
What we shall say we have and what we owe,
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.]

**Scene V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.**

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

**Macb.** Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.  

*A cry of women within.*

What is that noise?

**Sey.** It is the cry of women, my good lord.

**Macb.** I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

---

Dunsinane. Within......] Malone.
The Castle of Dunsinane. Theobald.
Capell.
...drum and colours.] ...Drum and Dolours. F.3. ...Drums and Colours.
F.4.

1 banners on...walls;] banners on...walls, Ff. banners! on......walls
Keightley.
5 forced] 'forc'd Habner. furc'd Col-

lier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
7 [A cry...] Dyce. A Cry within of
Women. Ff (after noise?).
Retires. Collier conj. Enter an
Attendant, who whispers Seyton.
Anon. conj.
9 fears] tears Bayliss conj. (New
Shakspere Society Trans., 1879).
10 cool'd] 'coist'd Malone conj. qualed
Collier MS. quail'd Collier (ed. 2).
13 supp'd full] surfeited Hanmer.
horrors;) horrors, Mull.
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

_Macb._ Well, say, sir.

_Mess._ As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, the wood began to move.

_Macb._ Liar and slave!

_Mess._ Let me endure your wrath, if’t be not so: Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove.

_Macb._ If thou speak’st false, Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dost for me as much. I pull in resolution, and begin To doubt the equivocation of the fiend That lies like truth: ‘Fear not, till Birnam wood Do come to Dunsinane;’ and now a wood Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! If this which he avouches does appear, There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. I ’gin to be a-weary of the sun, And wish the estate o’ the world were now undone. Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we’ll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

32 _do it_ Steevens (1793). _doo’t_ F₁ F₂. _do’t_ F₃ F₄. _say_ say it Pope.

34, 44 _Birnam_ F₄. _Byrnan_ F₁. _Byrnam_ F₂ F₃.

35 [Striking him.] Rowe.

37 _may you_ F₁ F₂. _you may_ F₃ F₄.

39 _shall_ shall F₄.


42 _pull_ pall A. Hunter (Johnson conj.).

46 _toward_ towards Warburton.

47—50 _If... undone._ Omit as spurious, Anon. conj.

48 _nor flying_ F₁ F₂. _no flying_ F₃ F₄.

49 _a-weary_ F₁. _a weary_ F₂ F₃ F₄. _weary_ Johnson.

50 _the estate_ th’ estate Ff. _the state_ Pope.

51 _Ring... bell!_ A stage direction, Theobald conj.
SCENE VI. Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon ’s what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siward. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant’s power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt. 10

SCENE VII. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What’s he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou’lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call’st thyself a hotter
name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name’s Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I’ll prove the lie thou speak’st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish’d by man that’s of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be’st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children’s ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

5 Enter young Siward.] Theobald.
Enter young Seyward. Ff (yong F₂).
6 hotter] hoter F₁.
10, 11 Thou...speak’st.] Prose in Rowe.
10 abhorred] F₁. thou abhorred F₂F₃F₄.
11 [They fight......] Fight, and young
Seyward slaine. F₁F₂ (yong F₂).
Fight, and young Seyward’s slain.

F₂F₄.
12 swords] words Daniel conj.
18 either] or Pope. hither Mull (Steevens conj.).
Macbeth,] Macbeth, Advance and
bravely meet an injur’d foe, Malone
conj. (withdrawn).
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.     

[Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarum.

Scene VIII. Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.
Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back; my soul is too much charged With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, For it hath 'cow'd my better part of man! And be these juggling fiends no more believed, That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward, And live to be the show and gaze o' the time: We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

_Macb._ I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

_Exeunt, fighting. Alarums._

_Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers._

_Mal._ I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
_Siw._ Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
_Mal._ Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
_Ross._ Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

_Siæ._ Then he is dead?

_Ross._ Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then It hath no end.

_Siæ._ Had he his hurts before?

_Ross._ Ay, on the front.

_Siæ._ Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

_Mal._ He's worth more sorrow,

And that I'll spend for him.

_Siæ._ He's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

_Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head._

_Macd._ Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:

MS. [54 _Hail......stands_] One line in Rowe.
Two in Ff.
Sticke it in the ground. Collier MS.
Sticking the pike in the ground.
Collier (ed. 2).

56 _pearl_ F³F⁴, _pearle_ F₁F₂. _peers_ Rowe. _pearls_ Anon. conj. _pale_ Orger conj.
Hail, King of Scotland!

All.

Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time 60 Before we reckon with your several loves, And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland In such an honour named. What's more to do, Which would be planted newly with the time, 65 As calling home our exiled friends abroad That fied the snares of watchful tyranny, Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen, Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands Took off her life; this, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace We will perform in measure, time and place: So thanks to all at once and to each one, Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. 75

[Flourish. Exeunt.

59 Scotland! Scotland! hail! Hammer.
All. Hail.] All. All hail, Anon. conj.
Hail......Scotland!] King of Scotland, hail! Steevens (1793).
60 spend...expense] suffer...expense or spend...excess Bailey conj.
spend] make Keightley. pause Kin- near conj.
70 self and] self-laid Anon. conj.
71 what] what's Hamner.
75 Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. Ff.
NOTES.

Note I.

1. 5. 19—22. Pope was the first to place the words ‘Thus thou... undone’ in inverted commas, and was followed substantially by all subsequent editors with the exception of those we are about to mention. Hanmer printed in italics ‘This thou must do if thou have it’ only, and was followed by Capell and Mr Staunton, except that they restore the original reading ‘Thus’ for ‘This.’ Johnson proposed to read ‘me’ for ‘it’ in line 20, printing in italics the same words which Pope included in inverted commas. His reading was adopted by Rann. Dr A. Hunter (Harry Rowe) read:

‘Thou’dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have me;
And that’s what rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.’

Mr Joseph Hunter (New Illustrations &c. of Shakespeare, ii. p. 172) proposed to mark the words ‘Thus thou must do’ only as a quotation, and to read line 20 thus:

‘That which cries “Thus thou must do” if thou wouldst have it.’

Note II.

ii. 1. 13, 14. The first Folio reads here:

‘He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.’
The second, followed substantially by the third and fourth:

"He hath bee ne in unusuall pleasure.
   And sent forth a great Largesse to your Offices."

Rowe altered 'Offices' to 'Officers.'

Pope reads:

"He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,
   And sent great largess to your officers."

'To-night' was first introduced in Davenant's version.

This reading was adopted by subsequent editors down to Capell, inclusive. Steevens (1773) has:

"He hath been in unusual pleasure;
   Sent forth great largess to your officers."

Jennens first adopted the arrangement given in our text, though he retained Rowe's emendation 'officers.'

Note III.

ii. 1. 24. After this line Jennens proposes to add the following to Banquo's speech:

"Those lookers into fate, that hail'd you, Cawdor!
   Did also hail you, king! and I do trust,
   Most worthy Thane, you would consent to accept
   What your deserts would grace, when offer'd you."

Note IV.

ii. 1. 64. Instead of 'Exit,' Tieck gives the stage-direction 'er steigt hinauf,' followed by 'Lady Macbeth tritt unten auf' without any change of scene. In ii. 2. 8 for 'Macb. [Within]' he has 'Macb. (der oben erscheint),' and after the speech 'er geht wieder hinein.'

Note V.

ii. 2. 35, 36. In the Folios and the earlier editors it is not clear from the mode of printing where the words of the 'voice' ended. Hanmer printed the whole in italics down to 'life's feast' in line 40,
omitting however line 37 with Pope. Johnson was the first to print only the words ‘Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murther sleep’ as the cry of the voice, supposing the remainder to be Macbeth’s comment. In lines 42, 43, where the printing of the earlier editions is equally indecisive, Hanmer prints from ‘Glamis’ to ‘Macbeth shall sleep no more’ in italics, while Johnson prints only ‘Glamis hath murder’d sleep’ as the cry of the voice.

**Note VI.**

**III. 1. 120—122.** Dr A. Hunter (Harry Rowe) arranges these lines as follows:

‘But wail his fall whom I myself struck down:
For certain friends there are, both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop: and thence it is, &c.’

**Note VII.**

**III. 2. 29—35.** In these lines we have followed the arrangement of Steevens (1793), which with the exception of the fourth and fifth lines is the same as that of the Folios. The Folios divide the fourth and fifth lines thus:

‘Unsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames.’

Rowe read them:

‘Unsafe the while, that we must lave our Honours
In these so flatt’ring streams,
And make &c.’

Pope:

‘Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt’ring streams, and make our faces
Wizards t’our hearts, disguising what they are.

Capell rearranged the whole passage thus:

‘So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we
MACBETH.

Must have our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Steevens suggested that something was omitted, and proposed to read 'Unsafe the while it is for us, that we,' &c.

Note VIII.

iii. 4. 124. 'Augure,' as was pointed out by Mr Singer, was used for 'augury.' In Florio's World of Wordes (1598), we find 'Augurio, an augure, a soothsaying, a prediction, a signe, a coniecture, a divination, a bad or ill hap, a wishing of good hap, a forboding.'

Note IX.

iv. 1. 43. Rowe prints the song thus:

'Black Spirits and White,
Blue Spirits and Gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.'

In the second line Malone printed 'Red spirits,' &c., after Davenant's version, following Middleton's play of The Witch, Act v. Sc. 2.

Note X.

v. 1. 34. Hell is murky. Steevens printed these words with a note of exclamation after them, with the following note. 'She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes,) has just said, Hell is murky, (i.e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.'
HAMLET.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Claudius, king of Denmark.

Hamlet, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.

Polonius, lord chamberlain.

Horatio, friend to Hamlet.

Laertes, son to Polonius.

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern,

Osric,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

Marcellus,

Bernardo,

Francisco, a soldier.

Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

Fortinbras, prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

Gertrude, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

Ophelia, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other

Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Scene: Denmark.

1 Dramatis Personæ.] First given by Rowe. 2 Denmark.] Edd. (Globe ed.). Elsinoor. Rowe.
THE TRAGEDY OF

HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.


Elsinore.] Capell.

Francisco at...] Francisco upon... Capell. Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels. QqFf.

1—5 Who's...He.] As in QqFf. Two lines of verse in Capell, the first ending unfold.


4 Bernardo?] Barnardo? F1F2QgF3. Barnardo. The rest.


7 now struck] new-struck Elze (Steevens conj.).

strok] strooke Qq. strook F1.

twelve] twolfe Q2Q3.
HAMLET. ACT I.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes
again!

23 our] a Q₁ Q₂ Q₃ Q₆.
26, 27 him along With us to] Knight.
him along, With us to Q₆. him along
With us, to Ff. him, along With us
to Harness.
28 apparition] apparision Q₂ Q₃.
30 Tush, tush,] om. Q (1676).
a while] awhile Q₁. a-while F₁.
What...seen— Hanmer.
have two nights] (Q₁) Qq. two nights
have Ff. sit we] let's Q (1676).
36 yond] yon F₃ F₄.
37 to illumine] t' illumine Q₆ Q₃ Q₄ Ff. t'
illumine Q₅. t' illumine Q₆. to I illu-
mine (Q₁). to enlighten Q (1676).
39 beating] tolling (Q₁). tolling Collier
MS. See note (11).
one,—] one— Rowe. one. QqFf.
[Castle-bell tolls one. Ingleby conj.
40 Enter Ghost.] Q₁. Enter the Ghost.
Ff, after off. After again in Steevens.
Enter the Ghost armed. Collier MS.
Peace,......again!] As in Q₁. Two
lines in Ff.
of] of Q₂ Q₃ F₁ (Capell's copy).
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on

43 Ber. Looks...Horatio.] Omitted in Q4Q5Q6.
        Looks it] Lookes Q2Q3. Looke it Q2.
44 harrows] F3F4. horrowes Qq. harrasses F1F2. horrors (Q1). startles Q (1676).
45 to] too F1.
46 usurp'st] usurpes Q (1676).
49 march?] Q6. march, Q2Q3. march:
The rest.

by heaven] om. Q (1676).
thee,] Rowe. thee QqFf.
speak; speak?] speak; Pope.
[Exit Ghost.] Qq. Exit the Ghost. Ff.
on't] of it Q4Q5Q6.
Before...believe] I could not believe this Q (1676).
not] nor F2.
true] try'd Warburton.
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sleded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, 65
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

1 he] om. Ff.
3 smote] smot Q₂Q₃F₁F₂F₃.
the...ice] the sleded Poll-axe in the iceMoltke.
sledded] Ff. sleaded (Q₁)Qq. sturdy Leo conj.
Polacks] Malone. pollax (Q₁)Q₃Q₄
P. Pollax Q₅F₁F₂Q₆. Polax F₃.
64 'Tis strange.] 'Tis strange— Rowe.
om. Seymour conj.
65 jump at this dead] at the same Q (1676).
jump] (Q₁)Qq. just Ff.
dead] same F₂Q₆F₃F₄. dread Anon.
VOL. VII.
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent.
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved metal hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

conj. (N. & Q., 1878).
As stars with...Disasters in] Astres with...Disasterous dimm'd Malone
conj. Disastrous......Disasters in Becket conj. A star with......
Disasters in Jackson conj. As stars with......Did usher in Duane conj.
As stars with...Disastering Anon. apud Singer (ed. 2) conj. Astres
with...Did overcast Williams conj.
Ay, stars with...Did darken e'en or Ay, stars with...Did enter in or Ay, stars with.....Dy'd darkening Leo
conj. As stars with...Disastrous dimm'd or And stars with...Disas-
trous dimm'd Anon. conj. (N. & Q.). Asters with......Disasters in
Brae conj. (N. & Q.). As stars, with...Disastrous, ev'n or As stars, with...Disastrous hid Taylor conj.
MS. As stars......Distempers in Keightley conj. As stars with...
Distempered (or Discoloured) Staun-
ton conj. Meteors......Disastered
Pickering conj. So, stars......Disas-
sters in Hudson (1879). And

stars with trains of fire; fell dews of blood: Disasters in Gould conj.
(1881). The heavens dropp'd trains
...Disasters dimm'd Kinnear conj.
(1883).

117 As...blood,] Staré shon with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell, Rowe.
Omitted by Raun. Transferred by Mitford to follow events, line 121.
and dews] shed dews Harness, read-
Disasters dimm'd in line 118.

118 in] weild Rowe. dim'd Capell.
121 fierce] Q_5 Q_6 ferce Q_4 feare Q_2
Q_3 fear'd Collier conj.
122 As] Are Mitford conj.
123 omen] omen'd Theobald. omens
Becket conj.
125 climatures] climature Dyce (ed. 2).
countrymen.] countrymen—Jen-
nens.
126 Re-enter Ghost.] Enter Ghost. Q_4.
Enter Ghost again. Ff.
127 [It spreads his arms. Qq. om.
Ff. He spreads his arms. Q
(1676).
SCENE I.  

HAMLET.  

Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak!  [The cock crows.] Stop it,

Mar.  Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor.  Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.  'Tis here!

Hor.  'Tis here!

Mar.  'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber.  It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor.  And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.  I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
HAMLET.

ACT I.

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let’s do’t, I pray; and I this morning know Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt. 175

Scene II. A room of state in the castle.

Flourish. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death The memory be green, and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one brow of woe, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress to this warlike state, Have we, as ’twere with a defeated joy,— With an auspicious and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—

174 Let's] Let F1. 175 conveniently] (Q4)Ff. convenient Qq.
A room...] Capell, substantially. The Palace. Rowe.
Flourish.] Qq. om. Ff.
Enter....] Malone, after Capell.
Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Counsaille: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, Cum Alijs. Qq. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant. Ff (Attendants F2P2P3). Collier MS. adds 'The King takes his Seate.' 1, 2 Though......memory be] As...... memory's Seymour conj. 2 that it us befitted] us befitted Stevens conj. it befitted us Seymour conj. that 't us fitted Elze conj. us befitted] fitted Pope. 3 bear] bathe Elze (Collier MS.). 6 wisest] wiser Hudson, 1879 (Seymour conj.). 8 sometime] Qq. sometimes Ff. 9 to] Qq. of Ff. 11 an...a] Qq. one...one Ff. once... once Becket conj. a dropping] one drooping Grant White.
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor.} In that and all things will we show our duty.
Vol.}

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

- Ham. [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

55 toward] Qq. towards Ff.
57 Have...Polonius?] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
58 He hath] Hath Q2 Q3 lord,] lord : Ff.
58—60 wrung...consent:] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
58, 59 wrung...petition,] by laboursome petition, Wrung from me my slow leave; Rowe and Pope.
59 at last] at the last Pope.
62, 63 be thine... spend] is thine, And my best graces; spend Johnson conj.
63 graces] graces; Q6 

Hamlet, and] Hamlet.—Kind Warburton.
son,—] son— Rowe. sonne. Qq. sonne? Ff.
[Aside] Theobald (ed. 2).
65 [Aside] Theobald (ed. 2).
67 so] Ff. so much Qq.
68 nighted] Qq. nightly Ff. night-like Collier MS.
70 vailed] Qq. veyled F1 F2 veiled F3 F4.
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.  

_Ham._ Ay, madam, it is common.  

_Queen._ If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee?  

_Ham._ Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'  
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,  
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play:  
But I have that within which passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.  

_King._ 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet,  
To give these mourning duties to your father:  
But, you must know, your father lost a father,  
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound—  
In filial obligation for some term  
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever—

72 know'st 'tis] know'st—'tis Seymour conj.  
common  Theobald. common, Ff.  
lives] QqF1. live F2F3F4.  
77 my inky] this mourning Q (1676).  
good mother] Ff. could mother Q2  
Q3. could smother Q4Q5.  
82 moods] modes Q (1695) and Capell.  
shapes] Q4Q5Q6. shapes Q2Q3. shewes  
F1F2. shews F3F4.  
83 denote] FfQo. denote Q2Q4Q4. den-  
85 passeth] Ff. passes Qq.  
87 'Tis...Hamlet,) One line in Qq. Two in Ff.  
sweet and] om. Seymour conj.  
Hamlet,) om. Pope.  
90 That the F4.  
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam. 120

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come; This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof, No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day, But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again, Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! 130
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable Seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

118 mother] Brother F.f.
lose] TffQq. loose The rest.
119 pray thee] Qq. prythee F_f. prethee F^F_f. prythee F^.
120 I...madam.] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
121 Why.] om. Q (1676).
124 to] at Hamner. on Ritson conj.
126 tell] tell it Hamner.
heaven] Qq. heavenens Ff.
bruit] QqF^F_f. brute QqQ_3QqQ_5.
brute F^F_f.
128 Re-speaking] Bespeaking Keightley.
[Flourish.] Qq. om. Ff.
129 Scene III. Pope.
too too solid] too-too-solid Theobald. too-too solid Pope. too, too solid Jennens.
solid] Ff. sullied (Q_1Qq. sullied Anon. conj.
132 canon] Q (1703). cannon QqFf.
self-slaughter] self-slaughter F_2FQ_3
Q_Q_5.
133 weary] FfQq. weary The rest.
134 Seem] Seeme Qq. Seems F_f.
Seems F^F_f.
135 Fie on't! ah fie!] om. Q (1676).
ak fie!] ak fie, Qq. Oh fie, fie, F_f.
F_2. Oh fie, F_f. O fie! F^.

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,

137 *merely. That* Pointed as in *F.*

140 *that...satyr.* Omitted in *Q* (1676).

141 *he...heaven* the beteened winds of heaven might not Becket conj.

143 *remember?* Rowe. *remember, Q.*

145 *on* upon *Anon. MS.*

147 *month,* or *F.* "month or *Q.*

149 *tears:*—*why*] *teares,* why *Q.*

150 *O God*] *Q.* *O Heauen F.*

151 *with my*] *with mine* F.
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!
Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord?
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [To Ber.] Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so, Nor shall you do my ear that violence, To make it truster of your own report Against yourself: I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meat Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! My father!—methinks I see my father.

167 you. Good even, sir.] you, (good even sir) Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅ you (good even sir) Q₃Q₅ you: good even sir. Pf (even, F₄). you good:—even, sir. Jackson conj. [To Ber.] Edd. (Taylor conj. MS.). even] morning Hanmer.


169 good my] my good Q (1676).

170 hear] heare Q₄. have Ff.

171 my] Q. mine Ff.

172 make it truster] be a witness Q (1676). make] take F₂F₃F₄.

174 Elsinore] Malone. Elsonoure Q₂Q₅ Q₄Q₅. Esonour F₁F₂Q₆F₇. Else-

175 to drink deep] (Q₄)Ff. for to drinke Qq. here to drink Q (1676).


178 see] (Q₁)Ff. Omitted in Qq.

179 follow'd] Q₆. followed Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅F₁ followeth F₂F₃F₄.

182 dearest] direct Grimes conj. MS.

183 Or ever I had] Qq. Ere I had ever Ff. Ere ever I had (Q₁) Collier. E're I had Q (1676).

184, 185 My...where?] One line in Steevens (1793), reading as Qq.

184 father!]—] Father.—Rowe. father; Q₂Q₃FfQ₅. father Q₂Q₅.
SCENE II. HAMLET. 401

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm’d, say you?

Mar. } Arm’d, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.
Ber. }

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look’d he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix’d his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay’d it long?

222 writ down in] then Q (1676).
224 Indeed, indeed] (Q) Ff. Indeede
Qq. Seymour would read as Q3, and end the lines but...to-night?
(Q)Qq. Both. Ff.
227, 228 My...not] One line in Steevens (1793).
227 My lord,] om. Q (1676).
228 face?] face. Q2Q3.
229 up] down Anon. ap. Hunter conj.
230, 231 What...more] One line in Ca-
Hamlet.

ACT 1.

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. \}

Hor. Not when I saw 't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life.

A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So fare you well:

237 moderate] modern Knight, ed. 1 (a misprint).
a} an Q.
hundred] hundred eth Q2Q3Q4Q5.
39 saw 't] saw it Steevens.
39, 240 no? Hor. It was] Hor. No! It was Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LX. 403).
41, 42 I will...again.] One line in Ff.


to-night] to nigh Q2Q3.
walk] wake F1.
warrant]\(Q\). warn't Qq. warrant you Ff.
37 be tenable in] require Q (1676).
tenable...still] treble...now Warburton conj. (withdrawn).
tenable in your] in your treble Bailey conj.
else shall hap] shall befall Pope.
fare] fare Q2Q3. you] Qq. ye Ff.
SCENE II.

HAMLET.

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play: would the night were come! 255 Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit.

Scene III. A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell: And, sister, as the winds give benefit And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

---

251 eleven] a leaven Q2Q3Q4.
252 duty] duties (Q1) Grant White. honour] honor Q4.
253 loves] Qq. love Ff.
farewell.] so fare you well. Seymour conj.


254 spirit in arms!] Ff. Spirit in Armes? F1F2F3. spirit (in armes) Q2Q3Q4Q5. spirit in armes, Q6. spirit! in arms! Rann (Whalley conj.).

256 foul] fonde Q2Q3. rise, Though...them, to] rise, (Tho'...them) to Pope. rise Though... them to Q2Q3Q4Q5. rise, Though... them to FfQ6. rise, Though...them from Q (1676) and Long MS.


1 embark'd] inbarckt Q2Q3Q4. imbarkt Q2Q4. imbarkt F1F2. imbarkt'd F3 F4.

3 convoy is assistant.] Convoy is assistant; Ff. convoy, in assistant Q2Q3 Q4. convoy, in assistant, Q5. convoy in assistant, Q6. sleep] slip Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour, Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood, A violet in the youth of primy nature, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more: For nature crescent does not grow alone In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes, The inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now; And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of his will: but you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; For he himself is subject to his birth: He may not, as unvalued persons do, Carve for himself, for on his choice depends

5 favour] Qq. favours Ff.
7 youth of primy] youth, a prime of Q (1676).
8 Forward] QqF3F4. Froward F1F2.
sweet, not] thro' sweet, not Rowe. sweet, but not Capell.
minute;] F2F3F4. minute Q2Q3Q4Q5. minute? F1. minute: Q6.
10 No more.] As in Qq. At end of line 9, in Ff. No more—Warburton. but no more Collier MS. See note (11).
No more] Mo more Q6.
so?] Rowe. so. QqFf.
11—14 For....... withheld] Placed by Tschischwitz after line 32.

11 crescent] F4. cressant The rest.
12 thews] thewth Tschischwitz conj.
bulk] bulkes Qq.
this] Qq. his Ff. the Hamner.
15 soil nor] foyle nor F2F3. foil nor F4. soil of Warburton. soil, or So quoted by Heath.
16 will] Qq. fear F1F2. fear F3F4. suit Gould conj.
fear,] fear, Q2Q3Q4F5. fear F1F2Q6. fear F3F4. fear; Keightley.
17 weigh'd] Ff. wayd Q2Q3. wait Q4 Q5. way'd Q6.
18 For...birth.] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
19 unvalued] inferior Q (1676).

HAMLET. ACT I.
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster’d importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself ‘scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
HAMLET. ACT I.

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame! The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!

45 effect] effects Pope.
46 As watchman to] About Q (1676).
watchman] Q2Q3. watchmen The rest.
47 pastors] pastor Tschischwitz.
48 steep] step Q2.
to heaven] of heaven Q6.
reckless] careless Pope.
49, 50 libertine, Himself] libertine Himselfe Q2Q3. libertine Himselle, Ff.
50 Himself...treads] Thyself...tread'st Seymour conj.
51 reck] Pope. reakes QqF2. reaks F1F3F4. reck'st Seymour conj.

his] thine Seymour conj.
rede] Singer (ed. 2). reed Qq. reade F1F2. read F3F4. tread Smyth conj. MS.
52 Scene vi. Pope.
53 Enter Polonius.] As in Capell. After reed, l. 51, in Qq: after not in Ff.
[kneeling to Polonius. Capell.
54 smiles upon] smiles, upon Macdonald conj.
55 Aboard, aboard] Get aboard Pope.
57 stay'd] stayed Q2Q3. stayed Q4Q5.
for. There; my] Theobald, substantially. for, there my (Q4)Qq. for there: my Ff.
my...thee!] As a separate line in Theobald.
blessing] blessings Jennens.
thee] (Q)Qq. you Ff.
[Laying his hand on Laertes's head.
Theobald.
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion’d thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch’d unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear’t, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express’d in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,

59 Look] Q. See Ff.
62 Those] (Q)Qq. The Ff.

adoption] adoption Keightley conj.
63 them] to] (Q)Ff. them vnto Qq. vnto
Seymour conj.
hoops] hooks Pope.
64 dull] stale S. Walker conj.
65 new-hatch’d] new hatcht Qq. vnto
 hatch’t Ff.
comrade] Ff. courage (Q)Qq. court-
 ape Badham conj.
67 Bear’t] Bear it Steevens.
the opposed] Theobald. th’ opposed
(Q)Qq Qc Q3 Qf. th’ opposer Q4 Q5 Q6.
68 thy ear] thy eare Qq. thine eare
F1 F2. thine ear F3 F4.

70 habit...buy] habit, as thy purse can,
buy Tschischwitz.
74 Are...that.] See note (III).
75 lender be] Ff. lender boy Qq.
76, 77 For loan...friend, And borrow-
ing...husbandry.] For borrowing...
husbandry, And loan...friend. Griffith
conj.
lone Q2 Q3 Q4 Q5. love Q6
loses] Ff Q6. loses Q2 Q3 Q4 Q5.
77 And] Qq Ff. A F3 F2 F4.
dulls the edge] Ff Q6. dulleth edge
Q4 Q5. dulleth the edge Q4 Q5.
79 night] light Warburton.
the day] to day Q6.
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  

Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

_Laer._ Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

_Pol._ The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

_Laer._ Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

_Oph._ 'Tis in my memory lock'd, And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

_Laer._ Farewell.  

_Pol._ What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

_Oph._ So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

_Pol._ Marry, well bethought: 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

_Oph._ He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

_Pol._ Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

---

81 _thee!_ Pope. _thee_. QqFf.
82 _do I_ I do Q (1676).
83 _invites_ Ff. _invests_ Qq.
85 _to you!_ om. Pope. _in_ om. F3.
89 _Lord_ QqF4. _L_. F1F2F3.
94 'tis] it is F3. _it is_. F4.
98 _you? give...truth._ Qq. _you give...truth._ QqF3.
99 _you give...truth._ QqF3. _you give...truth._ QqF3.
101 _puh!_ Collier. _puh_. Qq. _puh_. Ff. _puh!_ Rowe.
102 _Unsifted_ Unvisted Rochester conj. _Unsighted_ Becket conj.
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby, That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know, When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat, extinct in both, Even in their promise, as it is a-making, You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scantier of your maiden presence;  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,  
Believe so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger tether may he walk  
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,  
Not of that dye which their investments show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all:  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so slander any moment leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.  

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.  

[Exeunt.]
Scene IV. The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[Ap flourishes of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.

What doth this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

_Hor._ Is it a custom?

_Ham._ Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt

---

32 livery] levity Becket conj.
star] starre Qq. scar Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald).
33 Their] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). His Qq.
36—38 the.....scandal.] Omitted by Pope.
 the dram of eale.....of a doubt To
his own scandal.] the dram of meal... of it doubt: So this one scandal—
Daniel conj. the dram of evil... overdaub To his sore scandal. Wat-
kiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1890).
the dram of evil Draweth...to a doubt 
Of his own scandal. Orger conj. the 
dram of evil Froths all the noble 
substance up and out Till's blown like scandal. Hughes conj.
36, 37 the dram of eale...of a doubt[ Q2 
Q3. the dram of ease......of a doubt 
Q1,Q2,Q3. the dram of base...of worth 
out Theobald. the dram of base...
oft eat out or the dram of base...soil 
with doubt Heath conj. the dram 
of ill...of worth out Capell conj. the 
dram of base Doth eat the noble sub-
stance of worth out Id. conj. the 
dram of base...oft adopt Holt conj. 
the dram of base......oft work out 
Robertson and Davies conj. the 
dram of ill......of good out Jennens. 
the dram of base......of worth dout 
Malone. the dram of base......often 
dout Steevens (1793), the dram of base......oft do out Id. conj. (with-
drawn). the dram of base......of't 
corrupt Mason conj. the dram of 
doubt......oft anneal Anon. conj. 
(1814). the dream of ease. The noble 
substance of a doubt,—doth all 
Becket conj. the dram of ale...over 
dough or oft a-dough Jackson conj. 
the dram of ill...often dout Caldecott.
the dram of ill...often out Naress 
conj. the dram of bale...often doubt 
Singer (ed. 1). the dram of base... 
ofer doubt Brae conj. (N. & Q.). 
the dram of base Doth, all the noble 
substance o'er, a doubt Anon. conj. 
(N. & Q., 1852). the dram of base...
often dull Anon. conj. (N. & Q., 
1852). the dram of bale......off and 
out Delius. the dram of base..of a 
doubt Singer (ed. 2). the dram of 
base...oft adoubt Singer conj. the 
dram of base...oft corrupt Mitford 
conj. the dram of base...derogue 
Ingleby conj. the dram of lead...of 
a ducat Id. conj. the dram of lead 
...of a pound Staunton conj. the 
dram of evil...out of a doubt Keight-
ley conj. the dram of evil...courtier 
Id. conj. (withdrawn). the dram of 
evill......oft outdo Jervis conj. the 
dram of evil...oft subdue Chambers's 
Household Shakesp. (Jervis conj.).
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

the dram of ayl...of a doubt Nichols conj. the dram of vile Turns...of a draught Leo conj. (N. & Q., 1862). the dram of evil...of a doubt Tschirsch-witz (Keightley conj.). the dram of base......often draw Arrowsmith conj. the dram of evil...oft debase Dyce (ed. 2). the dram of eale... oft endoubt Nicholson conj. the dram of calce......so adapt Bulloch conj. the dram of earth...so adapt Id. conj. (withdrawn). the dram of base......overcloud Lloyd conj. the dram of base......often drown Taylor conj. MS. the dram of ease......oft work out Smyth conj. MS. the dram of leaven...of a dough Cartwright conj. the dram of ill......overdout Anon. conj. (Athen., 1866). the dram of evil...oft debase Elze conj. (Athen., 1866). the dram of evil... oft weigh down Bailey conj. the dram of eil...oft traduce Wetherell conj. (Athen., 1869). the dram of eale (=evil)...over-clout Prowett conj. (N. & Q., 1869). the dram of eil...often dout Baynes conj. (N. & Q., 1869). the dram of eel...often doubt Rossetti conj. (N. & Q., 1869). the dram of evil......of’t advout Horner conj. the dram of vile...oft abate (or attain) Hudson conj. the dram of vile Douts...of the doubt Philipps conj. the dram of elebore......of a doubt Rushton conj. the dram of base... oft subdue Lewis Campbell conj. the dram of ill...over dout Moberly conj. the dram of base...oft endow Roaster conj. (in Furness). the dram of vile Daubs...of a man Leo conj. (N. & Q., 1875). the dram of eale......oft adote Furnivall conj. the dram of evil Doth o’ the noble... fall a doubt Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1878). the dram of ill...oft do out Anon. conj. (N. & Q., 1878). the dram of calce Draweth...out o’ doubt Bulloch conj. this dram of tale Doth......overdaube Neil conj. the dram of leav’n...of’t em sour Hudson (1879). the dram of base...oft weigh down Herr conj. the dram of leaven...often drown Id. conj. the dram of leaven......of a deed, Good and gallant, make seem put on for false, Id. conj. (withdrawn). the dram of leaven...oft adopt Tovey conj. (N. & Q., 1882). the dram of ill...oft addict Leo conj. (Athen., 1882). the dram of evil...oft defeat Kinnear conj. the dram of evil...oft corrupt Scott conj. (Shakespeareiana, 1883). the dram of evil......oft adulter Grant White (1883). the dram of gall...oversour or the dram of gall (or ill)...overrow Ainger conj. the dram of evil...oft bedaub Elze conj. the dram of eisel...of’t eat out Browne conj. the dram of doubt...oft veil Lear conj. See note (vi).

38 To his] To its Steevens conj. By his Malone conj. (withdrawn). By it’s quoted by Rann. Enter Ghost.] Enter Ghost armed as before. Collier MS.
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn’d,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee: I’ll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn’d,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit’st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?  

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed ground:  
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin’s fee;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again: I’ll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
That beetles o’er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason


61 waved] (Q. Q.) wafts Ff.  
to a more] off to a Johnson.  
more removed] remote Q (1676). See note (vii).

62 [Holding Hamlet. Rowe.  
63 I will] Qq. will I Ff.  
64 should] shall Q (1676).  
65 fee;] fee? F F F  
67 as] like (Q. Q.  
69 toward] towards Q. Q.  
60 flood] floods Q (1676).
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.

Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out, 81
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me: 85
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
HAMLET.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

SCENE V. Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come, When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself:

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

**Ham.** O God!

**Ghost.** Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

**Ham.** Murder!

**Ghost.** Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

**Ham.** Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And dicker shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour

45 to his] QqF₂F₄ to to this F₁ to this F₂
47 a] FfQ₆ om. Q₂Q₅Q₆Q₇
50 marriage; and to] marriage, to Ingleby conj.
52, 53 To those...moved,] As in Pope.
One line in QqFf.
52 mine] mine, surpasses, almost, thinking. Seymour conj.
55 lust,) (Q₆)FF. but Qq.
angel] F₄ Angell F₁F₂F₃ angle Qq.
56, 57 Will...garbage.] Arranged as in Qq. One line in Ff.
bed And] bed, Then sink to misery, and Seymour conj.
56 sate] F₁F₂ sort Qq. seat F₃F₄
57 prey] pray Q₂Q₃Q₄. on] in F₃F₄
58 scent] sent Q₂Q₃F₁Q₅. morning] Qq. mornings Ff.
59 within my orchard] in my garden Q (1676). my] Qq. mine Ff.
60 of] Qq. in (Q₄)Ff.
61 secure] secret Johnson.
stole] to me stole Q (1676).
62 hebenon] Ff. hebona (Q₅)Qq. henebon (=henbane) - Grey conj. hebon or hemlock Elze conj. enoron Beisly conj. heben Tschischwitz.
vial] viall Qq. Violl F₁F₄ viol F₃ F₄.
63 my] Qq. mine Ff.
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

64 distilment] instilment in Johnson's
Dict. (1784).
64, 65 effect Holds] effects Hold Q (1676).
67 allies] Hanmer. allies (Q1)QqFf.
68 vigour] rigour Staunton conj.
   posset] Ff. possessse Qq.
69 eager droppings] Egar, dropping
   Rochester conj.
   eager] (Q1)Qq. Aygre Ff. aigre
   Knight.
71 bark'd] barckt Q2Q3. barkt Q4Q5Q6.
   barked (Q1).
75 of queen] of Queene Qq. and Queene
   Ff (Queen F3F4).
   dispatch'd]ismatch'd Becket conj.
   despoil'd Collier MS.
76 blossoms of my sin] blossom of my
   sins Hudson (Keightley conj.).
   blossoms] blossom Grant White
   (Dyce conj.).
77 Unhousel'd] Theobald. Vnhouzzled Q2
   Q3. Vnhusel Q4Q5Q6. Vnhouzzled
   Ff.
   disappointed, unaneled] unaned, 
   disappointed Keightley conj. (N. &
   Q., 1868).
   disappointed] unanoined Pope. un-
   appointed Theobald.
   unaned] Pope. unaned Q2Q3.
   vn-anued Q4Q5Q6. vnuneled Ff.
   vn-aneld Q (1676). unaneald
   Theobald. unanoil'd Jennens. and
   unknedl'd Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag.,
   XLVI. 267). unasoiiled Boucher
   conj.
79 With all] Withall Q2Q3.
80 See note (viii).
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past.
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!

84 howsoever] Ff. houesomuer Qq.
pursuest] FfQe pursues Q2Q3Q4Q5.
85 Taint] Tain't Q2Q3Q4.
contrive] design Q (1676).
86 aught] Theobald. ought QqFf.
89 matin] morning Q (1676). matins
So quoted in Drake's 'Shakespeare and his Times,' ii. 414.
91 Adieu, adieu, adieu!] Adieu, adieu, adieu, Qq (Adieu Qq).
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet: F, F2. Adieu, adieu, Ham-
let: F, F2. Farewel, Q (1676). Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, Rowe. Hamlet,
adieu, adieu, Elze.
[Exit.] Ff. om. Qq.
93 O, fie! Hold, hold, my] O fie! hold,
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn't.

Hor. ]
Mar. [Within] My lord, my lord!

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet!
Hor. Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?

105 pernicious] premicious Q. pernici- 
ous and perfidious Collier, ed. 2 
(Collier MS.).
107 My tables,—] Pope. (My tables) 
(Q1). My tables, Qq. My Tables, 
my Tables ; Ff.
set it] set Qo.
107—112 down,......villain ;...me!...... 
sworn't.] down.—...villain !...me.'
[Writing...sworn it. Brae conj.
109 I'm] Ff. I am Qq.
[Writing.] Rowe. om. QqFf.
Opposite line 111, Singer (ed. 2).
111, 112 It...sworn't.] Two lines in Qq.
One in Ff. Capell puts It is in a 
separate line.
111 It is] Its,— Jackson conj.
112 I have sworn't.] I've sworn it— 
Pope. I've sworn't. S. Walker 
conj. [Having kissed the tables. Ingleby 
conj. (after sworn't).
113 Scene IX. Pope.
Qq. See note (ix).
Heaven] Ff. Heavens (Q1)Qq.
114 Ham.] Qq. Mar. Ff. Mar. [with- 
in. Knight.
115 Mar.] Qq. Hor. Ff.
116 bird,] Ff. and Qq. boy, (Q1) 
Pope.
117 Hor. What news, my lord?] Omit- 
ted in Q4Q5Q6.
Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret?

Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is; and for my own poor part,

118 Ham.] Hora. Q4Q6.
118, 119 O,...No;] One line in Steevens (1793).
O,...tell it.] One line in Dyce.
119 you will] Qq. you'll F1. you'll F2 F3F4.
121, 122 How.....secret?] Prose in Moberly.
121 it?] (Q1)FfQ6. it, The rest.
122 secret?] Ff. secret. Qq. secret—Theobald.
Q4Q5FfQ6. my lord.] (Q1)Ff. Omitted in Qq.
123 There's ......Denmark] One line in (Q1)Ff. Two in Qq.
ne'er] F2. nere F1. ne're F3F4.
neuer Qq.
123, 124 Denmark But] Denmark—But Seymour conj.
124 But] Bate Becket conj.
125, 126 There...this.] As in Qq. Prose in Ff.
126 us] you (Q1).
you are] you're Dyce (ed. 2).
i' the] Capell. i' th' Ff. in the Qq.
129 desire] Qq. desires (Q1)Ff.
130 hath] Qq. ha's F1. has F2F3F4.
131 my] Qq. mine Ff.
HAMLET.  ACT I.

Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Mar. } Nay, but swear 't.

Ham. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Mar. } Nay, but swear 't.

Ham. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Hie et ubique? then we'll shift our ground. Come hither, gentlemen, And lay your hands again upon my sword: Never to speak of this that you have heard, Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

_Hor._ O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

_Ham._ And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,

Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

163 pioneer !] Dyce. Pioner, Q2Q3Q4F1F2.


pioneer ! Pope.

good friends] om. Seymour conj.

friends] QqF1. friend F2F3F4.


167 your] (Qi)Qq. our Ff.

167, 168 Than...come;] As in Hamner. One line in QqFf.

168, 169 But come; Here,] But, Seymour conj.

169 Here,] Swear Pope (ed. 2). swear here, Keightley, reading But...... mercy! as one line.

170—178 How...note] Put in a parenthesis in Qq.

170—172 How......on,] Put in a parenthesis in Pope (ed. 1).

170 see'er] so ere FfQ6. so mere Q2Q3.

Q4Q5.

171, 172 As...on,] Put in a parenthesis in Ff.

171 meet] fit So quoted by Theobald

(‘Shakespeare Restored ’).

173 times] (Qi)Qq. time Ff.

174—178 With...out,] Put in a parenthesis by Capell.

174 encumber'd] akimbo'd Bulloch conj.

this head-shake] Theobald. this head shake (Qi)Q2Q3Q4Q5. thus, head shake Ff. head thus shak't Q6.

175 Or] Nor Malone conj. (withdrawn).

176, 177 As...might,] Prose in Capell.

176 Well, well,] Qq. well, Ff.

176, 177 an if...an if] Hamner. and if...and if QqFf. and if...or if Q (1676). an...those; An if Seymour conj.

177 they] (Qi)Qq. there Ff.

178 giving] givings Warburton.

out, to note] Steevens, 1793 (Malone conj.). out, to note) Qq. out to note, Ff. out to note Malone.

to note] denote Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). to-note Porson conj. MS.
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [They swear.] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friend to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let’s go together:

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I. A room in Polonius’s house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.


179 aught] (Q) Theobald. ought QqFf.

179—181 this...Swear.] Knight. this...doe: So...you: Swear. Ff. this
do swear, so...you. Qq. this you
must swear. So...you. Q (1676). this
do ye swear. So...you. Swear. Pope.
This do you swear, So...you! Capell.
This not to do, swear; So......you!
Boswell.

182 [They kiss the hilt of Hamlet’s
court. Grant White.

183 Rest, rest,] Rest, Seymour conj.
[They swear.] Edd. (Globe ed.).
om. QqFf.


186 friend]] friendship Q (1676),

187 God......lack.] Shall never fail, Q
Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo, Before you visit him, to make inquire Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir, Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris, And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, What company, at what expense, and finding By this encompassment and drift of question That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it: Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him, As thus, 'I know his father and his friends, And in part him:' do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And in part him; but,' you may say, 'not well: But if't be he I mean, he's very wild, Addicted so and so;' and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank As may dishonour him; take heed of that; But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips As are companions noted and most known.

3 marvellous] Q5 Q6. meruiles Q2Q3.
marvelous Q4. maruels F1. marvels F2F3F4. marvell's Dyce.
wisely.] Q6. wisely Q2Q3Q4Q5. wisely: Ff.
4 to make inquire] Q4. you make in-
quiry Ff. make you inquiry Rowe. to make inquiry Q (1676) and Pope.
6 Marry...sir.] As in Qq. Two lines in Ff.
Marry] Mary Q2Q3Q4.

7 Danskers] Dants'ckers Capell (corrected in Notes).
11, 12 nearer Than] Capell. neerer Then QqF1. neere Than F2. near Then F3. near. Then Q (1676). near, Then F4. near; Then Pope. nearer; Then Jennens.
12 touch] vouch Seymour conj.
14 As] Qq. And Ff.
18 if 't] Ff. y' ft Q2Q3Q4Q5. if it Q6.
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency;

That’s not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly That they may seem the taints of liberty, The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind, A savageness in unreclaimed blood, Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here’s my drift, And I believe it is a fetch of warrant: You laying these slight sullies on my son, As ’twere a thing a little soil’d i’ the working,

24 lord.] Lord—Rowe.
25, 26 Ay...far.] Arranged as in Capell. In QqFF the first line ends at swearing. Keightley ends it at drabbing.
25 fencing] Put in brackets by Burton as an interpolation.
26 Drabbing] Or drabbing (Q4).
far] far Reynaldo Elze (1882).
29 another] an utter Hanmer (Theobald conj. withdrawn).
30 That he is] Than he is Keightley. Than that he’s Hudson conj. to] of Hudson (Harvard ed.).
31 breathe] F2. breath The rest. quaintly] quaintly Q2Q3Q4Q5.
34, 35 A savageness......assault.] As in Qq. One line in Ff.
34 unclaimed] Q3Q5. unclaimed Q2 Q3Q4. unclaim’d Ff.
35 lord,—] lord—Pope. Lord. QqFF.
36, 37 Ay,...that.] As in Steevens (1778). One line in QqFF.
36 lord] good lord Capell, ending the line at lord.
38 warrant] Ff. wit Qq.
39 sullies] Q4Q5Q6F4. sullies Q2Q3 Q5Q6Q7. sullies F4F5 F6.
40, 41 As...you,] One line in Keightley (Seymour conj.).
40 ’t the] ’t th’ Ff. with Qq.
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;

‘Good sir,’ or so, or ‘friend,’ or ‘gentleman,’
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Rey. At ‘closes in the consequence,’ at ‘friend or so,’ and ‘gentleman.’

Pol. At ‘closes in the consequence,’ ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: ‘I know the gentleman;’
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was a' gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' ye; fare ye well.
Rey. Good my lord!
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.

Well, my lord.

56 t'other] tother F₁F₂. 'tother F₃F₄. th' other Qq.
57 Or then, or then,] Or then, Pope.
or such] Qq. such FF. and such FF.
58 a'] a Qq. he FF.
gaming, there] FF. gaming there Qq.
'overook] or tooke Qq.
in's] in his Capell.
59 There] Their F₂F₃.
60 such] Q₂Q₃FF. such or such Q₄Q₅.
such and such Q₆.
sale] Qq. saile F₂F₃. sail F₃F₄.
61, 62 Videlicet...now;] As in Capell.
One line in QqFF.
61 forth] forsooth Warburton.
63 falsehood takes] falsehood takes Q₆.
falsehood, takes FF. falsehood take Q₂
Q₃. falsehood : take Q₄Q₅.
this] his So quoted in Mrs Clarke's Concordance.
carp] carpe Qq. cape FF.
65 assays] essayes Q₆.
66 indirections] indirects Q₄Q₅Q₆.
67 advice] FFQ₅Q₆. advise Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅.
69 be wi' ye] buy ye Qq. buy you F₁F₂F₃. b' w' you F₄. be wi' you Capell. b' w' you Jennens. b' w' you Singer.
fare ye] Q₆. far ye Q₄Q₅Q₆. far yee Q₄Q₅. fare you FF.
70 Good my lord!] Dyce. Good my Lord. QqFF. Good my Lord—Rowe. But, my good lord,—Capell conj.
71 in] e'en Hanmer.
Pol. Farewell!

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,

No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know,

But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,

--- Scene ii. Pope.

[Enter Ophelia.

As in Singer (ed. 2).


74 Farewell! ... matter?] One line in Qq.

75 O, my lord,] Qq. Alas Ff. Alas, my lord, Caldecott.

76 i' the...God?] om. Q (1676).

77 sewing] Warburton. sowing QqFf. reading Q (1676).

closet] Qq. dosset Q2Q3Q4Q5. chamber Ff.
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

_Pol._ Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

_Oph._ No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

_Pol._ That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A room in the castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke

112 quoted] Ff. quoted Q2 Q3 Q4 Q5. coated Q6. noted Warburton. quoted Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., 1776).
feit [Qq. feare F1 F2. fear F3 F4. did but trifle] trifled Pope.
113 wreck] Theobald (ed. 2). wrack Q2 Q3 F3 F4. wracke The rest. rack Upton conj.
beshrew] Ff Q6. beshow The rest.
114 By heaven.] (Q) Qq. It seems F1 F2.
It seems F3 F4.
117 we] with me Q (1676).
118 which] w F1.
119 than hate] hate, than Hamner.
than haste Anon. conj.
120 Come.] Qq. om. Ff.
Scene II.] Scena secunda. Ff.
Scene III. Pope.
A room......] Capell. The Palace.

Rowe.
Flourish.] om. Ff.
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself;
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

_Guil._ But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

_King._ Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

_Queen._ Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

_Guil._ Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

_Queen._ Ay, amen!

_[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some
Attendants._

_Enter Polonius._

_Pol._ The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

_King._ Thou still hast been the father of good news.

_Pol._ Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son’s distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father’s death and our o’erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in-brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [Giving a paper.
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:

62 levy] lives Q (1695).
63, 75 Polack] Polacke (Q1).
73 three] (Q1)Ff. threescore Qq.
76 shown] shone Q2Q3Q4Q5.
78 this] Qq. his Ff. that (Q1).
Most welcome home! [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

Pol. This business is well ended. 85

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art. — 95

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

85 [Exeunt Vol. and Cor.] Capell.  
Exeunt Ambassadors. Qq. Exit  
Ambass. Ff. well] Qq. very well Ff.  
98 'tis 'tis it is Ff. it is,'tis Hanmer.  
99 farewell it] farewell, wit Anon.  
conj.  
101 the] the the F2  
104, 105 remains...Perpend.] remains:  
remainder thus perpend. Maginn  
conj.  
104 thus.] FfQg. thus Q2Q3Q4Q5.  
105, 106 Perpend...mine,—] One line  
in Kightley.  
105 Perpend.] A separate line in Qq.  
Ending line 104 in Ff. Consider.  
Q (1676).
I have a daughter,—have while she is mine,—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.  [Reads.]
'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,'—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus:

'The Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?'

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.  [Reads.]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.'

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.'

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,

106 while] (Q₁)Qq. whilst F₁F₃F₄.
whilst F₂.
    idol] fair idol Capell, reading as verse.
    beautified] beatified Theobald.
110 vile] QqF₄. vilde F₂F₃.
    beautified] that beatify'd Capell, reading as verse.
    vile] QqF₄. vilde F₁F₂F₃.
111, 112 Thus:...these,' &c.] See note (xii).
As they fell out by time, by means and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,— As I perceived it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me,—what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking; mute and dumb, Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? No, I went round to work, And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star; This must not be: ' and then I prescripts gave her, That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast, 
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, 
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension 
Into the madness wherein now he raves 
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think this?
Queen. It may be, very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that, 
That I have positively said 'tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.
Pol. [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this from this, 
if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me, I will find 
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed 
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together 
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

146 Fell into] Fell to Pope.
147 watch] wath Q2Q3, watching Pope. 
watch; and Keightley.
thence into] then into Q (1676). and 
thence into Maginn conj.
147, 148 into a weakness, Thence to] to 
a weakness; hence Into S. Walker 
conj.
148 a] om. Q2Q3Q4Q5.
149 wherein] Qq. whercon Ff.
150 all we mourn] all we mournie Qq. 
all we wail Qq. we all wail Keight-
ley (Collier MS.).
151 this] Q2Q3Q4Q5. 'tis this FfQ6. 
like] Q2Q3Q4Q5. likely FfQ6.
152 I'd] I'de Ff. I would Qq.

155 [Pointing...shoulder] Pope, ed. 2 
(Theobald). om. QqFF.
this, if...otherwise :) this, if...other-
wise; Q2Q3Q4Q5. this; if...other-
wise, F1. this, if...otherwise, F2Q6
F3F4.
158 further] farther Collier.
159, 160 You...lobby.] As in Qq. Three 
lines, ending sometimes...heere... 
lobby, in Ff.
159 four] F3F4. foure The rest. for 
Hammer.
160 does] Q4Q5Q6. does Q2Q3. ha's 
F1. has F2F3F4. doth Collier 
MS.
**Pol.** At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him: 
Be you and I behind an arras then; 
Mark the encounter: if he love her not, 
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon, 
Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm and carters.

**King.** We will try it.

**Queen.** But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

**Pol.** Away, I do beseech you, both away: 
I'll board him presently.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.

---

**Enter Hamlet, reading.**

O, give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet? 

**Ham.** Well, God-a-mercy.

**Pol.** Do you know me, my lord?

**Ham.** Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

**Pol.** Not I, my lord.

**Ham.** Then I would you were so honest a man.

**Pol.** Honest, my lord!
HAMLET.

ACT II.

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

177, 178 Ay, sir...thousand.] Prose in Ff. Two lines, the first ending goes, in Qq.

180 Ham.] Ham. [reads]. Staunton.

181 being a god] a good being Tschischwitz.

god kissing carrion] Hanmer (Warburton). good kissing carrion Qq Ff. god-kissing carrion Malone conj. good, kissing carrion Whiter conj. carrion kissing god Mitford conj. good kissing-carrion Corson conj. cool kissing carrion or cold-kissing carrion Bulloch conj.

carrion—] Ff. carrion. Qq.

Have you a daughter?] In a separate line in Ff.

184 but as...conceive,—friend] Malone.

but as...conceave, friend Qq. but not as...conceave. Friend Ff.

186—190 How.....again.] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell. (to himselfe) Collier MS.

Still...again.] Marked as 'Aside' by Steevens. Verse, Maginn conj., ending the lines on...first;...he is...youth...love;...again.

187 at first] at the first Q (1676).

188 far gone] Qq. farre gone, farre gone Ff.


190 lord?] FfQ5. Lord. Q2Q3Q4Q5. (to him) Collier MS.

192 lord?] FfQ5. Lord. Q2Q3Q4. Lord, Q.
Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord. 194

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord? 205

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that's out of the air. [Aside] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not
so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.


Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?

210 so prosperously be] so happily be Qq. be So prosp'reously Pope.

I will] I'll Pope.

210, 211 and suddenly.....him] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

212 My...humbly] Ff. My lord, I will Qq.

My] (To him) My Collier MS.

most] om. Knight.


215 will] Ff. will not Qq.


218 These...fools!] Thou...fool! Maginn conj.


the Lord] Qq. my Lord Ff. lord Pope.

Hamlet;] Hamlet? Else.

220 Scene vi. Pope.


221 My] Qq. Mine Ff.

222, 224 My...Guildenstern?] One line in Qq.

223 excellent] extent Q2Q3 excelent Q4.

224 Ah,] Ah Qq. A Q2Q3Q4Q5. Oh, Ff.

you] Qq. ye Ff.
Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On Fortune’s cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What’s the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world’s grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark’s a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o’ the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham: Why, then ’tis none to you; for there is

---

227, 228 *Happy...button.*] Arranged as by Hamner. Two lines, the first ending lap, in Qq (cap Qo). Prose in Ff.

over-happy; On Fortune’s cap we] Hamner. over-happy: on Fortune’s Cap, we Ff. over-happy on Fortunes lap, We Qq (cap Qo).

228 O] Of Anon. conj.


231 waist] Johnson. wast Qq, waste Ff.

232 favours?] Pope. favors. Qq.

233 her] in her Pope, ed. 2.

235 What’s the] Ff. What Qq.

236 that] Ff. om. Qq.

237 but] sure Q (1676).

238—268 *Let me......attended.*] Ff.

Omitted in Qq.

245 o’ the] o’ th’ Ff. of the Capell.

248, 249 Why...so :] Two lines of verse, the first ending nothing, S. Walker conj.

29—2
nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too
narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and
count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I
have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the
very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of
a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light
a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs
and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we
to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. ] We'll wait upon you.

Guil. ]

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the
rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest
man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten
way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks;
but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are
too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it
your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. [Aside to Guil.] What say you?

Ham. [Aside] Nay then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore

274 Come, deal] Ff. come, come, deale Qq.
277 Why[?] F_{1} F_{2} F_{3}. Why F_{4} F_{5} F_{6}. Q_{6}. any thing, but] Q_{6}. any thing but Q_{2} Q_{3} Q_{4} Q_{5}. any thing. But Ff. purpose. You] purpose you Q (1676).
278 of] Qq. om. Ff.
283 our fellowship] our fellowships Q_{6}; your fellowship F_{1} F_{4}.
284 ever-preserved] ever preferred Q (1676).
285 could] Ff. can Qq.
286 charge] change Q_{6}; you withal] youth withal Grant White (I a misprint).
287 no.] QqFf. no ? Pope.

289, 290 Ham. Nay...off.] Omitted by Jennens.
289 [Aside] Marked first by Steevens (1793). om. Delius. of you.—] of you : Ff. of you? Q_{2} Q_{3}. of you, Q_{4} Q_{5}. on you Hareness conj.
293 discovery, and] discovery of Ff.
293, 294 and your......moult] Qq. of your...queene: moult Ff. of your...queen. Moul Knight.
I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from

---

295 forgone] FfQ. forgon Q2Q3Q4Q5. foregone Capell.
300 fire] fires Collier MS. appears] appears F1. appeared F2F3F4. appeareth Qq.
300, 301 no other thing to me than] nothing to me but Qq.
303 faculty] Ff. faculties Qq.
303—305 faculty!...god!] Pointed as in Q6 and Ff, substantially. faculties, in...mooning, how...action, how...apprehension, how...God: Q2 Q3Q4Q5 (no other stops).
305 apprehension] apprehensions Jennens.
307 no,] om. Qq.
308 woman] women Q2Q3.
309 seem] see me F2. seem to me Macmillan MS.
[Ros. smiles. Collier (ed. 2). (smile R.) Collier MS.
311 you] Ff. yee Q2Q3Q4Q5. ye Q6 then] Qq. om. Ff.
you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service. 316

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace:

315 coted] QeQgQsQ5. coated FfQs.  
moved Q(1676); accosted Rowe. 'costed
Capell. quoted Jennens conj. es-
coted Staunton conj.

hither] FfQs. hether The rest.

are they] are the QsQ5.

318 of me] FfQs. on me The rest.

319 sigh] sing QsQ5.

321, 322 the clown...sere,] Omitted in

Qq.

321 tickle] Edd., Clar. Press ed. (Staun-
ton conj.). tickled Ff.

322 o' the] a' th' F. ath' F3F4F5.

sere] scene Malone conj.

323 blank] blank QsQ5.

324 such] Qq. om. Ff.

325 in, the] QqF5. in the F3F4F5.

326 they] the QsQ5.

travel] FfF3F4. trauaille The rest.

327 was] were Anon. conj.

328, 329 inhibition...innovation] itiner-

ation...innovation Theobald conj.

(withdrawn). innovation...inhibi-
tion Hudson, 1879 (Johnson conj.).

expedition......innovation Kinnear

conj.

328 the means] means Johnson.

329 innovation.] innovation ? Ff.

330 Do they] Do the QsQ5.

332 are they] QsQsQ4Qs. they are Ff

Qs.

333—358 Ham. How.......loud too.]

Omitted in Qq.
but there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that
cry out on the top of question and are most tyranically
clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle
the common stages—so they call them—that many wear-
ing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce
come thither.

_Ham._ What, are they children? who maintains 'em?
how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no
longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards,
if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it
is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers
do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own
succession?

_Ros._ Faith, there has been much to do on both sides,
and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to con-
troversy: there was for a while no money bid for argu-
ment unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in
the question.

_Ham._ Is't possible?

_Guil._ O, there has been much throwing about of
brains.

_Ham._ Do the boys carry it away?

_Ros._ Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his
load too.
Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.
Re-enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy,
comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [Aside] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

---

393, 394 pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral] Q\textsubscript{4}Q\textsubscript{5}Q\textsubscript{6}. Pastorall Comical, Historickal Pastorall Q\textsubscript{2}Q\textsubscript{3}. Pastoralical - Comical - Historickal - Pastorall Ff.


395 scene] seeme Q\textsubscript{4}Q\textsubscript{5}. individable] indeudible Q\textsubscript{2}Q\textsubscript{3}. in-deudible Q\textsubscript{4}Q\textsubscript{5}Q\textsubscript{6}. indivible Ff. undivisible Rowe. indivisible Caldecott.

396, 397 light. For...liberty, these] Theobald. light for...liberty: these Q\textsubscript{2}Q\textsubscript{3} Q\textsubscript{4}Q\textsubscript{5} light, for...liberty. These Ff. light for...liberty; these Q\textsubscript{2}Q\textsubscript{3}Q(1676).

396 writ] wit Q(1676)and Rowe. rhythm Tschischwitz.

397 the liberty] liberty Q (1695).

398 O Jephthah...Israel,] As a quotation in Pope.

398, &c. Jephthah] Caldecott. Jepthah Hanmer. Ieptha Qq. Iephta F\textsubscript{4}. Jephta F\textsubscript{2}F\textsubscript{4}.

400 What a treasure] (Q\textsubscript{4})QqFf. What treasure Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

401—403 Why......well.'] As in Capell. Prose in Qq. Two lines in Ff. Marked as a quotation in Pope.


406—408 Pol. If...not.] Omitted in Q\textsubscript{4} Q\textsubscript{5}Q\textsubscript{6}.

406 you] thou Jennens.

410, 411 Why......wot,'] As in Malone. Prose in QqFf. Pope prints as a quotation by...wot.
and then you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? 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. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my good lord?
Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,'—

It is not so: it begins with 'Pyrrhus.'

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play.  'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

448 he] his F₂F₄.
the ominous] (Q₁)Ff. th' omynous Q₂Q₃. th' ominous Q₄Q₅Q₆.
449 this] his Q₂Q₅.
450 heraldry] heraldry Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅.
dismal: head to foot] Pointed as in Ff. dismall head to foot, Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆. dismall head to foot: Q₆.
451 total gules] totall Gules Q₇. to take Geulles F₁F₂. to take Geules F₃F₄.
453 impasted] Ff. empasted Q₂Q₃Q₄. embasted Q₄Q₅Q₆.
streets] fires Pope.
454 That] Than Q₃Q₅.
454, 455 tyrannous...murder] treacherous and damned light To the vile murthener Anon. conj. (1752).
454 and a] Qq. and Ff.
455 their lord's murder] Steevens. their

Lords murder Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅. their
Lords murther Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅. their
Lords murder Q₆. their vilde Murthers F₁F₂F₃F₄. their vile Murthers F₅. the vile Murthers Rowe. murthers vile Pope. their lords' murder Capell.
in] in a Rowe (ed. 1).
456 o'er-sized] ore-cised Qq.
457 carbuncles] carbuncle Q₆.
458, 459 Old...you.] As in Collier. One line in Qq.
459 So, proceed you.] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
[to the player. Warburton MS.
463 antique] Pope. antick F₃F₄. antick The rest.
464 to his] in his Rowe (ed. 2).
465 match'd.] matcht, Qq. match, Ff. match! Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe, About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.]
Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

_First Play._ Ay, my lord.

_Ham._ We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

_First Play._ Ay, my lord.

_Ham._ Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit First Player.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

_Ros._ Good my lord!

_Ham._ Ay, so, God be wi' ye! [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!  
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

548 in's] F, Q, F, F. ins F. in his Q,  
Q, Q, Q, .
549 and] an Q, Q.
550 conceit?] F. conceit; Q, Q, Q, Q,  
conceit, Q.  
nothing?] nothing? F. nothing,  
Q. nothing: Hanmer.
551 For Hecuba?] om. Seymour conj.  
Hecuba?] Hecuba? FFQ. Hecuba.  
Q, Q, Q, Q.
552 to Hecuba] (Q) F. to her Q.
554 the cue for] F. that for Q. that  
cue for Anon. conj.
557 appal] appall Rowe. appale Q, Q,  
apale Q, Q, Q. apale Ff.
559, 560 The...Yet I] Arranged as in  
Johnson. One line in Q, Ff.  
559 faculties] Q. faculty Ff.  
eyes and ears] ears and eyes John-  
son.
560—563 Yet I, A dull...can say] Yet  
I say Pope, giving the omitted  
words in the margin.  
560, 561 Yet I, A dull and] Yet I, a  
Seymour conj.
561 muddy-mettled] Hyphened in Ff.  
562 John-a-dreams] John a-deames F,  
F, F, F. John-a-droynes Becket, after  
Steevens, conj.
565 Am I a coward?] I am a coward.  
Warburton MS.
565—569 coward?]...this?] Pointed as  
in Ff, and Q substantially. Com-  
mas in Q, Q, Q, Q, Q.  
30—2
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?  
Ha!  
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter, or ere this  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!  
O, vengeance!  
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

570 Ha!] As a separate line in Stephen's (1793). It begins line 571 in QqFf (Hah, Q2Q3; Hah! Q4Q6;  
Hah? Q6; Ha? FF), and ends line 569 in Collier. Omitted by Pope.  
571 'Swounds...it:] Qq (it, Q6). Why  
I...it: F1F2. Why should I take  
it? F3F4. Yet I should take it—  
Pope. Why, I should take it: Malone.  
573 oppression] transgression Collier  
MS. aggression Singer conj. (withdrawn).  
574 have] a (Q1)Q2Q3.  
575 offal: bloody,] offall: bloody, Q6  
offall, bloody, Q2Q3Q5 Offall, bloody: a FF (bloody: F3F4).  
576 Remorseless...villain!] Omitted by Jennens.  
577 O, vengeance!] Omitted in Qq.  
This] Qq. I sure, this FF. Ay, sure, this Caldecott.  
579 a dear father murder'd] Johnson.  
a dear father murder'd Capell.  
a deere murder'd Q2Q3. a deere father  
murthered Q6. a deare father  
murthered Q5. the Deere murthered  
FF (dear F3F4).  
582—585 And fall...play,] Arranged as in Capell. Three lines, ending  
foh...heard...play, in Qq. Three  
lines, ending Drab,...Braine....  
Play, in FF. Four lines, ending  
drab,...foh!...heard,...play,  
in Johnson.  
582, 583 And...scullion!] One line in Keightley.  
582 a-cursing] Dyce. a cursing QqFf.  
582, 583 drab, A scullion] FF. drabbe;  
a stalllyon QqQ6. drabbe; a stallion  
Q4. drabbe; stallion Q7. drabbe,  
stallion Q6. drab—A stallion Pope.  
drab—A stallion Theobald.
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]
ACT III.

Scene I. A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance, Get from him why he puts on this confusion, Grating so harshly all his days of quiet With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted, But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded; But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof, When we would bring him on to some confession Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands

Act III. Scene 1.] Q (1676) and Rowe. Omitted in Ff.
1 circumstance] Ff. conference Qq. confidence Collier conj.
2 confusion] confession Rowe (ed. 2).
Most free in his reply.

_Queen._ Did you assay him

To any pastime?

_Ros._ Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

_Pol._ 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

_King._ With all my heart; and it doth much content
me
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

_Ros._ We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

_King._ Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 'tis the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [To Ophelia.] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage

30 he] we Jennens.
30, 31 here Affront Ophelia] meet Ophelia here Q (1676).
30 here] Qg, here Q2Q3Q4, there Ff.
31, 32 Affront...espials.] As in Johnson.
One line in Ff. One line, ending my selfe, in Qq.
31 Ophelia:] Ophelia, and join converse with her: Seymour conj.
32 lawful espials,] Omitted in Qq.
33 Will] Ff. Wee 'le Q2Q3Q4Q5. Wee 'll Qg.
unseen] and unseen Q (1676).
34 frankly] om. Q (1676).
36 the] Q (1676). th' QqFf.
no] Qq. no, F4. no. F1F2F3.
38 for your] Q2Q3Ff. for my Q4Q5Q6.
39, 40 beauties...virtues] beauty...virtue Furness (S. Walker conj.).
40 shall] om. Pope.
41 Will] May Pope.
42 [Exit Queen.] Theobald. om. Qq Ff.
43 please you] Qq. please ye Ff.
43, 46 [Aside to the King. Macdonald conj.
44 [To Ophelia.] To Oph. Johnson.
46 loneliness] lowlines Q2Q3. lowninesse Q4Q5.
We are] We're Pope.
38 to blame] Q5F3F4. too blame The rest.
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [Aside] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;

Anon. conj. (1752). stings and horrors Anon. MS.
slings] sling Campbell. stings Fleischer (S. Walker conj.).
take] make Dickens conj.
a sea of] a siege of Theobald conj. (withdrawn). th' assay of or a 'say of Theobald conj. assailing Ham-
mer conj. assail of Warburton. assays of Keightley conj. the seat of Bailey conj. assay of Brae conj.
a set of Braunfels conj.

opposing] a poniard or deposing Bailey conj. a potion Bulloch conj.
them.] them: Q4Q5FfQg. them, Q4Q5, them? Pope. om. S. Evans conj.

1 die: to sleep; No] die to sleepe No Qq (dye Qg). dye, to sleepe No F1. dye, to sleepe: No F2. dye, to sleepe No F3F4. die,—to sleep—No Pope.
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.  

To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life]

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I.
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour’d lord, you know right well you did; And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue

96 I] You do mistake; I Seymour conj. 
97 you know] Qq. I know Ff. 
99 the things] Ff. these things Qq. 
100 [ ] Rowe. 
104 lord?] Capell. Lord. QqFFf. lord—Rowe. 
107 your honesty] Ff. you Qq. 
109 commerce] Q5 Q5 F4. comerce Q2 Q3. 
110 with] Qq. your Ff. 
112 into] in Q5. to Q6. 
cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for

118 inoculate] inoculate F. inoculate
F_2 F_3 inoculate F_4. enocutat Q_2 Q_3 Q_4 enocutatr Q_4 evacuate Q_5 evacuate Q_6 evacuate Q_6. but] that Gould conj.

119 vice Neil conj.

I loved you not.] I did love you once. Rowe (ed. 2).

121 to] Ff. om. Qq.


at my beck] at my backe (Q_4). on my back Long MS.

126 in, imagination to] Q_4. in imagination, to Ff. in name, imagination to Warburton.

128 heaven and earth] (Q_4) Ff. earth and heaven Qq.

129 all] (Q_4) Ff. om. Qq.

132, 133 Let...house.] Prose in Ff. Two lines, the first ending him, in Qq.

133 no where] Qq. no way Ff.

in's] in his Keightly.

134, 141 [Aside. Furness.

135 plague] plage Q_4.

137 go] Ff. om. Qq.
wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell. 140

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! 150

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword: The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel

155 And I] Qq. Haue I F₁F₂. I am Q (1695).
156 music] musickt Q₂Q₃Q₄.
157 that noble] Ff. what noble Qq.
158 jangled, out of tune] Capell. jangled out of time, Qq. jangled out of tune, Ff.
159 unmatch'd] vnmatcht Q₃, un-

scene i.  hamlet. 479

Q₁Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅.
This something-settled matter in his heart, Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus From fashion of himself. What think you on't? 175

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe The origin and commencement of his grief Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia! You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said; We heard it all. My lord, do as you please; But, if you hold it fit, after the play, Let his queen mother all alone entreat him To show his grief: let her be round with him; And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear Of all their conference. If she find him not, To England send him, or confine him where Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.

174, 175 Whereon...on't] Arranged as in Ff. Three lines, ending beating ...himself...on't? in Qq.
174 brains] Ff Ff, brains Qq Ff Ff brain Collier MS. brain's Grant White.
176, 177 but...grief] Arranged as in Ff. One line in Qq Qq.
176 do I] I doe Qq I do Steevens (1793).
SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or some tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had

15, 35 First Play.] 1. P. Capell. Player.
or Play. QqFf.
17 sui] Hanmer. sute QqF₁F₃F₄. Sure F₂.
19 o'erstep] ore-steppe Q₂Q₃Q₄. ore-step Q₅Q₆. ore-step Ff. ore-top Long MS.
20 overdone] ore-doone Q₂Q₃Q₄. ore-done Q₅Q₆.
21 at the first] at first Q₅Q₆.
22 her own feature] her feature Qq.
23 scorn] sin Bailey conj.
the very] every Mason conj.
very age] visage Bailey conj.
age] face or page Johnson conj. eye Taylor conj. MS.
time] world Keightley conj. (withrawn).
ressure] posture Bailey conj. pre-
ice Gould conj.
thy] trady Q₄.
off] of Q₉ and Theobald.
though it make] though it makes Qq.
26 the censure] in the censure Long MS.
the which one] Ff. which one Qq.
one of which Hanmer.
27 o'erweigh] ore-weigh Qq. o're-way F₁. ore-sway F₂F₃F₄.
29 praise] FfQ₉. praised Q₂Q₃Q₄. praised Q₅.
30, 31 neither......nor man.] Put within brackets, as an interpolation, by Warburton.
nor the] or the Rowe (ed. 2),
31 nor man] Qq. or Norman Ff. or man Pope. nor Mussulman Farmer conj. or Turk Grant White. nor Turk Hudson (1879) from (Q₄). or Norwegian Ellis conj.
made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [Exeunt Players. 44

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [Exit Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. We will, my lord.

Guil._Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

How...work?] Two lines in Rowe.

46 too] FfQ_q. to The rest.

47 [Exit Polonius.] Ff. om. Qq.

48 two] too Knight.


50 Scene v. Pope.

What ho!] What hoe, Q_q. What hoa, F_q. What hoe, F_q. What howe, Q_q. What how, Q_q. 31—2
Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled.

51 Enter Horatio.] As in Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆.
52 After line 49 in Ff. Omitted in Q₀.
53 cope] copt Q₃Q₄Q₅Q₆. cop't Q₀.
54 lord,—] lord— Rowe. Lord. Q₄Ff.
55 no revenue hast] hast no revenue Q
(1676).
56 thee?] Q₀. thee, Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅. thee. Ff.
58 tongue lick] Q₄Q₅. tongue licke Q₂
Q₆. tongue, like Ff.
59 pregnant] begging Collier MS. (in
pencil). pliant Keightley conj. See
note (ii).
60 fawning.] fawning: Q₀. fawning;
Q₄Q₅. fawning, Q₁. fawning, Q₅.
fawning? F₁F₂F₃. feigning? F₄.
hear?] hear? Q₀. hear; F₃F₄. hear,
The rest.
61 dear] dear Johnson conj.
62 distinguish, her election] Ff. dis-
tinguish her election, Qq (election Q₄
Q₅).
63 Hath] Ff. S' hath Q₂Q₃. Shath Q₄
Q₅. Sh' ath Q₀. She hath Malone.
65 fortune's] fortune F₃F₄.
67 commingled] Dyce. co-mingled Ff.
commedled Qq. commended Q (1676,
1683, 1695). commended Q (1703).
comèld Capell conj.
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle:
Get you a place.

69 stop] stops Q (1676).
71 of heart] of hearts Q (1676).
72 something...this.] Aside. Ingleby conj.
75 thee of] Qq. thee, of Ff.
76 prithee] prythee F1, prethee The rest.
  a-foot] F1F2F3F4. a foote Q2Q3Q4. a
  foot Q3F4. on foot Q6.
  thy] Qq. my Ff.
78 my] Qq. mine Ff.
  his occulted] then his hidden Q (1676).
  his occult Rowe (ed. 2).
79 unkennel] discover Q (1676).
  F4. Smithy Theobald.
  heedful] Q (1676) F1. heedfull Qq.
  needfull F1F2F3.
83 face;] face? F2.
84 judgements] judgement F2.
85 in] Qq. To Ff.
86 he] Ff. a Qq.
  aught] Theobald. ought QqFf.
87 detecting] Ff. detected Q2Q3Q4Q5.
  detection Q6.
  They are] They 're Pope.
Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon’s dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [To Polonius] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here’s metal more attractive.
SCENE II.

HAMLET.

Pol. [To the King] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[lying down at Ophelia's feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two

107 [To the King] Capell, marking it 122 within 's] QqFf. within these (Q1) \"Aside.\" Pope.
0, ho!] Q, oh, Q1Q5 that?] FFQFQ. that. Q2Q3Q4Q5.
110, 111 Ham. I mean...lord.] Omitted in Qq.
110 upon] in Capell.
112 country contrary (Q1). contray Singer (ed. 1), a misprint.
114 thought] thing Gould conj. 124 Nay then,] Collier. nay then Qq Ff. Nay, then Theobald. Nay, then, Dyce. devil] deule Q3Q5.
117 lord.] Qq. lord? Ff. 125 for...sables] (Q1)QqFf. for...ermyn Hanmer. 'fore...sable Warburton. for...sabell Hudson, 1879 (Anon. conj., The Critic, 1854, p. 317). 'fore...sables Grant White.
120 O God,] om. Q (1676). Oh! Johnson. 125 have] not have Keightley. leave Lloyd conj. leave him Anon. conj. have ne'er Anon. conj. a suit] no suit Becket conj.
months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope
a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year:
but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose
epitaph is, 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

_Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters._

_Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him,
and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him.
He takes her vp, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him
down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him.
Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours
poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the
King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some
two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her.
The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen
with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end
accepts his love._

[Exeunt.]

_Oph._ What means this, my lord?

---

128 _by 'r lady] by'r-lady _Ff_. _byrlady _Ff_. _ber Lady _Q2Q3Q4Q5_. _ber Ladie _Q5_. _berlady _FfF3_. _om. Q (1676)._

128, 129 _he...he] _Ff_. _a...a Q5_.

131 _Scene vii._ Pope. _Scene vi._ Warburton.

_Hautboys...love.]_ _Ff_, substantially. The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show followes. Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleeppers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or four

come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue. _Qq_ (...anon comes...comes in...... _Q4_. _QqQ5_). Theobald substitutes 'a Duke and a Dutchess, with regal coronets,' for 'a King and a Queen.' For 'regal coronets' _Johnson_ suggests 'royals, cornets,' and _a]_ and _Ff_.
and _he her] _om. _Ff_.

She kneels...him.] _om. Pope_. and...him] _om. Theobald_.
_exit] exits _Ff_.

[Exeunt.] _Ff_. _om. Qq_.

[During the dumb show King and Queen whisper confidentially to
each other and so do not see it. Halliwell conj.]
Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.
Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state.
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:

Enter...[Enter King and Queen,
Players. Pope. Enter King and
Queene. Qq. Enter King and his
Queene. Ff. Enter King, and
Queen. F3F4. Enter Duke, and
Dutchess, Players. Theobald, from
(Qq).

150 Enter...[Enter King and Queen,
Players. Pope. Enter King and
Queene. Qq. Enter King and his
Queene. Ff. Enter King, and
Queen. F3F4. Enter Duke, and
Dutchess, Players. Theobald, from
(Qq).

150, &c. P. King.] Steevens (1778).
King. QqFf.

150, 151 Phoebus'...Tellus'] Apostrophes
inserted by Pope.


151 orbed] Qq. orb'd the Qq.

152 borrowed] QqFf. borrow'd Q (1676)
and Capell.

153 times twelve thirties] Q2Q3Q4Q5F1.
time, twelve thirties F2F3F4 twelve
times thirty Q6 times twelve thirty
Hammer.

155 commutual in most] infolding them
in Q (1676).

156, &c. P. Queen.] Steevens (1778).
Quee. or Que. QqF2F3. Queen. F4.

Bap. or Bapt. F1.

159 from cheer and] different Q (1676).
your] our QqQ3.
former] forme F1.

161, 162 must:] For] Ff. must. For
women feare too much, even as they
love, And Qq. See note (xvii).

162 holds] Ff. hold Qq.

163 In neither aught] Malone. In
neither ought Ff. Eyeuer none, in
neither ought Qq. 'Tis either none

• Pope. In neither: aught Hunter
conj. Either in nought Anon. conj.
In either aught Anon. conj. (in
Furness). In either nought Ingleby
conj. Is either nought Gould conj.

164 love] Lord Q2Q3.
is, proof hath made] has been, proof
makes Q (1676).

165 sized] ci'z'd Q2Q3Q6 ci'z'at QqQ5.
siz'd F1 siz F2 fixt F3F4 great
Q (1676).
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour’d, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill’d the first.


P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary ‘tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

166, 167 Where love...there.] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
166 littest] Q6 littest Q2Q3Q4Q5. smallest Q (1676).
170 fair] fare Q4.
171 kind] Q6 kind, Q2Q3Q4Q5. kinde. F1. kind. F2F3F4. a kind Rowe (ed. 2).
172 thou—] Ff. thou. Qq.
175 kill’d] kill Theobald.
176 [Aside] Capell.
Wormwood, wormwood.] Ff. 0 wormwood, wormwood! (Qq). That’s wormwood. Qq (in the margin). That’s wormwood to her, Mark, Horatio. Seymour conj.
177 P. Queen.] Bapt. Ff. om. Qq.
178 thrift] Trift F2.
179 husband dead] lord that’s dead (Q4) Staunton.
181 you think] Pointed as in Qq. you. Think Ff.
184 but] and Q (1676).
185 Which...unripe,] Like fruit unripe, which now Tschischwitz. like] Ff. the Qq.
fruit] fruits Q (1676) and Pope.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run.
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

---

191 either] Q₂Q₆. eyther, Q₃, Q. either, Q₄ other Ff.
192 enactures] Q₆. enactures Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅. enactors F₁. enactors F₂F₃F₄.
193 lament] relent Jennens (? misprint).
194 joys] F₄. ioyes F₁F₂F₃. ioy Qq.
grieves] F₂F₄. greues F₁F₂. griefes Qq.
195 nor] and Pope. 'tis not is it Q (1676).
198 lead fortune] fortune lead Pope.
leads fortune Theobald.
else] om. Pope.
199 favourite] favourites F₁.
200 makes] make Collier MS.
201 hitherto] hither to F₂.
202 friend,] Qq. Frend: F₁. friend?

---
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while; My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain!

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see
anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that?
your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us
not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my
edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin,
murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

\[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.\]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial
roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

_Hor._ Half a share.

_Ham._ A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

_Hor._ You might have rhymed.

_Ham._ O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

_Hor._ Very well, my lord.

_Ham._ Upon the talk of the poisoning?

_Hor._ I did very well note him.

_Ham._ Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

---

271 _razed_ Qq. _raiz'd_ Ff. _rack'd_ Rowe (ed. 2). _rayed_ Pope. _rais'd_ 
Jennens (Theobald conj.). _laced_ 
Macdonald conj. (doubtfully).

cry] _city_ Q4 Q5 Q6.

272 _players] player_ Q5.

_sir?]_ Rowe (ed. 2). _sir._ Ff. _em._ Qq.

274 _A whole one, I._] _Ay, a whole one._

_Hammer._ _A whole one_;—_ay_—
_Malone conj._ _A whole one, ay._

_Knight._ _A whole one, ay_, Grant White.

276, 277 _This...himself;_] Arranged as in Qq. One line in Ff.

278 _pajock] F3 F4. _paison_ Q3 Q4 Q5.
Paioccke F5. _pajocke_ F3. _paioccke_ 
Q (1676). _peacock_ Q (1695). _peacock_ 
Pope. _paddock_ Theobald. _patoke_ 
or _meacock_ Id. conj. (withdrawn).


283 _poisoning] poysoning?_ Ff. _poysoning._ Q2 Q3. _poysoning._ Q4. _poisoning._ 
Q5 Q6. _poisoning_;—Capell.

284 [Ros. & Guild, at the door. Tschischwitz.

285 _Ah, ha!] Jennens. _Ah haQ._

_Oh, ha?_ F1 F2 F3. _Oh ha!_ F4. _Ha,
_ha!_ Capell.

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother’s commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gidl. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?
Ham. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannersly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.


336 Re-enter......] Dyce. Enter the Players with Recorders. Qq (after line 333). Enter one with a Recorder. Ff.

337 To...you :] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

339 my love] thy love Mull.

339, 340 love is too unmannersly.] love is not unmannersly. Tyrwhitt conj. love too unmannersly... Keightley.


347 Guil.] Ros. Staunton conj.

348 It is] Qq. 'Tis Ff.

349 with......thumb] and the umbo with your fingers Becket conj.

350 eloquent] Qq. excellent Ff.
Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

355 make] would make Johnson.
358 the top of ] Ff. om. Qq.
359, 360 make......'Sblood,] make it.
362 can fret me] (Q1)Ff. fret me not Qq.
yet] (Q1) Edd, (Globe ed.). om. QqFf.
363 Re-enter......] Staunton. Enter Polonius. Capell. After sir! in QqFf.
you] your Ff.
366 yonder] Qq. that Ff.
367 of] Qq. like Ff.
368 By the mass] By'th masse Qq. By th' Mass Ff.
369, 370 a weasel......an Ouzle ] an Ouzle Pope, reading black in line 370. a camel...a camel Capell.
370 back'd] back'd Ff. back't (Q1).
backt QqQ3. black QqQ5. blacke Qq.
Ham. Or like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale.
Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.
Pol. I will say so.
[Exit Polonius.
Ham. 'By and by' is easily said. Leave me, friends.
[Exeunt all but Hamlet.
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!
[Exit.
Scene III. A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw

Scene III.] Capell. Scene IX. Pope. Scene VIII. Warburton.
A...castle.] Capell, substantially.
range] rage Pope.
estate may] Qq. estate, may Ff.
near us] near us Qo. near's Q2Q3Q4 Qo. dangerous Ff.
ourselves provide] provide our selves Pope. ourselves prepare Gould conj.
To keep...live] One line in Rowe, reading many.
many many] many F2F3F4 and Q (1676). very many Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). many-many Staunton.
The...bound] One line in Qq. Two, the first ending single, in Ff.
noyance] noyance Hanmer.
upon] on Pope.
whose weal] whose weale Qq. whose spirit Ff. whom Gould conj.
depends and rests] depend and rest Hanmer.
many. The] many: the Qo. many, the The rest. The cease of] Ff. the cesse of Qq. decease of Pope. deceasing Bailey conj.
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. }

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit Polonius.

-O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
SCENE III.

HAMLET. 505

My crown, mine own ambition and my queen. 55
May one be pardon’d and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence’s gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft ’tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but ’tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell’d
even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel, 70
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

[Retires and kneels.]

56 pardon'd] pardoned Q4Q5Q6

offence] effects Warburton.
57 corrupted currents] Q4Q5Q6 corrupted currents Q4, corrupted currants Ff. corrupt occurrents Anon. conj. MS. and Misc. Obs. on Hamlet, 1752. corrupted 'currents Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
currents of this world] courts of this bad world Long MS.
58 gilded] F1F4. guilded Q5Q6Q8Q9

guided Q4Q5Q6

show by] Ff. showe by Q4Q5. show by Q4Q5. show by Q6. shove-by Dyce.
59 prize] purse Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
60 his] it’s Long MS.

and] om. Pope.
62 it] aught Hamner.
can not] cannot Q1Ff. can but Warburton.
65 angels] Angles Q4Q5.
70 heart] hearts Qg. hams Gould conj.

steel] steale Q2Q3Q4.
72 All...well.] om. Seymour conj.
Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying; And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven: And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd: A villain kills my father; and for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain send To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge. He took my father grossly, full of bread, With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May; And how his audit stands who knows save heaven? But in our circumstance and course of thought, 'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged, To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent: When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in’t;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be as damn’d and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

King. [Rising] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The Queen’s closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen’d and stood between
Much heat and him. I’ll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother!

Enter Queen….] Ff. Enter Gertrud… Qq.
1 He] Ff. A Qq.
He…him.] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
2 bear] berre Fx.
3 screen’d] sconce QxQ. scren’d F1. sconce F2Fx.
4 sconce me even] Hanmer. silence me even Qq. silence me ene F1. silence me ene F2Fx. sconce me ene Warburton. silence me in Long MS. See note (xx).
5, 6 Pray…you.] Pray…him. Queen. I’ll warrant you; One line in Steevens (1793).
5 with him] Ff. om. Qq.
Ham…mother!] Ff. Omitted in Qq.
Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming. [Polonius hides behind the arras.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. 10

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so: You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; You go not till I set you up a glass

6 Queen.] Qu., Que. or Queen. Ff. Ger. Qq (and throughout the scene, except line 51).
6, 7 I'll...coming.] Prose by Edd. Two lines, the first ending not, in QqFf.
6 warrant] FfQg. wait QqQ5. waite Q4Q5.
not. Withdraw] not: you withdraw Hamner, ending the previous line warrant you.
7 [Polonius hides......] Polonius hides himself... Rowe. om. QqFf.
8 Enter Hamlet.] Ff. After round, line 5, in Qq. Enter Hamlet, abruptly. Capell.
12 Go, go] Come, go F2F4, a wicked] Qq. an idle Ff.
13 What's the matter now?] Continued to Queen, Hudson, 1879 (S. Walker conj.).
14 the] om. Q5.
15 And—would...so!—you] Pointed as in Pope, substantially. And would it were not so, you Qq. But would you were not so. You Ff. But 'would it were not so!'—You Theobald conj. (withdrawn). But (would you were not so) you Gould conj.
18 budge] QqF3F4. boudge The rest.
19 go not] go not hence Long MS., reading with F2.
[set you up] set up F2F3F4.
[Locks the door. Tschischwitz.
Where you may see the inmost part of you.  

20 Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me? Help, help, ho!


Ham. [Drawing] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

[Makes a pass through the arras.

Pol. [Behind] O, I am slain!

[Dies.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune; Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

20 inmost] Ff. most Qq. utmost Q (1676).

22—24 Help...rat?] As one line in Capell, reading What, ho! help!


24, 25 Dead,...slain!] One line in Capell.


26 Nay....king?] As in QqPf. Capell ends line 25 at know not.

27 is] was Q (1676).

30 kill] QqF1. kill'd F2. kill'd F3.F4. "king] QqF5. king. Q2,Q3,Q4,Q5. 'twas] F1,F3.F4. 'twas F2. it was Qq. [Lifts...discovers...] Lifts...sees... Dyce. lifts up the arras, and draws forth Polonius. Capell (after line 26). om. QqPf.

31 [To Polonius. Pope. rash, intruding] rash-intruding Dyce (ed. 2).

32 better] Qq. Better Ff.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brass'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blinds the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

_Ham._ Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason pandars will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;

77—79 hoodman-blind?.....all.] hoodman-blind—.....all? Mull.
78—81 Eyes...mope.] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
79 sans] Qq. sance The rest.
81, 82 Could... blush?] As in Theobald.
One line in Qq.
82 hell] heat Hanmer.
83 mutine] mutiny Q (1676) and Rowe.
86 ardour] Pope. ardure Qq Ff.
89 eyes into my very] Ff. very eyes into my Qq.
90 and grained] Ff. and greewed Q2 Q3 Q4 and grieved Q5 and grieved Q6 ingrained Daniel conj.
91 not leave] Ff. leave there Qq.
These words like daggers enter in my ears;—

No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham.

A murderer and a villain; A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings; A cutpurse of the empire and the rule, That from a shelf the precious diadem stole And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o’er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he’s mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

95 in] into Q (1676).
96 murderer] Ff. murtherer Qq.
97 that is not] that’s not the Q (1676). that is not a Keightley and Macmillan MS. that is not’ Furness conj.
twentieth] FfQ6, twentieth The rest.
tithe] tythe Ff. kyth Qq.
99 the rule] a rogue quoted by Rann.
101, 102 And...king] One line in Steevens (1733).
101 pocket ] pocket, a— Seymour conj.
Queen. No more!] Omitted in Q4 Q5Q6.
No] Oh! no Hanmer.
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoint'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away! My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infests unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;

 identifications:

132 that is] that's here Q (1676).
133 is] is there Q4 Q5 Q6.
135 father, in his habit as] father—in his habit—as Steevens conj.
lived] lives Q4.
138, 139 This...in.] As in Pope. One line in Qq Ff.
141 it is] 'Tis Pope.
142 utter'd] uttered Q1. uttered Ff.
143 And I the] Ff Q6. And the Q2 Q3 Q4 Q5. re-word] re-ward Q (1703).
144 Would gambol from. Mother,] Cannot do mother, Q (1676).
145 that] Q2 Q3 Q4 Q5. a Ff. this Q6.
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either......the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius.

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

_Queen._ What shall I do?

_Ham._ Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

_Queen._ Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, 200

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows, Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.]

200 that?] Ff. that, Q₄Q₅Q₆ that, Q₇. 200, 201 Alack.....on.] As in Capell.
    Two lines, the first ending forgot, in Q₄. One line in Ff.
200 Alack[,] om. Seymour conj., ending lines 196—199, assured...life...said ...
    that?
202—210 There's...meet.] Qq. Omitted in Ff.
203 adders fang'd[ ] adders—fang'd Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1890).
205 knavery] naïveté or naiverie Becket conj.
206 the sport] true sport Anon. conj.
207 petar] Qq. petard Johnson.
    and 't] Theobald. an't Qq. and
    it Steevens.
210 meet.] Q₆ meete, Q₇Q₈Q₉ meet, Q₁₀. 211 shall] will Q (1676).
    packing :] packing: I'll pack him: Anon. conj.
213 good night. Indeed] Pointed as in Ff. good night indeed, Qq.
    foolish] (Q₁)Ff. most foolish Qq.
    foolish prating] foolish-prating Hudson, 1879 (S. Walker conj.).
ACT IV.

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'
And in this brainish apprehension kills

To Ros. and Guild. who go out. Theobald. om. QqFf.
5 mine own] Qq. my good Ff. to-night?] to night? QqFf.
7 sea] Qq. Seas Ff.
8 mightier:] mightier; Rowe. mightier, Q2Q3Q5 Q6.
fit,] Qq. fit Ff.
10 Whips out...cries] Qq (Whyps Q2Q3; ceyes Q4Q5). He whips his Rapier out, and cries Ff. Whips his rapier out, cries Caldecott (ed. 1). He whips his rapier out, cries Keightley. 'A rat, a rat!' a rat! Pope, reading the rest of the line with Ff.
11 this] Qq. his Ff.
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer’d?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain’d and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill’d:
O’er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

13 been] beene Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5, bin F_1, bine F_2.
   been] beene Q_4F_1F_2, bin Q_5.
16 answer'd] answered FfQ_6.
18 haunt] harm Johnson conj.
22 let] Qq. let’s F_1F_2F_3, lets F_2.
25—27 whom his...pure ;] whom—his...pure—Mull.
25 some] fine Furness (S. Walker conj.).
   ore] QqF_4. Oare F_1F_2F_3, or (i.e. gold) Johnson conj.
27 he] Ff. a Q_1.
30 vile] QqF_4. vilde F_1F_2F_3, wild Hudson conj.
31 must] most Q_2.
32 Both...Guildenstern!] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
33 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter Ros. & Guild. Qq (after line 31). After excuse in Ff.
   you with] with you Q (1676).
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Guil. [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.  
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence  
     And bear it to the chapel.  
Ham. Do not believe it.  
Ros. Believe what?  
Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?  
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?  
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—
Guil. A thing, my lord?
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

[Exeunt.]
HAMLET.  ACT IV.

SCENE III.  Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's loved of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes; And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Another...] Capell.
Enter King, attended.] Capell.
Enter King, and two or three. Qq.
Enter King. Ff.
1 I have] I 've Pope.
3 on] upon Keightley.
5 judgement] judgements Collier MS.

6 weigh'd] Ff.  wayed QqQgQgQg.
7 never] Qq.  ne'erer FfFg.  nearer FfFg.
F4.  ne'er Long MS.
and even] om. Pope.  even Jennens (a misprint).
11 Enter Rosencrantz.] Enter Rosencraus and all the rest. Qq.  Enter Rosencrane. Ff.  Enter Rosincros. FfFgF4.  After line 10 in Capell.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this...
month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exeunt Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety, Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready and the wind at help, The associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

38 [To some Attendants.] Capell. om. QqFf.
40 deed, for thine] Qq. deed of thine, for thine Ff.
43 With fiery quickness:] Ff. Omitted in Qq. therefore] then Pope.
44 at help] sits fair Q (1676). at helm Johnson conj.
45 is bent] Qq. at bent Ff.
46 For England...Good.] As one line first by Steevens (1793). England? F_{1}Q_{q}F_{q}F_{q}. England. The rest.
47 is it] is't Caldecott. it is Hudson (withdrawn).
48 sees] knows Seymour conj. them] Qq. him Ff. 48, 49 for...mother.] One line in Johnson.
52 and so] (Q_{1})FfQ_{q}. so The rest.
53 Come,] Come.— Johnson.
54 Follow...aboard.] One line in Rowe. Two, the first ending foote, in QqFf. at foot] om. Q (1676).
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit.]

Scene IV. A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain and Soldiers, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras

57 [Exeunt...] Theobald. om. QqFf.
58 aught] Theobald (ed. 2). ought QqFf.
59—62 As...us] Put in a parenthesis by Hanmer.
jet Becket conj. rate Anon. conj. see Collier MS. See note (ii).
64 conguiing] Qq. conjuring Ff.
68 my haps......begun] Ff (happes F₁).
my haps, my ioyes will nere begin Qq. my hopes, my joys are not begun
Johnson conj. 't may hap, my joys will ne'er begin Heath conj. my
hopes, my joyes were ne're begun

Collier MS. my joys will ne'er be
gun Tschischwitz.

Scene IV.] Pope. Scene II. Rowe.
Scene 3. Collier MS. Act IV. Scene 1. Hudson, 1879 (Caldecott conj.).
A plain...] Capell. A camp. Rowe.
A camp, on the Frontiers of Denmark. Theobald.
Enter...] Edd. (Globe ed.). Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the
stage. Qq. Enter Fortinbras with an Armie. Ff. Enter Fortinbras,
and Forces, marching. Capell.
1 greet the] to the F₂F₃F₄.
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground

3 Craves] Qq. Claims F_F. Claims F_F.
4 kingdom] realm Pope.

rendezvous] Q_2_6_ F_7. Rendezvous F_1_7_ F.

5 aught] Theobald (ed. 2). ought Q Qff. Q Ff.

6 duty] durie F.

eye;] Collier. eye, QqFf.

8—13 Go...sir?] As four lines, ending these?...sir,... Who...sir? in Steevens (1793).

11 purposed] purposed Q_2_6. proposed Q_6_4_5. proposed Q_6_4_5. proposed Caldecott.

12 Against] Sir, against Capell, reading lines 9—13 as three lines, ending sir...against...sir?

14 to] of Q_6_.

17 speak] speak it Pope. speak, sir Capell. speak on't Anon. conj. no] no more Anon. conj.
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; 20
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit.

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be

[Note: The text contains variations and annotations, which are not transcribed here.]
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

43, 44 know Why yet I live] know. Why
yet live I Anon. conj. MS. know.
While yet I live Mull.
44—46 do,... To do't. Examples] do,—
...To do't—examples Mull.
53, 54 Rightly......to stir] 'Tis not to be
great Never to stir Pope.
54 Is not] Is not, not Capell. Is, not
Malone.

Exit.
Scene V. Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract: Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father, says she hears There's tricks i' the world, and hems and beats her heart, Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt, That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped use of it doth move The hearers to collection; they aim at it, And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts; Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them, Indeed would make one think there might be thought, Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.

[Aside] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss: So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [Sings] How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?


[Sings] He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone; At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

Oh, oh!
Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [Sings] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

33 Ophelia,—] Ophelia— Pope (ed. 2).
Ophelia. Ff.
34 [Sings] Capell. om. QqFf.
his] the Warburton.
snow,—] snow, Capell. snow Qq
snow. The rest.
35 Enter King.] Qq. After stone, line 32, in Ff.
36 [Sings] Song. Qq Song. Q3Q4Q5Q6
(opposite line 37). om. Ff.
Larded] (Q3)Ff. Larded all Qq.
37 bewept] (Q1)Ff. bewept Qq. unbewept Keightley, reading did not with QqFf. unbewept Id. conj.
grave] (Q1)Ff. ground Qq.
did] Pope. did not QqFf.
38 true-love] Hyphened in Ff.
39 you] Qq. ye Ff.
40 God 'ild] Capell. good dild Qq.
41 but know] but we know Johnson.
42 God...table] om. Q (1676).
43 [Aside. Furness.
44 Pray you, let's] Pray you let's F1F2.
Pray lets Qq (lets Q6). Pray you let us F3F4. Pray let us Pope.
46 [Sings] Song. Qq. om. Ff.
46—49 To-morrow...Valentine.] Four lines in Qq. Two in Ff.
46 To-morrow is] Good morrow, 'tis Steevens, 1793 (Farmer conj.).
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber-door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

_King._ Pretty Ophelia!

_Oph._ Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;  
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed.

He answers:

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

_King._ How long hath she been thus?

_Oph._ I hope all will be well. We must be patient:  
but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay

---

50—53 _Then...more._] Four lines in Johnson. Two in QqFf. Six in Capell.
50 _donn'd_] _don'd_ Ff. _dond_ Qq. _don'd_ Capell.
_clothes_] F1QF F3. _close_ Q2Q3Q4Q5.
_cloathes_ F2. _clothes_ F4.
51 _dupp'd_] _dupt_ QqFf. _op'd_ Hanmer. _do'pt_ Warburton. _d'op'd_ Capell.
_dupt_ Jennens.
52 _the maid, that out_] QqF. _the maid, let in_ F2. _a maid, that out_ F3F4. _a maid, but out Hanmer_.
55 _Indeed, la,_] Johnson. _Indeed la?_ Ff. _Indeede_ Q2Q3. _Indeed Q4Q5_.
_Indeed, Q6._ _Indeed?_ Pope.
56—59 _By.....blame._] Four lines in QqFf. Six in Capell.
56 [Sings] Capell. _om._ QqFf.  
_Gis_] F2F4. _gis_ QqF1F2. _Cis John-

---

son conj.
_Saint_] Qq. _S._ Ff.
57 _and_] _an_ F3F4.
59 _to blame_] QqQ0F3F4. _too blame_ The rest.
60, 61 _Quoth...wed._] Two lines in Ff. One in Qq. Three lines in Capell.
60 _Quoth she, before_] Before, _quoth she, Capell.
62 _He answers:_] (He answers.) Qq. Omitted in Ff.
63 _So...sun._] Two lines in Capell.
_would_] QqF. _should_ Q4Q5Q6. _ha' done_] _ha done_ Ff. _a done_ Qq.
64 _An_] Hanmer. _And_ QqFf.
65 _been thus_] _bin this_ F1. _been this_ Caldecott.
67 _should_] _Ff._ _would_ Qq.
him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[Exit.] 71

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit Horatio.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father’s death. O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrows come, they come not single spies, 75 But in battalions! First, her father slain: Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, For good Polonius’ death; and we have done but greenly, In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia Divided from herself and her fair judgement, Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:

70, 71 Good...good...good...good] God... god...god Q2Q3. God...God... God...God Q4Q5. night, sweet...night.] Pointed as in Ff, substantially. night. Sweet...night. Qq, reading Sweet...night as a separate line.

71 [Exit.] Ff. om. Qq.

72 Follow...you.] One line in Qq. Two in Ff. [Exit Horatio.] Theobald. Exeunt Hor. and Att. Capell. om. QqFf.

73 O, this is] This is Pope. O, this’ S. Walker conj.

74 death. O] death. Oh Ff. death, and now behold, δ Qq, reading lines 73, 74 as prose. death: And now behold, O Steevens (1778), reading as verse. death. And now behold... O Keightley, putting O Gertrude, Gertrude! in a line by itself as Steevens (1793).

75 come, they] comes, they F1. spies] spyes Q3Q5. files Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., lx. 307). file so quoted in The Rock, 19 Feb. 1875, as if from Young’s Night Thoughts.


78 muddied] muddled Dyce (ed. 2).


80 and we have] We’ve Pope. but greenly,] om. Q (1676).

81 In hugger-mugger] Obscurely Q (1676). In private Pope. Omitted by Capell, ending the previous line at done. to inter] ε inter S. Walker conj.

83 the which we are] which we are but Q6. the which we’re Pope.
Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France, Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father’s death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar’d, Will nothing stick our person to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering-piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.  

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?  

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?  

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:  

The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

86 Feeds on his wonder] Johnson. Feeds on this wonder Qq. Keepes on his wonder Ff (Keeps F3F4). Feeds on his anger Hamner. Feeds…keepes…wraps Tschisch-witz conj.  
in clouds] inclos’d Thirlby conj.  
87 buzzers] whispers Q (1676).  
90 person] Qq. persons Ff.  
92, 93 places Gives] Qq. places, Gives Ff.  
93 Queen. Alack,……this?] Ff. Omit- ted in Qq.  
94 Scene vi. Pope.  
Switzers] Ff. Swisseres Qq.  
94, 95 Let……matter.] As in Qq. One line in Ff.  
97 Eats] Beats Williams conj.  
impetuous] impitius Q2Q3. imp- pittious F1.
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands and tongues applaudit it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! [Noise within.

King. The doors are broke.

---

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [They retire without the door. 111

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,

---

99 lord] king Collier MS.
100—102 And......word,] Put in a parenthesis, Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag., Lx. 403, reading ward).
102, 103 The......shall be king?] The...
to be king, Q₆. The......for our king, Q (1676) and Rowe. They cry......for our king: The ratifiers....word Hanmer.
103 They] They Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅. we...king!] we Laertes for our King. Q (1676) and Rowe.
104 tongues] shouts Hanmer.
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,

Why thou art thus incensed: let him go, Gertrude:

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation: to this point I stand,

113 [Laying hold on him. Johnson (after Laertes).

114 That...bastard.] One line in Q2.

115 That's calm] that's calme Q6; thats calme Q2Q3Q4; that calmes F1F2F3; that calms F4.


117 unsmirched brow F1; unsmirched brow F2F3F4; brows Q (1676), and unsmirched brow Pope. and unsmirched brow Theobald. and unsmirched brows Johnson.

118 can but peep to] dares not reach at Q (1676).

120 can but] cannot Q1Q5.

122 Acts] Act's Q2Q3Q4Q5. Act Han-

123 thou art] art thou F3F4. are you Rowe (ed. 2).


128 blackest] black Hanmer.

129, 130 grace, to...pit] I] grace, to...

130 grace, to...pit. I Ff. grace, to...pit I Q2Q3 Q4Q5. grace to...pit, I Q6.
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,

131, 132 negligence;...comes;] negligence;...comes, Delius.
133 thoroughly;] thoroughly Sinner.
134 world;] world, F1. world, F2 F3 F4.
worlds: Q1. world's, Pope. world;
Orger conj.
136 They] The Qr.
136, 137 Good...certainty] As in Ff.
One line in Qr.
138 father's death] F5 F4. fathers death
F1 F2. father Qr.

is't writ] om. Pope.

is't?] Q6. 'st Q5 Q3 Q4 Q5. if Ff. if 'tis not Rowe.
139 That, swoopstake] Swoop-stake-like
(Qf). That swoostake Q4 Q3. That swoope-stake Q5. That swoop-stake Q5.

FfQ6. (That swoop-stake) Pope.

That, swoop-stake Johnson.
you will] you Harmer (Theobald conj.).
140 loser?] Q6. loser. F4. looser. The rest.
141 then?] Qq F4. then. The rest.
142 his good friends] this, good friends, Q (1676).

ope] hope F2.
143 pelican] Politician F1.
144 Repast] Relieve Q (1676).

147 sensibly] sensibly Q3 Q5. sensible Q5.
sensible The rest.
It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [Sings] They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
venge, 
It could not move thus.

Oph. [Sings] You must sing down a-down, 
An you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, 
that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say a' made a good end,—

[Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

165, 166 Hadst......thus.] Verse in Qq.  
Prose in Ff.

166 move] move me Hudson, 1879 (S. Walker conj.).

167 See note (xxviii).

168 An] an Capell. And Qq. and Ff.

169 wheel becomes it] wheele becomes it QqF1. wheele becomes it F2. wheels become F3F4. weal becomes it War- 
burton.

171 nothing's] nothing is much Q (1676).

172 There's...remembrance:] Prose in Qq. One line in Ff. that's] that Q4Q5.

172, 173 pray......remember:] [Sings.] 
Pray, love, remember : Staunton.  
pray you] Qq. Pray Ff.

173 there is] there's Q4F3F4.

Pancies The rest.

179 herb of grace] herbe of Grace Qq.  
Herbe-Grace Ff (Herb F3F4). hearb 
a grace (Q1).  
o'] Theobald. a QqFf.  
O, you must] Oh you must F1F2F3.  
O you must F4 you may Qq. you 
must (Q1) Caldecott.

180 daisy] Daysie F1. Daisie The rest.

182 a' made] a made Qq. he made Ff.

183 [Sings] Capell. om. QqFf.
Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favour and to prettiness. 185

Oph. [Sings] And will a' not come again?  
And will a' not come again?  
No, no, he is dead,  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again. 190

His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan;  
God ha' mercy on his soul! 195

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you.  
[Exit.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?  
King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,  
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  

\[\text{Christian}] \text{FfQg. Christians Q}_2\text{Q}_4 \text{Q}_3 \text{Q}_1. \\
\text{I pray God}] \text{Ff. om. Qq.} \\
\text{God be wi' you]} \text{Capell. God buy you Q}_2\text{Q}_3\text{Q}_6. \text{God buy you, Q}_4\text{Q}_5. \\
\text{God buy ye F}_1\text{F}_2 \text{ God bv ye F}_3 \text{ God }'w' ye F}_4 \text{ God b' wi' you Grant White. God be wi' ye Globe ed. See note (XXIX).}

[Exit.] Exit Ophelia. \text{F}_2\text{F}_3\text{F}_4. \text{Collier MS. adds 'dauncing distractedly.' Exeunt Ophelia.} \\
\text{F}_1. \text{om. Qq.} \\
\text{Do you see this, O God?]} \text{Capell.} \\
\text{Do you this & God. Qq (God? Qq).} \\
\text{Do you see this, you Gods? Ff. Do you see this?—O God! Gould conj.} \\
\text{communeQ}_4\text{Q}_3\text{Q}_6. \text{common F}_1. \\
\text{deny] deny Q}_4. \\

184 Thought[Thoughts (Q_q)Q_g.} \\
affliction] \text{Ff. afflictions (Q_q)Q_q.} \\
186 \text{[Sings] Song. Q_q. om. Ff.} \\
186, 187 a'...a' a...a Q_q. he...he Ff. \\
188, 189 No...death-bed,] Two lines in Johnson. One in QqFf. \\
189 \text{Go to thy]} \text{Gone to his Elze (Collier MS.).} \\
191 \text{was as]} \text{Q_q. as Ff. was Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).} \\
192 \text{All flaxen]} \text{Ff. Flaxen Q_q. poll]} \text{Hamner. pole QqFf.} \\
193, 194 \text{He......moan.]} \text{Two lines in Johnson. One in QqFf.} \\
195 \text{God ha' mercy]} \text{Collier. God a mercy Q_q. Gramercy Ff. God a' mercy} \text{Jennens. God 'a mercy Malone.} \\
196 \text{of]} \text{Q}_2\text{Q}_3\text{Ff. om. Q}_4\text{Q}_3\text{Q}_6. \text{on Johnson.} \\
197 \text{Do you see this, O God?]} \text{Capell.} \\
198 \text{communeQ}_4\text{Q}_3\text{F}_4. \text{common F}_1. \\
199 \text{deny] deny Q}_4.
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

_Laer._

Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

_King._

So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.

[Exeunt.] 215

**Scene VI.** Another room in the castle.

_Enter Horatio and a Servant._

_Hor._ What are they that would speak with me?

202 collateral] F_3_ F_4, colaturall Q_2_Q_3, Q_4, collaturall Q_5. Colaterall F_1.
Collaterall F_2 Q_6.
203 kingdom] kindome Q_4.
206 patience] paience F_2.
209 funeral] funerall Qq. buriall F_1. F_2. burial F_3 F_4.
210 trophy, sword] tropehe sword Q_2_Q_3.
_trophe, sword_ Q_4_Q_5. Trophee, Sword Ff. Trophey, Sword Q_6.
211 rite] Ff. right Qq.
Serv. Sea-faring men, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an’t please him. There’s a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads] ‘Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb;

2 Serv.] Ser, Ff. Gent. or Gen. Qq.

Sea-faring men] Qq. Saylors F₁F₂;

Sailors F₃F₄.

3 [Exit Servant.] Hanmer. om. Q₁ Ff.

greeted, if] FfQ₆. greeted. If Q₂ Q₃Q₄Q₅.

6 Enter Sailors.] Enter Saylors. Qq.

Enter Saylor. Ff (Sailor F₄).

6, 8 First Sail.] 1. S. Capell. Say.


6 you] your F₂.

8 He] Ff. A Qq.

an’t] Q₆F₄. and Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅. and’t F₁F₂F₃.

9 comes] Ff. came Qq.


12 Hor. [Reads] Reads the Letter. Ff. Hor. Q₁.

16 and in] Qq. in Ff.

on the instant] in the instant Q₆.


20 speed] Q₄Q₅Q₆. speede Q₂Q₃. hast F₁F₂. haste F₃F₄.

wouldst] Q₂Q₃F₁F₂F₃. wouldst Q₁ Q₆Q₄.

21 thine] Qq. your Ff. thy Pope.
yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Another room in the castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal, And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath your noble father slain Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew’d, 10
But yet to me they’re strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She’s so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, 15
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, 20
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber’d for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim’d them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age

10 unsinew’d] vnsinow’d Qq. vnsinow’d F,F;
unsinew’d F,F, unsinewed F,F, un-

11 But] Qq. And Fr.
they’re] tha’r Q2Q3Q4Q5. tha’r Q,F.

13 be it] be’t Pope.
either which] either-which Singer (ed. 2)

14 She’s so conjunctive] Ff (Shes F2).
She is so conclave Qq. She is so
precious Q (1676).
She’s] She is Capell.


Gives Q2Q3Q4Q5
F,F, gybes Theobald conj. (with-
drawn). gyres Daniel conj.
graces] graves Elze conj. (Athen., 1869).

22 timber’d] tymberd Q3Q4. tymbered
Q4. timbered Q5Q6. timbred Ff.

23 bow] brow Long MS.

not] not gone Keightley.
had] Ff. have Qq.

25 have I] I have Q5Q6.

27 Whose worth] Qq. Who was Ff. Who
has Johnson. Who, once Quincy
MS. (in Furness).

28 Stood] Sole Collier MS.

29 mount] the mount Q (1676).
SCENE VII.  

HAMLET.  

547

For her perfections: but my revenge will come.  

King.  Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:  
I loved your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:

This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:  
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.

[Reads] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when

29 perfections: but] Qq. perfections,  
but Q2Q4Q5Q6 perfections. But Ff.  
perfections—But Pope.  
my] om. Pope.

30 Break...think] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.

32 beard] berd Q4. beards Q6  
with danger] of danger Capell conj.

33 pastime] pasttime F4.

34 ourself] your selfe F2. your self F3  
F4.

35 imagine—] Ff. imagine. Qq.

36 Enter...] Qq. Enter a Messenger.  
Ff. After news? Steevens (1778).  
I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

‘Hamlet.’

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. ’Tis Hamlet’s character. ‘Naked’!

And in a postscript here, he says ‘alone’.

Can you advise me?

Laer. I’m lost in it, my lord. But let him come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

‘Thus didest thou.’

King. If it be so, Laertes,—

As how should it be so? how otherwise?—

Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;

I’m	45 first...thereunto.] In a parenthesis in Ff. (first...pardon) thereunto Q (1676).
asking you] Ff. asking you Qq. pardon thereunto.] pardon, thereunto Q2Q3Q4 pardon, thereunto Q5 pardon) thereunto Q6 occasion] Qq. Occasions Ff.
and more strange] Ff. Omitted in Qq. and most strange Anon. conj.

Hamlet.] Ff. Omitted in Qq.

mean?...back?] Pointed as in FfQq. Commas in Q2Q3Q4Q6.

abuse, and] Qq. abuse? Or Ff. abuse, or Knight.

51—53 ’Tis...me?] Divided as in Qq. Prose in Ff. Pope ends the lines character;...says)...me?

51, 52 ‘Naked’!...’alone’.] Marked as quotations first by Jennens.

53 advise] Ff. devise Qq.

54 I’m] Ff. I am Qq.

56 shall] Ff. om. Qq. and tell] to tell Hanmer.

57 didest] diddest Ff. didst Qq. diest Marshall conj. from (Q1).

57—59 If it...me?] Arranged as in Qq. Two lines, the first ending so?, in Ff.

58 should it] should it but Keightley. shouldn’t not Anon. conj.

so? how otherwise?] F2F3F4 so, how otherwise, Qq. so: How otherwise F1.

59, 60 Ay......peace.] Arranged as by Steevens. One line in Qq. Ay...So you will] I my lord, so you will Qq. If so you’ll Ff. I, so you’ll Pope. Ay; so you’ll Johnson. I will, my lord; So you will Capell (ending the first line at lord). If you’ll Caldecott.

59 lord] good lord S. Walker conj.
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

King. A Norman was 't?

King. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

King. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation, 100
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him. 105
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this? 109

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many 120
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,

142 that but dip[Q4Q5] Q4Q5. that but dippe
Q3Q4. I but dipt Ff.
147, 148 With...death.] As in Ff. One line in Qq.
147 if I] if't Anon. conj.
150 us] it Hanmer.
shape: if...fail[,] shape. If...fail,
Rowe. shape if...fayle, Qq. shape,
if...fail; F1F2F3. shape if...fail;
F5.
151 look] lookt Ff. look'd Rowe.
154 did[Qq. should Ff.
Soft!] soft, FfQ6. soft The rest
soft— Rowe.
155 cunnings] Qq. commings F1F2F3.
comings F4. commings Collier MS.
156, 157 I ha't...dry] Arranged as by
Johnson. One line in QqFf.
156 I ha't:] Ff. I hate, Q4Q5. I hau't,
Q3Q4Q6. That— Rowe.
157 and dry] om. Pope, reading I ha't...
...hot as one line.
158 As] And Pope.
your] you Jennens (? a misprint).
that end] Qq. the end Ff.
159 prepared] prepar'd Ff. prefer'd
Q2Q3. prefer'd Q4Q5. prefer'd Q6.
160 nonce] once Q4Q5.
sipping] tasting Q (1676).
If he by chance escape your venom’d stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another’s heel,  
So fast they follow: your sister’s drown’d, Laertes.  

Laer. Drown’d! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men’s fingers call them:  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang; an envious sliver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up:

161 stuck] tucke Q6. tuck Q (1676) and Rowe.  
162 But...noise?] Qq. Omitted in Ff.  
163 Enter Queen.] As in Qq. After queen! in Ff.  
164. Scene x. Pope.  
165 they] Qq. they’ll F1F2. they’ll F3 F4.  
167 aslant] growing o’r Q (1676). aslant a] Ff. ascaunt the Qq. aslant the Singer (ed. 2). ascaunt a Staunton.  
169 There with...come] Ff. Therewith ...make Qq. Near which...she did make Q (1676).  
171 give] gave F4. name] name to Rowe.  
172 cold] Ff. cull-cold Q2Q3Q4. culcold Q6Q5. dead men’s] deadman’s Tschischwitz.  
173 There] QqFf. Then Capell. coronet] coronet Q2Q3.  
174 sliver] Q2Q3Ff. sluer Q4Q5. shiver Q6.  
175 her] Qq. the Ff. these Caldecott (ed. 2). trophies] Q3Q5Ff. trophæs Q4Q6. tropeys Q6.  
176 weeping] sleeping Gould conj.  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

_Laer._ Alas, then she is drown'd!

_Queen._ Drown'd, drown'd.

_Laer._ Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

_King._ Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow.

[Exit.

[Exeunt.]
ACT V.

SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good:
here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another
question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To't.


Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit Sec. Clown.

[He digs, and sings.

Enter...] Ff. Enter Hamlet and Horatio. Qq, after line 64.

that] Ff. om. Qq.
In youth, when I did love, did love,
  Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for-a my behave,
  O, methought, there-a was nothing-a meet.

**Ham.** Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

**Hor.** Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

**Ham.** 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

**First Clo.** [Sings] But age, with his stealing steps,
  Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
  As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]
Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain’s jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o’er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say ‘Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?’ This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one’s horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e’en so: and now my Lady Worm’s; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton’s spade: here’s fine revolution, an we had the trick to see’t. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with ’em? mine ache to think on’t.

First Clo. [Sings] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.]
Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.
HAMLET.
ACT V.

[Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.
First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?
First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?
First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?
First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
I. Scene

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover his wits there; or, if a' do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How 'strangely'?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce rot.
hold the laying in—a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

_Ham._ Why he more than another?

_First Clo._ Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that a' will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

_Ham._ Whose was it?

_First Clo._ A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

_Ham._ Nay, I know not.

_First Clo._ A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

_Ham._ This?

_First Clo._ E'en that.

_Ham._ Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is!

163 you nine year] you nine yeares F_{2}^{3} 
164 you nine years F_{4}^{3} 
165 so] om. F_{3}F_{4}^{4} 
166 a'] a Qq. he Ff. 
167 your water] you water Rowe (ed. 2). 
168 Here's...in the] Ff. heer's a skull now hath lyen you i' th Qq. Here's a skull now has lain in the Pope. 
169 three and twenty] Ff. 23. Q_{2}Q_{3}Q_{4} Q_{5}^{6} twenty three Q_{5} a dozen Halliwell, from (Q_{1}). three and ten Hudson conj. 
171, 172 A...was?] Two lines in Ff.
my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing. 190

_Hor._ What's that, my lord?

_Ham._ Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

_Hor._ E'en so.

_Ham._ And smelt so? pah! [Puts down the skull. 195

_Hor._ E'en so, my lord.

_Ham._ To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

_Hor._ 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

_Ham._ No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make

185 gambols] jests Q (1676).
186 on a roar] in a roar Pope.

_Not one] Qq. _No one Ff.
187 grinning] Qq. _teering Ff.
188 chamber] Qq. _table Qq.
189 favour] savour Warburton.
190 laugh] laught Qq.
192 o'] Ff. _a Qq.
195 so? pah] Qq. _so pah Qq. so: pah Qq. so? Puh Ff.

[puts down... Collier. Throws it down. Capell. Smelling to the

Scull, Rowe. _om. QqFf.

197 we may] may we S. Walker conj.
199 he] Ff. _a Qq.

find] found Jennens.
200 consider too] consider: to Fq1. consider: to Fq2Fq3Fq4.
201 thither] Fq2Fq3Fq4 _thether The rest.

202 as thus:] Qq. [Omitted in Qq.
203, 204 returneth] returned Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).
204 into] Ff. _to Qq.
loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark. [Retiring with Horatio.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

who is this] Qq.  Who is that F1.
Who is 't that F2.  What is 't that F3F4.  What is that Pope.

rites] QqF1.  rights F2F3F4.
its] Qq.  it's F2F4.  it The rest.
'twos] it was Collier MS.
of] Qq.  om. Ff.

Couch we] Stand by Q (1676).
we] me Rowe (ed. 2).

[Retiring......] Capell. om. QqFf.
(At one side) Collier MS.

[to the Priests. Capell.

[to Horatio. Capell.

That......mark.] Prose in QqFf.

Verse by Capell, ending the line

very] most Pope, reading as verse.
mark] F5F4.  marke Q2Q4F1F2.
makes Q4Q5.  om. Q6.
I. HAMLET.

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o’ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow’d her virgin chants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Lae. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done: We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Lae. Lay her i’ the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

220, 229 First Priest.] 1. P. Capell. 
Priest. Ff. Doct. Qq.
220 been] bin QsFQg.
as far] so far Theobald (ed. 2).
221 warranty] QgQQg. warrantie Q2 QsFQQg. warrantis F, warrantise Capell conj. warranties Caldecott (ed. 2). warrantise Dyce.
222 that] the Mull.
223 unsanctified] unsanctied F2F3.

have] Ff. been QsQg.
beene Q4 bin QsQg. be Elze (1882).
224 trumpet] trump Pope.

prayers] Qq. prayer Ff.

pebbles] QsFQF4. peebles The rest.
226 allow’d] Qq. allowed Ff.

229 there] om. Pope.
done:] done! Steevens (1793).
231 sing a requiem] Qq. sing sage

Requiem Ff. sing safe requiem

Jackson conj. sing sad requiem

Collier MS. sing such requiem

Grant White (Dyce conj.). sing false requiem Anon. conj. say requiem Gould conj.

[Coffin lay’d in. Capell.
Queen. [Scattering flowers] Sweets to the sweet: farewell! I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet’s wife; I thought thy bride-bed to have deck’d, sweet maid, And not have strew’d thy grave.

Lae. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth a while, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead, Till of this flat a mountain you have made To o’ertop old Pelion or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing] What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaps into the grave.
Laer. The devil take thy soul! [Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well. I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat; For, though I am not splenitive and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet. [The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme? I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou’lt do:

[Grappling...] Rowe. om. QqFf. (seize him) Collier MS.

253, 254 Thou...throat.] Divided as in Ff. One line in Qq.


and] FfQ6. om. Q4Q5Q6Q8.

256 I...dangerous] I dangerous in me something Tschischwitz. in me something] Qq. something in me Ff.


258, 259 Pluck...quiet.] Two lines in Steevens (1793), the first ending Hamlet!


260 this] his Rowe.

264 their] there F1.

HAMLET. ACT V.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself? 270
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile? I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave? To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone.

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 't lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

269, 270 Woo't? Wilt (Q1) Q (1676).
Woo't Capell. Woul't Malone.
269 woo't fast? Q. om. Ff. fast? woo't? storme or Collier MS.
270 drink up...crocodile?] drink? ape, eisel, crocodile! Becket conj.
eisel] Theobald. vessels (Q1). Esil Q. Esile (in italics) Ff. Yssel
Keightley (Theobald conj.). Nile
Hammer. Elsil (in italics) Capell,
Nlus Elze (Capell conj.). Weisel
or Oesil Steevens conj. Isell Halli-
well conj. Esule Tschischwitz.
cat] woo't eat Hamner. or eat
Hamner as misquoted by John-

son.
271 I'll do't? Ile doo't, Ile doo't Col-
lier MS. I'll do it too Anon.
conj. thow? FfQ6. The rest omit.
here? hither F3F4. hither but Pope.
whine?] whine, Laertes? Elze conj.

271—277 whine?...grave?...her,...wart!] whine,...grave,...her?...wart; Mull.
272 in] in to F4. into Rowe.
grave?] FfQ6. grave, The rest.
275 ground] mound Gould conj.
276 zone] sun Warburton.
277 an] Pope. and QqFf.
278 Queen.] Quee. Qq. Kin. F1.
King. F2F3F4.
278—280 Queen,...Anon] King,...him.
Queen. Anon Collier, ed. 2 (Collier
MS.).
279 thus] this Q4Q5Q6Q5. a while] awhile Jennens.
280 the] a Q6Q6.
dove] Q2Q3Ff. Doe Q4Q5Q6.
281 When that] When first Q (1676).
E'er that Warburton. Ere that
Johnson. Ere yet Johnson conj.
While that Kinnear conj.
couplets] couplets Q. Cuplet Ff.
couplet Delius.
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[Exit Horatio.

[To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes: Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

**Hor.** That is most certain.

**Ham.** Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal

---

reading lines 6, 7 as Pope. own,
Our Collier MS.

---

7-11 *And... certain.*] In a parenthesis
in Singer, ed. 2 (Tyrwhitt conj.).

---

7 *rashness for it,* let] rashness, for it
lets Tyrwhitt conj., putting *And... certain,* lines 7—11, in a parenthesis.
rashness, for it let Tschischwitz.

7—11 *let... certain.*] Regarded as an
interpolation by Gould.

---

7 *let us]* yet we Gould conj.
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—O royal knavery!—an exact command, Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing Denmark’s health and England’s too, With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life, That, on the supervise, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.

_Hor._ Is ’t possible?

_Ham._ Here’s the commission: read it at more leisure. But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

_Hor._ I beseech you.

_Ham._ Being thus be-netted round with villainies,—Or I could make a prologue to my brains, They had begun the play,—I sat me down; Devised a new commission; wrote it fair: I once did hold it, as our statists do, A baseness to write fair, and labour’d much How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

19 O royal knavery!—] Omitted in Q (1676).
20 knavery!] knavery, Q. knavery: Ff. knavery! Rowe.
23 ho! ho Qq. hoo, Ff.
24 grinding] gringding Ff.
25 struck] F1F3F4 stroucke F2 strooke Qq. strook Capell.
27 now] Qq. me F1. om. F2F3F4 (Giving it) Collier MS.
28 I beseech] Ay, ’beseech Capell.
29 be-netted] QqQ5 benetted The rest.
30 brains] banes Chisselden conj. apud Theobald MS.
31 sat] sate FfQ5.
It did me yeoman’s service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
And stand a comma ’tween their amities,
And many such-like ’tween their amities,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow’d.

Hor. How was this seal’d?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father’s signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;

36 yeoman’s] yemans Q₂ Q₃ Q₄.
37 effect] Q₁. effects Ff.
40 like] Q₁. as Ff.
 might] Q₁. should Ff.
42 stand a comma] hold her olive Bailey con.
 a comma] a commere Theobald (Warburton), no comma Theobald conj.
 (withdrawn). a cement Hanmer.
 a co-mere Singer (ed. 2). a co-mate Becket conj. a column Jackson
 conj. commercing Anon. conj. a comare Nicholson conj. akimbo
 Bulloch conj. the cov’nant Kin.
 near conj. a counter Mull.
 a comma ’tween] as one atween Cart.
 wright conj. as concord ’tween Id.
 conj. (N. & Q., 1868). at-one between
 Wetherell conj. (N. & Q., 1868).
 a calm between Herr conj.
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it safely,  
The changeling never known. Now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill’d my king, and whored my mother;  
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,

the baser] QqF.  baser F_F_F_F.  a baser Collier MS.
fall incensed] full-incensed Dyce, ed.  
2 (S. Walker conj.).
this?] Qq.  this? Ff.
thinks't thee] Dyce (S. Walker conj.).
thinkst thee F.  think'st thee F_F_F_F.  
think thee QqQqQq.  think thee Qq.
think you Qq.  think'st thou Rowe.  
thinks thee Edd. conj. (Clar. Pr. ed.).
upon—] Boswell.  vpon? QqQqQq.  vpon? QqQqQq.  vpon F.  upon F_F_F_F.
my king] your king Anon. conj.
Popp'd] Stept Q (1676).

Thrown......life] His Angle for my proper life throwne out Collier MS.
cozenage—] Boswell.  cosnase, QqQqQq.  cozenage; F.  cozenage; F_F_F_F.  cosnase, Qq.
conscience,] conscience? Qq.
To quit him with this arm? and is’t not to be damn’d,  
To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil?

**Hor.** It must be shortly known to him from England  
What is the issue of the business there.

**Ham.** It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man’s life’s no more than to say ‘One.’  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
For, by the image of my cause, I see  
The portraiture of his: I’ll court his favours:  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

**Hor.** Peace! who comes here?

*Enter Osric.*

**Osr.** Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.  
**Ham.** I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

---

68—80 To quit...here?] Ff. Omitted in Qq.  
68 this arm] his own Collier MS.  
this] F₁, his F₂F₃F₄,  
70 further] farther Collier.  
evil?] Rowe. euill. F₁F₂. evil. F₃F₄.  
73—75 It will...Horatio.] Arranged as by Hanmer. Three lines, ending short,...more...Horatio, in ff. Four, ending short...more...one...Horatio, in Pope.  
73 interim is] Hanmer. interim’s Ff.  
74 life’s] life Reed (1803).  
say ‘One’] say, one Pope. say one Ff.  
78 court his favours] Rowe. count his favours Ff.  
79 court his favour Theobald. count his favour Jackson conj.  
81 Scene iv. Pope.  
Enter Osric.] Enter young Osricke.  
Qq. Enter Osrick, a Courtier. Capell.  
81, &c. Osr.] Ff. Cour. Qq.  
82, 83 I humbly...water-fly?] One line in Ff. Two in Qq.  
sir. Dost] Pointed as in Qq. Sir,  
dost F₁F₂. sir; dost F₃F₄. sir.—  
[foh, how the muske-cod smells!]  
Caldecott (ed. 2) from (Q₁).  
82—89 Dost...dirt.] Marked as ‘Aside’, by Capell.
Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king’s mess: 'tis a chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, —I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter—

88 'tis] It is Johnson.
chough] cough Capell (corrected in Errata).
say] saw F.
90 lordship] Q2Q3Q4. Lordshippe Q2Q3Q4.
friendship Ff.
92 sir] Qq. om. Ff.
with all] withall Q2Q3.
94 it] Q2Q3Q4Q5. 'tis FfQ6.
[puts on his hat. Macdonald conj. (after lordship).
98 But yet] Qq. om. Ff.
sultry] Rowe. soultry Q4Q5FfQ6.
sultry Q2Q3.
98, 99 hot, or my complexion—] Warburton. hot, or my complection.

Q2Q3. hot, or my complexion. Q4Q5. hot for my complexion. Ff. hot, for my complexion. Q6. hot. 'Fore my complexion! or, hot. Osr. 'Fore my complexion! Daniel conj.

100 sultry] soultry Q2Q3. soultry The rest.

bad The rest.
102 to you] unto you Q5.
he] Ff. a Qq.
has] ha's F1.
laid] layed Q2Q3Q4Q5.
103 matter—] Rowe. matter. Qq.Ff.
[Takes off his hat. Macdonald conj.
Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such deearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
SCENE II.  HAMLET.  579

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.  

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—


124, 125 Is't...really.] Marked as Aside to Hamlet by Capell. [To Osrick. Rann. Is't not...another tongue?] Is't possible not to be understood in a mother tongue? Johnson conj. It is not... another tongue. Heath conj. Is't possible not to understand in a mother tongue? Tschischwitz (Malone conj.).

understand...tongue? You] understand? In another tongue you Jennens.

124 in another] in's mother Staunton conj.

125 tongue?] Theobald. tongue, Qq. You...really] You will too't sir really Qq. You will doo't sir really Qq. You will do't sir really Qq. You will do't, sir, rarely Theobald. You don't, sir, rarely Heath conj. Given to Osric, Becket conj. really] readily Jackson conj., reading the rest with Jennens. 128 Laertes?] Qq. Laertes. Qq. Q3 Q4 Q5. 129, 130 His...spent.] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell. 129 all's] all his Malone. 131 sir?] Capell. 132 ignorant—] Theobald. ignorant. Qq. 134 me. Well, sir?] Edd. (Globe ed.). me, well sir. Qq. me. Well, sir. Theobald. 135 not ignorant] Qq. Qq. ignorant Qq. Qq. Qq. 136 is—] Malone. is: Capell. is. Qq. is at his weapon? Caldecott, from Ff.
Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself. 139

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well. 144

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit. 150

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers, till then. But, on: six Barbary
horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it? 160

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.
HAMLET.

ACT V.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osric.] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

178 Yours, yours. [Exit Osric.] He does] Capell. Yours, yours; he does Ff (see F.). Yours doo's Q₆Q₇Q₈. Yours does Q₆. Yours. He does Jennens.

179 it himself] it self Q (1676), reading with Qq.

for's] for his Q₆Q₇.

turn] turne Q₄. tongue Ff.

180 runs] ran Johnson conj.

182 He did comply with] Ff (Complie F.₁). A did sir with Q₆. A did so sir with Q₆Q₇Q₈. He did so, sir, with Q (1676) and Theobald. He did so with Rowe. He did complement with Hamner. He did compliment with Warburton. He did compline with Bulloch conj. He did compliment Gould conj. before he] Ff. before a Qq.

183 has he] Qq. had he Ff.

many] Qq. nine F.₁. nine F₂F₃F₄.


185 and...a] and (out of an habit of encounter) a Jennens. and out of the habit of encounter got a Bailey conj. and outward] Pf. and out of an Qq. an outward Capell.

185, 186 encounter; a...collection] encounter, (a kind of yeasty collection,) Maclachlan.


188 trial] triall Qq. tryalls F₁F₂. tryalls F₂F₄.
Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whersoever, provided I be so able as now. 195

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord. 200

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter. 205

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 210

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. 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; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, Osric and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was’t Hamlet wrong’d Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta’en away,
And when he’s not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: if’t be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong’d;
His madness is poor Hamlet’s enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o’er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace.
To keep my name ungored. But till that time
I do receive your offer’d love like love
And will not wrong it.

222 sore] Ff. a sore Qq.
distraction.]distraction: Q4Q5. dis-
traction, Q4Q5. distraction; Q6.
distraction? Pf.
223 nature, honour] Qq. nature honour,
F1. natures honor, F2. natures
honour, F3F4. native honour Anon.
conj.
229 madness:] madness. Qq. Madnesse?
F1F2. madness? F3F4.
230 wrong’d] Ff. wronged Qq.
232 Sir...audience,] Ff. Omitted in
Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Lae. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Lae. You mock me, sir.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night.
Stick fiery off indeed.

Lae. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Lae. This is too heavy; let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [They prepare to play.

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the battlements their ordnance fire; The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an union shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups; And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, 'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin; And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.

Ham. One.


257 have] have F_r.
length?] Rowe. length Q_g. length. The rest. [They prepare...] Capell, after line 255. Prepare... Ff. Omitted in Q_1. Prepares... Rowe (ed. 2).

259 Enter Attendants, with Wine, Capell.


260 give] gives Theobald.

261 of the third] of a third F_rF_r to the third Q (1703).

262 ordnance] Ordinance F_r.

263 breath] health Gould conj.


265 In...cups:] One line in Qq. Two in FF.

266 trumpet] Qq. trumpets Ff.

267 trumpet] trumpets F_rF_r. trumpeter Grant White.

cannoneer] canoner S. Walker conj.

269 heaven[o]Q_2Q_3Ff. heavens[to]Q_4Q_5Q_r.

270 'Now...Hamlet.'] Italicised by Capell.

[Trumpets the while. Qq. om. Ff.


Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health. [Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.
Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by a while.
Come. [They play.] Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brow:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

Queen. Gertrude, do not drink.

Ham. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. [Aside] It is the poison’d cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I’ll hit him now.

King. I do not think ’t.
Laer. [Aside] And yet it is almost against my con-

science.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

Osr. Nothing; neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change
rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

King. Part them; they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come, again.

[The Queen falls.
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

both are wounded, Leartes falles
downe, the Queene falles downe
and dies. (Q). In scuffling they
change Rapiers. Ff. Omitted in
Qq.

(Both wounded) Collier MS.

284, 288 [Aside] First marked by Rowe.
285 1...by.] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.
287 My lord,] om. Pope.
think’r] think it Malone.
288 it is...against] Qq. ’tis...against Ff.
’tis...against Q (1676).
289 Come...dally,;] One line in Qq.
Two in Ff.
third, Laertes. You Johnson. third
Laertes, you doe Qq. third. Laertes,
you Ff.
291 afeard] F3F4. afeard F1. afeard F2. sure Qq. afraid Rowe.
292 [They play.] Play. Ff. om. Qq.
294 now/] now. [play again. Capell.
[Laertes...Laertes.] Rowe. They
catch one anothers Rapiers, and

[296 is it] Q2Q3Q4Q5. is’t FfQ6.
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swounds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies.

Ham. villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain; No medicine in the world can do thee good, In thee there is not half an hour of life; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn’d itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother’s poison’d:
I can no more: the king, the king’s to blame.

_Ham._ The point envenom’d too!

Then, venom, to thy work.  

[Stabs the King.]

_All._ Treason! treason!

_King._ O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

_Ham._ Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is thy union here?

Follow my mother.

_Lær._ He is justly served;
It is a poison temper’d by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father’s death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!

_Ham._ Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,

310 _lo._ so Q (1676).
311 _poison’d_ F₃F₄, _poysned_ F₁F₂Q₆.
312 _can_ om Q₅Q₆, _to blame_ too blame Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅F₁.
313, 314 _The...work._ As in Ff. One line in Qq.
313 _The point envenom’d] The point—_ envenom’d Staunton.
313 _to_] to Q₂Q₅Q₆Q₇.
313, 314 _envenom’d...work._ One line in Steevens (1793).
314 _to thy_ do thy Theobald (ed. 2).
315 _All.] Osr. and Lords. Malone.
317 _Here...Dane_] One line in Qq. Two,
the first ending _murderous_, in Ff.
318 _off this_] F₁Q₆. _of this] The rest.
319 _King dies._ om. Qq.
320 _temper’d] Q₅. _temperd_ Q₂Q₃Q₄Q₅.
322 _upon_] on Theobald.
323 _me!] Pope. _me._ QqFf.
324 _thee free_] the free Theobald (ed. 1).
325 _I am] I'm Pope.
327 _to this] Q₁F₁. _at this] F₂F₃F₄.
HAMLET.  

ACT V.

Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—  
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

Hor.  Never believe it:  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:  
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham.  As thou 'rt a man,  
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't.  
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity a while,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story.  

What warlike noise is this?

328, 329 time—as...arrest—O] time, (as  
......arrest) oh FQaQ6. time, as......  
arrest, δ Q2Q3. time as...arrest. 0  
Q4Q5.  
329 strict] strick'd F1. strick't F1.  
his] QqF1. this F2F3F4.  
you—] Pope. you, Q2Q3F2F3F4.  
you! Q4Q5. you. F1. you; Q6.  
331 cause aright] Q4Q5Q6. cause a right  
Q2Q3. causes right Ff.  
332 the'] be F3F4.  
Never believe] Never; believe Han-  
mer.  
[Takes the cup. Collier MS. See  
note (11).  
333 I am] I'm Pope.  
antique] Q6. antick'e Q2Q3. antike  
Q2Q3F1F2. Antick F3F4.  
334, 335 As...have't.] Divided as in Qq.  
The first line ends cup, in Ff.  
334 thou'rt] Capell. th' art QqFf.  
335 by heaven,] om. Q (1676).  
have 't] F1F2. hate Q2Q3Q4Q5. hav'n't  
Q4F5F4.  have it Steevens.  
[Struggling, Hamlet gets it. Collier  
MS. See note (11).  
336 good Horatio] Ff. god Horatio  
Q2Q3. God Horatio Q3Q4Q6. God!  
—Horatio Capell.  
337 live] Ff. I leave Qq. leave Grant  
White.  
me!] Jennens. me? Qq. me. Ff.  
339 a while] awhile F1.  
[Fireings within. Capell.  
341 story] tale Pope.  
[March...shot within.] Steevens.  
March afarre off, and shout within.  
Ff. A march a farre off. Qq.  
Omitted by Capell.  
this?] this? [Exit Osrick. Jennens.
SCENE II.  

HAMLET.  

593

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:  
I cannot live to hear the news from England;  
But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less,  
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.  
[Dies.  

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! [March within.  
Why does the drum come hither?

342 Scene vi. Pope.  
[Enter Osrick. QqFf. Omitted first by Capell.  
343 To the] To th' Q2Q3Q4Ff. Th' th' Q4.  
343, 344 To...volley.] Divided as in Pope.  
One line in QqFf.  
343 ambassadors] ambassador Hanmer.  
345 quite] quie F2.  
one-r-crows] ore-groves Q4Q5Q6. one-r-  
aves Tschischwitz. o'erthrows E.  
B. H. conj. (in Furness).  
349 and less] or less F4.  
350, 351 solicited. The...Hor. Now] so-  
licted— [Dies.] Hor. The...silence.  
Now Hudson, 1879 (Edd. conj.).  
350 solicited.] Ff. solicited, Q2Q3Q4Q5  
solicited: Q6 solicited,— Capell,  
so limited— Jackson conj. ensued,  
or resulted, or eventuated Gould  
conj.  
is silence] is in silence Q6. in silence  
Q (1676).  
silence.] Qq. silence. O, o, o. F1.  
silence, O, o, o. F2. silence, O, o,  
o. F3F4.  
[Dies.] Ff om. Qq.  
351 Now...prince,] One line in Qq. Two  
in Ff.  
352 flights] flight Q2Q3Q6. choiress Q (1676).  
sing] singe Q4Q5. wing Warburton.  
[March within.] Capell (after line 353). om. QqFf.  
353—395 Why...shoot.] om. Collier MS.  
which substitutes While I remaine  
behind to tell a tale That shall here-  
after turne the hearers pale.
Enter Fortinbras, and the English Ambassadors, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. 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?

First Amb. The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill’d,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth

Had it the ability of life to thank you:

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

354 Enter...] Theobald. Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador,... Ff. Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors. Qq (Fortinbrasse Q4 Q5)

355 aught] Theobald (ed. 2). ought Qq

356 This] Qq. His Ff.

357 thine eternal] thine infernall Qq.


359 struck] Rowe. strook Q4 Q5 F4.

360 life] breath Q (1676).

362 commandment] Q4 Q5. commandement Q4 Q5 Q6. commandment Ff.

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies:
after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.

388 to the] off the F₂F₄.
390 To...passage,] One line in Qq. Two, the first ending royally: in Ff.
royally] Ff. royall Qq.
391 rites] Ff. right Qq. rights Q(1676).
393 bodies] Qq. body Ff.
394 amiss] amisses Qq. amis F₁. ami ess F₂.
395 [A dead march.] Capell.
Exeunt...] Exeunt solemnly,... Capell. Exeunt. Qq. Exeunt
Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordinance are shot off. Ff
(after which F₂F₄; Ordnance F₂F₃ F₄).
NOTES.

Note I.

Act I. Scene I. In this play the Acts and Scenes are marked in the Folios only as far as the second Scene of the second Act, and not at all in the Quartos.

Note II.

1. 1. 91. This and other emendations of the MS. corrector, not recorded by Mr Collier, are given on the authority of Mr Hamilton (An Enquiry into the Genuineness of the MS. Corrections in Mr J. Payne Collier’s annotated Shakespeare, pp. 34—85).

Note III.

1. 3. 74. The following are the readings of the different editions and the emendations which have been proposed for this line:

'Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:' (Q₁).
'Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:' Q₂ Q₃.
'Ar of a most select and generous, cheefe in that:' Q₄.
'Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:' Q₅ Q₆.
'Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.' Ff.
'Are most select and generous, chief in that.'

Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Capell, [Jennens], Rann, Steevens (1793), Caldecott, Singer (ed. 1), Harness, Delius, &c.
'Are most select, and generous, chief in that.' Steevens (1773).

'Are most select, and generous chief, in that.'

Steevens (1778 and 1785).

'Are of a most select and generous chief, in that.' Malone.

'Select and generous, are most choice in that.' Steevens conj.

'Are of a most select and generous choice in that.'


'Are most select and generous; chief in that.' Singer (ed. 2).

'Are of a most select and generous sheaf in that.' Staunton.

'Are most select and generous in that.' Grant White.

'Are of a most select and generous class in that.' Bulloch conj.

'Are of a most select and generous choice.' Lloyd conj.

'Are of a most select and generous taste in that.' Keightley conj.

Tschischwitz (1869) reads:

'Are of a most select and generous chief,
In that their show denies extravagance.'

'Are most select and generous chiefs in that.'

Beale conj. (N. and Q., 1875).

'Are, of a most, select and generous, chief in that.'


'As most select and generous show in that.' Kinnear conj.

'The most select and generous, are chief in that.' Mull.

'Are famoused select and generous, chief in that.' Maclachlan.

Note IV.

1. 3. 109. The second and third Quartos include the words 'not... thus' in a parenthesis. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth, the parenthesis ends at 'phrase;' an arrangement which was adopted by Pope and corrected by Theobald at Warburton's suggestion. The Folios have no parenthesis.

Note V.

1. 3. 117. Malone conjectured that some epithet to 'blazes' has been omitted; and Coleridge 'did not doubt that a spondee had dropt out of the line.' He proposed either 'Go to, these blazes, daughter,' or 'these blazes, daughter, mark you.' Notes and Lectures, i. p. 220 (ed. 1849).
NOTES.

Note VI.

1. 4. 36, 37. We have left this corrupt passage unaltered because none of the conjectures proposed appear to be satisfactory.

Rann, reading in his text:

'The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out
To his own scandal...'

gives some conjectures, without naming the authors, in a note thus:

'Doth all, &c. oft corrupt: oft work out: eat out: By it's own scandal.'

The first of these alterations, 'oft corrupt,' anticipates one which Mitford published as his own, and the third, 'eat out,' is borrowed from the author of 'the Revisal' (Heath).

Mr Grant White suggests that "the corruption lurks in a part of the passage hitherto unsuspected, and that 'Doth' is either a misprint of 'Hath,' or has the sense of 'accomplishes.'" Mr Keightley reads,

'The dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance, out o' doubt,
To his own scandal...'

marking the sentence as incomplete. [In The Shakespeare Expositor he conjectures 'out of a doubt.]

Mr Maclachlan reads,

'The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.'

Note VII.

1. 4. 61. Steevens says 'The first folio reads—remote.' We have not been able to find this reading in any copy of that edition which we have consulted. Sir Frederic Madden has kindly collated for us the four copies in the British Museum, all of which have 'remoued.' This is also the reading of Capell's copy, of Malone's, and of two others to which we have had access, and it is the reading in Mr Booth's reprint.

Note VIII.

1. 5. 80. 'A very learned lady,' probably Mrs Montagu, suggested to Johnson that this line 'O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!' should be given to Hamlet, and it is said that Garrick adopted this
suggestion when he played Hamlet. Rann appears to be the first editor who put it in his text. Mr Verplanck and Mr Hudson have followed his example.

In the Quarto of 1603, (Q₁), the Ghost says 'O horrible, most horrible!' and Hamlet interrupts with 'O God!'

**Note IX.**

1. 5. 113—116. The second Quarto followed by the rest reads thus:

'Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

_Hora._ My Lord, my Lord.

_Mar._ Lord Hamlet.

_Hora._ Heauens secure him.

_Ham._ So be it.

_Mar._ Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.'

The Folios have:

'Hor. & _Mar._ within. My Lord, my Lord.

_Enter Horatio and Marcellus._

_Mar._ Lord Hamlet.

_Hor._ Heauen secure him.

_Mar._ So be it.

_Hor._ Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.'

Capell first transferred the stage direction 'Enter Horatio and Marcellus' to follow line 116, and added the direction 'within' to all the previous speeches. In this he has been followed by Steevens (1778) and all subsequent editors. As however the first Quarto, which was taken down probably during the representation of the play, puts the words _Enter Horatio, and Marcellus_ opposite 'My Lord, my Lord,' it is probable that they really entered at that place, but were supposed, it being night-time, not to be seen by Hamlet till they were close to him.

Capell followed the Quartos in assigning 'So be it!' to Hamlet.

**Note X.**

1. 5. 157—160. The second Quarto followed substantially by the rest reads thus:

'Come hether Gentlemen,

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
NOTES.

Sweare by my sword
Neuer to speak of this that you haue heard.'

The first Folio has:

'Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again vp on my sword,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.'

The following Folios put a full stop after 'sword' in the second line.

Capell, taking the order of words from the Quartos, arranged as three lines, thus:

'Come hither, gentlemen, and lay your hands
Again upon my sword; Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.'

The first Quarto supports the order of the words as found in the Folio. Perhaps we might follow it and arrange the words of the Folio in three lines ending 'hands'...‘speak’...‘sword.'

Note XI.

ii. 1. 79. Theobald, who is followed by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson, reads 'loose' for 'foul'd,' on the authority as he says of 'the elder Quartos.' It is not the reading of any of the first six, but of those of 1676, 1683, 1695 and 1703. Had Capell been aware of this, he would scarcely have designated Theobald's mistake as 'a downright falsehood.' Theobald, at the time of writing his Shakespeare Restored, knew of no Quarto earlier than that of 1637 (Shakespeare Restored, p. 70), and it is just possible that some copy of this edition (Q₆), from which that of 1676 was printed, may have had the reading 'loose.' We have given in the note to iii. 4. 59 an instance of different readings in two copies of Q₆.

Note XII.

ii. 2. 111, 112. In the Quartos Polonius's comment, 'that's an ill phrase...', is printed in italics like the letter, and there is some confusion in the next line. The second, third, fourth and fifth have 'but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosom, these &c.' The sixth puts a comma after 'heare.' In the Folios these last words are printed
in Roman type as if they were part of Polonius's comment, thus: 'but you shall heare these in her excellent white bosome, these.'

Rowe printed: 'but you shall hear—These to her excellent white bosom, these—'

The succeeding editors followed Rowe, down to Capell who restored the word 'in' for 'to.' The reading and punctuation of our text was first given substantially by Jennens, and adopted by Malone.

Knight prints, as part of the letter, 'These. In her excellent white bosom, these.' Tschischwitz suggests, 'but you shall hear this; In &c.'

**Note XIII.**

**II. 2. 123.** In the fourth and fifth Quartos the word 'Hamlet,' in italics, is by mistake printed not at the end of the letter but opposite to the first line of Polonius's speech.

**Note XIV.**

**II. 2. 169.** The Quartos have 'Enter Hamlet' after 'try it,' line 166, and 'Exit King and Queene' after the words 'both away,' line 168. The Folios have 'Enter Hamlet, reading on a Booke' after 'try it,' line 166, and 'Exit King & Queen' after 'presently,' line 169. The Quartos put commas at 'presently,' and 'leave,' reading 'Ile... leave' as one line; the Folios put full stops, reading 'Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet?' as one line.

The earlier editors down to Johnson inclusive made no change.

Capell supposed the words 'O, give me leave' to be addressed, not to Hamlet, but to the King and Queen, whose Exeunt he placed after these words. His arrangement has been followed by all subsequent editors, till we ventured, in the Globe edition, [as Mr Grant White had done] to recur to the old order. It appears to us that the words 'O, give me leave,' commencing with an exclamation, are more naturally addressed to Hamlet than to the King and Queen, with whom Polonius had been previously conversing.

Mr Dyce transferred the entrance of Hamlet to follow the Exeunt of the King and Queen, line 169. As in the first Quarto he is made to enter earlier, it is possible that he was in sight of the audience, though so intent on his book as not to observe the presence of the others.
Note XV.

II. 2. 584. Capell quotes 'braves' as the reading of the Quarto of 1605. His own copy has 'braines.' That in the British Museum reads 'braues.'

Note XVI.

III. 1. 86. In this doubtful passage we have retained the reading of the Quartos, although the players' Quartos of 1676, 1683, 1695, 1703, have, contrary to their custom, followed the Folios, which may possibly indicate that 'pith' was the reading according to the stage tradition.

Note XVII.

III. 2. 161, 162. Jennens prints in brackets the line of the Quartos which we have omitted, and conjectures, as Johnson had done before him, that a line is lost either before or after it, which should rhyme to 'love.' As in the Quartos the line 'For women feare too much, even as they loue;' occurs at the top of a page, the omission is more likely to have been caused by a line having dropped out at the foot of the previous page. Mr Keightley marks the omission of a line after 'love.' Malone supposes that the 'Either none' of the Quartos in line 163 was the commencement of the lost line, which he suggests may have run as follows:

'Either none they feel, or an excess approve.'

Steevens proposes to retain the omitted line, reading 'lust' for 'love,' making a triplet rhyme with the preceding lines.

The Quarto probably gives us the author's first thought, incomplete, as well as the lines which he finally adopted, as they stand in the Folio. The thought will hardly bear to be expanded over four lines.

Note XVIII.

III. 2. 336. Mason conjectured that the words 'To withdraw with you' were spoken to the players whom Hamlet wished to get rid of, and proposed to read 'So, withdraw you,' or 'So withdraw, will you?'
Malone adds the stage direction 'taking Guil. aside.' Steevens supposes that the words 'To...you' 'may refer to some gesture which Guildenstern had used, and which, at first was interpreted by Hamlet into a signal for him to attend the speaker into another room. 'To withdraw with you?' (says he) Is that your meaning?' Mr Staunton, agreeing substantially with Mason, proposes to read 'So,—[taking a recorder] withdraw with you.' He adds that the disputed words may have been intended to mark the departure of the players. Jackson (1819) proposed the same reading and explanation, adding a stage direction, 'To the Players, who exit.'

If the reading and punctuation given in our text be right, the words seem to be addressed to Guildenstern. Mr Knight, however, [following Caldecott] suggests that 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have intimated, by some signal, that they wish to speak with Hamlet in private.'

**Note XIX.**

iii. 2. 374—377. In this passage we have followed the distribution of the Folios. In the Quartos it stands thus:

'They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by, Leave me friends, I will, say so. By and by is easily said, 'Tis now &c.'

In the Quarto of 1676 the words 'I will come...said' are marked in inverted commas to indicate that they were omitted by the actors. Pope followed the arrangement of the Quartos, reading 'I will say so' with the Quarto of 1676.

**Note XX.**

iii. 4. 4. We have adopted Hanmer's correction 'sconce' for 'silence' because in the corresponding passage of the first Quarto Polonius says: 'I'le shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras.' The Quartos of 1676, 1683, 1695 and 1703 give 'I'll here conceal my self.'

In the Quarto of 1603 there is also a trace of the following speech of Hamlet, omitted in the subsequent Quartos but given in the Folios.
Note XXI.

III. 4. 51, 52. This speech is properly given to the Queen in the Folios, but is printed as prose. The second Quarto has:

‘Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares so low’d, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere &c.’

This is followed by the subsequent Quartos, except the sixth, which has a colon at ‘Index.’ Warburton adopts the distribution of the Quartos, but alters the second line thus:

‘Ham. That roars so loud, it thunders to the Indies.’

Note XXII.

III. 4. 71. The reading ‘stoope’ for ‘step’ is found in manuscript in the margin of a copy of the Quarto of 1637, which has been kindly lent us by Dr Ingleby. The other readings in this play referred to as ‘Anon. conj. MS.’ or ‘Anon. MS.’ are from the same source.

Note XXIII.

IV. 1. 40—44. In the second and third Quartos these lines stand literatim as follows:

‘And what’s vn timely doone,
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poynsed shot, may misse our Name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, ò come away,
My soule &c.’

The later Quartos, including those of 1676, 1683, 1695, and 1703, spelling apart, have the same reading.
In the first Folio, followed substantially by the rest, we find only these words:

'And what's untimely done. Oh come away, My soule &c.'

Rowe, Pope, Hanmer and Warburton followed the Folios.

Theobald first adopted the text of the Quartos. In his *Shakespeare Restored*, p. 108, he had suggested 'Happily, slander;' or 'Happily, rumour;' in his edition he supplied the blank thus:

'And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander (Whose whisper &c.'

Hanmer, in his copy of Theobald's edition, erased the passage with a pen.

Johnson, and Steevens in his editions of 1773, 1778 and 1785, followed Theobald.

Capell filled the hiatus by 'So, haply, slander;' and was followed by Steevens (1793) and most modern editors. Mason seems not to have consulted Capell's edition, for in 1788 he puts forward this reading as a conjecture of his own.

Malone (1790) read: 'So viperous slander.'

Mr Staunton proposes 'Thus calumny,' but in his text follows Capell.

'Malice' or 'Envy,' in the sense in which it is often used by Shakespeare, would suit the passage as well as 'Slander.'

[Mr Bulloch conjectures 'That so suspicion."

Mr Spence (N. and Q., 9 Feb. 1878) would print as follows:

'And let them know, both, what we mean to do: And what's untimely done (Whose whisper...... ......shot) may miss our name &c.']

Note XXIV.

iv. 2. 1—3. The second and third Quartos begin the scene thus:

'Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on Hamlet?'
The fourth and fifth have 'softly' for 'soft.'

The Folios have:

'Ham. Safely stowed.
Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.
Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?'

In the players' Quarto of 1676, and the following editions, which otherwise adhere to the reading of the old Quartos, the words 'but soft' are omitted. They omit also 'on'.

Capell gives:

'Ham.————Safely stow'd. But, soft;
Ros. &c. [within.] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

The arrangement adopted in our text was first given by Malone.

Note XXV.

iv. 5. 14—16. The Quartos have:

'Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.'

The Folios,

'Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.'

Rowe followed the Folios; Pope, Theobald, Warburton and Capell, the Quartos. Hanmer continues the lines 'Twere good...minds' to the Gentleman who had spoken the previous lines, and gives 'Let her come in &c.' to the Queen. Johnson follows Hanmer's distribution of the speeches, but substitutes 'Hor.' for 'Gent.' in lines 2 and 4; the arrangement proposed by Blackstone. Steevens (1773) assigned the speech 'Twere good...spilt' (14—20) to Horatio, but restored it to the Queen in his next edition. Mr Grant White follows the Folios in giving the whole Speech to the Queen, but marks 'Twere good... minds' as spoken aside, and 'Let...in' 'To Hor.'
Note XXVI.

iv. 5. 149. In the Quartos the passage is thus printed:

'A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.

How now, what noyse is that?'

In the Folios:

'A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?'

Rowe followed the Folios, Pope the Quartos, reading 'Let...that?' as one line. Theobald first transferred the stage direction, Enter Ophelia to follow the first line of Laertes's speech.

Note XXVII:

iv. 5. 164. Capell was the first to print these words as not forming part of the song. In the Folios they are printed like the former lines in italics. As there is no change of type in the Quartos, it is impossible to say on which side their authority is. There is a comma after 'teare' (or 'tear') in all the Quartos and Folios, except the sixth Quarto, which has a full stop.

Note XXVIII:

iv. 5. 167. Ophelia's speech, or song, is printed as three lines in the Quarto, thus:

'Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,

And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,

It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.'

It is printed as prose in the Folios; beginning, 'You must sing downe a-downe, &c.' There is no indication that any part was meant to be sung.
NOTES.

Johnson first printed 'You must sing...call him a-down-a' in italics, as a snatch of song. Steevens (1778) put 'Down a down, an you call him a-down-a' in italics, a reading suggested by Capell's text, where 'Down' begins with a capital letter. The late Mr John Taylor, in a copy of the second Variorum edition (1813) now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, has made the following note. "Ophelia gives the song without the Burthen first, and then she instructs them 'You must sing a-down a-down, and you (speaking to another) call him a-down-a.'"

[Mr Matthias Mull, in his Supplementary Notes &c. to Hamlet (1888), proposes the following redistribution of the speeches in this passage:

Laertes. O heat, &c................

...............beam.—O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia—

Ophelia. [sings] They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:

You must sing—Down a-down—an you call him—a-down-a.

Laertes. O, how the wheel becomes it!
O heavens!........

...............it loves. Fare you well, my dove!
Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia. It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes. This nothing's more than matter.]

Note XXIX.

iv. 5. 195. In the Folios Ophelia's song is printed in Italics, and the words 'And...you' in Roman type, 'God buy ye' being in a separate line. In the second and third Quartos the whole is printed in Roman type, and ends thus:

'God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.'

We have indicated in the foot-note how the later Quartos differ from the earlier.
Note XXX.

iv. 7. 138. Pope in his second edition says that ‘one edition has it, embaited or envenomed.’ We have not been able to find this reading in any copy, but Theobald (Shakespeare Restored, p. 119) conjectured ‘imbaited.’ As this conjecture is not mentioned in his edition, we have here, as in other cases, recorded it as ‘withdrawn.’

Note XXXI.

v. 1. 60. Mr Collier in his first edition conjectured that ‘Yaughan’ might be ‘a mis-spelt stage direction to inform the player that he was to yawn at this point.’ Mr Staunton says, “Whether by ‘Yaughan’ a man or place is meant, or whether the word is a corruption, we are not qualified to determine.” Mr Grant White says, “I suspect that ‘Yaughan’ is a misprint for ‘Tavern.’ But some local allusion understood at the day may lurk under it.”

Note XXXII.

v. 2. 214—216. The reading in the text is taken partly from the Folios and partly from the Quartos, altering however the punctuation.

The second Quarto, followed substantially by the rest, has as follows:

‘The readines is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.’

The first Folio, followed, except in spelling, by the rest, has:

‘The readinesse is all, since no man ha’s ought of what he leaues. What is’t to leaue betimes?’

The Quartos of 1676, 1683, 1695 and 1703 have:

‘The readiness is all, since no man of ought he leaves knows what ’tis to leave betimes, let be.’

Rowe, Pope and Theobald followed the Folios.
Hanmer:
'The readiness is all. Since no man owes aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?'

Warburton:
'The readiness is all. Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.'

Johnson:
'The readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?'

Steevens (1773, 1778, 1785) and Rann adopt the reading of Johnson, adding the words 'Let be.'

Warburton's reading was followed by Capell, Malone, Steevens (1793), the Editors of the three Variorum Shakespeares, 1803, 1813, 1821, Singer, Harness and Mr Collier.

Caldecott first adopted the reading given in our text. Mr Grant White follows him.

Becket would substitute 'has thought' for 'has aught.'

Mr Keightley prints thus, marking the sentence as unfinished:
'The readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows what it is to leave betimes...... Let be.'

Mr Orger conjectures,
'The readiness is all, since no man knows aught of when he leaves. What &c.'

Note XXXIII.

v. 2. 295. Mr Staunton says, "The exclamation 'Ho!' meaning stop, should perhaps be addressed to the combatants, and not, as it is always printed, to those who are to raise the Queen."
ADDENDA.

HAMLET.

i. 1. 18 Say,] Ay, Mull.
i. 1. 53 Horatio! you...pale:] Horatio—You...pale—Mull.
i. 1. 71, 72 watch So] watch? Why so Mull.
i. 1. 116 squeak] squeal Maclachlan.
i. 1. 117, 118 Add to note, And stars...Disasters bred in Mull. As stars with trains of fire; and dewes of blood Did fester in Maclachlan.
i. 2. 63 graces spend] graces; spend Mull conj.
i. 2. 110, 111 of love Than] than of love Like Mull conj.
i. 2. 224 sirs, but] sirs. But Mull.
i. 2. 230 Add to note, What look'd he, Mull.
i. 3. 133 any moment] an innocent Maclachlan.
i. 4. 36, 37 Add to note, the dram of evil...off and out Fritzsche.
i. 4. 46 burst] rest Mull.
i. 4. 51—56 again. What...souls?] again?—what...souls! Mull.
i. 5. 33 roots] roats Mull conj.
i. 5. 56 sate] mate Maclachlan.
i. 5. 121 then; would...it?] then—Would...think it!—Mull.
ii. 1. 112 I had] You had Mull.
ii. 2. 180 For if] Foh! if Mull.
iii. 1. 58 slings] slings Maclachlan conj.