TIMON OF ATHENS.

"The Life of Tymon of Athens" appeared first in the folio of 1623. At what period it was written we have no evidence, though Malone assigns it to the year 1610. The story, originally derived from Lucian, was a popular one in Shakespeare's time, and must have been known to him from its forming the subject of a novel in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," and from the account of Timon given in North's translation of Plutarch. The immediate archetype of the play, however, was probably some old and now lost drama, remodelled and partially re-written by our author, but of which he permitted much of the rude material to remain, with scarcely any alteration.

It is upon this theory alone we find it possible to reconcile the discordance between the defective plan, and the faultless execution of particular parts,—between the poverty and negligence observable in some scenes, and the grandeur and consummate finish displayed in others. The basis of Shakespeare's "Timon" was long supposed to be an anonymous piece, the manuscript of which was in the possession of Mr. Strutt, and is now the property of Mr. Dyce. But this manuscript was printed, in 1842, for the Shakespeare Society; and although it is found to have one character, Laches, who is a coarse counterpart to the faithful steward, Flavius, and two or three incidents, particularly that of the mock banquet, where the misanthrope regales his parasites with stones, painted to look like artichokes, which correspond in some measure with transactions in the piece before us, there is not the slightest reason for believing Shakespeare ever saw it. These resemblances are no doubt merely owing to both plays being founded on a common origin; for the subject was evidently familiar to the stage long before we can suppose Shakespeare to have produced his version. In Guilpin's Collection of Epigrams and Satires, called "Skialetheis," 1598, we have in Epigram 52:—

"Like hate man Timo in his cell he sits,"

which, as Mr. Collier says, apparently points to some scene wherein Timon had been represented and he is again mentioned, in a way to show that his peculiarities were well understood, in the play of "Jack Drum's Entertainment," printed in 1601:—"But if all the brewers' jades in the town can drag me from the love of myself, they shall do more than 12er the seven wise men of Greece could. Come, come; now I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens."
Persons Represented.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

Lucius,

Lucullus,

Sempronius,

Ventidius, one of Timon's false Friends.

Achelides, an Athenian General.

Aepemanus, a churlish Philosopher.

Flavius, Steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

Flaminius,

Lucius,

Servilius,

Caphis,

Pilotus,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

And others,

A Page, a Fool, Three Strangers.

Phrynia,

Timandra,

Cupid, and Amazons in the Masque.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Entertainers.
ACT I.


Enter Poet and Painter.

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, I see it grows.

Poet. Ay, that’s well known:
But what particularity? what strange,
Which manifold remembrance matches?—See,

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

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur’d to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other’s a jeweller.

Mer. O, ’tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that’s most fixed.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath’d, as it were,
To an untirable and continuant goodness,
He passes.*

To an untirable,

He passes.

He surpasses or exceedeth, is made a separate member of the sentence. From the expressions “breath’d” and “untirable,” it may well be questioned, however, whether “He passes” should not be immediately connected with what goes before, and be understood in the same sense, of passing, which it bears in “Henry V.” Act II. Sc. 1.—“He passes some hurrums and caracks.”

481
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mrs. O, pray, let’s see’t: for the lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Port. [Breathing aside.] When we for recompense
have prais’d the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.
Mrs. ’Tis a good form.
[Looking at the jewel.
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some
dedication
To the great lord.
Port. A thing slipp’d idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes*
From whence ’tis nourished. The fire i’ the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chases.* What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book
forth?
Port. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let’s see your piece.
Pain. ’Tis a good piece.
Port. So ’tis: this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Port. 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?
Port. I’ll 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!
Port. The senators of Athens:—happy men!*
Pain. Look, more!†
Port. You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap’d out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:** no levelled malice
Infests one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind:
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Port. I’ll 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 d to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apeamantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon’s nod.
Pain. I saw them speak together.
Port. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign’d Fortune to be thron’d: the base of 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 conceiv’d 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.*
Port. 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 all with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air,—
Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?
Port.—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 pregnant than words. Yet you do well,

(*) Old text, ches.
† (1) Old text, me.
* Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes—[In the old text the latter portion of this line is ludicrously misprint’d, ”—as a gum, which oozes,” etc. Pope corrected poems to ”gum,” and Johnson very happily changed oozes to ”oozes.”
† Happy men! Theobald reads—”happy men,” perhaps rightly.
* Is a wide sea of wax! The situation is presumed to point to the Roman practice of writing on waxen tablets: a practice prevalent in England until about the end of the fourteenth century; but the word sea is probably a misprint, though not certainly, for verse, which Mr. Colliar’s notes substitute for it.
† Properties—[Appropriate. Shakespeare’s (9), p. 305.
* In our condition.] Conditions humaniores, professoris et art. Let him slip down.—[The old text has, ”let him sit down,” the necessary alteration was made by Pope.
462
To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon; the Servant of Venetius talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? Ven. Serv. 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 most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help, [him.
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free

a Talking with him.] The old stage direction is, "Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself curiously to every Soldier."

b When he most needs me.] So the folio 1664; that of 1623 reads —

—when he must needs me."
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT IV.

VEN. SIRAV. Your lordship ever binds him.
TIM. Command me to him: I will send his ransom.
VEN. SIRAV. And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
VEN. SIRAV. 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 nam'd Lucilius.
TIM. I have no such person.
OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
TIM. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter 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 inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one who 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 pray thee, 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,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

a Therefore he will be, Timon.] The meaning is not apparent.
Malone conjectures it. "Therefore he will continue to be so, and is
sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtu,
but this, too, is inexplicit. We should perhaps read,—
"Therefore he will be Timon's," etc., that is, he will continue to
be in the service of so noble a master, and thus, his virtue will
reward itself; or it is possible the word, "Therefore he will be," may
originally have formed part of Timon's speech, and the dialogue have run thus:—

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 serv'd me
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
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!
[Execut 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;
For since disfigurement 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!
TIM. Well, sir, gentle-man: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.
JEW. What, my lord! I displease?
TIM. A mere satisfaction of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extol'd,
It would unclaw 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.
MIN. f A my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
TIM. Look, who comes here: will you be civil?
Enter Apemantus.(2)

Jew. We'll bear, with your Lordship.

Merr. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 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.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir! [They salut,]

Alym. So, so; there! —

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

Alcid. Sir, you have say'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tem. Right welcome, sir!

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

[Exeunt all except Alcimanus.

Enter Two Lords.

1 Lord. What time o' day is't, Alcibiades?

2 Lord. Time to be honest.

Alym. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Alym. Ay; to see meat fill knives, and wine
heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

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

2 Lord. Why, Alcibiades?

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

1 Lord. Hang thyself!

Alym. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;
make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence!

Alym. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the

[Exit.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,*
shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
gold,
Is but his steward: no meed,* but he repays

*) Old text, cast. (1) First folio omits, and.

* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—] This appears to be
an inscrutable corruption. Warburton proposed, "That I had
so angry a wit to be a lord." Mason—"That I had an angry
wit to be a lord." And Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "That I
had so angry a wit to be a lord." No one of these, or of many
other emendations which have been proposed, is sufficiently
plausible to deserve a place in the text. We leave the passage,
therefore, as it stands in the old copy, merely suggesting that
he may have been misprinted for "hay." "That I had no angry
wit to be a lord." The meaning being, he should hate himself,
because of his elevation, he had lost the privilege of reviling
rank. In a subsequent scene, he says,—"No, I'll nothing: for,
if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon
them!" Ar.

b So, so; they're &c. This speech is printed as prose in the old

| text, and begins, "So, so; their Achos contract," &c. The present
| arrangement was made by Capell.

* Depart.—] Separates, part.

* Meed.—] Here, as in other places, Shakespeare uses meed in
the sense of merit, or desert. See "Henry VI. Part III." Act II,
Sc. 1:—

"Each one already blaming by our meeds.
And a passage in Act IV. Sc. 8, of the same play,—

"That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.

So also in "Hamlet," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"—but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's
unfollowed."
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return, exceeding
All use of quittance.*

1 LORD. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever governed man. [we in?
2 LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
1 LORD. I’ll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in
Timon’s House.

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

Ven. Most honour’d Timon,
It hath pleas’d the gods to remember my father’s
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 these talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv’d 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 better plays at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devil’d
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.

1 LORD. My lord, we always have confess’d it.
Apendantus. Ho, ho, confess’d it / hang’d it, have
you not?*

Tim. O, Apendantus!—you are welcome.
Apendantus. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fie, thou ’rt a churl; you’ve got
humour there
Does not become a man, ’t is much to blame:—
They say, my lords, iva furov brevis est,
But yond’ man is ever* angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;

* All use of quittance.] All customary requital.
* Confess’d it / hang’d it, have you not?] An allusion, not unfrequent with the writers of the Elizabethan era, to a familiar proverbial saying, “Confess and be hang’d.” Shakespeare again refers to it in “Othello,” Act IV. Sc. 1:—

7—“to confess, and be hang’d for his labour.”

For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apendantus. 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 art an
Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would
have no power: pr’ythee, let my meat make thee
silent.

Apendantus. I sworn thy meat; ’t would choke me, for
I should never 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 follow that
sits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges
the breath of him in a divided draught, is the
readiest man to kill him: it has been proved. If
I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals;

Lost 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.

2 LORD. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apendantus. Flow this way!

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

Apendantus’ grace.

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

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apendantus!

* But good’ man is ever angry.] The original reads, seria angry; corrected by Rowe.
* Timon.—In the old text, Timon is printed at the end of the following line. Capell made the transposition.
* Here’s that, which is too weak to be a sinner.—For sinner, Mr. Collier’s annotator reads Sir.
Tm. Captain Alcibiades, your heart’s in the field now.

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

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

Alcibi. So they were bleding—new, my lord, there’s no meat like ‘em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

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

1 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.

Tm. 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 goe nearer to you. We are born to do benefis; 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 cro’t can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Aper. Thou weeppest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had tho, like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

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

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov’d me much.

Aper. Much! [Trumpet sounded.]

Tm. What means that trump?—

(*) Old text, foeyes.

---

* Should we ne’er have use for ‘em.) Either this or the previous clause, if we should never have need of ‘em, was probably intended to be cancelled.

* Much!) This contemptuous expression, or epithet, occurs again in the "Second Part of Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 4.

* The ear, Taste, touch, smell, pleas’d from thine table rise!

Correctly given in the old text—

"Ther’stast, touch all, pleas’d from thy table rise;"

---

Warburton made the happy emendation now universally accepted.

---

Tm. Enter a Servant.

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

Tm. Ladies! what are their wills?

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

Tm. 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 sense Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: the ear, Taste, touch, smell, pleas’d from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tm. They are welcome all; let ‘em have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [Exit Cupid.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you’re belov’d.

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

Aper. Hoy day, what a swoop 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,

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.

Tm. Ye 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 it.

1 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.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in’s humour; [Aside
Else I should tell him well, ‘faith, I should:—
When all’s spent, he’d be cross’d then, an he
could.
’Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might never be wretched for his mind.

[Fetches the casket.

1 LORD. Where be our men?
SERV. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 LORD. Our horses!
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.

1 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 pr’ythee, let’s be provided to show them enter-
tainment.

FLAV. [Aside.] I scarce know how.

(*) Old text, 1 LORD.

a There is no crossing him in’s humour;
Else I should tell him well, ‘faith, I should;
When all’s spent, he’d be cross’d then, an he could.

In the second line we adopt the punctuation of the old copy,
which, from not perceiving the sense of tell, that is, rate, or call

The word crossing induced the irresistible paragraph on tell, and
a still further quibble on cross’d, which is to be understood, both
in the sense of discomposed and have cross’d, or money. For examples of a similar equivalence, see note (*), p. 56, Vol. 4, and note (*), p. 111 of the present Volume.
Enter another Servant.

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

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

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, 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 receiv’d, 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 coffers.—
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,
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 forc’d out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do o’er enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

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

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 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. [Exit.

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in 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 kingdom to my friends, And ne’er be weary.—Achilleus, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich, It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living Is ’monget the dead; and all the lands thou hast Lie in a pitch’d field.

Achilleus. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely card’d,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, moro lights!

1 Lord. The best of happiness, honour, and fortunes,
Keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Execut Alcibiades, Lords, &c.

Aphm. What a coil’s here.

Serving of beck’s, and putting out of heads! I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums That are given for ’em. Friendship’s full of drops: 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.

Aphm. No, I’ll nothing: for, if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldest sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need 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.

[Exit.

Aphm. 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 flatt’ry! [Exit.

---

a Beck’s.— Peak here mean boxes.

b I doubt whether their legs, &c.— To make a leg, meant formerly to make an obsequium. Apemantus, perhaps, intends a play upon the word.

c In paper.— In paper is supposed to mean in securities.

d So thou wilt not.— That is, As thou wilt not &c.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in 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 ten* more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
Ten† able horses: no porter* at his gate;
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;
Impertinently him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silence'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
 sirrah,*
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 fratted dates
Have smitt 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,

(*) First folio omits, sirrah.

a Ten.—This is Pope's emendation, the old text having
"tenny.

b Ten.—So Theobald. The old text reads—"And able horses."

471
ACT II.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

But find supply immediate. Get you gone!
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.

Skrv. Take the bonds along with you, and have the dates in compt.

CAPH. I will, sir.

Skrv. Go. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

FLAV. 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 resumeth no care
Of what is to continue; never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
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, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

CAPH. Good even, Varro: what, You come for money?

VAR. SRV. Is’t not your business too?

CAPH. It is; — and yours too, Isidore?

ISID. SRV. It is so.

CAPH. Would we were all discharge’d!

VAR. SRV. I fear it.

CAPH. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, &c.

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. I go, sir.

Skrv. Take the bonds, &c.

The old copies read,—

CAPH. I go, sir.

Skrv. I go sir.

Take the bonds, &c.

The repetition of “I go, sir,” was, in all probability, an error of the copyist or compositor.

And have the dates in compt. Theobald’s amendment of the old text, which reads—

“‘And have the dates in. Come.”

CAPH. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off,
To the succession of new days, this month:
My master is awak’d by great occasion,
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 pr’ythee, but repair to me next morning.

CAPH. Nay, good my lord,—

TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.

VAR. SRV. One Varro’s servant, my good lord,—

ISID. SRV. From Isidore; He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master’s wants,—

VAR. SRV. ’Twas due on forfaiture, my lord,
six weeks and past.

ISID. SRV. 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 and Lords.

Come hither: pray you,

To Flavius.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter’d
With clamorous demands of date-broke* bonds,
And the detenion of long-since due debts,
Against my honour?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable 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 entertained.

[Exit Timon.

FLAV. Pray, draw near.

[Exit Flavius.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let’s have some sport with him.

VAR. SRV. Hang him, he’ll abuse us.

ISID. SRV. A plague upon him, dog!

VAR. SRV. How dost, fool?

APH. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

(*) Old text, debt, broken.

* Nor resumes no care, &c. The old text reads—nor resume no care, &c., for which Mr. Collier’s annotator, with much plausibility, substitutes—“no reserve, no care,” &c., according to Mr. Collier’s last edition of Shakespeare; or, “no reserves; no care,” &c., if we are to believe his monovolumen edition, and the supplemental volume of “Notes and Explanations,” &c.

* Good even, Varro! The old stage direction is, “Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro;” the two latter, though addressed by their masters’ names, it is clear, from what follows, are only servants.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

VAR. SERV. I speak nbt to thee.
APEM. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.
SID. SERV. [To VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.
APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.
CAPE. 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, Apeamantus?
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. Groceries, good fool: how does your mistress?
FOOL. She's even setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!
APEM. Good! gramercy.
FOOL. Look you, here comes my mistress* page.

Enter Page.

PAGE. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apeamantus?
APEM. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.
PAGE. Pr'ythee, Apeamantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.
APEM. Canst not read?
PAGE. No.
APEM. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alebiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'll die a bawd.
PAGE. Thou wast whipped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.

APEM. E'en so thou out-runn'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, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from four score to thirteen, 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 lackest.
APEM. That answer might have become Apeamantus.
ALL SERV. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.
APEM. Come with me, fool, come.
FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS AND FOOL.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

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 propos'd.

TIM. Go to:
Perchance some single vantage you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,^ thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts. But 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

(*) Old text, Masters.
(1) Old text, Masters.
(2) First folio, men.
(1) First folio, propose.
(2) First folio, sound.

o Return so much— As Malone observes, he does not mean so great a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be.

154.
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebbs of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd 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 engag'd; 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 Laocoemon did my land extend.

(*) First folio omits, dear.

You tell me true.] That is, you estimate or rate me truly. So in a previous scene, Act I. Sc. 5:

"I'll tell you true. I'll call to you."

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

This is one of those humiliating passages occasionally found in the first folio, the meaning of which, from no involution or abstruseness of language in the poet, but through some trivial error on the part of copyist or compositor, has foiled the penetration of every commentator. Pope boldly cut the knot by reading "loosely room" for "wasteful cock," but this daring substitution has got beyond his own edition. Hamner explained the doubtful words to signify "a cock-lost or garras,

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 splith of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and Bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIM. Pr'ythee, no more.

lying it waste;"(1) and Mr. Collier's annotator changes "wasteful cock" to "wasteful cock," an alteration not likely to fare better than Pope's, since everybody who reads the context feels we apprehend, instinctively, that a wasteful cock," i.e., the tap of a wine butt turned on to waste, is an image so peculiarly suitable in the steward's picture of prodigal dissipation, that it must be right. In default of any satisfactory explanation, we hazard a suggestion that the passage might originally have been printed thus:

"So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken splith of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and Bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow"
TIMON OF ATHENS.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants,
This night devoured! 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 snows,
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath passe'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 breach 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: shall you perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my goods.—
Within there,—Flaminius!* Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius and other Servants.

SERV. My lord? my lord?—

TIM. I will despacht you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—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.

FLAM. As you have said, my lord.


TIM. Go you, sir, [To another Serv.] to the senators,

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

Desert'd this hearing, bid 'em send o'tho 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!—

Prythee, man, look cheerily. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, '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.

Go to Ventidius:—[To a Serv.] Prythee, [To

FLAVIUS.] be not sad,

Thou art true and honest: ingeniou'st I speak.

No blame belongs to thee:—[To Serv.] Ventidius lately

Buried his father, by whose death he's step'd
to 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:—that had,—[To FLAV.

give it 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.

[+] Old text, Flavius.

* Secure thy heart: Sure, make confident, thy heart.

† Ingenuity: That is, pretending. So in "Richard III."—

Act III. Sc. 8.

"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion."
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in Lucullus' 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.

Lucull. [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.

Lucull. 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's supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucull. 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 have 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 have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

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

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a tardily prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and cannot use the time well, if the time used thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[To the Servant, who goes out.]—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 sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. 'Is' possible the world should so much differ; And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [Throwing back the money.

Luc. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may seal'd 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! [nature And, when he's sick to death, let not that part Of which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Public Place.

Enter Lucius, with Three Strangers.

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

---

a Honesty—] Honesty here signifies, liberality.

b This slave Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him :) Pope, who has been followed in some later editions, printed,— Unto this hour has,' &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes,— Unto this hour has,' &c.

Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes,— Unto his honour has,' &c.

---

1 Str. 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.

2 Str. 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!

2 Str. 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 not have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Sen. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sworn to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

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

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

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

Sen. H's 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.

Sen. 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?

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

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish

And Mr. Dyce thinks there is "a high probability that the true reading is,"—

"This slave Unto his honour has," &c.

if any change be really needed, we would read,—

"This slave Unto dishonour has," &c.

* So many talents.] That is, certain talents. The expression occurs twice again in the present scene. See also note (e), p. 472.
myself against such a good time, when I might have 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 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 it now. Command 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 afflictions, 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.

[Exit Lucius.

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well

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

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

Johnson, "a little park."
T I M O N  O F  A T H E N S.

SCENE III.—The same. 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 judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? Ills friends, like
Physicians, [me?
Thrice* give him over; must I take the euro upon
H’s much disgrac’d 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 woe’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 amongst lords I’ll be thought a fool.
I had 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 butes mine honour, shall not know my coin.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship’s a goodly
villain. 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 villainy 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 the gods only: * 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.—The same. 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.

1 Vasi Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus
and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Luc. What, do we meet together?

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!

Ph. Good day at once.

Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Ph. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Ph. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Ph. I wonder on’t; he was wont to shine at
seven.

(*) Old text, only the Gods.

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

Compare: “Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt
prove a notable argument.”—Much Ado about Nothing, Act 1 Sc. 1.
The same misprint occurs in “King John,” Act 1. Sc. 1:
“T would not be sir Nob in any case;”
which, in the second folio, is corrected to,—
“T would not be,” &c.

479
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are was'd shorter
with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable.
I fear, 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phil. 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. [witness:
Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: what's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should
seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
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 Flaminius.

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?
1 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 ate of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their glutinous
maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up:
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 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. [Exit.

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd
worship mutter?

2 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.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Enter SERVILIUS.

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

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it: for, take it of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsaken 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,

Mother he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tim. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Without.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been over 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.

Tim. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Hero's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Philo. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: I cleave me to

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sundaes.

Tr三层. 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?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,—

2 Var. Serv. My lord,—

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

[Exit.

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.

SCENE V.—The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting.

1 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.

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

Enter ALCibiades, attended.

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

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alcibi. 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,

(*) Old text, 'em.

(*1) Old text, and.

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: The full text of 1633 has, "— and Sempronius Ulterior: All," but, as Ulterior is utterly unintelligible, and overloads the line, we adopt the example set by the editor of the second folio, and expunge it from the text.
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 prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, b
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd [relling
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quar-
Upon the head of value; which, indeed,
Is value 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 his outside,
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—
1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look
To revenge is no value, but to bear. [me,
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon
If I speak like a captain;—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foe 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?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest 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.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

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

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he's 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!

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, c

(*) Old text, fellow.
(1) First folio omits, I.
(2) First folio, man.

a He did behave his anger—!] Behave, in its ancient sense of
control, was substituted by Rowe, in place of behave, which is
the word in the old copies; but, with Malone, we doubt the text
is not yet right.

b You undergo too strict a paradox,—!] You undertake too hard
a paradox.
He's a sworn rister; he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 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
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 pay my victories, all my honour 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.
1 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.
2 Sen. How!
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3 Sen. What!
Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot
It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.
1 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.
1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
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 feet,
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 warsing senate
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.—The same. A magnificent Room
in Timon's House.


Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.
1 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.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.
1 Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an 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.

2 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.

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

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

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

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

Enter Timon and Attendants.

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

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

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

它的 integrity. Hamlet, speaking to Ophelia of her father, says,—
"Let the doors be shut upon him, that he play the fool nowhere but in's own house," and it may be questionable whether "only in bone" is not a typographical error for only at home, or only in doors.

Tiring. — That is, seeking, as a bird at its prey.
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.

1 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.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

2 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.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

[The Banquet brought in.]

2 Lord. All covered daisies!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? what’s the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished; hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. ’Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How! how!

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I’ll tell you more anon. Here’s a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will’t hold? will’t hold?

2 Lord. It does; but time will—and so—

3 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 grieved. 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, 6 gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is omits in them, you gods make

6 Lag—] So Rowe. The old text has “legs,” for which Mr. Collier’s annotator substitutes “lag.”
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, uncovered, are full of warm water.

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast ne’er behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon’s last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your* flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your face
[Throwing water in their faces.
Your reeking villainy. I live loath’d, 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
Cruel quite o’er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;
[Throw the dishes at them, and drives them out.
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Wherea’st 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, with other Lords and Senators.

1 LORD. How now, my lords!
2 LORD. Know you the quality of lord Timon’s fury?
3 LORD. Push! did you see my cap?
4 LORD. I have lost my gown.
3 LORD. He’s but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:
did you see my jewel?
4 LORD. Did you see my cap?
2 LORD. Here ‘tis.
4 LORD. Here lies my gown.
1 LORD. Let’s make no stay.
2 LORD. Lord Timon’s mad.
3 LORD. I feel ’tis upon my bones.
4 LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.* [Exeunt.

(*) Old text, you with.

* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.] It has been inferred from the mention of stones in this line that Shakespeare was not unacquainted with the old Academical drama noticed in the Introduction, where “painted stones” form part of the banquet; but the traces of a feebler hand than his are so evident and so fre-
quent in the present play, that we think, with Mr. Knight, the dialogue which concludes this act was probably a portion of the old piece, which, recast and improved by Shakespeare, forms the tragedy before us. When, in remodelling the stage business, he caused the feast to consist of warm water in lieu of stones, he perhaps neglected to cancel the line above.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall, That girdless* 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 lin’d crutch from thy old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic eye, night-rest, and neighbourhood Instruct’s manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And yet* confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scistaics,
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!),
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.


Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1 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.

1 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!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs From our companion thrown into his grave, So his familiar to his buried fortunes

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiar to his buried fortunes

Shut all away!

Mason proposed, with reason, that from end to in this passage should change places.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Scene III.—The Woods.

Enter Timon, with a 'spade.'

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infest the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is divindant,—touch them with several
Fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sorest lay siege, can bear great
Fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and demit* that lord;
The senator* shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the roather'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 grace 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 villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd
All feasts, societies, and thrones of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is hero?
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.
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 accur'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,

f. Old text, Senator.

(1) First folio, Senex.
(2) First folio, All's obsequia.

emendation by Mr. Singer; the first folio reading,—

"It is the Pasture Lords, the Brothert sides."

† Is smooth'd by that below: After all that has been written
upon this passage, the sense of smooth'd here remains to be
explained. It means, comforted, composed.

‡ As we see no idle votarist.) Mr. Collier's annotator reads,
"idle votarist;" but idle here, as in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 6, and in
other places, means mind-troubled, despondent.

§ If we see no idle votarist.) Mr. Collier's annotator reads,
"No idle votarist;" but idle here, as in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 6, and in
other places, means mind-troubled, despondent.

Dryo phymox'altas from below their heads.) Hamp-er was surely right in substituting sick for stout: the allusion is to
my painting practice attributed to success of sometimes misleading
the discernment of their patience by drawing away the pillows from
beneath their heads.
Enter ALCibiades, with drum and fife, in war-like manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

ALCID. What art thou there? speak.
TIM. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart.

ALCID. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
TIM. I am misanthropos, and hato mankind.(1)

ALCID. 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, whereof thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her chorubin look.

PHRY. Thy lips rot off!
TIM. I will not* kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
ALCID. 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.
ALCID. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
TIM. None, but to maintain my opinion.
ALCID. 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!

* I will not kiss thee */ We should perhaps: "I will but kiss thee."

ALCID. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
TIM. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
ALCID. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
TIM. As thine is now, hold with a brace of harlots.
TIMAN. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
TIM. Art thou Timandra?
TIMAN. Yes.
TIM. Bo 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 rosy-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.
TIMAN. Hang thee, monster!
ALCID. 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 griev'd,
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 pry' ye, thee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
ALCID. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
TIM. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
ALCID. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
TIM. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
ALCID. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
TIM. Warr'st thou against Athens?
ALCID. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
TIM. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquered!
ALCID. Why me, Timon?
TIM. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold; go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Love
Will o'er some high-vio'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

* Again, and so appears to be a misprint for "not."
ACT IV.

TIMON OF ATHENS. [SCENE III.

TIM. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp senha,
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 flamens,
That scolda* 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 creation.—There's more gold —
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all?

PHYR. & TIMAN. More counsel with more
money, bounteous Timon.

TIM. More where, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

ALCIN. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

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

PHYR. & 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 be whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whose, 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 thatsh your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead:—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore
still;
Paint till a horse may mine upon your face:
A box of wrinkles!

PHYR. & TIMAN. Well, more gold;—what then?
Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.

(*) Old text, Barnes.
(†) Old text, Arne.

—For these milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,—]

Johnson interprets this, "The virgin that shows her bosom
through the lattice of her chamber!" and although we have two
papers of commentary on the subject in the "Vestorium," no
writer there has exposed the absurdity of this explanation. The
"window-bars" in question mean the cross-bars or lattice-
work worn, as we see it in the Swiss women's dress, across the
breasts. In modern times, these bars have always a banner of
satin, muslin, or other material beneath them; at one period they

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

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-
less,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother,
thou, —

(‡) Old text, Codd

(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,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine,—
Yield' him, who all thy* human sons doth hate,
Fy, fy, the plentyous bosom, one poor root!
Enscar thy fertile and conceiptious womb,

(*) Old text, codd'd.
(‡) Old text, Arne.

- crossed the nudes bosom.

(§) Old text, Ears.
(†) Old text, the.

- Cross, codd'd, among other significations,

meant women, frettions, &c. of which none of the commentators
seem to have been aware, and of which even Gifford was
ignorant; vide Vol. ii. p. 360. of Ben Jonson's Works; the
printer.—"I see to say to you these ladies are not of that close
behaviour as happy you may suspend."
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunk,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

TIM. A fool of thee: depart.

APFM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
TIM. I hate thee worse.

APFM. Why?
TIM. Thou flattorest misery.

APFM. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.
TIM. Why dost thou seek me out?

APFM. To vex thee.
TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

APFM. Ay.
TIM. What! a knave too?

APFM. 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 uncertain pomp, is crown'd before
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldest 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, pro-
ceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords.
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd 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
Fall 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:
Thy nature did commence in suffrance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou
hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?

b Will these moss'd trees—j The old text has, moss'd trees.
The emendation, which was made by Hamer, is strengthened by the line in, "As you Like it," Act IV. Sc. 8:—

"Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age."

c Passive drugs—] That is, drugged. Mr. Collier's annotator gives, "passive drugs."
Timo
d
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 hast not been born the worst of men,
Thou hast 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;
Wore all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
Pep 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 him something.
TIM. First mend my company, take away my self.
APEM. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
TIM. 'Tis not well mend to go, it is but both'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 doth 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 knowest 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 hast had meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.

* Old copies, the.

---

*That poor rag.—* Mr. Singer's corrected second folio reads, "poor rag," a substitution also proposed by Johnson; but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, "rags occurs elsewhere in our author as a term of contempt; and it was formerly a very common one."

* Curiosity [*] Physical refinement.

* Ay, though it look like thee.] Johnson observes on this speech,—"*Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered:—"

---

*Yes, for it looks like thee."*

The remark is just, if we accept the word though in its ordinary sense; but in this place and elsewhere it appears to import if or since. Compare—

"*My lips are no common, though several they be.*"

_Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1._

And,—

"*No marvel, though you bite as sharp at reasons.*"

_You are so empty of them._

_Trifles and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 1._
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 were 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.

APEM. 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. [Throw a stone at him.]

APEM. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

APEM. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.
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.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and sire Is thou bright deliver
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooor,
Whose blush doth.thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That sordor's close impossibilities,
And mak'st 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'st gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIM. Throng'd to t

APEM. Thy back, I pray thee.

APEM. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so; and so die!—I am quit.——

[Exit APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditii.

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

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

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

(*) Old text, Swam and tire.

(*) More things like men, &c.] In the old copies, this line, which

"More things like men,
Exit Timon, and abhorre them."

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

1 Ban. Is not this he?

BANDITI. Where?

2 Ban. 'Tis his description.

3 Ban. He; I know him.

BANDITI. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves!

BANDITI. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's sons.

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

TIM. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

[roots;]

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oak bear mast, the briar scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 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,
Hero's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o' the
grapes,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidote is poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives to-
gether;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievish:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Rob's 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
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; (4)

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Ro's one another;—there's moro 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, howso'er!

Amen. [TIMON returns to his seat.

(*) Old text, Mor.

(*) Old text, Fulioes.

is assigned to Apeumantus.

(*) Steal not less.—] Not, which is omitted in the old copies we are supplied by Rowe.
3 Ban. H'as almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

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

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

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

[Execute Banditti.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of desey 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!
H'as 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!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

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 ne'er 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 bear 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
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.  
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?  
**Flav.** No, my most worthy master; in whose  
breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did  
feast;  
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

---

*Wild.* Hammer and Warburton read mild, and the same word is suggested by Mr. Collier's annotation.

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 pauper slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relievest the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow  
'tem,  
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted  
woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.  
**Flav.**  
O, let me stay,  
And comfort you, my master.  
**Tim.**  
If thou hast curses,  
Stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.  

[Exit **Flavius.** **Timon retires into his cave.**
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon behind, unseen by them.

PAINT. 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?

PAINT. 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.

PAINT. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm vol. II.

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.

POET. What have you now to present unto him?

PAINT. 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.

PAINT. 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
TIMON OF ATHENS.

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. You're honest men: you've heard that I have gold;
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you're honest men.
PAIN. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.
TIM. Good-honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfoil
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfoil'st most lively.
PAIN. So, so, my lord.
TIM. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd 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.
TIM. There's no'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
BOTH. Do we, my lord?
TIM. Ay, and you bear 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.¹
PAIN. I know none such, my lord.
PORT. 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:
You have done work for me, there's payment:
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's 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.
1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.
2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs

That fraud'd 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!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senato, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

* Timon comes from the 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 cautery† to the root o'the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
2 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 folio, chant'd.
(†) First folio, cauterying.

* Peace and content be here!] This speech would be more appropriate to one of the Senators.
1 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.

2 Sen.  They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recreant,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fall,* restraining aid to Timon;

* Of it own fall.—We should perhaps read,—"Of it own
family." Every editor for it, here and in other instances, silently

(*) Old text, stœa.
substitutes its, but see note (3), p. 350, Vol. 3
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd 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.

1 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
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 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 threats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before

501
ACT V.] TIMON OF ATHENS.

The reverend threat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flavius. Stay not, all's in vain.
Timon. 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 plaguy, you his,—
And last so long enough!

1 Seneca. We speak in vain.
Timon. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Seneca. That's well spoke.
Timon. Command me to my loving countrymen,—
1 Seneca. These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2 Seneca. And enter in our ears like great triumphant In their applauding gates.
Timon. Command 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 threes
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.

2 Seneca. I like this well; he will return again.
Timon. 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 whose please To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath left the axo,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flavius. Trouble him no further, thou still shall find him.

Timon. 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:

(*) Old copy, pour.

SCENE II.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 Seneca. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his flies
As full as thy report?

Messengers. I have spoke the least:

Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Seneca. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Messengers. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend:—

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
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 mov'd.

1 Seneca. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

3 Seneca. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring Both choke the air with dust. In, and prepare; ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[Exeunt.]

"When, though on several part we were oppo'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force." We observe the error to lurk in the words made and force, the former having been caught by the compositor from the following line, and would read,—

"Whom, though in general part we were oppo'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends." To take a truce was an everyday expression in our author's time, and has been adopted by him more than once; thus, in "King John," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"With my own spirits I cannot take a truce."
And in "Trolus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"Took a truce, and did him service."
SCENE III.—The Woods. Timon’s Cave, and a rough tomb near it.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place. [this?
Who’s here? speak, ho!—No answer? What is
[Reads.] Timon is dead!—who hath outstretched his span,—
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.
Dread, 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.

SCENE IV.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades and Forces.

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

Enter Senators on 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 travers’d arms, and
breath’d
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the beaver strong,
Cries of itself, No more! now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purity insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

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

a Who hath, &c.] That is, whosoever hath, &c.

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

Of the many erroneous interpretations of Shakespeare’s text for which his commentators are responsible, none, perhaps, is so
deserving of notice as that into which they have lapsed with regard to the above passage. Not perceiving—what it seems scarcely possible from
The lines themselves and their context to misread—that this couplet is an inscription by Timon to indicate his death, and point to the
Epitaph on his tomb, they have invariably printed it as a portion of the soldier’s speech, and thus represented him as misanthropic as the hero of the piece! Nor was this absurdity sufficient: as says Warburton, “The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile
of earth heaped up for Timon’s grave, and not the inscription upon it;” we should read:

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city’s love,
By humble message and by promis’d means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserv’T
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv’d your grief; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophys, and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

2 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 revenues hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin’d
tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take
On those that are, revenge: 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.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hev’t to with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our ramp’r’d gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou’rt enter’d friendly.

2 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.

Alcibi. Then there’s my glove;

"Some beast read’d this;"—and he prints it accordingly. And because "our post certainly
would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription
before he had informed the audience that he could not read it
himself; which he does afterwards," Malone adopts Warburton’s
reading, and every editor since follows his judicious example.
What is still more amusing, too, Mr. Collier, who has claimed for
his mysterious annotator three-fourths of the most rare of modern
emendations, assigns this precious "restoration" to him also.
We are curious to know whether he derived it from some manuscript
of the play, or merely from the traditions of the stage.

* Our captain hath in every figure skill] We are obviously to
understand that the inscription on the tomb, unlike the inscription
which he has just read, is in a language the soldier was
unacquainted with.

b Cæsar.] That is, wisdom, foresight.

b Square.] Equitable.

--808--
ACT V.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

[Scene IV.

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 stone 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.

Alcibi. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

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

(*) First folio; Defend.

* Render'd,—A correction by Mason, the first folio reading.—
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—Enter Timon. It is so interesting to contrast Shakespeare's exalted conception of Timon's character with the popular idea of the misanthrope in his time, that we need no indulgence for reprinting the once familiar story on which it is believed, the present play was based.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NOVELL.
Of the strange and bountiful nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind, with his death, burial, and epitaph.

All the beast of the world do apply themselves to other beasts of their kind, Timon of Athens being excepted: of whose strange nature Plutarch isastonished, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his mervoloues nature, because he was a man but by shape only; in qualities he was the capital enemy of mankind, which he confessed frankly viterly to abhorre and hate. He dwelt alone in a little cave in the fields not farre from Athens, separated from all neighbours and company; he never wente to the citie, or to any other habitable place, except he were constrayned: he could not abide any mans company and conversation: he was never soe goe to any mans house, no yot would suffer them to come to him. At the same time there was in Athens another of like quilitie, called Apemantus, of the very same nature, differente from the natural kinds of men, and lodged likewise in the middle of the citie: these two being alone together at dinner, Apemantus said vnto him: "O Timon, what a pleasant feast is this, and what a morose companie are we, being no more but thou and I." "Naie (quoth Timon) to a morose banquet in deede, if there were none here but my selfe."

Wherein he showed how like a beast (in deede) he was: for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him, which was of like nature. And if by chance he happened to goe to Athens, it was only to speake with Alcibiades, who then was an excellent captain there, whereas many did maruell: and therefore Apemantus demanded of him, why he spake to no man, but to Alcibiades. "I speake to him sometimes," said Timon, "because I know that by his counsel the Athenians shall receive great hurt and trouble." In such cases he was not more than once challenge by Alcibiades himselfe. He had a garden adjoyning to his house in the fields, wherein was a figge tree, whereupon many desperate men ordinarily did hange themselves: in whose, he purposed to set vp a house, and therefore was forced to cutte it downe, for which cause he went to Athens, and in the markette place, hee called the people about him, saying that hee had newes to tell them: when the people understood that he was about to make a discourse vnto them, which was wonte to speake to no man, they maruell'd, and the citizens on every part of the citie, came to heare him: to whom he said, that he purposed to cutte downe his figge trees, to builde a house vpon the place where it stoodo. "Wherefore (quoth he) if there be any man amonyg you all in this company, that is disposed to hange himselfe, let him come befoorde, before it be cuttie, downe." Having thus bestow'd his charity amongst the people, he returned to his lodging, where he lived a certaine time after, without alteration of nature; and because that nature changd not in his life time, he would not suffer that death should alter, or warp the same: for like as he lived a beastly and curstfull life, even so he required to hauo his funerall done after that maner. By his last will he commanded himselfe to be interred vpon the sea shore, that the waves and surges might beate and voxe his dead carcus. Yes, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea: causyng an epitaph to be made, wherin was described the qualities of his brutish life. Plutarche also reporteth an other to be made by Callimachus, much like to that which Timon made himselfe, whose own soundeth to this effect in Englisheso verne.

My wretched selfe doth die,
Replete now with evil.
My very body is buried here,
Is just in grounde:
In waiting waues of rolling
Sea by surges cast,
My grave will be made fast
The gods thee dou confounde.

PANTHER'S Palace of Pleasure, Tom. I.

(2) SCENE I.—Enter Apemantus. The name and disposition of this cynic were probably borrowed by the original author of the play from Paynter's novel, though he appears to have caught some hints for the delineation from the following lively scene in Lucian's Dialogues.

Mercurie. You Fellow, with the Scrip over your shoulder, stand forth, and walk round the Assembly. O yes, I sell a stout, very honest, well bred, free mortal. Who byues him?

Mercurie. Do you sell a Free-man, Cryest?

Mercurie. Yes. 

Mercurie. To what employment may a man put such a slovenly ill lookt fellow, unless he should make him a Deiver, or a Water bearer?

Mercurie. That's not all, set him to keep your house, you will need no Dogs. His name is Dogge.

Mercurie. What's his Country or Profession?

Mercurie. You were best to ask him.

Mercurie. I fear he is crabb'd, grime looks, least he should back, if I should draw near, and bite me. Do you not see how he lifts his Staffe, and bends his Bows, and how threathing, and Cholerick he looks?

Mercurie. Fear him not, he is very tame.

Mercurie. Of what Country are you, my Friend?

Diogenes. Of all Countreys.

Mercurie. Well, sir, if I should buy you, what will you teach me?

Diogenes. The things which you are chiefly to learn, are to be impudent, bold, to barke without distinction at all, both Kings, and private men. A way to make them regard and admire you, for a valiant man. Let your speech be Barbarous, and your Education rude, and Aristee, like a dogge. Let your loud be first, and your face be agreeable to your look. In a word, let your whole behaviour be beastly and savage. Be Mollycoddle, Gentlemens, and moderation far from you, and all bimbling quite blasted out of your face. You are to frequent also, populous places, and there to walk alone, and unaccompanied, and neither to salut acquaintance, or stranger, for that were to destroy your Empire. * * * * * * Hereby you will neither need Education or Studies, or such like trifles, but will arrive at glory a more comendative way. Though you be an Idiot, or Fainer, or Sailer, or Macker, or Banker, yet these are no hindrances, why you should not be admired, if you have impudence, and will thou desire. From the "Sale of Philosophy," in Lucian's Dialogues, translated by Jacques Magne, 1634, published 1664, pp. 289-4.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT III.

(1) Scene VI.—

"Burn, house I sink, Athens! hitherto hated be Of Timon, man and all humanity!"

The circumstances which led to Timon's self-expulsion, and many of the incidents in his subsequent career, are touched on, though slightly, in the following passage from Plutarch's Life of Antony: “Antonius, he forsakes the cities and companys of his freinds, and built him a house in the see, by the Ille of Pharos, upon certaine forced mountes which he caused to be cast into the see, and dwelt there, as a man that banished him selfe from all mens companys: saying that he would lead Timons life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was affre offered unto Timon: and that for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his frends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the warre of Peloponesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes commendes: in the which they mocked him, calling him a vyper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shewme all other mens companys, but the companys of young Aleiadoues, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast, and make much of, and kissed him very giulliy. Apemantus warning at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon answered him, I do it, say he, because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians. This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his companys, because he was much like to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feast held of Athens (to wit, the feast of the dead, where they make sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead), and that they two then feasted together by them selves, Apemantus said unto the other: O, here is a trimme banquet Timon. Timon answered none, yet said he, so thou wert not here. It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market place about dispatch of some affaires) got up into the pulpit for Orations, where the Omers commonly use to speake unto the people: and silenced being made, every man listening to heare what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place: at length he began to speak in this manner. My Lords of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hangen them selves: and because I mean to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut down; if any of you be desperate, you may there in time goe hang your selves. He dyed in the citie of Hales, and was buried upon the sea side. Now he changed so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe rounde about, that no man could come to it: and upon the same warre, wryten this epistle.

Here lies a wretched corme, of wretched souls bereft,
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

It is reported, that Timon him selfe when he lived made this epistle: for that which is commonly researed was not this, but made by the poete Callimachus.

Here lye I Timon who alive all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy friend: but pass, and stay not here thy gate.


(2) Scene VI.—One day he gives us diamonds; next day stones.] Subjoined is the scene from the old manuscript play, before mentioned, to which Shakespeare or his predecessor is supposed, to have been indebted for the idea of the mock banquet in Act III.:

Tim. Why do ye not fall to? I am at home:
He standing suppe, or walking. If I please.
Lach. Bring here the artichokes with spede.
Eurip. Demes, Demes, Hermogenes,
I'll drink this cuppe, a health to all your healths!
Lach. Convert it into poisen, O ye gods!

Let it bee ratathe to them.

Adesta,
Griss. What, wilt thou have the legge or els the winge?
Eurip. Carve ye that capon.
Dem. I will cutte him up,
And make a beastie of him.
Phil. Timon, this healthe to thee.
Tim. Ie pledge you, sir.
These artichokes doe me many paltet please.
Dem. I love them well, by Jove.
Tim. Here, take them, then.

[Stones painted like to them: and throwes them at them.
Nay, thou shalt have them, thou and all of ye!]
Ye wicked, base, porridous rascalls,
Think ye my hate's soor some extinguished?

Tim. Heales Healls, above all the rest.
Dem. O my head!
Herm. O my cheeks!
Phil. Is this a feast?
Griss. Truely, a stony one.
Stupes. Stones sublumary have the same matter with the heavenly.

Tim. I ffe I fffforehead thunderbolts did holde
Within my hande, thus, thus, would I drive it.
[Here little Healls
Herm. Woe and alas, my braynes are dashed out!
Griss. Al! alas! alas! will neuer bee my happe
To traveall nowe to the Antipodes!
Ah, that I had my Pegassus but here!
I d'ye fbee away, by Jove.

[Except all except Tim. and Lach.
Tim. Ye are a stony generation,
Or harder, if ought harder may bee founde;
Monsters of Scythia inhospitals,
Nay, very devils, hateful to the gods.
Lach. Master, they are gone.

Act IV, Sc. 5.

ACT IV.

(1) Scene III.—I am misanthropus, and hatr mankind.] The epithet, misanthropus, was perhaps taken, as Malone conjectured, from a marginal note in North's translation of Plutarch's Life of Antony: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon M=isanthropus, the Athenian;" or it might have been derived by the original author of this drama, from the subjoined colloquy in "Lucian:"—

"I will purchase the whole confines of this country,
And build a towre over my treasure big enough for myself
Alone to live in, and which I purpose shall be my sepulchre
At my death; and for the remainder of my ensuing life,
I will reside under these rules, to accompany no man,
To take notice of no man, and to live in contempt of all men:
the title of friend, or guest, or companion, or the altar of
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

The Shrew, are but meagre toys, not worth a straw to be talkt of: to be sorry for him that weeps, or help him that wants, shall be a transgression and breach of our laws: I will eat alone as wolves do, and have but one friend in the world to bear me company, and that shall be Timon; all others shall be enemies and traitors, and to have speech with any of them, an absolute piaclo [enormity]: If I do but see a man, that day shall be dismal and accursed: I will make no difference between them and statues of stone and brass: I will admit no messenger from them, nor contract any truce with them, but solitariness shall be the main limit betwixt me and them; to be of the same tribe, the same fraternity, the same people, or the same country, shall be but poor and unprofitable terms, to be respected by none but fools; let Timon alone be rich, and live in despight of all other; let him revel alone by himself, far from flattery and odious commendations; let him sacrifice to the gods, and make good cheer alone, as a neighbour conjoined only to himself, discarding all other; and let it be further exacted, that it shall be lawful for him only to shake himself by the hand, that is, either when he is about to die, or to set a crown upon his head; and the volcouns name to him in the world is to be called Minichunet."—HICKENS' Lycian, vol. 1823, p. 174.

(3) SCENE III.—

Common mother, thou—
Which womb unmeasurably, and infinite breast.] Warburton conjectured this image was borrowed from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called σάτυρος σφυρίαν ἱππον Μηναία σφυρίαν Montfaçon, "L'Antiquités Expliquées," lib. iii. ch. xv.

(4) SCENE III.—Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own the conquest of thy fury.] An allusion to the notion once current, that this fabulous animal, in the impetuosity of its attack, would sometimes strike its horn into the root of a tree so deeply, as to become transfixed e— He is an enemy to the lions, wherefore as soon as over a lion sooth a unicorn, he runneth to a tree for succour, that so when the unicorn maketh force at him, he may not only avoid his horn, but also destroy him; for the unicorn in the swiftness of his course runneth against the tree, wherein his sharp horn sticketh fast, then when the lion seeth the unicorn fastened by the horn, without all danger he falleth upon him and killeth him. These things are reported by the King of Ethiopia, in an Hebrew opist, unto the Bishop of Rome."—CULLER's History of Four-footed Beasts, ed. 1858, p. 627.

So too Spenor—:

"Like as a lion whose imperial power
A proud rebellious Unicorn defies,
To avoid the rash assault and wrathful stour
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies;
And when he running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast
His prey up-hurst, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, as thence can be releas'd,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bounteous feast."

Fairy Queen, b. ii. Canto V. st. 8.

// (4) SCENE III.—Each thing's a thief.] Timon's magnificent exemplifications of thisavery, like others of a less elevated and universal kind, which are to be found in writers of his period, had their origin probably in Andredon's graceful ode, beginning—If the Madman's Tears.

Thus in the old play of Albenus, quoted by Steevens:

"The world's a theatre of theft; great rivers
Rob smaller brooks, and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this uncomom,
Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare
The Maresachs rich, and lay 't! the liver.
Where (lest it should found) turn'd to yed nectar,
'Tis by a thousand thousand veins convey'd,
And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles and sinewes,
In tendons, skin, and hair: so that the property
Thus altered, the theft can never be discover'd.
Now all these pilferies, cough'd, and compos'd in order,
Frame thee me and; Man's a quick mass of thievishness."

In further illustration of the same idea, an antiquarian correspondent supplies the following lines, which, however, though bearing the only date of 1680, are, it is plain, but of comparatively modern composition:

"Certaine fine Thoughts gathered out of the Oreste and Roman Authors, and done into English. 1680.

AN EPIGRAM ON THE KINGS.

(1.)

Each thing that lives of somewhat else
Becomes the Food of Fry:
So if it were that Nature tells
To take where' er we may.
For worldly superfluities
Here is a sure reliefe:
Whom euery Thing is made to be
A Giver, or a Theife.

(2.)

A glorious Robber is the Sunne,
For his virtue attracts
Hee robbes the boundlesse Sea: the Moone
From him steals Light to acte
Ore the broaye Kerke, and Ocean too:
Whilst the rapiers Maine
Absorbs the Vapours, Mists, and Dewe
To yeilds the Cloudes their Raine.

(3.)

The brutish Earth can little give
From her comesture rude:
Though some there be ordain'd to live
Upon Earth's finest foods.
Is all Creatures then but fedde
By Spooles, his Life to gaine?
 Nay,—all Things living be but made
Escane other to maintaine."
CRITICAL OPINIONS ON TIMON OF ATHENS.

"TIMON OF ATHENS, of all the works of Shakespeare, possesses most the character of satire—a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. The story is very simply treated, and is definitely divided into large masses:—in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and around him the throng of suitors of every description; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need;—in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude—the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the General towards his fellow-citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous, prodigal, their respective behaviours are not less different: Timon frets himself to death, Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by force. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; in his disconteufl he is a madman; he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts that he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoritical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy: the Cynic reproaches the impoverished Timon with having been merely driven by necessity to take to the way of living which he himself had long been following of his free choice, and Timon cannot bear the thought of being merely an imitator of the Cynic. In such a subject as this, the due effect could only be produced by an accumulation of similar features; still, in the variety of the shades, an amazing degree of understanding has been displayed by Shakespeare. What a powerfully diversified concert of flatteries and of empty testimonies of devotedness! It is highly amusing to see the suitors, when the ruined circumstances of their patron had dispersed, immediately flock to him again when they learn that he has been revisited by fortune. On the other hand, in the speeches of Timon, after he is undeceived, all hostilé figures of speech are exhausted,—it is a dictionary of eloquent imprecations."

—SCHLEIEL.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

The earliest known copy of this popular tragedy is a quarto published in 1597, entitled—

"The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: His tyrannicall usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine, his servants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1597."

In 1598, another edition appeared bearing the same title, and in addition the author's name, "William Shake-speare." The next impression, brought out in 1602, professes to be "Newly augmented;" this was followed by a fourth in 1605, and a fifth in 1613, which was the last quarto copy prior to the publication of the folio in 1623. Subsequently, three other quarto editions, dated respectively 1624, 1629, and 1634, were published, not one of which however, it is noticeable, contains the passages first found in the folio. Although an historical piece on the same subject,—"The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: wherein is shewed the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: with a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and joyning of the two noble houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was played by the Queenes Maiesties Players,"—was issued in 1594, there are no proofs that Shakespeare has any obligations to it: his only authorities appear to have been the old chroniclers.

Malone has remarked that the textual variations between the quarto version of this play and the folio are more numerous than in any other of our author's works. This is true, and the diversity has proved, and will continue to prove, a source of inestimable trouble and perpetual dispute to his editors, since, although it is admitted by every one properly qualified to judge, that a reasonably perfect text can only be formed from the two versions, there will always be a conflict of opinions regarding some of the readings. Upon the whole, we prefer the quarto text, though execrably deformed by printing-office blunders, and can by no means acquiesce in the decision that those passages found only in the folio are "additions" made by the poet, subsequent to the publication of the early quarto. On the contrary, we believe those very passages to have been structural portions of the piece, and the real additions to be the terse and vigorous bits of dialogue peculiar to the quarto. Is it credible that so accomplished a master of stagecraft as Shakspere, after witnessing the representation of Richard the Third, would have added above eighty lines to the longest scene in this or perhaps any other play? Is it not far more probable that these lines in Act IV., those touching the young prince's train in Act II., the nine in Gloucester's mock reply to the Mayor and Buckingham, and some others, formed originally part of the text and were omitted to accelerate the action, and afford space for the more lively and dramatic substitutions which are met with in the quarto alone? But although in these and a few other instances the folio copy appears to have been an earlier one than that used by the printers of the quarto, it must be admitted that there are numerous places in which the text of the former has undergone minute and careful correction, and where, both in rhythm and in language, it is superior to the previous editions.

Malone conjectured that Shakspere wrote "Richard the Third" in 1593; the received impression at the present day is, that he produced it very shortly before its first publication in 1697.
Persons Represented.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.
RICHARD, Duke of York,
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III
A Young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE of NORFOLK.
EARL of SURREY, his Son.
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward’s Queen.
MARQUIS of DORSET, and LORD GREY, her Sons.
EARL of OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLAUNCE.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS of YORK, Mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloucester.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards
married to the Duke of Gloucester.
A Young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrovenor, Citizens,
Murderers Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—ENGLAND.
'ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Gloucester.(1)

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetinge;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

...and now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds, To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,— He capers nimbly in a lady’s chamber, To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. But I,—that am not shar’d for sportive tricks, Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass; I, that am rudely stamp’d, and want love’s majesty, To strut before a wanton ambling-nymph; I, that am curtail’d of this fair proportion, Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, Deform’d, unfinish’d, sent before my time Into this breathing world, scarce half made up, And that so lamely and unfashionable, That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;— Why I, in this weak piping time of peace, Have no delight to pass away the time; Unless to spy* my shadow in the sun, And descent on mine own deformity: And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover, To entertain these fair well-spoken days,— I am determined to prove a villain, And hate the idle pleasures of these days. Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous, By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams, To set my brother Clarence and the king, In deadly hate the one against the other: And, if king Edward be as true and just, As I am subtle, false, and treacherous, This day should Clarence closely be mew’d up, About a prophecy, which says that G Of Edward’s heirs the murderer shall be. Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKEMBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard, That waits upon your grace?

CLAR. His majesty, Tendering my person’s safety, hath appointed This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLO. Upon what cause?

CLAR. Because my name is George. GLO. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours; He should for that commit your godfathers:— O, belike his majesty hath some intent, That you shall be new-christen’d in the Tower. But what’s the matter, Clarence? may I know?

CLAR. Yea, Richard, when I know; for,† I protest, As yet I do not: but, as I can learn, He hearkens after prophecies and dreams; And from the cross-row plucks the letter G.

And say a wizard told him that by G His issue disinherit’d should be; And for my name of George begins with G, It follows in his thought that I am he: These, as I learn, and such like toys as these, Have mov’d his highness to commit me now.

GLO. Why this it is, when men are rul’d by women:
’Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower; My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, ’tis she, That tempts him to this extremity. Was it not she, and that good man of worship, Antony Woodville, her brother there, That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower, From whence this present day he is delivered? We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

CLAR. By heaven, I think there is no man secure, But the queen’s kindred, and night-walking heralds That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore. Heard you not, what an humble suppliant Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

GLO. Humbly complaining to her deity Got my lord chamberlain his liberty. I’ll tell you what,—I think it is our way, If we will keep in favour with the king, To be her men, and wear her livery: The jealous o’er-worn widow and herself, Since that our brother dubb’d them gentlewomen, Are mighty gossips in this† monarchy.

BRAK. I beseech your graces both to pardon me; His majesty hath straitly given in charge, That no man shall have private conference (Of what degree soever) with his† brother.

GLO. Even so, an please your worship; Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say: We speak no treason, man;—we say, the king Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous:— We say that Shore’s wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

And that the queen’s kindred are made gentlefolk: How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

BRAK. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

GLO. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow, He that doth naught with her, excepting one, Were best to do it secretly, alone.

(*) First folio, see. (†) First folio, should. (2) First folio, but.
* Of a late. In the quartos, late is misprinted soon.
† That tempts him to this extremity. So the first quarto, 1597. The Folio 1613 reads:—

"That tempts him to this hard extremity."
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

GLO. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed. O, he hath kept an evil diet long; And over-much consum'd his royal person; 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon. What, is he in his bed?

HAST. He is.

GLO. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit Hastings.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven. I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence, With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments; And if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live: Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy, And leave the world for me to bustle in! For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter: What though I kill'd her husband and her father? The readiest way to make the wench amends, Is to become her husband and her father: The which will I; not all so much for love As for another secret close intent, By marrying her, which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market: Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns; When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

Enter Hastings.

HAST. Good time of day unto my gracious lord! GLO. As much unto my good lord chamberlain! Well are you welcome to this open air. How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment? HAST. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must: But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks, That were the cause of my imprisonment. GLO. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too; For they that were your enemies are his, And have prevail'd as much on him as you. HAST. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd, While the kite and buzzard prey at liberty. GLO. What news abroad?

HAST. No news so bad abroad as this at home:— The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily.

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the SIXTH, borne upon a hearse, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

ANN. Set down, set down your honourable load,— If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,— Whilst I awhile obsequiously* lament The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.— Poor key-cold figure of a holy king! Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster! Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood! Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost, To hear the lamentations of poor Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy daughter's son, Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds? Lo, in those windows, that let forth thy life, I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

(*) First folio, Where.
(1) Quartos, hole.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes! Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it! [Cursed the blood, that had this heart to do it!]

More direful hap betide that hated wretch, That makes us wretched by the death of thee, Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,* Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! If ever he have child, abortive be it, Prodigious, and untimely brought to light, Whose ugly and unnatural aspect May fright the hopeful mother at the view; [And that be heir to his unhappiness [*] If ever he have wife, let her be made As* miserable by the death of him, As † I am made by my young lord and thee!— Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy lord, Taken from Paul's to be interred there; And still, as you are weary of the ‡ weight, Rest you, whilst I lament king Henry's corse. [Bearers take up the corpse, and move forward.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anh. What black magician conjures up this fiend, To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul, I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 Genr. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand § thou when I command: Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, Or by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot, And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness. [Bearers set down the hearse.

Anh. What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.— Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell! Thou hast but power over his mortal body, His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone. Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt. Anh. Foul devil, for God's sake, have, and trouble us not; For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclamations.

If thou delight to view thy hell's deeds, Behold this pattern, of thy butcheries:— O, gentlemen, see, see! I dead Henry's wounds Open their congeal'd mouths and blood afresh.↵ Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity; For 'tis thy presence that exhal's this blood From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells; Thy deed, † inhuman and unnatural, Provokes this doleful most unnatural. — O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead, Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick; As thou didst swallow up this good king's blood, Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered! Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity, Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses. Ann. Villain, thou know'st no † law of God nor man; No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Ann. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth! Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.— Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, Of these supposed evils, to give me leave, By circumstance, but to acquit myself. Ann. Vouchsafe, diffuse'd infection of a man, For these known evils, but to give me leave, By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Ann. Foul'er than heart can think thee, thou canst make No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself. Ann. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excus'd For doing worthy vengeance on thyself, Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others. Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Ann. Why, then, they are not dead! But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. G. I did not kill your husband.

[Notes and footnotes]

* First folio, More.
† First folio, Thine.
‡ First folio, This.
§ First folio, Stand't.
" Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes! Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!"

The folio gives these lines as follows:—
" O cursed be the hand that made these holes! Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it."

Cursed the blood, &c. A line not in the quartus.

516
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ANN. Why, then he is alive.

GLO. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

ANN. In thy foul throat thou liest; queen Margaret saw Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once did bend against her breast, But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLO. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue, Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANN. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind, Which never dreamt on sught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLO. I grant ye.

ANN. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too, Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!

GLO. The fitter for the King of heaven, hath him.

ANN. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

GLO. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

ANN. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

GLO. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

ANN. Some dungeon. Your bed-chamber.

ANN. Ill rest beside the chamber where thou liest!

GLO. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

ANN. I hope so.

GLO. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner? [effect.

ANN. Thou wast the cause, and most accur'd,
GLO. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live half an hour in your sweet bosom.

ANN. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

GLO. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreak.

You should not blench it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

ANN. Black night o'ershade thy day; and death thy life!

GLO. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

ANN. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

GLO. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

ANN. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew thy husband.

GLO. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

ANN. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLO. He lives that loves you better than he could.

ANN. Name him.

GLO. Plantagenet.

ANN. Why, that was he.

ANN. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

ANN. Where is he?

GLO. Here! [She spits at him.]

ANN. Why dost thou spit at me?

ANN. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

GLO. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANN. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

GLO. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANN. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

GLO. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspect with store of childlike drops:
[These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—]

No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of his father's death,
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaught with rain: in that sad time.
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;

(*) First folio, hond.
(1) First folio, That.
(2) First folio, better.
(3) First folio, something.
(4) First folio, rev.
(5) First folio, rest.

Which never dreamt.] In the folio, "Which never dream't.
(6) These-Eye, &c.] This passage is misprinted in the quarto.
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my foe,
My proud heart sue, and prompt my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For scolding, lady; not for such contumct.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that doth thee,

Sawd soothing words?] The folio reads—
"—sweet soothing word."
Teach not thy lip &c.] The quarto less elegantly read—
"Teach not thy lip such scorn, for they were made—"
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

They it asked to thy deadly stroke,
And humbly-beg the death upon my knee.
   [Lays his breast open.
Nay, do not pause; ’twas I that kill’d your husband;—
   [She offers it with his sword.
But ’twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; ’twas I that kill’d King Henry;—
   [She again offers at his breast.
But ’twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
   [She lets fall the sword.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arose, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. Tush, that was in thy rage: Speak it again, and, even with the word, This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love, Shall for thy love kill a far truer love; To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. ’Tis figur’d in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take, is not to give.
   [Puts on the ring.
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart; Wear both of them, for both of them are thine. And if thy poor devoted suppliants may But beg one favour at thy gracious hand, Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner, And presently repair to Crosby-place; (2) Where—after I have solemnly interred, At Chertsey monastery, this noble king, And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expeditious duty see you: For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you, Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. ’Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
   [Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.
Glo. Sirs, take up the corpse. 4
Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to Whito-friars; there attend my coming.
   [Exeunt the rest with the corpse.
Was ever woman in this humour wo’? Was ever woman in this humour won? I’ll have her,—but I will not keep her long. What! I, that kill’d her husband and his father, To take her in her heart’s extremest hate, With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes, The bleeding witness of her hatred by; Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no thing to back my suit withal, But the plain devil and dissembling looks, And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha! Hath she forgot already that brave prince, Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since, Stabb’d in my angry mood at Towsbury? A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,— Fram’d in the prodigality of nature, Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,— The spacious world cannot again afford: And will she yet debase her eyes on me, That cropp’d the golden prime of this sweet prince And made her widow to a woeful bed? On me, whose all not equals Edward’s moiety? On me, that halt, and am unshapen thus? My dukedom to a beggarly denier, I do mistake my person all this while: Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot, Myself to be a marvellous proper man. I’ll be at charges for a looking glass; And entertain some score or two of tailors, To study fashions to adorn my body: Since I am crept in favour with myself, I will maintain it with all little cost.

(*) First folio, smilk, Tush.
(1) First folio, shall thou.
(2) First folio, ao.
(3) First folio, smilk.
(4) First folio, Croode House.

a "T was I that kill’d King Henry.—] In the folio, this and the two preceding lines run thus.
May do no pause; Fer I did kill King Henry,
But ’twas by Berkenst that provoked me.
May now despatch: "I was I that stab’d young Edward," &c.

b To take, is not to give.—] This line is not in the folio which also errs in attributing to Anne the preceding line.

c "Expediency—] For expediencies.

4 Sirs, take up the corpse.—] This line is omitted in the folio.

5 And I no thing,—] In the folio, "And I no friends."
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there’s no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God’s sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would become
Of me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

Grey. The heavens have bless’d you with a
goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Glover,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin’d, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham
and Stanley.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my
lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she’s your wife, And loves not me, be you, good lord, assure’d,
I hate not you for your proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accuse’d on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of
Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, wo did: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the duke of Gloster and your brothers, And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain; And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all was well!—but that will never be;—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure
it:—

Who are they that complain unto the king, That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not? By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly, That fill his ears with such dissonant rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak § fair,
Smile in men’s faces, smooth, deceitful, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be hold a rancorous enemy.
CANNOT a plain man live, and think no harm, But thus his simple truth must be abuse’d
By § silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injur’d thee? when done thee wrong?—

Or thee—or thee?—or any of your faction? A plague upon you all! His royal grace, Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet save a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with low complaints.

(§) First folio, I madam.
(1) First folio, madam.
(1) First folio, Betweene.
(1) First folio, Who is it that complaines.
(1) First folio, look.
(1) First folio, with.
(1) First folio, who.

And speakes in print, and sayes not at your call
I will remaine your owne both dead and quicke.
A courtier so can give a lobe a herte, And dress a delft in motley for a while,
And so in shrewdly conceits smile.'

Stevens.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Q. ELIZ. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiting, belike, at your interior hatred,Which in your outward action shows itself,Against my children, brothers, and myself,Makes him to send, that thereby he may gatherThe ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.*
GLO. I cannot tell;—the world is grown so bad,That wenches make prey where eagles dare not perch:Since every Jack became a gentleman,There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. ELIZ. Come, come, we know your meaning,brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends';God grant we never may have need of you!
GLO. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you;
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility Held in contempt; whilst many fair proffitions Are daily given to ennable thoseThat scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
Q. ELIZ. By Him that rais'd me to this careful heightFrom that contented hap which I enjoy'd, I never did incense his majesty Against the duke of Clarence, but have been An earnest advocate to plead for him.My lord, you do me shameful injury, Falsely to draw me in these vile suspecs.
GLO. You may deny that you were not the cause Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
RIV. She may, my lord; for—
GLO. She may, lord Rivers!—why, who knows not so?She may do more, sir, than denying that: She may help you to many fair preferments; And then deny her aiding hand therein, And lay those honours on your high deserts.¶
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—
RIV. What, marry, may she?
GLO. What, marry, may she? marry with a king, A bachelor,** a handsomely striping too:
I wis your grandam had a worsrer match. [borne
Q. ELIZ. My lord of Gloster, I have too long Your blust upbraidings and your bitter scoffs;

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty, With those gross taunts I often have endur'd. I had rather be a country servant-maid, Than a great queen, with this condition— To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and bated at:— Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. MAR. [Aside.] And less'en'd be that small, God, I beseech thee! ¶
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
GLO. What! threat you me with telling of the king? Tell him and spare not; look, what have I said I will avouch, in presence of the king: [I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.]* 'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.
Q. MAR. [Aside.] Out, devil! I § remember them too well:
Thou slew'st || my husband Henry in the Tower, And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
GLO. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king, I was a pack-horse in his great affairs; A weeder-out of his proud adversaries, A liberal rewarder of his friends; To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.
Q. MAR. [Aside.] Yes, and much better blood than his or thine.
GLO. In all which time, you and your husband Grey Were factious for the house of Lancaster;— And Rivers, were so you.—Was not your husband In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain? Let me put in your minds, if you forget, What you have been ere this, and what you are; Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. MAR. [Aside.] A mur'drous villain, and so still thou art. [Warwick.
GLO. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!— Q. MAR. [Aside.] Which God revenge! GLO. To fight on Edward's party for the crown, For his meed, poor lord, he is meud'ed up: I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's, Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine; I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. MAR. [Aside.] His thee to hell for shame, and leave the world, Thou cadescamon! there thy kingdom is.

¶  The word 'deserts' is omitted in the folio.

**  'Bachelor' is inserted in the folio.

*  This line is omitted in the folio.

To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and bated at:— The folio has:—"To be so bated, scorn'd, and scorn'd at."—This line is omitted in the folio.

To tell him, and spare not; &c. This line is omitted in the folio.

160.
King Richard the Third.

ACT I.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful * king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a
pedlar;
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! ¶
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,—
As little joy may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. [Aside.] As ¶ little joy enjoys the
queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. — [Advancing.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd* from me!
Which of you troubles not that looks on me?
If not, that I being ¶ queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
O,¶ gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in
my sight? — [mar'd;
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
That will I make, before I let thee go.

[Glo. Wert thou not banished,¶ on pain of
death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.]—
A husband and a son thou owest to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance;
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper,
And with thy scorn drew'st rivets from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Sweep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Donn'd against thee, arc all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O, ¶ was the foulest deed to slay that
babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to
see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could* all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses! —

¶ If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which ¶ now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my ¶ son, which ¶ was prince of Wales,
Dio in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;||
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy glory, ¶ as thou'rt still'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Hirers and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stab'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful
wither'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for
thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,*
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!

(*) First folio, cow'saigne. (¶) First folio, thereof.
(1) Old text, ¶. (¶) First folio, anon.
(¶) First folio, dink.

* That which you have pill'd from me.] Pill'd is the same as
pillaged. To pill, means literally to peel, or strip off the rind or
skin.
¶ West thou not banished, &c.] This, and the two lines
following, are not in the quartos.
¶ Plagu'd—¶ In our early language to plagu'd meant to punish
Thus, in 'King John,' Act II. Sc. 1:—

(*) First folio, Should. (¶) First folio, Thong'd.
(1) First folio, that. (¶) First folio, our.
(¶) First folio, death. (¶) First folio, right.

"That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue."* 4

4 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses! —
This line serves to show that the accepted explanation of "lether
sky" in the "First Part of Henry VI," is erroneous. Instead of
picking sky, it certainly means heavy, lazy sky. See note (¶), p. 330.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Q. MAR. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!

Witness my sun, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our airy nest:—
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was* won with blood, lost be it so!

BUCK. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. MAR. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes† are butcher’d.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow’s rage!

BUCK. Have done, have done.

Q. MAR. O princely Buckingham, I † kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy princely § house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

BUCK. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe thou in the air.

Q. MAR. I’ll not believe it but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God’s gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

GLO. What doth she say, my lord of Bucking-
ham?

BUCK. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. MAR. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess!—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And ho to yours, and all of you to God’s! [Exit.

HAST. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

BUCK. And so doth mine; I wonder ¶ she’s at liberty.

GLO. I cannot blame her: by God’s holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. MAR. And the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—

* First folio, is.
+ First folio, to.
† First folio, I will not think.
‡ First folio, I must why.
§ First folio, is.

Thou slander of thy mother’s heavy* womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father’s joins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

GLO. Margaret.

Q. MAR. Richard!

GLO. Ha?

Q. MAR. I call thee not.

GLO. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hast* call’d me all these bitter names.

Q. MAR. Why so I did; but look’d for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

GLO. ’Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Q. ELIZ. Thus have you breath’d your curse against yourself.

Q. MAR. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew’st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web enshran’th e thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett’st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that pois’nous † bunch-back’d toad.*

HAST. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lost to thy harm thou mov’st our patience.

Q. MAR. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov’ d mine.

RIV. Were you well serv’d, you would be taught your duty.

Q. MAR. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

DORS. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. MAR. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:

Your fire-now stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What ’twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have mighty ‡ blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

GLO. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

DORS. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

GLO. Yes, § and much more: but I was born so high,

Our airy buildeth in the cedar’s top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorches the sun.

(*) First folio, haunze Mothers.
(†) Quarto, poisoned.
(‡) First folio, many.
(§) First folio, $.

— for I did think,
That thou hast—

* The reading of the folio: the quarto have—

‘——for I had thought
Thou hast,” &c.
Q. ELIZ. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
GLO. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong,
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fasting* for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause of it !
RIV. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
GLO. [Aside.] So do I ever, being well ad-vised:—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter Catesby.

CATES. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.*
Q. ELIZ. Catesby, we come:—lords, will you go with us ?
RIV. Madam, we will attend your grace.
[Exeunt all except Gloucester.
GLO. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischief that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid: in dark-
ness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;
And say—it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duko my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal what me
To be revenge'd on Rivers, Vaughan,|| Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old ends, old ends, stol'n out ** of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.—
But soft! here come my executioners.—

Enter two murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates!
Are ye now going to despatch this deed ?

(*) First folio, there's.
(†) First folio, I—me.
(‡) First folio, cast.
(§) First folio, And let them 'twixt.
(††) First folio, Dobet.
(‡‡) First folio, add, odd.
(*** First folio, forth.
(**** First folio, thing.

---

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Tower:

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

BRAK. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
CLAR. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,*
That, as I am a christian-faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;—
So full of dismal terror was the time!

BRAK. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.
CLAR. Methought, I was embark'd for Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence † we look'd toward
England,
And cited up a thousand fearful ‡ times,

(*) First folio, fall.
(‡) First folio, there.
(§) First folio, heavy.

and Pompey," 1607:—
"Men's eyes must mill-stones drop, when fools shed tears."* "We, all, my noble lord!" In the quartos the scene ends with Gloucester saying:—

"—about your business."

A more becoming termination than for an inferior actor to have
the last word.

(†) Of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.— The folio gives, "of
careful dreams, of ugly sights."
(‡) What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.) In the folio
the line stands,—
"What was your dream, my lord, I pray you tell me."
(†† Methought, I was embark'd for Burgundy;) The folio reads,—
"My thoughts that I had breaken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy."
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatchets,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in stumbling,**
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord! Lord!† methought, what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought,§ I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, horns of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued* jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those ||
holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept (As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
Which ¶ œ wo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BR.AX. Had you such leisure in the time of
death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
CLAR. Methought I had; for still the envious
flood
Kept in my soul,* and would not let it forth
To seek ** the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But another'd it within my panting bulk,
Which ¶ œ almost burst to belch in the sea.

BR.AX. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?
CLAR. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life;
O, then began the tempest of my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim † ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried † aloud,—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perfur'd
Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—

Seize on him, furies, take him to your tor-
ments!*&—

With that, methought, a legion of soul seeds
Environ'd me, and bow'd low in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;—
Such terrible impression made the† dream.

BR.AX. No marvel, lord, though* it affrighted
you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.†
CLAR. O Brackenbury,‡ I have done these
things,—
Which now bear* evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and so how he requites
me!—

[O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease
thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor
children!—]†
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me,§
My soul is heavy, and I faint would sleep.

BR.AX. I will, my lord; God give your grace
and good rest!—

[CLARENCE sleeps.
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,§
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fate.

Enter the two Murderers.

* In God's name what are you, and how came you
hither?*

1 MURD. I would speak with Clarence, and
I came hither on my legs.

BR.AX. Yes, are ye so brief?
2 MURD. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than
tedious;—

(*) First folio, falling.
(†) First folio, o Lord.
(‡) First folio, sight of ugly.
(§) First folio, methoughts.
(¶) First folio, the.
(*) First folio, oke.
(***) First folio, fast.
(§§) First folio, score.
(††) First folio, gods.

* Unvalued.—That is, sensible.
*—for still the envious flood
**—kept in my soul,—

The folio reads,—

"and often did I strive
To possid the Ghost; but still the envious flood
Slept'st in my soul," etc.

(§) First folio, unto Ternert.
(§) First folio, my.
(§) First folio, Ab, Keeper, Keeper.
(§) First folio, imaginations.

* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you.) See note (6),
P. 492.
† I promise you, I am afraid, etc.) In the folio, "I am afraid
(as thinks) to hear," etc.
§ Which now bear evidence.) The folio has, "That now gives
evidence," etc.
‡ O God! if my deep prayers, etc.) The four lines composing
this prayer are not found in the quartos.
§ I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me.) In the folio,—
"Keeper, I pray thee sit by me a while."
Show him our commission; talk no more.  
[A paper is delivered to Brackenbury, who reads it.]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands: —  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guileless of the meaning.  
Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep:  
I'll to his majesty and certify his grace  
That thus I have resigned my place to you.  

1 Murd. Do so; it is a point of wisdom:  
[Exit Brackenbury.]

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?  
1 Murd. No; then he'll say, 'tis done  
cowardly, when he wakes.  
2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall  
never wake till the great judgment day.  
1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabbed him  
sleeping.  
2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment,  
that bred a kind of remorse in me.  
1 Murd. What! art thou afraid?  
2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for  
it; but to be damned for killing him, from which  
no warrant can defend us.  
[1 Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.  
2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.]  
1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloucester,  
and tell him so.  
2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope  
my holy humor will change; it was wont to  
hold me while one could tell twenty.  
1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?  
2 Murd. Faith, some certain drops of conscience  
are yet within me.  
1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the  
deed's done.  
2 Murd. Zounds, he dies; I had forgot the  
reward.  
1 Murd. Where is thy conscience now?  
2 Murd. In the duke of Gloucester's purse.  
1 Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give  
us our reward, thy conscience flies out.
Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

[Speak!]

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou
[Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?]*
Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither?
Both Murd. To, to, to,—
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

[men,]

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

---

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,*
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
2 Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

[King]

Clar. Erroneous vassal!† the great King of
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou‡ then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl§ on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blado
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

---

*a Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?] This line is omitted in the quartos, possibly because Clarence had just before said,—"thy looks are humble," and the next in the folio reads,—
"Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?"

*b Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,—[1] The folio has,—
"Are you drawn forth among a world of men."

*I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,—]
2 MURD. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 MURD. How canst thou urge God's dreadful
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
CLAR. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sir, he sends you not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
[O, know you yet, he doth it publicly!] Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

2 MURD. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
CLAR. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 MURD. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
CLAR. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are bair-ned for mood, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Glesot;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 MURD. You are deceiver, your brother Glesot hates you.

CLAR. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me
Go to him from me.

Both MURD. Ay, so we will. [York
CLAR. Tell him, that when our princely father
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Glesot think of this, and he will weep.

1 MURD. Ay, mill-stones as he lesson'd us to
weep.

CLAR. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 MURD. Right; as snow in harvest. — Come,
you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

(*) First folio, yest. (†) First folio, Why, sir. (‡) First folio, that.
(§) First folio, or.

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly!] A line omitted in the quarto.

a And charg'd us, &c.] This line is not in the folio.

b "Tis he that sends us to destroy you here." In the quarto, —
"'Tis he hath sent us hither now to slaughter thee."

Ay, thus, and thus! [Shake aside.] If this will not serve,—
The confusion observable in the latter portion of this scene as it is presented in the folio, is confirmatory, perhaps, of our theory that the text of "Richard III." in that edition is made up in parts from an earlier manuscript than that from which the quarto was printed. In the passages under consideration, the playeditors have retained five lines, beginning, "Which of you, if you were a prince's son, that were apparently the poet's first sketch of a speech for Clarence, and which he no doubt intended to be suppressed by his after-thought, and this execution has reduced the dialogue to its present form. Let any one compare the following manuscript of the speeches, as they stand in the folio, with the scene and vocabulary of the quarto, and he will find it difficult to determine which text bears the latest marks of the

2 MURD. A bloody deed, and desperately form'd!

How faint, like Pilate, would I wash my hand.
Of this most grievous guilty murder done! (6)

2 MURD. Why dost thou help me?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art.

2 MURD. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.}

1 MURD. So do not I; go, coward as thou art.
Now, must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.

[Exit with the body.

(*) First folio, you have been. (†) First folio, Wilt i' the go. author's hand:—

2 MURD. What shall we do?

C.L.A. Relent, and save your souls;
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Sonne,
Being gui'd from Liberty, as I am now,
If two or more of you serv'd your suwer to you,
Would we intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distress.

1 MURD. Relent! no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

C.L.A. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, distill'd:

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begg'ring Prince, what beggar's pity not.

2 MURD. Looks behinds you, my Lord.

1 MURD. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, [Shake his
He draws thee in the Malmsey-butt within.]

[Exit.]

(*) Of this most grievous guilty murder done! The folio reads,—

Of this most grousous master.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward (led in sick), Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king,
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love;
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factions one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine! [*]
[K. Eow. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquises.]

Dors. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*] [They embrace.
K. Eow. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embraces to my wife’s allies,
And make me happy in thy unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours, [*] [To the Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
So he unto me! this do I bag of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal,† to you or yours! [*]

K. Eow. A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect† period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.b

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of peace! [*]

K. Eow. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day—:
Brother,§ we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.||
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence; or wrong surmise,
Hold me a fool; if I unwittingly,¶ or in my rage,
Have sought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to my friendly peace:
’Tis death to me to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men’s love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg’d between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey of you,*
That all without desert have frown’d on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;—
I thank my God for my humility.†(1)

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty†
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer’d love for this,
To be so flaw’d in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? .

[They all start.
You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

K. Eow. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dors. Ay, my good lord; and no one; in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Eow. Is Clarence dead? the order was
revers’d. .

Glo. But he, poor soul,¶ by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore § the countermand,
That came too late to see him buried.—
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but || not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done! [sorrow.

K. Eow. Pr’ythee peace; my soul is full of Stan. ¶ will not rise, unless your highness grant.¶]

reads,—

“Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,” .
and adds, after the next line,—

“Of you, Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scroop of you.”

530
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

K. Edw. Then cry at once, what is it thou demand'st.*

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slow† no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel;† death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,§
Knee'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he resolv'd me,
And said, Dear brother, live, and be a king?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon!
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life,—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours for this!—
Como, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!

[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!

(*) First folio, requests.
(†) First folio, still'd.
(‘) First folio, biler.
(§) First folio, wrath.
(‖) First folio, at.
(‘‘) First folio, fruits.

* To comfort Edward with our company?] The folio adds,—
"Bec. We wait upon your grace;
which may have been omitted, like the Murderers' "We will,
my noble lord," Act I. Sc. 3, to give what is technically called the "act" to the chief performer.
† Why do you wring your hand, and beat your breast?] In the folio—
"Why do we weep so of? &c.
* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.] The folio

SCENE II.—The

Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and Daughter of Clarence.

Son. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?
Duch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast?
And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son!
Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be † alive?
Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;§
I do lament the sickness of the king.
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wait one that's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.†
The king mine uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily ‡ prayers all to that effect.
[Daugh. And so will I.]§
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who cannd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle
Gloster
Told me, the king is provoked* by the queen,
Devise'd to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;*
Badly I rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me tenderly as his ‡ child.
Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide foul guilt! †
He is my son, &c, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

(*) First folio, Come, lords, &c.
(†) Good grandam tell us.
(‡) First folio, biler.
(‘) First folio, wrath.
(‘‘) First folio, beg.
(‘‘‘) First folio, brains.
(‘‘‘‘) First folio, dumb.
(‘‘‘‘‘) First folio, to.
(‘‘‘‘‘‘) First folio, tears.

read,—"Then you conclude, [my grandam] he is dead.""
(‡‡) And as will.]§ Omitted in the quartos.
* And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheat;*

The quartos tamely read,—
"And when he told me so he wept,
And kept me in his arms and kindly kiss'd my cheeks."

M M 2
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly, with her hair dishevelled; Rivers and Dorset following her.

Q. Eliz. Who, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To shide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:—

Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him To his new kingdom of perpetual rest. b
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,

As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crr, I'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass—
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:

(*) First folio, 68.
(1) First folio omits, I.
(1) First folio, That.

b To his kingdom of perpetual rest. So the quarto. The folio has,—

"To his new kingdom of ever-changing night"
But death hath snatch'd my husband \(^{(*)}\) from mine arms, and pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands, Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I, (Thine being but a moiety of my moan,) To over-go thy plaints,\(^{(*)}\) and drown thy cries? Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death! How can we aid you with our kindred tears? DAUGHT. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd; Your widow-colour likewise be unwept! Q. ELIZ. Give me no help in lamentation, I am not barren to bring forth complaints;\(^{(*)}\) All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon, May send forth plentiful tears to drown the world! Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward! CHIL. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence! DUCH. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence! Q. ELIZ. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone. CHIL. What stay had wo but Clarence? and he's gone. DUCH. What stays had I but they? and they are gone. Q. ELIZ. Was never widow, had so dear a loss! CHIL. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss! DUCH. Was never mother, had so dear a loss! Alas! I am the mother of these moans!\(^{(*)}\) Their woes are parole'd, mine are § general. She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; I for a Clarence weep,\(^{(*)}\) so doth not she: These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I; I for an Edward weep, so do not they;—\(^{(*)}\) Alas! you three, on me threefold distress'd, Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse, And I will pamper it with lamentation. [Dons. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd, That you take with unthankfulness his doing: In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful, With dull unwillingness to repay a debt, Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent; Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven, For it requires the royal debt is lent you. Rv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him, Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives: Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave, And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.\(^{(*)}\)

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliffe, and others.

GLO. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause To wail the dimming of our shining star; But none can curb their\(^{(*)}\) harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy, I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee I crave your blessing.
DUC. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast, Love, charity, obedience, and true duty! GLO. Amon; \(^{(*)}\) and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing. I marvel why\(^{(*)}\) her grace did leave it out.
BRCK. You cloudly princes and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan, Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king, We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken mornour of your high soul's hearts,\(^{(*)}\) But lately splinted,§ knit, and join'd together, Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd\(^{(*)}\)

Rv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?\(^{(*)}\)
BUCK. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude, The new-heald wound of malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet un-govern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein, and may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

---

\(^{(*)}\) First folio, \(^{(*)}\) Quartos, Iamets.
\(^{(*)}\) First folio, Groves.
\(^{(*)}\) First folio, \(^{(*)}\) Groves.
\(^{(*)}\) First folio,ove.

---

My husband— The quartos erroneously read, "My children." These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I: For an Edward weep, so do not they:—\(^{(*)}\)
The folio text, through an oversight of the compositor, occasioned by the recurrence of the same word in both lines, reads—

---

\(^{(*)}\) First folio, help.
\(^{(*)}\) First folio, that.
\(^{(*)}\) First folio, atec.
\(^{(*)}\) First folio, splintier'd.
\(^{(*)}\) First folio, \\

---

"These Babes for Clarence weep, so do not they." a In living Edward's throne.] This, and the preceding speech, are omitted in the quartos.
\(^{(*)}\) Why with some little train, &c.] These speeches, down to where Hastings replies, "And so say I," are omitted in the quartos.

---

533
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 Crt. Neighbour, well met;* whither away so fast?
2 Crt. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
1 Crt. Hear you the news abroad?
2 Crt. Ay,* that the king is dead.
1 Crt. Bad news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better.*
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

(*) First folio, London.
(†) First folio, Good m
(‡) First folio, Ye.
(§) First folio, III.

The foregoing, and some other passages omitted in the quarto, are invariably assumed to be additions made to the play subsequent to the publication of the early quarto. We have already—in the Introductory Notice—expressed our dissent to this postulate; and we have only to add that, in the present instance, as in another—Act IV. Sc. 4, where, in one speech, there are no less than fifty-five lines not found in the quarto—not only is there no indication whatever of interpolation, but the lines supposed to be added appear, to us at least, absolutely essential to the integrity of the dialogue.

* With all our hearts.† This line is not in the folio.
* Seldom comes the better.‡ A proverbial saying, of which examples are abundant in our early writers.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Crt. Good morrow, neighbours.
Doth this news hold of good king Edward's death?
1 Crt. Ay, sir; it is true; God help the while!

* 3 Crt. Then, masters, look to see a troubled world.
1 Crt. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
3 Crt. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!
2 Crt. In him there is a hope of government,
Which, in his nanoge, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 Crt. So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 Crt. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,
God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel: then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 Crt. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 Crt. Better it were they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, now who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons and brothers bought and proud.
And were they to be roll'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 Crt. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.
3 Crt. When clouds appear, s wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Un timely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 Crt. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread;

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of fear.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishops of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton,
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
Tu-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overtax'd him in his growth.
YorK. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young's cousin, it is good to grow.
YorK. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow,
More than my brother: Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedest thing when he was young
So long a growing and so leisurely.
That, if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
YorK. Now, by my troth, if I had been remembrance,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

[Scene IV.]
That should have nearer touch'd his growth than he did mine.*

Duch. How, my pretty York? I pr'ythee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting* jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Arch. Here comes your son,* lord marquis Dorset.

Enter Dorset.

What news, lord marquis?
Dons. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How faces the prince?
Dons. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is the news then?
Dons. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,* are sent to Pomfret,
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Dons. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence?
Dons. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why or for what, these† nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our‡ house!
Two tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet.§

(*) First folio, young.
(*†) First folio, And with.
(*) First folio, yong.
(†) First folio, raise of ±
(‡†) First folio, fast.

Mrs. Well Madam, and in health.
Dwr. What is thy News?*"*"*°
Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, etc. [Perhaps Capell's rhythmical arrangement of these lines might be adopted with advantage.

"Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners; and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan."

---

636
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

- Dron. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
  How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
  My husband lost his life to get the crown;
  And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
  For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
  And being seated, and domestic broils
  Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
  Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
  Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
  And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;
  Or let me die, to look on death* no more!

(*) First folio, e

Madam, farewell.
Dron.
Q. Eliz. You hit, I will go with you.

(*) First folio, Go.

In the quartos the dialogue run thus:—
"Go. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
But he go along with you."